

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

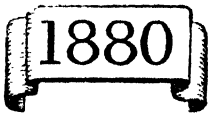


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1880



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A LONDON FOG.

A FAMILY living in Avenue Road, St John's Wood, a pleasant northern suburb of the Metropolis, were invited out to dinner on Christmas-day 1879. The invitation was accepted. When Christmas came, the family were in a fix. The day was so foggy that no one in the house dared to venture out. To do so would have been exceedingly perilous. So thick was the dark yellow fog, that no one could see a foot or two before him. No cab dared to undertake the enterprise of moving along the streets and roads. On each side of the way, the dwellings could not be seen. Persons who had been so heedless as to run the risk of sallying forth, were groping at the doorways, and asking the people to be so good as tell them where they were. They felt as if they were lost in a strange land, much in the manner that inexperienced travellers find themselves bewildered amidst the blinding sandstorms of the Desert. Being lost for the time in a London fog has never, as far as we know, formed a theme for poets, though the subject is not devoid of the pathetic, while it certainly abounds in the ludicrous.

But what of the family who had engaged to go out to dinner? How was the thing managed? They simply could not go. Including two visitors from New Zealand who were with them, they had to stay at home. It was an awkward business. No preparations had been made for a festive Christmas dinner; but by good-luck, the domestics had been provided with a turkey and plum-pudding in honour of the day; and a subsidy from the servants' hall set matters to rights. In the case of a siege or a shipwreck, all are on an equality as regards provisions. The two colonists were rather pleased and amused by the adventure. They had been afforded an opportunity of seeing a London fog in perfection, and of being able to boast all the rest of their lives of the vastly superior climate of New Zealand, where the air is always clear, and settlers have at least never to grope their way during daylight.

Fifty years ago, when we first became acquainted

with them, London fogs were bad enough; but they were on a comparatively limited scale. They have since attained marvellously grand dimensions and intensity, according to the increase of houses and population. What we ordinarily call London, but is more correctly styled the Metropolis, has spread and spread, till it covers a space of about a hundred and twenty square miles. In the winter months, every house has a coal-fire, some of them two, three, or four; and there are numerous manufactories and public works with furnaces and tall chimneys, all of which less or more emit quantities of smoke. This smoke mingles with what fog there happens to be, and produces a curious mixture, that is now only beginning to be rightly understood. Like every other mist, the fog which rises and is wafted along the valley of the Thames, is composed of small particles of water, that ought properly to be dissipated by the action of the sun's heat. Only with difficulty is the sun able to undertake the duty. The smoke poured out from hundreds of thousands of chimneys does not merely mix with the fog. It coats each watery particle with a tarry, oily film, giving it an unnatural character, and preserving it, so to speak, from immediate dispersion. A genuine London fog, therefore, is something more than a fog. It is a prodigiously large volume of mist, held in a kind of thralldom by oleaginous ingredients floated from the tops of chimneys. When we say oleaginous, we, for convenience, take the readiest word to express a condition that would involve some chemical explanations, which need not be gone into. Every one will understand that the smoke from the coal-fires somehow unites inextricably with the particles of mist, and keeps the whole thing hovering in a dense cloud over the Metropolis. Not only so. The dingy cloud darkens and pollutes the air, fills the streets, and to a certain extent, the houses and the lungs of the inhabitants. On such occasions, the darkness even at noon is so great that dwellings and places of business have to be lit with gas as at night. As the London gas is more remarkable for its volume than its purity, it aids in deteriorating

the atmosphere during fogs, already sufficiently tainted with the exhalations of domestic sewage. At times, it is as difficult to get a breath of fresh air as it is to procure a good drink of palatable water.

Some persons, whimsically generous in standing up for what everybody else views with grief and detestation, profess to believe that London fogs are not quite so bad as they are called. In winter, they lie like a warm blanket on the ground, and avert the frost. Perhaps they do; but that is a small matter; and we are by no means sure that the action of frost should in all instances be averted. All such palliations must be brushed aside. A genuine London fog is an unmitigated evil. It is ascertained, on the most conclusive evidence, that the death-rate of the Metropolis is enormously increased during fogs, the young and the delicate in constitution being most readily affected. The fatalities occur chiefly among all who suffer from or are liable to asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, and other lung diseases. The pernicious effects of the fog are dismally manifested in the increased mortality of children afflicted with whooping-cough. We do not enter on particulars. These have been sown broadcast in every newspaper. Let no one treat the matter lightly.

Not only during fogs, but in some other conditions of the atmosphere, householders in the Metropolis are plagued with showers of 'blacks,' as they are called by housewives. Blacks are flying particles of soot. Alighting where they list, they intrude themselves into all, even the best regulated, dwellings. By ordinary arrangements, you cannot keep out blacks. They get in by the doors and windows. They disfigure the equipments of the drawing-rooms, and are execrated for their nauseous presence everywhere. Blacks are the torment of London, more even than the fogs, the typhoid emanations of the sewage, or the drinking-water which it might not be pleasant to analyse. Projected from the chimneys, and seeking for repose, they alight without respect of persons, and we should think add materially to the metropolitan washing-bill. We entertain the notion that they are put up with as an incurable evil. The docile housewife, on cleanly thoughts intent, resigns herself to her fate. Blacks are no more to be averted than the east wind. It, however, occurs to us to remark that in the south of Europe, down about the Riviera, some of the windows are provided with panes of muslin, which admit the air and light, but exclude the mosquitos. Could not something of the same sort be attempted to exclude the blacks? We give the hint for what it is worth.

London fogs take place at times all the year round; but they are at their worst from November to February. That is the season, *par excellence*, of a thorough palpable fog, in which it is hazardous to go out of doors. These wonderful smoky mists come and go in a strange manner. They will occur at one part of the Metropolis, and not in other

parts. Sometimes, they enshroud Westminster and the Regent's Park, as if there fixed by a supernatural influence. You see them at a distance, and all at once drive into them. Possibly, the nature of the subsoil is the predominating influence. Londoners who are skilled in choosing neighbourhoods, avoid those with a subsoil of clay, and make an effort to get a house upon gravel. It may be conjectured that the enormous magnitude of the Metropolis, as well as circumstances of a social nature, to say nothing of the difficulty of procuring the requisite information, renders a correct choice scarcely practicable. Fashionable distinction is not to be depended on. It is known that some houses inhabited by those who hold their head highest are far from being salubrious; in fact, with all their pretentious appearance, abounding in typhoid tendencies.

When free to disperse itself, the smoke of the Metropolis extends like a pall over a large tract of country, according to the set of the wind. On the south, it will extend eighty miles to Brighton; and on the north, it finds its way to the midland counties, where it comes in contact and mingles with the belching fumes of hundreds of manufactories. Joined to the smoke of Yorkshire, Durham, and Newcastle, it may be expected by-and-by to cross the Border like a resistless invasion. There is nothing to match this in history. The smoke of a city with four millions of people and numberless factories, is getting the better of everything. It is altering the face of Nature, and may be safely averred to be at length something beyond a joke.

If not actually treated in a jocular spirit, the Smoke question has been shamefully neglected. As it is the smoke that intensifies the fog, earnest and unrelaxing attempts should long since have been made to subdue the nuisance as far as practicable. We do not think that much could be done as concerns private houses. The English of all classes like a cheerful fire, and would never be satisfied with the dull red fire of anthracite coal without a sparkle of brilliance, such as one sees in some of the dwellings in Philadelphia. Neither is it the least likely that the recommendation of cooking with gas will be met with acceptance in the Londoner's kitchen. All the gas stoves that we have ever seen impart a close stuffy smell to the atmosphere; and in using them, the cure would be pronounced to be worse than the disease. Coal-fires may perhaps be so improved as to produce the minimum of smoke; but beyond that, we fear nothing satisfactory could be effected. The remedy, so far as it goes, must be looked for in another direction.

Years and years ago, Acts of Parliament were passed to compel the proprietors of manufactories in the Metropolis to adopt means for consuming their smoke. In some few cases, where conscience and good taste have outbalanced greed, the smoke has been consumed, and there is nothing to complain of. In numerous other cases, however—and

let us incidentally refer to certain steam-vessels on the river—no trouble whatever has been taken to consume the smoke, which still issues in dark polluting masses, regardless of the law, regardless of the comfort of everybody. This non-consumption of smoke from furnaces is a heavy moral delinquency in this realm of England, besides being a distinct violation of law. The sin is without excuse. To speak from our own knowledge, we have for a period of nearly fifty years owned furnaces in connection with boilers and steam-engines, and proved beyond dispute that from all manufactories there need be no smoke whatever. We can any day shew a furnace, the agent of motion to numerous machines, at which, by the use of a simple apparatus in connection with the supply of fuel, not a particle of smoke reaches the atmosphere; while by the application of such apparatus, a saving of from seven to ten per cent. of fuel is effected. And all this going on successfully for half a century!

Why, then, are manufacturers generally not compelled to consume their smoke? The question involves some unpleasant considerations. The only explanation we can offer is, that the enforcement of the law rests chiefly with municipal and parish authorities. A defective arrangement. Whether from being themselves implicated, or from their fear of giving offence to constituents, or from sheer indifference, these authorities let matters drift on, however hideous; though the fault, possibly, is in a sense due to those who see the wrong done, fail to prosecute, on the principle that what is everybody's is nobody's business. Our impression is that nothing effective will be done until the duty of suppressing smoke from public works is committed to responsible government officers, with the power of enforcing proper penalties. Projects of diminishing the quantity of smoke in the Metropolis by introducing anthracite coal, or cooking with gas, while the tall chimneys are left without peremptory regulation, are a mere beating about the bush. We go to work differently, by pointing to what may be designated the head and front of the offending in almost every large seat of population in the kingdom.

W. C.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

IN London town some years ago, there lived in a narrow street in Holborn, two brothers of the name of Cheadlewood. The house in which they lived, a tall, ugly building, more than a century old, was at once their home and their place of business. Though the brothers were both solicitors, they were not in partnership. Their names might be seen painted at the side of the door—'BARNABAS CHEADLEWOOD, Solicitor'—'JONATHAN CHEADLEWOOD, Solicitor.' There were advantages to be gained by separate practice, in the shape of increased charges for litigious proceedings, which the brothers were too mercenary to relinquish. The Cheadlewoods were well

known in their profession, and were reputed to be sharp practitioners, and in the highest degree mean and miserly. The exterior of their dwelling well accorded with such a character. Dingy with smoke and dirt, and dilapidated with age, it sadly needed the hand of the repairer. The last remnant of paint had long disappeared from door and window-frames; the doorstep was sunken and cracked, and the iron railings which separated the house from the pavement were red with rust. But Barnabas and Jonathan Cheadlewood were not the men to care about appearances. As long as the house held together, and they had a roof above their heads, they were content. They had no notions of home-comfort; they knew nothing of home-joy; their one aim in life was to accumulate money; and for the gold, which could never warm their hearts or gladden their spirits, they toiled and moiled with pitiable earnestness, hugging their treasure the closer as gray hairs and failing powers warned them that a day would come when they must part with it.

One gloomy November evening, when a heavy rain was beating against the window-panes, and the wind howled in the chimney, the two brothers were sitting together in their private room behind the office. There was nothing cosy or home-like in this small back-room. Though the night was cold, it was a tiny fire which burned in the grate; and the light of the solitary candle, which stood in a brass candlestick on a table scattered with papers, did not give the room a cheerful appearance. Seated at this table, turning over some yellow deeds, and occasionally jotting down a few particulars in a note-book which lay to hand, was the younger brother, Jonathan Cheadlewood. He was a man nearer sixty than fifty years of age, with a short square figure, and high shoulders, upon which his large head appeared to rest, for he had scarce any neck. His countenance was unprepossessing. Great cunning lurked in the small sunken eyes, and was further expressed by the long sharp nose and the lipless mouth, so significant of craft and cupidity. The meaning of the face was clear enough at this moment, as he bent over the papers, giving full play to his cupidity and keenness of research. But not always was his look so open. At times he would endeavour to force his features to express other qualities than those natural to him. He would try to assume an appearance of extreme candour and honesty of purpose, hoping to betray his client into unlimited confidence in his probity. If necessary, he would contort his face into a smile, as sweet a smile as that mouth could give, but one which had rather a different effect upon the beholder from that which he desired to produce. An expression of grief and pain, a look of incredulity, or alarm, or surprise, or anxiety, were equally at his command, and were called into play as occasion required.

Barnabas Cheadlewood's demeanour was of another order. The expression of his face may best be described by calling it a veiled expression. His countenance was invariably grave and calm, almost mournfully so. The eyes looked at you with a direct, inscrutable gaze, as if defying you to find anything reproachable in his character. The thin, gray locks, the closely trimmed whiskers, the firmly closed mouth, the square chin, all suggested a most cautious temperament; and when

he spoke, his deliberate utterance and measured words confirmed this impression. Everything about the man proclaimed his respectability. There was less of the miser in his appearance than in that of his brother. His carefully worn garments, old-fashioned though they were, could scarcely be called shabby; and his stiff black stock and stand-up collar had a severely correct look.

Barnabas was older than his brother by five years. There was another brother who came between them; but in early life he had sailed for America, and had never returned to his native land. Silas Cheadlewood could not boast the business talents on which his brothers prided themselves, and he had not prospered in the world. Whilst his fortune was yet to seek, he had lowered himself in his brothers' eyes by a foolish marriage with a pretty Irish girl as poor as himself, whom he had met with in his wanderings in search of a vocation. When pecuniary embarrassment ensued, he applied to his brothers for assistance; but their fraternal generosity expended itself in censure and advice. He was reminded that he had quitted England contrary to their wishes, that every step he had taken had been imprudent in the extreme, and that as his troubles were the outcome of his own folly, it was but just that he should find a way out of them by his own unaided exertions.

Since his appeal for help had been thus refused, the Cheadlewoods had heard no more of their unfortunate brother. They were wont to shake their heads and turn up their eyes when they mentioned 'poor Silas.' Bachelors themselves, and far too cold-blooded to conceive of the throbbings of a lover's heart, they could not understand the infatuation for a pretty face, which had been 'the ruin of Silas.' Mr Jonathan, indeed, had once contemplated matrimony; but the object of his suit had been a buxom widow, the attractions of whose fortune far exceeded those of her person. The wooing sped well, and the wedding-day was fixed, when a dispute over the marriage settlements brought the courtship to a sudden termination. Jonathan had discovered that the lady's fortune was not quite so large as he had been led to suppose; and the widow had found that her lover was inclined to be a little too grasping. Jonathan did not again think of matrimony. There was no time for such thoughts in the hard-working lives they led. They kept but one clerk, an honest, industrious young man, who had now been with them for several years, and whose work they found so valuable, that, in order to retain him in their employ, they had raised him to the position of an articled clerk without demanding a premium. Barnabas Cheadlewood had talked Robert Ware into the belief that this was an act of unparalleled generosity; but in truth it was entirely prompted by self-interest.

At the hour of day on which our story commences, the office was closed, and Robert Ware had gone home. Barnabas Cheadlewood was resting in an old, well-worn, high-backed chair, which stood by the fireplace. He was thoroughly tired with the labours of the day, and his expression was more lugubrious than usual. There was something almost wistful in his gaze as he watched his brother's movements with the papers. Presently, Jonathan made a last entry in his note-book; then pushing aside the papers with a look of relief, he came and stood

near the fire, stretching out his long claw-like fingers to the feeble blaze. 'There; that is done at last,' he said in a tone of satisfaction. 'I have gone carefully through all the evidence, and I find that we have a splendid case for the plaintiff. It will be our own fault, Barnabas, if we don't clear a hundred pounds by this action.'

Barnabas did not reply; he only looked at his brother, and sighed. He had sighed many times in the course of that evening, and Jonathan had not been so absorbed in his work as not to notice this fact.

'What is making you sigh so, to-night?' he asked sharply. 'Surely you cannot regret the course we have taken in the Wortley case? Depend upon it, the issue will prove that we have calculated wisely. I have not a doubt of the result.'

'Nor have I,' replied his brother quietly. 'It was not of the Wortley case I was thinking.'

'Then what is it you have upon your mind, which troubles you?' persisted Jonathan.

'Oh, nothing of any importance,' returned Barnabas. 'I was only thinking of poor Silas.'

A frown came to his brother's forehead at the sound of this name. 'Silas was a fool,' he said shortly.

'Undoubtedly, his conduct was ill advised,' said Barnabas slowly; 'but there are many foolish persons in the world. You and I have not practised the law all these years without learning that. And yet it has occurred to me to-night that even we, in spite of our experience, have shewn a strange want of wisdom in one particular.'

'What is that?' asked Jonathan anxiously.

'How often have we urged upon our clients the importance of not delaying to make their wills—how often have we said that it was a man's imperative duty, whilst yet in health and strength, to make arrangement for the wise distribution of his property in the event of his demise; and yet you and I, Jonathan, though we are fast becoming old men, have neither of us yet made a will.'

Jonathan's face fell as his brother spoke. 'Speak for yourself, Barnabas,' he said. 'I do not feel old yet.'

'But you are past middle age,' returned his brother; 'and we never know what may happen. "In the midst of life we are in death," as the Bible says.'

Now, it was so unusual a thing for Mr Cheadlewood to quote Scripture, or what he supposed to be Scripture words, that his brother felt alarmed.

'Is anything the matter with you to-night, Barnabas?' he inquired. 'Don't you feel well?'

'I'm much as usual,' replied Barnabas. 'I believe I have taken cold; but there's nothing else ails me. However, I mean to see about making a will without loss of time.'

'Have you decided how you will dispose of your property?' asked Jonathan.

'Not exactly,' was the reply. 'It is a large sum, Jonathan—the earnings of many years: it will need consideration. Of course, I should bequeath you the bulk of the property, in case you survived me; but there is the other contingency to be provided for. There is Silas. Silas must be thought of.'

Jonathan looked uneasy.

'It is many years since we heard anything of Silas,' said Jonathan coldly; 'he may be dead, for aught we know.'

'True, true,' replied his brother, with a mournful shake of the head; 'but he was married, and he may have left children; and if so, those children are our next of kin.'

'But you would not leave your money to be squandered by those children,' urged Jonathan, 'the offspring of a reckless marriage! They are sure to have inherited the improvident habits of their Irish mother.'

Barnabas sighed. 'But what is one to do?' he said. 'This making a will is the most painful duty which the possession of money involves. It is hard to think of one's own property, that one has accumulated with such toil and care, passing into the hands of some simpleton, who will not know how to keep it.'

'It is hard,' said Jonathan; and he sighed too.

At this moment, a double-rap sounded on the front door. The slipshod feet of old Mrs Rasper, the sole servant the brothers could boast, were heard shuffling along the passage, on her way to answer the summons. A minute later, she tapped at the door of the room in which they sat, and handed in a letter, which Jonathan took, and with a curious glance, passed to his brother, to whom it was addressed.

Barnabas looked at the letter ere he opened it. The envelope had a broad black border; and the address was written in a clear, flowing hand, at once feminine and legible. With an imperturbable face, Barnabas broke the seal, and unfolded the letter. But his look changed as he read the opening words. He glanced again at the envelope, to be sure he had made no mistake. No; it was certainly his own name written so plainly there; and he turned again to the letter. It was dated from New York, and ran as follows:

DEAR UNCLE—I venture to address you thus, although you have never seen me, and I have reason to believe that you do not even know of my existence. I am your niece, Margery Cheadlewood, the only child of your brother Silas, who died [here the writing was less firm, and a stain as of a tear shewed on the white paper] a week ago, and was buried yesterday. My father spoke of you and your brother Jonathan ere he passed away. He said you had been very hard on him; but he forgave you; and he begged that I would write and inform you of his death. My father was always poor; but of late he saved a little money; and he desired me with that money to pay my passage to England; for as I am now alone in the world—my mother died when I was a baby—he wished me to place myself under your protection. I have already made arrangements for carrying out his wishes. A vessel sails to-morrow for England, and will convey this letter; another, which will convey me, sails in a day or two; and a friend who intends travelling by it, has secured a berth for me, and will take me under his care during the voyage. It gives me great pain thus to hurry away from the place where I lived with my father; but I suppose it is best I should do so. I trust my coming will not cause you any inconvenience. You may expect to see me about the 27th of next month.—Believe me, dear uncle, your dutiful niece,

MARGERY CHEADLEWOOD.

'Well, I am sure!' ejaculated Barnabas Cheadlewood, as he finished reading this letter—'well, I

am sure! Who could have expected such a thing as this?'

Jonathan took the letter from his brother's hand, and hastily read it. His look of surprise gave place to an expression of annoyance as he took in its contents. 'Just like Silas to send us a girl!' he exclaimed impatiently. 'What can we do with her here, I should like to know? If it had been a boy, we might have made him of use; but a girl, with her foolish extravagant notions and love of finery! But she will have to support herself; we can't be expected to provide for her.'

Barnabas did not reply. He was touched by the intelligence of his brother's death. 'Poor Silas!' he said softly—'poor Silas! So he thought us hard upon him. But we only did our duty by him—we only did our duty'—

He was interrupted by an exclamation from Jonathan. 'Why, look here, Barnabas!' he cried. 'This letter was written in October; and the girl says we may expect her about the 27th of next month. To-day is the 27th of November. The letter must have been somehow delayed. She may arrive at any moment.'

'Dear, dear, will she be here so soon?' returned his brother, losing for once his calm demeanour. 'How very awkward it is! Well, I suppose we must take her in for the present. Mrs Rasper had better make her up a bed in one of the empty rooms up-stairs. But it's very inconvenient—very. I wonder how old the girl is?'

'It is more than twenty years since Silas married,' said Jonathan promptly; 'so the girl must be grown up.'

'Then it is to be hoped she will be able to do something for herself,' returned Barnabas, drawing one of his deep sighs as he realised the new responsibility which had been thrown on him. 'Jonathan, it is strange this letter should have come just as I was talking of making my will. This girl should be our heiress.'

'That does not follow,' was his brother's quick reply. 'You are in no way bound to leave her your money, if you do not think her worthy of being intrusted with it.'

'Well, well,' said Barnabas slowly—'it is of no use talking about it. We must wait and see what sort of girl she is. I shall do nothing hastily, you may be sure of that.'

AN AFRICAN TRADING STATION.

ON that part of the south-west coast of Africa which lies between the river Congo and the Portuguese city of St Paul de Loanda, a small rocky neck of land juts out sideways into the South Atlantic, and is separated from the mainland by a narrow river, which winds round its base. The top of this rocky Point is nearly flat, and is not more than fifty feet above the sea. Behind the Point the ground is flat and swampy for about three miles inland; and beyond this the country extends in broad undulations, covered with long yellow grass, and thinly wooded. Here and there on these broad plains are the small villages of the natives of the coast, hidden by the tall grass and trees, each village consisting perhaps of a dozen mat huts, surrounded with patches of cultivated ground, bearing the cassava root, the staple food of the people. Seen from the sea, the Point would

look as dull and uninteresting as the rest of the bare outline of the coast, were it not for the presence of four white wooden houses built upon it, which, with their attendant storehouses, sheds, and flagstuffs, give the place an inhabited and cheerful look.

Such is Kinsembo Point, one of the chief ivory trading stations on the south-west coast of Africa, a coast from whose rivers and creeks were shipped not so very long ago, year by year, hundreds upon hundreds of slaves; but from which now, happily, other kinds of native produce are exported, such as ivory, coffee, india-rubber, palm-oil, gum copal, and ground-nuts, the last being destined when they reach Europe to furnish much 'genuine olive-oil!' Although the Portuguese government claims the sovereignty of the greater part of this coast, yet at very few places north of their city of St Paul de Loanda do they enforce their right to levy customs-duties, or give any protection to traders. At Kinsembo the natives will not even allow Portuguese to establish houses or trade, and thus English and French houses have the place to themselves, and are under the protection of the native king of Kinsembo, to whom presents are sent at stated times by way of tribute.

Three of the houses or factories, as they are generally called, on the Point, fly the British ensign, and one the French tricolour. A factory on the coast is frequently a long wooden building of one story, of which one end is used for living in, while the other is occupied by a large cargo-room, where all the cloth used for the purchase of produce is stored.

The bulky and less valuable articles of trade are placed within the stores in the yard of the factory, gunpowder having a place to itself at a distance. In the yard also are wooden or mat huts for the native headmen, kroomen, hammock-bearers, and house-servants belonging to the factory, the total number of whom may amount to thirty or thirty-five men. No women are employed. On entering the portion of the house used as a dwelling, a large dining-room presents itself to view, with whitewashed walls, and floor holystoned as clean as the poop-deck of a ship. In the centre of the room stands a long deal table, with cane chairs round it, and a comfortable sofa or two near them. A few engravings, a spy-glass, and a stand of rifles embellish the walls. Windows there are none—only openings furnished with lattice-work, through which the soft breeze comes pleasantly. Leading out of the dining-room are the bedrooms, each furnished according to its occupant's fancy, but generally in the scantiest manner, as befitting a hot climate and a solitary place.

Ivory, the chief article of trade at Kinsembo, is brought from the far interior, even from the country round Lake Tanganika, by native dealers, who have bought it from the original slayers of the elephants, or finders of their tusks. It arrives at irregular intervals in lots, or as they are called 'cabucas,' of from fifty to three hundred tusks. Each cabuca is guarded in its long journey to the coast by certain fighting men, who defend it from attack and robbery, and who settle the amount to be paid by way of customs-duties to the various kings whose territories it passes through. As each tusk of average weight, say from forty to seventy pounds, requires the attendance of at least four

slaves, who take in pairs turn and turn about to convey it, the arrival of a cabuca at the native village of Kinsembo, situated some five miles from the Point itself, causes a great commotion. Messengers are immediately despatched to the Point to announce, with the sound of trumpets, the blowing of whistles, and the beating of tin pans, its arrival. Meanwhile, the natives who have bought the ivory in the interior put themselves, their men, and their property into the hands of middlemen or brokers, called 'gentlemen,' who keep them and theirs during their stay on the coast, and sell their ivory for them to the white men, taking a portion of the proceeds, and a pretty large portion too, as 'quimble' or brokerage.

These 'gentlemen' are always men of position and importance, and able to speak broken English, which fits them for the position they occupy as middlemen. Two or three of them are retained by each factory, and live by turns at it, and they are supposed to bring to the factory to which they are attached the best part of any trade they can influence. Say that the arrival of a cabuca has been announced, and that the time is five o'clock on a certain morning; the Point is alive with small crowds of Bushmen, as those who live in the interior are called by their brethren of the coast, hurrying from one factory to another, bearing tusks of ivory on their shoulders, each party accompanied by its 'gentleman,' who with a fine print-cloth round his loins, a brilliantly coloured shawl thrown over his shoulders, and a coral bead necklace round his throat, looks eminently respectable beside the dirty and ragged Bushmen, whose ivory he will sell.

Seated round the door of the cargo-room, or leaning against its walls, are those who have made up their minds to try our factory. Filthy and repulsive do these Bushmen look, and no doubt very clean and curious do white men look to them. Their heads are covered with great bushes of wool, and a cloth, greasy and black, is twisted about their loins. Brass rings, made out of Birmingham brass rods, adorn their arms and legs; while heavy knives of their own manufacture from hoop-iron hang by their sides. The cargo-room is fitted up on one side with shelves, upon which are laid piece upon piece of cotton-cloths, mostly of coarse qualities, printed in stripes or checks of blue and white, or blue and red, or with variegated patterns on blue grounds. Close by these are piles of finer prints, mostly in bright and shewy colours; also handkerchief and shawl pieces for holiday attire. These and other goods are for the purpose of being exchanged for ivory. Meanwhile buying has commenced.

Standing by a spring-balance is the weigher, who, first inserting a rod into the hollow root of each tusk, in order to feel if mud or stones have been forced into it to increase its weight, puts it into the slings, and chalks the weight upon it. The tusk is then passed on to the 'buyer,' accompanied by its owner, or owners, and the 'gentleman,' who all seat themselves on the floor of the cargo-room in front of the buyer's desk. After due inspection to see if any cracks or knots exist in the tusk, the buyer makes an offer for it, in three chief articles of trade—namely, guns, gunpowder, and cloth. 'No fit,' perhaps exclaims the 'gentleman' as soon as he hears the offer, for a bargain is never struck by a black man in a hurry

if he can help it. He generally believes that he is going to be cheated, or in his own ability to cheat, and as a rule refuses a first offer with apparent disdain, mentioning with the same breath his willingness to accept perhaps double what is offered. At length, however, after successive attempts to obtain a little less than double, he generally holds a consultation with his clients, and as a result, the buyer is asked to look again at his slate, and see if it tells the truth. Perhaps the buyer does so, perhaps not; if he does, it will only be to make some little concession, increasing the price of the tusk by a keg of powder or a 'long' of cloth, which increase is announced in a tone of voice that plainly indicates that no more will be given. After another talk all round, and when the buyer has been again asked for his 'last mouth,' and it is seen that positively nothing more is to be got, the 'top' is asked for. This is another peculiarity of bargaining in Africa. Whatever price may have been agreed upon, a top, or present, is always expected. The top, consisting perhaps of a soldier's coat and a bottle of gin, having been decided upon, the 'tooth' is declared to be 'passed in,' and a 'book,' as all papers or documents are called by the natives, is given by the buyer for the amount agreed upon. A 'mata-bicho' or 'kill-the-worm' of rum, gin, or coarse liqueur is then drunk, and the next tusk proceeded to.

With some black traders it is necessary—so confident are they that a first offer made to them is not a fair one—to offer very much less than what is really intended to be given, advancing gradually to the price determined upon, when they will think they have gained an advantage. A few old traders come to the point without much delay, but these are indeed few and far between; so that when a cabuca is a large one, buying goes on all the day, at the end of which perhaps forty or fifty tusks will have been passed in at each factory. The total export of ivory from Kinsembo Point, when all the factories were well supplied with European goods, used to amount to some eighty tons in the year. At present, at least one factory is shut up, and the trade is not so prosperous as it was; but there is little doubt it will revive again if the recent opening up of the Congo by Mr H. M. Stanley does not draw the trade thither, by shortening the distance to be traversed by the natives. It may be that it will do so, although very little or no trade in ivory has been hitherto done on the Congo.

From the foregoing it will be perceived that white traders do not make extraordinary profits; and indeed the natives, through the competition of the different factories, know pretty well what their produce is worth. If the trade could be made more certain and regular, it would pay Europeans better, and perhaps Mr Stanley's efforts may make it so.

After a cabuca has been bought, there comes the paying or redeeming of the 'books' that have been given for it, which is done on the following plan. Although each tusk is 'talked for' in only three of the many different kinds of goods in the white traders' stores—namely, guns, gun-powder, and cloth, it does not follow that these three articles alone are paid away; a proportion of each of them is so paid, the balances being exchanged for other goods, according to a fixed

tariff of values perfectly understood by the 'gentlemen.'

For instance, if twenty guns, forty kegs of powder, and forty longs of cloth—a long is six yards of ordinary cloth—are offered for a tusk, only a fifth part of the number of guns offered is paid in guns, the balance being made up with brass rods, a certain number of which are equal in value, in the eyes of the natives, to a gun. Of the forty kegs of powder, eight kegs are given, the remainder being paid in cloth; and of the longs, two-thirds are paid in cloth, the remaining third being paid in earthenware, knives, rings, &c. This arrangement, by obviating a number of figures having to be dealt with, not only prevents confusion in the minds of the natives as to what they are to get for their produce, but also enables the white trader to buy quickly. A large cabuca will take at least a week to buy and pay for, and that week is one of constant hard work for the trader; while during the long intervals that elapse between the cabucas, the other products of the country are bought, though not in any great quantities at Kinsembo, the natives of the district preferring to take the most of their coffee, india-rubber, ground-nuts, and gum to the other stations near; that is to say, within ten and twenty miles respectively.

Thus life at Kinsembo, and on the coast generally, cannot be said to be an idle affair, and in spite of the climate, has a peculiar charm for some Europeans, a charm they find it so difficult a matter to resist, that they return to the coast again and again until they die there. In this matter of climate the coast generally has confessedly a bad name. Kinsembo, however, is an exception, being situated at a comparatively high elevation, where there are no excessive temperatures, on account of the constant sea-breeze; the dry season is cool and comfortable for a place within the Tropics, while during the wet and hot season the thermometer rarely marks much above ninety degrees Fahrenheit at noon, in the shade; the average temperature all the year round being some eighty degrees. It is the larger rivers, and their attendant swamps, that breed the well-known coast fever, which unfailingly attacks all Europeans during the first six months after their arrival on the coast; but it is seldom fatal, and gradually ceases in virulence, though seldom leaving a European's constitution entirely.

The large town of St Paul de Loanda, and the coast to the south of it, are governed by the Portuguese with some show of authority. One good feature of South-west Africa is, that as a rule the farther one goes inland, the better the climate becomes; thus Boma, or Emboma, on the Congo, some seventy miles from the mouth of the river, enjoys a much better reputation for health than Banana, a station near its mouth. This is accounted for by the gradual rise of the country placing the former above the dominion of fever, though not altogether out of its reach.

The natives of the coast are singularly free from hostile or warlike intentions towards white traders. They are perfectly alive to the benefits of trade with the white man, and are only too frightened that through his penetrating into the interior they may lose the profits derived by them, from the trade passing out of their hands. Under these circumstances there can be but one wish in a

commercial point of view, apart from any other, in regard to the future exploration and opening up of this part of Africa; and that is, that it should be prosecuted with all vigour by the British, for the advantages to be gained and help given by so doing are undoubted.

AMONGST SHARPERS.

'A CURIOUS kind of toy that, sir—is it not?'

✓ I was standing with my son, a lad of fourteen, at a toyshop window in one of the principal streets of Liverpool. He had just been apprenticed to a well-known firm of shipowners, and was daily expecting to sail in the *Berkshire Castle* for Valparaiso. In all the glories of his new uniform, he walked by my side full of hope and gladness, and eagerly interested in all he saw. Some model ships in this particular window attracted his attention, and we stood for a few moments looking at them. I was not aware that any one else was near us; but on turning away I observed a gentleman also looking intently at some pretty toys exhibited in the window. He was stout, dark-complexioned, and of a somewhat foreign aspect. Except that he wore a carefully trimmed moustache, his face was closely shaven, and his iron-gray hair was closely cut. I judged him to be about fifty years of age. He was dressed in black; and one could not help noticing that his clothes were of superior quality and fit. There was nothing else about him, however, to attract attention; no extravagance of fashion or display of conspicuous jewellery. Plain gold studs adorned his shirt-front, and he had also a plain gold watch-chain, from which was suspended a small locket.

As I turned, our eyes met; and the stranger, pointing to one of those toy-serpents, constructed with innumerable joints for the amusement of children, repeated the question which I have just quoted—'A curious kind of toy that, sir—is it not?'

I felt no inclination to enter into conversation with him; but without actual rudeness it was impossible to avoid making some reply to his remark. 'Very ingenious,' I said, 'and also very simple.'

'I have seen some much prettier things of the same kind in Paris, though,' the stranger continued. Then looking at my son, he inquired: 'Is he in the service?'

'Well,' I replied, 'he is just going to sea. He was apprenticed yesterday.'

'Indeed. To what company?'

I told him the name of the firm; and he proceeded: 'I thought he was going to sea. I am a seaman myself; but I am in the American service. I am captain of the *Alma*, of New York, now lying in the Stanley Dock. We came in only last night.'

After another word or two, we bade him good-morning, and turned to go on our way; but the American Captain was going in the same direction, and would walk a little way with us. As we

went along, he addressed himself to my son, asking many questions as to the size and construction of the *Berkshire Castle*, the number of her officers and crew, the complement of apprentices, and many other details which to the boy himself were of course the most important things in the world. These questions he followed up by some most sound and excellent advice. Told the young apprentice that he would very likely hear a great deal of bad language when at sea; but he must take no notice of it, and above all, must not get into the habit of using it. He had himself been four-and-twenty years at sea, and had always managed to get on without using bad language.

He went on in this style; cautioned the boy against drink and other evils, and counselled him to be kind and thoughtful towards his fellow-apprentices, and not to boast over them or assume any airs of superiority if he found himself able to do what they could not, but to help them, and in all respects, to be good-tempered and modest in his bearing towards them. By this time we had reached the hotel where my son and I were staying. But even now our American Captain was not to be separated from us. He would like to sit down somewhere and rest a little; so he followed us into the coffee-room of the hotel, and there continued telling us some of his experiences during his life at sea, and spinning yarns which I confess were not a little interesting to myself and which my boy listened to with unconcealed delight. I began to regret the somewhat uncourteous way in which I had received the first advances of this gentleman, for that he was a gentleman could not be questioned.

We had been sitting in this way perhaps quarter of an hour, no other persons being in the room, when the door opened and in came, timidly and awkwardly, another stranger. We all looked up and were evidently struck by his appearance, for the new-comer was not such a man as one often meets with. He wore a new, high-crowned, very narrow-brimmed hat, which was set upon the back of his head; and a black overcoat, also new, with woollen collar, the top of which nearly touched the brim of his hat behind. On his finger I observed a diamond ring; but beyond this, no jewellery was to be seen upon his person. His face was fresh and healthy-looking, and but for an occasional gleam of sinister light in his eyes, would have given you the impression that here was an honest, unsophisticated, and not oversharpyoung man. He was apparently about seven or eight and twenty years old. I have said that he came timidly and awkwardly into the room. He seemed confused and uncertain what to do, and before sitting down he inquired in rich Milesian accents: 'I beg your parddon, gentlemen—is this private?'

We told him it was not.

'Sure, I thought it might be, as I couldn't find the bell.'

'Here is the bell,' replied the American. 'Shall I ring it for you?'

'Ah, to be sure, there it is. Thank you, sorr; I'll be glad if you will.'

The waiter came in; and the Irishman ordered a bottle of lemonade, which we left him to drink whilst we pursued our chat.

At length there was a pause, and the American,

who by the way had told us that his name was Williams, looking at the new-comer, said: 'You are a stranger in Liverpool, sir?'

'Sure, that's just what I am; I haven't been here many hours, and I never saw it before. I've not long come from Dublin.'

'Did you arrive by boat this morning?'

'No; I came over to Holyhead about a week since, and we were only four hours crossing; but oh, it's ill that I was! Don't I wish I was back again, I'd never come over any more. You may depend I'd never have come at all, but it was just a little law business in London I had to attend to connected with our family, and a precious bother it's been.'

'You did not care, then,' said I, 'for being among the lawyers.'

'Well, I shouldn't have minded it so much if it hadn't been for the signing of my name so often; but sure I thought I'd never have done. This last week I've written Patrick Murphy oftener than in all my life before put together; but Mr Metcalfe—that was the la'yer, d'ye see?—he told me I couldn't get the money without, so faix I had to do it till my hand was tired.'

'Still, you wouldn't mind that if you got well paid for it,' said Captain Williams.

'Well, I'll just tell you how it was. Ye see, an uncle of mine went out to America a long time since. He was a high-spirited lad, and he just quarrelled with the family, and went out there, and they didn't know but he was dead. But he bought a bit of land and farmed it; and after a while, d'ye see, they found oil-wells on his land, and thin the government bought him out for thirty-five thousand pounds. Well, he was getting old, and he didn't care for working any more, and his wife died; and when the war broke out, he had two sons, and they were both killed at the battle of Vicksburg, and the old man never looked up afterwards; he just pined away and died. But, ye see, he'd never sent any word home where he was, nor told nobody out there anything about his relations; and when he died, the government didn't know what to do with his property. So they put advertisements in the Irish papers; and me and my brother answered them. And then I had to come to London, and Father Maloney, our praste, with me; and Mr Metcalfe tould us all we were to do about getting certificates of baptism and marriage and sorra a one knows what besides; and, as I tell ye, I had to sign me name till I was sick of it.'

'Then you got the money at last?' said I.

'Ah, to be sure I did,' he answered with a wink and a chuckle. 'Look here!' and he pulled out a leathern pocket-book, and opening it, displayed a good fat bundle of Bank of England notes. 'Ye see, I drew a few hundreds just to pay my expenses for a while till I enjoy meself a bit, and then I shall go back and buy just as much land as I can, beca'se, d'ye see, people may stale your money, but they can't stale your land.'

'But I guess,' broke in the American, 'you might invest your money so as to bring you a better return.'

'Arrah thin, but don't you see,' replied the shrewd Mr Murphy, 'we've been brought up on the land, and we know the business, and if we tried anything else we might do worse?'

'That's a fact,' laconically remarked the Captain.

'Thin, there's another thing,' went on our unsophisticated Irishman, 'that bothers me a good deal. There's what they call a codicil to my uncle's will, and it states that whoever gits the money is to go over to America and buy a little bit of land in the parish where he lived, and put up a monument to the old gentleman. I've been trying hard to get out o' that; but sure, Mr Metcalfe tells me I'll have to go. Ay, but he was a quare fellow that uncle o' mine—pace to his soul!'

'Yes,' said I; 'that is rather a curious requirement.'

'Ah, sure, but that's not all, nor the quarest. Ye see, he says in the will that one thousand pounds is to be given away in charity, and the strange thing is that this one thousand pounds is not to be given all in one place, but to be divided into four parts, and distributed in four different quarters. An' sure, you know his Riverence the praste wanted to take it all back to Ireland with him; but Mr Metcalfe said No, he must only take a quarter; and so I handed over two hundred and fifty pounds to him, and said: "Now, what'll you have for your trouble in givin' away this money?" He said he didn't want nothing; however, I gave him twenty-five pounds for his trouble, and thin I bought him a gold snuff-box with his name engraved on the lid, and sent the old gentleman back to Dublin. Beca'se, don't you see? the business was done, and he didn't want me to go to, any places of amusement.'

'Well,' said Captain Williams, 'you managed very well about the first two hundred and fifty pounds. What did you do with the rest?'

'I'll tell ye if ye'll wait a minute. I was staying at the *Castle and Falcon* in London, for you know Mr Metcalfe cautioned me when I drew the money; says he: "Take care you always stay at the best hotels, and take care what company you get into, or you'll easily be robbed; especially as you have been about so little." Well, I was staying at the *Castle and Falcon*; and a very nice gentleman, a Mr Oscar, was staying there at the same time. Perhaps you may know him; I think he owned some collieries and had a nice place somewhere near a place they call Wigan. We got into conversation, and I told him all about this thousand pounds; and sure I asked him if he couldn't relieve me of another fourth of it, beca'se, ye see, I don't feel myself to be a free man until I get this money out of my hands. If I had only done that, thin I could enjoy myself and do as I liked with the rest, knowing that I'd done my duty. Well, the end of it was that this Mr Oscar said he would take two hundred and fifty pounds and give it away to the families of the colliers when there was an explosion or anything of that kind. So I said that was just the very thing; only Mr Metcalfe told me the will required that I was not to give this money to anybody who couldn't shew that he had plenty of money of his own, and might therefore be trusted. "Oh, Mr Murphy," ses Mr Oscar, "I will soon satisfy you about that; you can go to my bankers, or stay"—And he took out his cheque-book and just wrote a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds. But I said to him: "Well, sir, I daresay that's all very good; but, ye see, that's only a piece of paper—it isn't money."

So, without another word he rings the bell, and when the waiter comes, he says to him: "Waiter, just go to the bank and get this cheque cashed." In about twenty minutes the waiter comes back with the money; so says I: "Mr Oscar, that's perfectly satisfactory;" and I gave him the two hundred and fifty pounds, and twenty-five pounds for his trouble, and he wrote me out a resate; and within twelve months he's to send me a list shewing how the money has been distributed, and then I shall give him a—a "quittance," I think they call it.

I was thinking it about time for a quittance of another character, and so rose with my boy to go down to his ship. Captain Williams rose also, and saying that he was quite interested in the lad, proposed to walk a little way with us. Mr Murphy, being thoroughly his own master, and hardly knowing what to do with himself whilst staying in Liverpool, also asked if he might join us. When we got outside, the Captain fell behind, suggesting that my son and he should walk together. I was by no means unwilling to assent, assuring myself from what I had heard of this gentleman's talk before, that his conversation now would be to the boy's advantage. As Mr Murphy wished to see something of the principal streets, we did not take the nearest way to the docks, but sauntered down Castle Street, Lord Street, and Church Street, and coming to the Central Railway Station, the Irishman expressed a wish to go inside and see it. As we walked about the platform speaking of many subjects, he adroitly turned the conversation again to his uncle's singular bequest. "Now, sir," said he, "could not you help me to distribute some of this money? Are there any poor people in your neighbourhood?"

"Well," I replied, "for that matter where are there not poor people?"

"Ah, to be sure; but I mane couldn't you do some good with the money in the way I spoke of?"

"I have no doubt," I answered, "that I could make a good use of some of it; but why propose the thing to me whose name even you don't know, when your priest or your legal adviser could tell you so well what to do?"

"Ah, sure, I've had bother enough with the praste and Mr Metcalfe; and as I've lived all me life in the country, as you may say, I know nobody who could do this for me. It's thrue I don't know your name; but I'm sure you're a very respectable gentleman, and you seem very kind, and I could trust you very well."

Just then Captain Williams came to our side, and Murphy appealed to him. "Captain, I've just been asking this gentleman if he couldn't distribute some of this money for me, and he says he thinks he could. Now, as we've met in this way, I'll not make fish of one and flesh of another, and I'll make the same offer to you as I've made to him. Couldn't you get rid of some of this money for me?"

Captain Williams seemed for a moment amused at the offer; but presently, as though to humour the Irishman rather than with any serious meaning, replied: "No doubt, Mr Murphy, if you would like me to do so. Sometimes, for instance, when I am in a foreign port, some of my crew are laid up in the hospital, and I might provide many things for them, and leave a handsome donation

towards the funds of the hospital when we went away."

"Jist the very thing, Captain; that'll suit me to a t. Now thin, I'll jist leave you two gentlemen to talk it over; and if you will kindly shew me that you can each of you command a considerable sum of money—say fifty or a hundred pounds—just to carry out the requirement of the ould gentleman's will, you know, well thin, Patrick Murphy's your man, and we'll settle the business, and thin I shall be happy and free."

From a very early point in our conversation I had become firmly convinced that Mr Murphy was a swindler, and by no means such a fool as he looked; that his story was concocted for the purpose of getting money somehow or other out of Captain Williams and myself; and that he must have taken us for very great fools indeed. Left alone with the American, I said: "Now, Captain, what do you think of this Irishman's story? Is it not one of the queerest tales you ever heard?"

"Well," he slowly replied—"I don't know. It does seem a queer story; but you see these Irishmen do queer things. I have known them make all sorts of curious wills, and this young fellow seems as though he wanted to be conscientious. I think I shall take him at his word, and see what he will do. I don't care to shew him what money I have just now; of course he's a stranger; but to-morrow if he likes to come to my ship, or to your hotel, I'll give him every satisfaction. What will you do?"

"I scarcely know," I said, a new suspicion flashing across my mind and at the same time a desire springing up which I did not at once see my way to carry out. "I scarcely know. I have very little money with me, and Mr Murphy wishes us to prove that we are possessed of a considerable amount."

"But I suppose you could easily get fifty pounds or so by going to your banker or by telegraphing home?"

"By sending home, no doubt, I could; but it would never do to telegraph. Think what a state my wife would be in if I were suddenly to telegraph to her to send me fifty pounds."

"Well, suppose you were to write to her; you might then explain, and she could send the money by getting the bank to telegraph to-morrow. Would that do?"

"It might," I replied; and my resolution was now taken. These two were no doubt in confederacy, and they must be made to run into their own trap.

When Murphy rejoined us, the matter was explained to him, and it was arranged that after I had taken my boy to his ship, we should go back to the hotel, and my letter home should there be written. Captain Williams was for accompanying us to the docks, but to my great satisfaction Mr Murphy did not wish to go; and being a stranger, and so very much in peril from rogues and vagabonds, he did not like to be left alone. Accordingly, the American agreed to remain with him at the station until my return; so that I was free to act. The game was becoming exciting, and although I felt that it was not without a spice of danger, I could not resist the desire to carry it on to the end. Whilst absent from the two men, I wrote and posted a hurried note home explaining that

another would follow, and giving my wife directions as to what to do. Then I went back.

On seeing me return they naturally inferred that I had no suspicion of them, and at once concluded that their fish was fairly hooked. We went back to the hotel, and I wrote the letter agreed upon, which they both read and which I allowed Mr Murphy to post with his own hands. In answer to this letter they expected that a telegram would be received at my hotel on the following morning, giving me power to draw the sum of fifty pounds from a Liverpool bank, which sum was to be shewn to Mr Murphy as a guarantee of my respectability.

It turned out that the *Berkshire Castle* was not to sail until the following morning. In the evening therefore my son came back to the hotel. Captain Williams went on with his tales of the sea, put the boy through his facings upon various nautical matters, explained in the most interesting way the course which would be taken upon his anticipated voyage; told him all about the winds and currents, the mode of taking observations, the people whom he would see, the peculiar character and trade of the different ports—and in short made it evident that he was a seaman of long experience and of considerable culture.

Mr Murphy left us about half an hour before the Captain, arranging to be at the hotel in the morning at ten o'clock. The American bade him good-night, and subsequently took his leave of us, professedly to go and sleep on board his ship, and saying that he would come in the morning at half-past nine.

'Well, Hal,' said I to my son as soon as they had gone, 'what do you think of all this?'

'How, papa? What do you mean?'

'Don't you see that these two fellows are swindlers, and that all they have been doing to-day is the carrying out of a little scheme for getting fifty pounds or so out of us?'

The lad opened his eyes and for a while was incredulous. At last he said: 'But you don't think Captain Williams a swindler?'

'I am afraid he's the worst of the two. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. To-morrow morning before breakfast I shall go down the street to the Detective Office and tell them all that has passed to-day, and we shall see what follows.'

Harold was not to be convinced, however, about the American Captain. He would admit that I might be right so far as the Irishman was concerned; but the nautical experience and knowledge of Captain Williams were, to his mind, utterly inconsistent with the idea that the man was a swindler.

About half-past eight the following morning, I walked down Dale Street to the Detective Office and related my experience to one of its chiefs. He smiled when I had done, as though my story were just what he had been expecting.

'Ah, sir, it's an old trick; but we have had nothing of this kind here for some years.—Brown!' A subordinate came forward at his call. 'Hear what this gentleman has got to say and then follow the case up.'

Brown ushered me into a small side-room, and I repeated to him what I had told his chief.

'Yes, sir,' he said; 'I see what it is; but you have made one great mistake. You should not have come here.'

'How so?'

'You should have sent a note to us from your hotel. There is a third man in this business whom you have never seen yet, and it is almost certain that he has watched you come here. If so, they will all be off together. However, go back, and two of us will watch the hotel. If these men come, don't let them see that you are suspicious, but take them out with you, and as you come down the steps of the hotel just raise your hat. Don't look across the way or round about you, whatever you do. We shall be on the watch opposite, and if you lift your hat we shall know that we have our eye on the right men, and we will not lose sight of you. Leave the rest to us.'

I returned and breakfasted, and scarcely had I reached the smoking-room before Captain Williams made his appearance, smiling and radiant. After a few words about the weather, and the peculiarities of the Irishman whom we had encountered on the previous day, he inquired: 'When do you expect your telegram?'

'I expect it will be here early; perhaps ten o'clock.'

'Will you take a turn in the open air, and have a cigar until it comes? I don't care for smoking indoors on such a morning as this.'

'Thank you,' said I; 'I would rather wait here for it; I do not want to lose any time. I should like to get this business settled and get back home; I ought to have returned yesterday.'

The truth was I suspected that Williams wanted to get me away from the hotel in order that Murphy might intercept the telegram, as he could easily have done, and armed with its authority, draw the money which they expected. Now, notwithstanding my first letter home, in which I had explained clearly how matters stood, I was sure that my wife would be thrown into a state of nervous agitation, and who knew? she might think that I really needed money, and send it, after all. I was determined that the telegram should not get into their hands. Again, however, Williams tried to persuade me into going out.

'If you like,' said I, 'we will have a cigar outside, in front of the hotel, until Mr Murphy comes.'

To this he readily assented, trusting doubtless to the chapter of accidents for some chance of getting me away to a distance. We had not been standing upon the steps many minutes when Mr Murphy came up, evidently disconcerted at finding us there. It was now his turn to try what he could do.

'Sure, thin, you'll be taking your boy down to the ship presently.'

'Yes; we shall have to go directly.'

'Ah, thin, if ye don't mind I'll just wait here till you come back, for I've got some letters to write, and I can do it whilst you and Captain Williams are away, and thin I'll be ready for you.'

'Why not write them before we go?' I asked.

'But don't you see?' he persisted. 'I am not like you, gentlemen. As I told you, I've been brought up in the country, and writing is no aisy work to me. It'll take me a long time, and I couldn't think of detaining you.'

Still I insisted upon waiting for him, and he at last gave up his attempt.

'Ah, well, never mind; it don't matter very

much. I can write the letters afterwards. Let us go down with your son to the ship, and perhaps when we come back the telegram will have come.'

Now, I thought I might venture to leave. I had both the men with me, and there was no fear of the telegram's being intercepted. Very stupidly I had forgotten the third man about whom the detective had warned me. However, we all three went out together, and as we descended the steps of the hotel I raised my hat. I wondered whether my sign was observed, but for the life of me I dared not look.

We walked on; Murphy, smoking a cigar, always keeping about half-a-dozen yards in front of us. When we reached the dock where the *Berkshire Castle* was lying, we had to cross a little bridge separating the dock from a smaller basin. This bridge was just being turned for the purpose of allowing a vessel to pass. We had barely time to cross, and Williams, my boy, and myself hastened over; but at that moment Murphy suddenly turned back, saying: 'Sure my cigar has made me dry. I will just go over yonder and get a bottle of ginger-beer.'

As he spoke we three stepped over the bridge, leaving him on the other side, and the next instant the bridge was turned away, and there was no going back for us. Now, thought I, I am foiled at last. This was a dodge of his to get back to the hotel; and I am helpless. There was nothing for it, however, but to go forwards. We went to the ship, and saw the boy on board. Captain Williams was soon in conversation with the master of the vessel, with the overseer of the company, and others; speaking a good word as he had promised to do for my son, and conducting himself in a way that harmonised perfectly with the account which he had given of his position and career.

Meanwhile, I was in a fever of excitement about my telegram and Mr Murphy. So far I had seen nothing of the detectives, and I began to fear that after all these swindlers would get the better of me. But now, to my intense relief, as I stood by Williams's side I caught sight of detective Brown some twenty yards off. Carelessly sauntering away from Williams whilst he was in conversation with some one else, I was apparently interested in the examination of various objects lying about, and by degrees managed to walk unconcernedly past the detective. As I did so he said in a low voice: 'Don't look at me and don't speak. We've got the other two, and if you will take Williams back to the hotel, we will have him next.'

I could scarcely believe my ears, and very difficult was it to keep an impassive countenance as I heard this welcome intelligence. But I took no notice of the speaker, and sauntered on until I came up again to the American, who was still talking earnestly with one of the officers of the *Berkshire Castle*.

'Now, Captain Williams,' said I, 'what do you say about returning? Or shall we go down to your ship? I should like to see the *Alma* before I go.'

'Well, I was thinking that we would have some luncheon on board when this business was settled. Suppose we go back now and see if your telegram has come. But what has become of that fellow Murphy, I wonder? I suppose he found the bridge up, and could not get back to us; but I guess we'll find him at the hotel.'

Mentally, I guessed that we should not, but I said nothing, and we walked on. Williams looked round again and again; but I could not get him to talk. I suppose that he missed his confederates, and not knowing what to make of it, became nervous and troubled. Just as we reached the door of the hotel, two detectives stepped up to us and touched us both on the shoulder.

'You're wanted at Dale Street,' said one of them.

It was like a stroke of paralysis to the American Captain. His face became livid, his eyes were glazed, his mouth drawn down. He was a man of powerful physique, but his arms dropped nervelessly to his sides, and without an effort or a word he allowed himself to be led off to the police-office by one of the detectives. The other walked into my hotel, and beckoning me to follow, shewed me the pocket-book which I had seen on the previous day in Mr Murphy's hands distended by bank-notes. That good fat bundle which had made the Irishman appear so enviably rich, turned out to be a piece of newspaper neatly folded and inclosed in two five-pound notes on the 'Bank of Engraving.' Seen from a distance, they were splendid counterfeits of genuine notes.

Then Mr Brown told me the story of the capture of the other two who had been taken whilst I was conversing with Williams. It seems that from the moment of our leaving the hotel the detectives had never lost sight of us, and moreover that they at once discovered No. 3 dogging our footsteps, but taking care that I never saw him. When Murphy turned back from us at the bridge, the officers guessed the purpose of the ruse, and accordingly, whilst one of them kept watch over Williams, the other tracked Mr Murphy. Concealing themselves in an entry just as the Irishman came up with the third confederate, they heard them laughing and chuckling and talking about the haul which they expected presently to take. Then Murphy posted off towards the hotel, and No. 3 came after Williams and myself. But the detectives were too many for them, and had prudently secured such aid as enabled them to arrest the two swindlers before they had gone many yards on their separate ways. On being searched at the police-office, the combined riches of the three amounted to six shillings and sixpence in genuine money; they had also a quantity of the flash notes and of sovereign counters. The only article of value found amongst them was the ring which was worn by Murphy, and which was discovered to be of considerable value.

I need not prolong my story. The men were completely taken aback by the *dénouement*, so different from what they had up to the last moment expected.

'By the powers!' exclaimed Mr Murphy to his captors, 'we thought we had caught a flat, but sure I never was so flatted meself in my life.'

Their photographs were taken and sent round the country with a description of the circumstances under which the originals had been arrested, and it soon transpired that they were 'wanted' on account of more successful achievements of a similar kind, for which they got their deserts. As for myself, I had enough of annoyance and loss in connection with their subsequent trial to make me remember my adventure unpleasantly; but I had some consolation in the reflection that I did not

lose my money, and that the men who tried to deprive me of it were, for some time thereafter, prevented from practising their art upon the public.

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE LION.

THE lion, by the unanimous consent of mankind, has been voted into a place of royal pre-eminence over all the rest of the lower animals, whether wild or tame. There are scores of creatures more useful, but none so generally regarded as noble. Whether in the secluded wilds of Asia, or on the sand-swept plains of Numidia, or by the burning margin of the far-off Nile—wherever we find him, there he is the acknowledged monarch of all. The lightnings of his eye spread terror around his path, and the forests tremble to the deep bass of his roar. Even at home, confined as we are accustomed to see him, he still bears the essence of his nobility about with him; and as he paces the narrow limits of his cage, and gazes with a far-away look in his eyes over the heads of the human throng in front of him, he seems to accept the homage of their admiration with kingly indifference, as if it were nothing more than his due. No one ever tires of looking at a lion: his strong lithe limbs, his shaggy mane; his never-failing gracefulness when in motion, his sovereign dignity in repose; his broad high-arching forehead, his large lustrous eyes filled full as it were with human intelligence, and his well-proportioned massive countenance that is almost human in its outlines—all these attract and retain the gaze of the spectator, as one of the most splendid combinations in nature of majestic beauty with surpassing strength.

This old favourite has recently been made the subject of a series of charming papers in *Land and Water*, by that prince among born naturalists, Frank Buckland. Mr Buckland's love for animals appears to be without stint or limit—is as universal as the most benevolent of Ancient Mariners might wish; yet if he has a favour for one of them more than another, that one is the lion. He has not, like Gordon Cumming, shot lions—we do not know if he would care to do so; but he has certainly paid them more attention otherwise than any lion-hunter ever did. He is always pleased to look at them living, or to dissect them when dead; and when he has done either, he will tell you all about it as very few can.

The occasion of his present series of papers on the lion, was the presentation to him by a friend of a grand old French volume on Natural History, by M. Perrault. It was published in 1676—two hundred and four years ago; and is a huge folio, one foot ten inches by one foot five inches, of a very ancient and venerable appearance, and of considerable weight. 'The binding of the book,' he says, 'must have been originally handsome, being formed of leather, bearing a coat of arms with a crown and three lilies in the centre, whence I conclude that it has, at some time or other,

been the property of one of the kings of France. The binding is now all over cracks, and looks as if it had been scorched by fire.' It contains reports of the dissection of thirty animals—the lion, lioness, chameleon, dromedary, bear, beaver, &c.—with an engraving of each. 'Where M. Perrault got all these animals from is surprising; he does not tell us this in the preface, but I gather from an incidental remark that they were given to him by the then directors of the animals in the Parc de Vincennes.'

The anatomy of the above-mentioned animals, as made out by this old French naturalist, is not different from what it is now. In the case of the lion, he notices the size of the head as remarkable, and consisting principally in the extraordinary abundance of the muscles which cover the skull, and the great size of the bones which compose the jaws. Curiously enough, 'M. Perrault does not say a word about the existence of a claw at the end of the lion's tail. This is a very old myth. The story is that the lion has a claw at the end of his tail, by means of which he lashes himself into fury. Some years ago,' continues Mr Buckland, 'a great discussion took place on this point, and I examined the tails of a great many lions. The origin of the idea is the fact that occasionally is found right in the centre of the tuft of hair at the end of the tail, a hardened tip of skin which looks something like a claw. I would ask my readers to search for this tail claw in all specimens of lions' skins to which they have access, especially in such places as the establishments of taxidermists, museum galleries, and furriers' shops.' We fear the hook must be given up.

Mr Buckland goes on to say: 'The very peculiar formation of the lion's tongue did not escape the notice of our anatomist, but he does not say much about it. I have now in my hand the dried tongue of a lion; it is covered with sharp-pointed horny papillæ, set very thickly upon its surface. The papillæ on the front portion of the tongue are much larger than those in the rear part of the tongue, but the smaller ones are set much closer together than those in front. Each papilla consists of a horny spine, the point of which is curved and set directly backwards, reminding me much of the spines on the tail of the thornback ray. On applying this lion's tongue to the cheek, I find that the roughness is so great that with a little pressure a wound might easily be made in the human skin. The use of this is to scrape off the meat from the bones of the animals, for the lion is not a great bone-eater—he leaves the bones for the hyænas to crack, these animals having teeth especially constructed for the cracking of bones. This peculiar roughness of the tongue is also present, but in a less degree, in the common cat, and it can be seen when the cat is lapping milk, but still better if the tongue of a defunct specimen be taken out, put for a while in spirits, and then pinned out tight on a board. This rough tongue is of great importance to the health of the lion.'

In this connection, it may be mentioned that the knowledge that lions do not thrive well when fed on meat that is skinned, has hitherto been thought by Mr Buckland and others to be a modern discovery. But this old French naturalist seems to have made the discovery for himself. 'M. Perrault received a lion which had been sick for some time. He was puzzled by certain appearances in the stomach, and found out that they had been giving the lion young lambs and goats freshly killed, but that they were foolish enough to skin them before putting them in to the lion for his dinner, therefore the remedy was worse than the disease. He advises, therefore, that the hair should always be left on animals given to the lions for food, as it acts in a sanitary manner in the economy of the creature.

'M. Perrault then describes and figures the wonderful piece of anatomy by means of which the sharp-pointed claws are kept within a sheath, as it were, of hair, and how it happens that when the lion is walking about no one would guess that he had such formidable claws. These claws are capable of being instantly protruded; but, at the same time, there is a short, wonderful ligament, which is self-acting, and which, like an india-rubber spring, retracts the claw into its case in a moment. The lungs of the lion are very large, with nine lobes. The larynx or voice-box is admirably formed, and capable of making terrible roarings. There is nothing particular about the heart. The carotids are small, probably because the brain is small. The head appears large, on account of the crest of bone which gives attachment to the great muscles which work the lower jaw, and which have the effect of leaving the peculiarly formed forehead which those who have studied lions know so well. At first sight it would seem difficult to kill a lion; but the fact of the peculiar forehead of the lion being the tender place, like the heel of Achilles, was not unknown to the ancient anatomist, for Theophrastus is reported to have advised Hercules, when he went out to kill the Nemean lion, to stun him with his club and finish him off by strangling him with his hands.'

Regarding two points which Mr Buckland thinks are very remarkable in the anatomy of the lion, the book is silent. These relate (1) to the brain, and (2) to the humerus or arm-bone of the lion. As to the first, Mr Buckland says that 'whereas the brain would be likely to be shaken and concussed when the lion makes his spring upon his prey, we find that the cavity of the skull which contains the brain is not, as in the skull of the dog, a continuous hollow like a cocoa-nut, but is divided across its middle by a diaphragm or solid curtain of bone, the operation of which is to prevent the big brain or cerebrum pressing its weight upon the cerebellum or little brain, so that we see that an admirable provision has been made that the brain shall not suffer by the animal taking the terrific leaps which we know he is capable of doing.' As to the second point, that relating to the arm-bone of the lion, Mr Buckland finds in this bone a contrivance which he has not seen mentioned in any books. 'The business of the lion,' he says, 'is to hold on to his prey by means of the flexor muscles of the forearm. When once he has a claw-hold, the lion seldom or never lets go. The continuous and powerful action of the muscles of the forearm

would be very likely to press upon and interfere with the nerves which supply the forearm. Now, how is this obviated? It is done in a most wonderful manner. Just where the great nerve which would supply the muscles of the forearm would be subjected to the greatest pressure, there we find a bridge of bone thrown across from one point of the main forearm to the other, and by passing underneath this bridge of bone the nerve escapes the injury it might otherwise be liable to.' The same singular provision is to be found in the forearm of the common cat.

As to the appearance and habits of the lion in his native haunts, only a few are privileged to speak—only such men as Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Dr Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, and the like. The several accounts which travellers and hunters have given of the lion in his wild condition are singularly concurrent, Dr Livingstone being perhaps the chief exception. His description of the lion has a somewhat disenchanting effect on the reader, and not by any means favourable to the monarch of the forest, either as regards the qualities of nobility or courage. But with so many equally qualified observers against this distinguished traveller, his opinions on the subject must be regarded as exceptional. Gordon Cumming was one of the most attentive and experienced observers of the lion, and with a few quotations from one of his most interesting descriptions, we will bring this notice to a close.

'The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost any beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature. Though considerably under four feet in height, he has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty and apparently powerful giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness. The lion is the constant attendant of the vast herds of buffaloes which frequent the interminable forests of the interior; and a full-grown one, so long as his teeth are unbroken, generally proves a match for an old bull buffalo, which in size and strength greatly surpasses the most powerful breed of English cattle.

'One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three, four or more, regularly taking up their parts. They roar loudest in cold frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite

parties ; and when one roars all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear.

'The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal ; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in the level forest or on the mountain-side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying valleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowling. Lions are ever most active, daring, and presuming on dark and stormy nights, and consequently on such occasions the traveller ought more particularly to be on his guard. I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves ; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning, and when the moon rose late they drank at a very early hour in the night. Owing to the tawny colour of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark, and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about lions is their eyes, which in a dark night glow like two balls of fire. The female is more fierce and active than the male, as a general rule, and lionesses which have never had young are much more dangerous than those which have.'

THE ART OF MAKING EXCUSES.

WE are no believers in that old epigram of Saint Augustine, 'Qui se excusat, accusat,' or in its more familiar French dress, 'Qui s'excuse, s'accuse ;' but we do not go the length of thinking that every poor sinner who has got himself into trouble with his betters or his peers, becomes his own accuser if he ventures to say a word in self-defence.

Whether Self-excusation belongs properly to the domain of Science or Art, is a debatable point, but we are persuaded that in all its ramifications, self-defence prefers the warm and picturesque groves of Art to the cold and arid steppes of Science. We hope to shew that there is very little Law, and a strong dash of Genius, in the art we are about to consider.

In the first place, Self-excusation of the highest order is never literal in its methods, nor direct in its ways. Its true home is in the Green Isle, and it has never blossomed in our hard soil, although occasionally, like a seed blown across the sea, it has led a colonial sort of life among us. It despises our ideas of logical sequence. It has its

therefores and becauses ; but they are not symbols of the way in which commonplace people reason. Take, for example, the following dialogue in an old play between the Squire and his Servant.

Squire. What day of the week is this, Roger ?

Servant. Sunday, your Honour.

Squire. Then, bring me another dram.

Blind indeed is that man who does not see at once that the Squire was a brilliant professor of our art, from the triumphant way in which he uses that word *then*. Here is a chain of thought far too subtle for ordinary mortals, and especially for the disciples of Forbes-Mackenzie.

We doubt if our own dear favourite Charles Lamb was quite equal to the Squire in his famous Self-excusation at the India Office. 'Mr Lamb,' said the senior of the department, 'I really must complain of your so frequently coming to the office late in the morning.' 'Sir,' said the gauntless Charles, 'there is truth indeed in your accusation ; but do I not atone for my fault by going away early in the afternoon ?'

Self-excusation is often charmingly unconscious of its own charms. Like so many of good Dean Ramsay's 'characters,' it is quite ignorant of what others so much applaud in it. It has a fresh simplicity and a naïve ignorance of the ways of the world that are perfectly delightful. There is an old story which was a particular favourite of Lord Orford's, that may serve to illustrate our meaning. 'I hate that woman,' said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse. 'What ! hate your old nurse ?' cried his friends in remonstrance. 'Yes,' rejoined he ; 'she changed me at the nurse.' The man's excuse for his malevolence towards the poor woman placed his own identity in grave question, and led the way to a long series of problems vastly perplexing to his wife and children.

We would rather attribute to this same unconsciousness, than to audacity, the reply of the medical student who, when told by his examiners that it was utterly hopeless for him to think of ever becoming a physician, urged in deprecation of a final pluck, 'that he could even now cure a child.'

Self-excusation has within it an element which nearly allies it to Wit. 'It is the design of Wit,' says Dr Campbell, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, 'to excite in the mind an agreeable surprise, and that arising, not from anything marvellous in the subject, but from the strange assemblage of related ideas presented to the mind.' Now, it is this 'surprise' that forms the link between Wit and the high art of Self-excusation. In the latter, the surprise may be generated by striking irrelevancy, or by fertility of resource, or by the gallant rush to a *dernier ressort*, which when all other helps have failed, comes to the rescue in the emergencies of despair.

We do not remember a better example of conspicuous irrelevancy than is displayed by an American story which we think deserves to be told at full length. A young gentleman of that absurd type which is becoming gradually more common in America, under the delusion that it is the transatlantic representative of the British aristocrat, requested an excellent songstress in a drawing-room to sing him a song the title of which he could not perfectly recall, but he was sure it

contained the words 'my mother.' The lady replied that it was not easy to identify the song from this fragmentary title, inasmuch as many songs were dedicated to the honours of maternity. Was it, *Just before the Battle, Mother?*—No; it had nothing to do with war.

Was it, *Mother, I've come Home to die?*—No; it was not so sad.

Was it, *Mother, be proud of your Boy in Blue?*—No; it was certainly not naval.

Was it, *My Mother bids me bind my Hair?*—No; it had nothing to do with unkempt children.

Could it be, *Let me kiss him for his Mother?*—No; this particular mother employed no deputies in her demonstrations of affection.

'Well,' said the amiable songstress in despair, 'I am most anxious to oblige you; but I cannot supply you with both memory and music. When you can remember the name of the song, I will endeavour to sing it.'

In a few moments, the suppliant burst out with delight that he had now recovered the title, which was, *My Mother's Teeth are falling out.*

The company, shocked at the taste which desired such a song from the fairest of her sex, rose to their feet with the intention of hanging the miscreant on the nearest lamp-post; and had actually precipitated him half-way down-stairs, when he suddenly remembered that he was mistaken in the title, which he would now correct, if they would allow him one moment's respite. The song, he now said, had nothing to do with his mother at all, but was properly entitled, *My Father's Hair is turning gray.* He added that he could only account for the *lapsus* which had involved him in such peril, by his having a bad memory for dates!

We have observed the same kind of masterly irrelevancy in the sort of excuses which people tender for their shortcomings in attendance at church. We were told not long ago by an Episcopal clergyman in the Granite City, that he had been much amused by the explanation which a grave Aberdonian gave of the paucity of attendance at the daily services of the church: 'You see, sir, the City of Glasgow Bank failure has created a general depression of trade.'

We have said that fertility of resource is a distinguishing mark of great proficiency in the art of Self-excusation. Perhaps we may be pardoned for retailing an old Oxford story in exemplification of our assertion. An undergraduate was summoned before one of the Dons for not attending the seven o'clock morning chapel.

'Sir,' said the Don, 'let me hear what you have to say in excuse of your persistent absence from morning prayers.'

'Sir,' replied the delinquent, 'the service is too late for me to be present.'

'Too late, sir! How can seven in the morning be considered a late hour?'

'Well,' replied the ingenious offender, 'were the hour four or five, or even six, I might manage to be present; but to expect a man to sit up till seven o'clock in the morning in order to go to church, is more than human nature will endure!'

A similar illustration of fertility of resource is recounted, we think by Dean Ramsay, in the story of the dying rustic who 'speered' at the parish minister if there would be any whisky in heaven. On being rebuked for this mundane anxiety and

irreverent curiosity, Sandy replied in self-excuse: 'That it wasna because he wad tak ony if it were offered him, but jist in respect that it wad look weel on the table.'

Lastly, we must not overlook the gallant fight with back to the wall which a professor of this fine art will conduct when hard pressed by on-coming foes. We have not forgotten that Highland teetotaler who was found drinking the mountain-dew at his breakfast in some wayside inn where he thought he would not be known. 'Och Donald, and we thocht ye were an abstainer!' exclaimed a deacon who happened to look in quite unexpectedly. 'And so I am,' replied the detected culprit, who scorned to suggest that his beverage was only toast-and-water—'so I am; but ye ken, my frien', that I am no a bigoted ane.'

We have been led to analyse the art of Self-excusation by the popularity which it is daily assuming among all classes of our fellow-mortals. The British Genius is regularly developing the skill with which it attempts to evade duties. Our preachers endeavour to repress it; but they seldom bring home as clearly as is desirable the foundations upon which it rests, and the appliances it summons to its assistance. If the pocket, or the energies, or self-indulgence, can be relieved from pressure, the mind of man is wonderfully quick and successful in manufacturing a shield, embellished with as many figures as the shield of Achilles. We take great delight in asking the loan of this useful weapon, taking it home and examining its structure. Would we had the pen of a Homer to represent all the whimsical embossments we sometimes find upon its surface!

THE HAPPY MAN.

By day, no biting cares assail
My peaceful, calm, contented breast;
By night, my slumbers never fail
Of welcome rest.

Soon as the Sun, with orient beams,
Gilds the fair chambers of the Day,
Musing, I trace the murmuring streams
That wind their way.

Around me Nature fills the scene
With boundless plenty and delight;
And touched with joy sincere, serene,
I bless the sight.

I bless the kind creating Power
Exerted thus for frail mankind;
At whose command descends the shower,
And blows the wind.

Happy the man who thus at ease,
Content with that which Nature gives;
Him guilty terrors never seize;
He truly lives.

ROBERT BROWN.

ERRATUM.—*Journal* for November 6, p. 713, line 22, last word, for *steam* read *sailing*.

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EXPLORING IN THE FAR NORTH.

THE ice-region of the North is full of marvellous grandeur and mystery. It is not only mysterious in itself, but likewise in much of its history. Known to us only as associated with everything barren, frigid, and forbidding, it yet possesses charms and even beauties that are specially its own. For nearly the whole year, its frozen waters and frozen land present phenomena startling almost beyond imagination. Turn the eye whither you will, in a space of some fifteen hundred miles diameter around the geographical Pole, immense masses and fields of ice only are seen in every conceivable form, whether on the partly hidden land, or the all but completely covered sea. On the one land may be towering mountains of rock, soaring high in majestic grandeur, and encircled or divided from each other by mighty glaciers and fields of ice; on the other, there may be presented a seemingly limitless level of solid ice varying from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, and in parts thrown up into enormous ridges, sometimes forty feet high, and of irregular lengths, with huge ice-islands called bergs scattered about upon its surface.

If it be the open season of summer, these bergs may be seen floating about in stately splendour, or occasionally when caught in currents and eddies, tearing along with ominous violence. If there be a storm, and the ocean has burst through and broken up the ice, the scene presented is a very wild one, and the utmost dexterity is required on the part of the mariner to avert danger from the masses dashing against the vessel's side. If it be calm, or moderate weather, the pictures Nature puts before the eye are marvellous. If the sky is clear, thousands of fairy-like castles or crystal cities thrown into ruins, appear to view. Refracted images of all imaginable forms dance before you. In the air may be seen, inverted, some distant object which in reality is far below the line of ordinary vision. Sometimes the sun does not look round, but oval; or perhaps there may appear to be four suns, or at night four moons,

lighting up the icebergs. In winter also, the whole of one part of the heavens is often illuminated by the splendid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. In summer, according to the latitude, there is no sunset for weeks; and during winter there is total darkness for a like period. The cold is intense, except occasionally. Even in autumn, thick ice will sometimes form in one night; and in winter or spring the register is generally from thirty to sixty degrees below zero. Still, if proper precautions be taken, even this extreme temperature is bearable.

Now, it is through such a region as this that explorers have to make their way. How they do it is a story often told, yet always interesting. In the first place, their ships are more than ordinarily strengthened to encounter ice; yet very often no common skill or human power is of any avail, and constant watchfulness of ice-movements is needed. In summer the ice breaks away from the coast of Greenland, and not unfrequently leaves a narrow tortuous passage round what is called Melville Bay. It is, however, exceedingly dangerous, and ships are often detained here a long while. The exploring expedition of 1850 was fixed here for some weeks, and the vessel to which the writer belonged, made only twelve miles in a fortnight. Here too, whaling-ships are often crushed. The ice takes a 'run' during gales and strong currents, and will sometimes actually break up and cover over a ship in a few minutes. The *Hecla*, Parry's old ship, was thus caught. In less than twenty minutes nothing was seen of her but the top of her mast-head and the end of her jib-boom. An American whaler was also similarly served in twenty minutes; and the *Breadalbane*, further on, was actually sliced by a run of ice, and sank out of sight when the pressure was removed.

If the explorer has succeeded in passing Melville Bay, then Lancaster Sound or Smith Sound is entered. Seldom is this done till near the close of summer; consequently, it is necessary to find some safe harbour in which to winter. Some ships have had no such shelter, and have drifted

about—as did the two American vessels in 1850-51—all through the dark and bitter season. But supposing a winter harbour is found, then the ships are housed or covered in, and the crews properly attended to. What is next done in the way of wisely maintaining health by proper amusements, education, and exercise, would take too long to tell. Enough to say that, except on the occasion of the last official Polar expedition, very little mortality has occurred. Indeed, health in the Arctic regions is more to be depended upon than in tropical climes.

During winter, all hands are employed in making preparation for spring travelling. Then, when March arrives, sledges are packed, officers and men appointed, and away these hardy explorers go, over ice and snow, along barren shores into unknown wastes, hundreds and hundreds of miles, without the slightest hesitation. Strange too, how accurately they mark their way, and even prearrange where separate parties shall again meet in certain localities at first only fixed by geographical science and assumed configuration of land.

But the better to understand this, let us try and picture a scene as it actually occurred. Upon the solid ice there, you might have seen a congregation of what look like human beings. Sledges and Eskimo dogs are with them. Officers as well as sailors, numbering about a hundred, are dressed in uncouth garbs that make them look anything but civilised men. Furs are worn by those who can get them, and woollens lined with fur by others. Also masks for the nose, and goggles for preserving the eyes. It is very cold, and every protection is needed to prevent frost-bite. No one is left by himself. Companionship is absolutely necessary, in order that the one may keep a look out upon the other's face; as when frost attacks the nose and other exposed parts of the face, it is at first unfelt by the sufferer himself. His companion, as soon as he sees symptoms of this, takes up a handful of snow, and rubs the affected part hard for a few moments, and thus prevents any spread of the mischief.

While this is going on in one place, others are busy trying to keep the dogs in order. These restive creatures, harnessed to the sledges, get entangled with each other, or every now and then run in between the men's legs. Presently, however, all the party have arrived at the place appointed. There, the chief of the entire expedition carefully examines their several equipments, and addresses them in appropriate terms, pointing out what each has to do. The several sledges are named, and have flags with certain mottoes selected by the officers attached to them. Many of these mottoes bear upon the subject of the search; and several of the flags are cherished on account of the fair hands at home—some sister, or some one still dearer—who lovingly made them. Every sledge has an officer, and from six to eight men. All the officers desire to go; but the post of honour is given first to the highest—even to the captains of ships—then to the humblest in turn. And now, all have received their orders, and been addressed as to their respective duties; and after a few kind and sometimes tender partings between old comrades, the hardy explorers buckle to their work, and shortly separate, each band on its way to

traverse hundreds of miles of frozen ocean or of bleak inhospitable coast.

Away they go! Over miles and miles of dreary wastes. Prying and seeking and examining wherever aught presents itself that would seem to have been placed there by others like themselves. Weary, footsore, snow-blind, lame, weak, strong again, often frozen nearly stiff, and battling with wind and sleet and icy particles that cut the face as though with a keen razor. Still they trudge on, through barren and hitherto unknown places. Occasionally they break out into song, and thus rouse themselves again, and perforce renew their flagging strength.

The sledge, when loaded with provisions, tents, spare clothing, instruments, firearms, and spirits of wine for fuel, generally weighs about one thousand two hundred pounds, or say one hundred and ninety pounds per man. This weight, then, the men have to pull along over the ice, smooth or rough, and oftener amongst thrown-up ridges, as best they can. A belt round each man is then attached to the rope belonging to the sledge, and thus should it happen, as is sometimes the case, that one of the party falls through a broken bit of ice, he is speedily pulled out again. In such cases some rapid exercise is necessary to prevent the serious consequences that might otherwise ensue.

When dinner-hour arrives, the party halts for a short time to eat the allowance previously made up for each person. Then they drink their small quantum of grog, a proceeding which is usually accomplished while running up and down the ice to keep up the circulation and escape being frost-bitten. The pork which has been cooked on board is almost always so hard that it breaks like biscuit; and the drinking utensils are usually covered with a non-conducting substance to prevent the cold from taking the skin off the lips.

But night is the worst part of the time—that is, the sleeping period; for we should mention that sometimes the party travel by night and sleep by day, on account of the greater advantage from the absence of glare, &c. When the day's march of perhaps ten miles is ended, the tent is pitched on as comfortable a bit of ice as can be found. This tent is generally fourteen feet long by eight feet broad and eight feet high. There is a flap at the bottom made to pull outwards and be covered with snow. The door is made of double curtains like a porch, to keep out the snow-drift, and afford shelter to the cook or look-out man. Generally, the tent has four small holes in the top to permit the escape of steam and breath, which otherwise condenses and falls in a shower of fine snow. The tent is so pitched as to have the door on the opposite side of the prevailing wind. The cooking apparatus is just within the porch. When the tent is put up and made secure, a waterproof floorcloth is laid upon the ice, and upon this is placed another of canvas. The whole party, officers and all, then make themselves as comfortable as they can together. The provisions are served out, and doffing their fur boots they wrap their benumbed feet in moccasins or flannels, and, without undressing, get into bags made of stout blankets and about seven feet long, so as to cover head and all. Then throwing themselves down upon the covered ice, packed like herrings in a barrel, they seek, in

slumber, a forgetfulness of their strange and far from enviable position.

What they endure may be gathered from the following quotations. In one official report, it is stated that 'the men agreed in voting noses a nuisance in this country; from their prominent position they are usually the first part frost-bitten; also whiskers and moustaches were sentenced, as not only being useless but very inconvenient, the former catching the snow-drift, and one's breath freezing on the latter, forms an icicle not easily removed.'

'April 30.—Near one o'clock A.M., lunched. At these low temperatures [ten to twenty-five degrees below zero] the fat of salt-pork becomes hard and breaks like suet; and as the temperature falls below minus twenty-five degrees, our rum becomes thick. To drink out of a pannikin without leaving the skin of one's lips attached to it, requires considerable experience and caution. The bottles of water carried by the men in their breasts were generally frozen after an hour or two; and after repeated trials it was found that inside the trousers waistband was the best place to carry them, and retain their contents in a fluid state.' Another officer has said that 'he found the brandy congealed, though placed next the skin.'

With reference to their sleeping accommodation, Captain McClintock said: 'Latterly, our fur blankets and sleeping-bags have been rapidly getting more filled with frost. The latter are quite wet when thawed at night. Nor have we been able to prevent their getting into this state; the greatest care has been taken to protect them from the snow; the men's clothes brushed before coming into the tent, and the tent and floorcloth repeatedly brushed. It is chiefly caused by the condensation of vapour from our warm meals, and of our breath, which falls in minute frozen particles. We have holes cut in the top of the tent to permit the escape of vapour, but the temperature inside is always low enough to condense it before it can ascend so high. The quantity of moisture from one's breath is surprising; the very small aperture we usually leave at the mouth of our bags to breathe through, is coated with ice by the morning. Some of the men wear a loose over-all duck-dress; but even the inside of this is covered with frost after a hard day's work in low temperatures, and requires to be well brushed off.'

'As is usual for the first few days of a journey, the men suffer much from thirst. Besides a pint of chocolate at breakfast, and half a pint of tea at supper, they have their water-bottles, which hold two-thirds of a pint, filled three times a day; but several of these have burst already, in consequence of the water freezing within them, although carried inside their outer garments.'

Dr Sutherland says: 'How water could be kept from freezing in the tents when the temperature was fifty-seven degrees below freezing-point, is best known to those who made the attempt. A tin flask, half-full, which the person who had the cooking for the day, took into his blanket-bag, and a gutta-percha flask holding two pints, which I took into my own blanket-bag, and kept on the outside of my vest within two folds of woollen cloth, became frozen quite hard, and it was not without considerable difficulty that we got the ice thawed out afterwards. . . I took the one that belonged to my tent into my armpit for two or

three successive nights before the ice became all dissolved, the water being always removed as it was produced.'

In the morning, when aroused by him whose turn it is to watch, all the misery of Arctic travelling is then experienced. Who is there that has not some idea of this from what is occasionally felt after a night's watching or abstinence from rest? The first dawn of morning seems even worse than the past midnight. Judge, then, what it must be there in a solitary tent on the ice-floe, thousands of miles from home, and often hundreds of miles away from their other comrades! To awaken in such a scene is truly wretched. A pannikin of hot chocolate is generally the first thing given. Then comes the frightful agony of forcing the feet into boots often frozen hard as iron, while all the time the breath—despite the ventilators for it to escape—comes down in a shower of very fine snow. But at last they are again ready, and once more away they go across the wide floe, and, when near the land, along the lonely shore. Sometimes this sort of tent-life is beguiled with songs and occasional music; and the companionable pipe is invariably sought before sleep.

Amongst other contrivances to aid the travelling parties in their search, was that of kites. In the expedition to which I was attached, we took out several, the gift of the late Mr Benjamin Smith, whose son, Mr Leigh Smith, has lately made such remarkable voyages and explorations by Spitzbergen and Franz-Joseph Land.

Another plan to give our missing friends some notice of the search for them, was that of using balloons. The gas being generated on board, a balloon would be sent up with hundreds of printed coloured satin or paper slips attached to a slow match; and these were destined to fall over a certain space. The message printed on these slips certified where relief could be found. But it is doubtful if ever one was seen, for out of many thousands sent up, I believe none were ever come across again by any of our travelling parties.

Where the sledges are pulled by dogs, the labour to the men is of course much less, though it requires a good driver to manage these animals. Their performances, however, are very extraordinary. They will go many hundreds of miles in consecutive journeys, and only require ordinary attention. With a load of one thousand pounds, a team of six dogs will go as fast as a man can walk.

On the expedition in which the writer was engaged, searching parties made depôts of provisions, wherever suitable, *en route*, so as to pick them up on return. But other depôts were also formed by the ships' crews for relief of a missing expedition. These depôts were so built up as to prevent bears or other animals from getting at the stores, though occasionally slight havoc was done to some. It is astonishing the amount of provisions stowed away in various depôts up in the Arctic regions beyond where whalers or even Eskimo go. In one place were deposited eleven thousand and sixty-five pounds of biscuit, sixteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight pounds of flour, nearly ten thousand pounds of salt meats, over ten thousand pounds of preserved meats and soups; besides vast quantities of groceries, vegetables, fruits, pemmican, wines, spirits, tobacco,

clothing, boots, &c. So far as the relieving of the missing expedition was concerned, the foregoing provisions, &c. were left in vain. Years afterwards they were found untouched.

These few notes of what is to be faced and endured by Arctic explorers, may be of interest at a time when the recent American search expedition has drawn public attention once more to the subject of Arctic Exploration.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER II.

ON the following morning Robert Ware, the Cheadlewoods' confidential clerk, was sitting alone in the office. The brothers were both from home. Jonathan had gone to the Docks to make inquiries respecting vessels from New York, and business had taken Barnabas to one of the law-courts. The clerk was very busy this morning. He had a rare talent for work, and the Cheadlewoods knew how to profit by his unflagging industry. Robert Ware was a young man who had risen in life through his own inherent energy and ability. The son of a Lancashire operative, he had inherited from his mother—a sickly meditative woman—a passion for books; and from his father, the plodding perseverance which insures success. In spite of many hinderances, Robert had managed to get an education, and at the age of twenty had come up to London, a sharp, steady youth, with a light purse, but a well-stored mind, and an honest determination to do well in the world. Chance had brought him into contact with the Cheadlewoods, and the keen insight of Jonathan had detected the young man's good business abilities, and had resolved to profit by them. He was engaged as a clerk with a small salary to commence with, which was gradually raised as the brothers saw more and more clearly the desirability of retaining his services. For some years Robert was satisfied with his position, and happy in devoting his leisure hours to study; but after a while he began to look forward into the future, and then there awoke a longing to win some higher status than that of a mere clerk. At length he intimated to his employers his wish to better his position. It was then that they offered to give him his 'articles,' an offer which he gratefully accepted. Robert was a good-natured fellow: he was aware of the meanness and avarice of the Cheadlewoods; but he did not despise them as most men would have done. He pitied them for the misery they inflicted on themselves. At times indeed Mr Jonathan's actions would inspire him with contempt; but he did not suffer this feeling to betray itself in word or look, nor ever complained of the amount of work he was expected to perform.

As we have said, Robert Ware was very busy this morning, and his occupation was of so absorbing a nature, that he did not notice the stopping of a vehicle outside the house, till the noise of a hackney coachman's knock arrested his attention. He took it for granted that this knock

announced some importunate client, and with a gesture of impatience at the interruption, he moved to the window and looked out. He was somewhat surprised by what he saw. A coach stood at the door, from which a tall dark man with long black hair, heavy moustaches, and the appearance of a foreigner, was assisting a young lady to alight. 'There must be some mistake,' muttered Robert to himself, looking intently at the young and pretty girl whom her companion was leading to the door, at which the housekeeper Mrs Rasper had now appeared; 'these people have come to the wrong house.'

But, no; this did not appear to be the case. There was a few minutes' talk, in which Mrs Rasper's harsh, grating voice was audible above all the rest, and then the door of the office was thrown open, and in a tone of more than usual asperity the housekeeper announced Miss Cheadlewood.

Robert looked up in astonishment as he caught the name, and there was something ludicrous in the stare of amazement with which he confronted the young lady. She stepped forward quickly, and her large bright eyes seemed to take in every object within view, as with a rapid glance around the room, she said impetuously: 'So my uncles are from home, I am told; but they knew I was coming: they had my letter, I suppose!'

Robert was puzzled by this sudden question. His intercourse with the Cheadlewoods was entirely limited to business matters, and he knew nothing of their family affairs.

'I do not know; I do not understand,' he stammered. 'Mr Cheadlewood will soon be in, I trust.'

Here the gentleman interposed with an explanation. He spoke English well, though with a foreign accent. 'This lady is the niece of the Messrs Cheadlewood,' he said; 'and the only child of my late friend, Mr Silas Cheadlewood, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making during a brief residence in New York. It was her father's wish that upon his decease Miss Cheadlewood should at once seek the protection of her uncles, and as I was about starting for England at the time of her great loss, I was only too happy to escort the young lady to this country. Now you understand our appearance here.'

Robert bowed, and tried to look satisfied with this explanation; but he felt in an awkward position. He brought forward chairs, and invited the unexpected visitors to sit down and await Messrs Cheadlewoods' return. Then he went back to his desk, and made an effort to resume his work. But this was difficult with such distracting influences about him. Again and again his eye wandered from his task to rest upon the girl who sat within a few yards of him, talking in a quick, low tone to her strange-looking companion. She appeared very young, scarcely eighteen one would have judged her, though in reality she was older. She was dressed in mourning; but to increase her comfort whilst travelling, had thrown over her black garments a large shawl of Rob Roy tartan, whose bright colour well became her saucy style of beauty. She had a small round face, with dimpled chin, and rosy, wilful mouth. Her

forehead was half-hidden by the thick curling dark locks which fell over it; whilst, escaping from beneath her bonnet, long ringlets clustered in profusion at the back of her beautifully rounded throat. Her eyes were of the darkest, deepest blue, fringed with long black lashes and shadowed by delicately pencilled eyebrows.

Such charms could not fail to attract the eye, and Robert Ware might well be pardoned if for once his diligence was scarcely proof against the temptation which assailed it. He observed with some suspicion Miss Cheadlewood's companion. Although he had the air of a gentleman, he was but shabbily dressed, and he had an uneasy, furtive look in his eyes, which Robert did not approve. He wondered if he sustained any relationship to Miss Cheadlewood beyond that of mere friendship. He was far older than she; in all probability his age verged upon forty. Yet there was something lover-like in the devotion with which he hung over the young lady, and listened to every word she uttered; and she also appeared to entertain for him a warm regard. As he conceived this idea, the strong aversion to foreigners said to be characteristic of our insular nation made itself powerfully felt in Robert Ware's breast.

It was a relief to him when the foreigner rose, and intimating that a business engagement prevented his further stay, bade his protégée an impressive adieu, promising to call in a few days to inquire for her welfare, and make the acquaintance of her uncles. The young lady seemed reluctant to part from him. She accompanied him to the door, and lingered there to say a few parting words. Through the window Robert could see them as they stood together on the step, and thus gazing he saw the stranger lift the girl's hand to his lips as he took his departure.

Tears were shining in Miss Cheadlewood's eyes as she came back into the room. 'That is the best friend I have in the world,' she said abruptly, as if to explain her emotion; 'he is Count Grimaldi.'

'Indeed, Miss; a count!'

'Yes, that is his title, for he is of a noble Italian family, although he is now poor and unknown. He has lost all his property and has been very unfortunate.'

'Have you known him long?' asked Robert with a lawyer's caution.

The girl's face flushed. 'Only since a few weeks before my father's death,' she replied in a low, tremulous voice; 'we were lodging in the same house. My father was poor too,' she added. (Robert soon learned that reticence was not a distinguishing trait in Miss Cheadlewood's character.) 'He earned money by copying for the lawyers. I used to help him. I can copy deeds as well as any one. I have turned out many such documents as that you have before you.' And advancing to Robert's side, she placed her finger on the parchment which lay on his desk.

'Indeed!' said Robert in surprise; 'I did not know that women ever did such work as this.'

'I don't suppose many do,' she replied; 'but father taught me. He said I might be glad to earn my living by copying some day.'

'And the Count? how did he support himself?' asked Robert.

'I do not know,' answered the girl simply; 'I never saw him do any work. I don't suppose such a gentleman could work. He was often away for several days at a time; but he never told us where he went, nor what he did.' She sat down again as she said this, and looked about her with a weary look. 'O dear, I wish those uncles of mine would come, for I am so tired. We only landed this morning, after a dreadfully trying voyage.'

'Perhaps you would be more comfortable in the next room,' said Robert, opening the door of the small back-parlour.

Miss Cheadlewood peeped into the room, but did not seem inclined to enter. There was no fire in the grate, and the old straight-backed arm-chair which stood by the gloomy hearth was not inviting. She drew back. 'No; thank you. I would rather stay here with you if you have no objection. Shall I disturb you by remaining?'

Robert politely assured her to the contrary, and again offered her a seat.

'Are they very rich?' she asked presently.

'Whom do you mean?' inquired Robert.

'Why, my uncles, of course.' This was said with some touch of impatience in her tone.

'I cannot say,' answered the young man discreetly. 'You must know, Miss Cheadlewood, that I am only your uncles' clerk, and though they give me their confidence in matters of business, they do not see fit to acquaint me, nor do I wish to be acquainted with their private affairs.'

'But you must know,' she returned in the same tone; 'you cannot help knowing whether they are rich or not. My father used to say he was sure they were making money as fast as they could. I have no doubt they are immensely rich. Well, if it is so, I shall always think they were horribly mean to allow my father to struggle on in poverty till his health broke down.' Here the voice grew tremulous, the rosy lips quivered, and Robert feared that an outburst of weeping would follow. His heart was full of compassion for the pretty young creature before him. What effect her tears might have had upon him it is impossible to say, for just at this moment the outer door opened, and as the step of Mr Jonathan was heard in the passage, the girl regained her self-possession with marvellous quickness, and stood up prepared to meet him.

Jonathan assumed an air of business-like expectancy at the sight of the young lady. It did not occur to him that this was the niece whose proposed arrival had so disconcerted him. He imagined that the lady had come on business, and with a polite but ungraceful bow, and an assumption of his most oily manner, he awaited her speech.

'You are my uncle, I suppose?' she said as her quick eyes scanned him, taking in every detail of his unlovely appearance. 'I hope you had my letter to prepare you for my coming.'

'Ah!' he ejaculated with a rapid change of manner, the smile disappearing from his face in a twinkling, and a hard, sharp look taking its place. 'So you are my niece, are you? Yes; we had your letter, but not till last night; and I've just been to the Docks to inquire for your vessel. How is it that I missed you, I wonder?'

'We landed at Gravesend,' explained the young lady; 'we thought it would save time.'

'We?' he repeated. 'Are you not alone?'

'Yes; but a friend who travelled with me kindly brought me to this house.'

'Indeed; what was her name?'

Miss Cheadlewood looked annoyed by this question. Her cheek flushed, but she held up her head proudly and answered: 'It was a gentleman. His name is Grimaldi.'

'Grimaldi? A foreigner, I suppose!' said Jonathan snappishly, in a tone intended to convey his contempt for all foreigners.

'Yes; he is a foreigner,' she returned.

At this moment Barnabas Cheadlewood made his appearance. His greeting to his niece was more cordial than his brother's had been. He did his best to infuse a little affection into his manner, but the fount of human kindness within his breast had sunk so low, that it was hard to force any to the surface, and in spite of his efforts, his coldness chilled her.

'I am afraid you are not glad to see me, uncle,' she said; 'is it very inconvenient for you to receive me?'

'O no; we are pleased to see you,' said Barnabas in his slow, deliberate manner. 'We naturally feel an interest in you for the sake of your poor dear father, whose life has been cut off so sadly. It was a great grief to me to learn of my brother's untimely death.' No undertaker could have looked more solemn than did Mr Barnabas Cheadlewood at this moment, as he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and mournfully shook his head. It is to be hoped he believed in the genuineness of the grief he professed.

'We shall be happy for you to remain with us for a few days,' put in Jonathan, anxious to correct any impression of unstinted hospitality, which his brother's words might have conveyed; 'till you can look about you, you know, and decide on your plans for the future. What is your name, by-the-by?'

'Mopsy,' replied his niece.—'Margery, I mean,' hastily correcting herself. 'Father always called me Mopsy.' She was near breaking down as she uttered her pet-name; but she bit her lip desperately, and by force of will drove back the tide of emotion.

It now occurred to Barnabas Cheadlewood that his niece might be glad to remove her wraps, and summoning Mrs Rasper, he desired her to take the young lady to the room which had been hastily prepared for her. And as Mopsy followed the sour-faced old woman up the dark rickety staircase, she felt that a very few days in that dreary house would be more than bearable.

'What do you think of the girl?' Barnabas asked his brother a few minutes later, in the privacy of the back-room.

'Oh, it's easy to see what the girl is,' groaned out Jonathan—'vain and frivolous, and extravagant; women who look like that, always are. I foresee that she will give us a good deal of trouble.' By which it will be seen that Jonathan Cheadlewood did not believe it possible for beauty and discretion to go hand in hand.

The vision of his employers' lovely niece lingered in Robert Ware's mind that night. It puzzled him to think that so fair a being was akin to the Cheadlewoods. How wretched a home for her seemed that gloomy old house. What prospect of happiness could there be for one so young, in

the society of those two narrow-minded old men, whose hearts were as dry and unfeeling as the yellow parchments over which they loved to pore? Then he remembered that Mr Jonathan had hinted that his niece was only welcome to remain with them for a few days. For a few days; and what then? Would they have the heartlessness to send that lovely young girl to earn her own living, and win her own way in the world as best she might, when they could so well afford to provide for her? A flood of hot indignation against Mr Jonathan surged over Robert's mind at this thought. He had long cherished secret contempt for the man; now he positively detested him.

The lawyer's clerk was not a romantic young man. Hitherto his one aim in life had been to improve and develop his own powers, and to pave the way for future success; and although he was five-and-twenty years of age, no flame of love had as yet been kindled in the heart of Robert Ware. All the more probable was it that the fire, once lighted, would burn with strong and steady heat. It is often upon such natures, outwardly so cold and constrained, that the passion the most suddenly fastens. Robert would never have admitted that he was one to experience 'love at first sight'; and yet, the 'stound' had come; for the fascination which Miss Cheadlewood's presence had exerted upon him, and the attraction which now made it impossible for him to banish her from his thoughts, was the awakening of a love which was destined to grow stronger and stronger till the happiness of his life was involved in its satisfaction.

In spite of the desire to be rid of her, which her uncle Jonathan had evinced, and her own shrinking from the dreary aspect of her uncles' home, Margery stayed on in the old house. Mr Barnabas quickly discovered his niece's skill as a copyist, and did not scruple to make use of it. He represented to his brother that as the girl had been ill-educated, and was unfit for a governess, and there seemed no other means by which she might earn her living, it would be well to retain her in the house as a copying clerk, giving her a home in lieu of salary. The parsimonious Jonathan saw that the girl's services, procured at so economical a rate, would be of great value, and agreed to the arrangement. Mopsy having no choice but to accede to their plan, it was no happy life she now led, and Robert Ware often wondered that she could endure it. But from her earliest days Mopsy had been used to 'rough it,' and had thus learned a knack of adapting herself to circumstances, and making the best of things however dark they might look. She toiled without a murmur at the wearisome work her uncles gave her; and they were no gentle task-masters.

It never entered their heads that the girl needed fresh air, and a little recreation now and then. Nor did she remind them of the fact, but watched her opportunity, and when they were away, would sometimes slip out of the house and take a walk by herself. It was often necessary to work late at night, or rise early in the morning, to make up for the time thus lost. The copying she undertook naturally brought her into close connection with Robert Ware. Sometimes they worked together in the office, and between whiles there would be an opportunity for a few minutes' friendly chat. Mopsy was never a whit more reserved than she

had been on the day of their first acquaintance. She looked upon Robert as a friend, and talked to him freely of all that was in her mind. How tenderly he prized her childlike confidences, and how hard he found it to maintain the calm, cool, elderly manner, which he deemed befitting his position, need not be told. The girl seemed so free and glad in his presence. It was as if a weight were lifted from her spirits, when her uncles went out, and left her alone with Robert. Then the fun and frolic belonging to her nature leaped forth, and Robert had hard work to keep his gravity as he listened to her witty remarks or watched her mischievous pranks. He was of course aware of the stolen walks in which she indulged in the absence of her guardians. A word from him would have kept her at home; but he, whom his fair companion had made her confidant, could not refuse her this indulgence, when she pleaded for it. He disliked the idea of her walking alone in the London streets, where her appearance was almost certain to attract attention; but as she carefully attended to his directions, and never went far from the house, he soon ceased to feel anxious during her absence.

Barnabas Cheadlewood observed the intimacy which was springing up between these two, and strange to say he approved of it. His cunning mind was devising a matrimonial scheme. Not, as we know, that he was one to smile upon early marriages, or to sympathise with young love. But ever since the day when Margery's letter had arrived just as he was considering the duty of making a last will and testament, he had entertained the idea that his niece must be his heiress. Perhaps some compunction for the severity with which he had treated her father urged him thus to make amends to Margery. Yet the thought of his property passing into the hands of one so young and thoughtless was unsatisfactory, till the notion occurred to him that he might leave his money to Robert Ware, on condition that he should marry Margery Cheadlewood. Barnabas had a high opinion of the young man's business ability and prudence of character. He believed him to be of a thrifty and cautious turn of mind. Painful as it was to think of relinquishing his precious gains at the call of Death, there was comfort in imagining them in the hands of one who would know how to husband his resources, and to add to them by wise investment. The more Barnabas deliberated upon the idea—an idea, however, which he did not confide to his brother—the better he liked it; the only difficulty to a man of his avaricious and world-loving nature being to rise to the occasion and act upon it.

INDUSTRIAL MIGRATIONS.

THE question of industrial migration has scarcely received the attention that it deserves; and indeed it is only of late years that it has been at all studied with any recognition of its importance, or the advisability of so regulating it as to make it a matter of systematic advantage to the country. It is an element—as we have on former occasions insisted—and a very powerful one, which is always with us, and perpetually affecting the influx and reflux of the population; and this

not only on a small and local scale, but, as we shall see presently, sometimes of enormous extent and irrepressible volume. In Great Britain, where happily we are free from any violent transitions either social or political, we nevertheless find labour migration a constant characteristic amongst the industrial classes, which is chiefly due to the simple fact that the population has outrun the means of its own support. The labour markets being glutted, workmen are compelled to seek fresh fields of industry. A quarter of a century ago, a labourer in a country parish was a fixture there, and it seldom came into his head that he should ever require or be able to leave it. Although he grumbled much—and with good reason—at the unsatisfactory nature of his surroundings, and the hopeless outlook of the future, he clung tenaciously to the locality where he had been brought up and had worked every day of his life. Rumours of changes and movements affecting other classes of working-men occasionally filtered through a month-old paper, and set him thinking in a lethargic kind of way, without, however, imagining that any possibility of change could come to him. But nowadays, he not only hears quickly of them, but takes part in them himself; and if any great crisis reaches him, such as a wages dispute, he is prepared to move himself off to another part of the country, or even to Canada or New Zealand.

As to the operative classes, migration is being reduced to a system, and especially amongst those sections of workmen who may be termed the rank and file of industrial labour. Upon any small provocation, and sometimes upon none at all, workmen of this grade will start off on an undefined tramp, leaving their wives and families to shift in the best way they can. The worst feature of it all is, that the tramp is undefined. The man goes east, west, north, or south, upon the slightest report that work is to be found there. Sometimes his trade society helps him on the road; but he soon drifts into a dependence for his night's lodging upon the casual ward, whence he issues next morning with a fresh deterioration of personal appearance and self-respect. Arrived at a larger town, he forms one of the army of idlers who may be seen any day standing with their hands in their pockets, regarding with a sort of complacent fatalism any work that may be going on in the shape of building or other out-of-door employment. The mischief of it all is, not that work is scarce in some places and workmen too plentiful, for that will always be happening in a country so thickly populated as ours, but that no efforts appear to be made to direct their migrations into some wholesome and properly organised stream. A very little trouble on the part of the authorities, such as the town-council, the police, or the guardians, might enable the workmen to ascertain for the asking, what were the prospects of employment within the radius of the next twenty miles; and thus a systematic distribution of labour of a really useful kind might be kept up throughout the land, while at the same time any plethora of useless and idle hands would be prevented in any given place. Thus many a workman would be saved from drifting hopelessly to the bad, while the rate-payers' pockets would be palpably lightened.

Our chief object in this paper is, however,

to give some account of the systematic industrial migrations—for ours are clearly unsystematic—which prevail in different parts of the world, and which often form most characteristic features in the social life of a nation. In many parts of the continent, and especially in Germany, it has long been a custom amongst the young unmarried artisans who have completed their apprenticeship, to wander from town to town for two or three years before settling in life; and so well recognised is this fact, that in large cities such as Hamburg, there are special lodging-houses called *Herbergen* for travelling workmen, who find in them not only their apartments, but also tools for their trades, particularly when these are of a heavy kind, and cannot conveniently be carried about with them when on tramp. The length of stay in each town is entirely at the discretion of the workman, who usually bends his footsteps to some place which excels in his particular branch, such as Dresden for tailors' work, Berlin for lock-making, Vienna for leather-work, &c.; so that he may have an opportunity of entering into a workshop there and perfecting himself, while at the same time he earns something towards his expenses. If, however, he is unsuccessful in obtaining that employment, and cannot afford to remain there without it, he is helped on the way to the next town by the contributions of the trade. Until within the last dozen years or so, the guilds or trades-unions were legally compelled to assist him; but this was altered by the legislature, and it is now only a voluntary proceeding, though one which is rigorously adhered to.

These wandering workmen do not confine their movements to their own country, but visit France, Italy, England, and Belgium, anywhere indeed where they fancy that they can gain either money or improvement; and to this is probably owing the ubiquitousness of the German artisan, who carries his individual industry over the world to a far greater extent than the workmen of any other nation. As a rule, he sees a good deal more of the world than his fellow-countrymen do, and he takes care to profit by his experience. The itinerant lodging-houses just mentioned have played in their day a considerable part in the distribution of the labour market, for from the special character of the guests, the employers were in the habit of frequenting them for the purpose of employing workmen; and thus they became, so to speak, a kind of labour exchange, where the arrangements of industrial supply and demand took place. But labour matters are altering in Germany as elsewhere, and the system of *Herbergen* is dying out, although there is no lack of accommodation for the travelling workman under the auspices of the special trades or the various religious bodies.

The itinerant system is prevalent also in Switzerland, though to a much less degree, owing probably to the distance and sparseness of the industrial centres. Great hospitality is shewn to the workman on his march, most of the towns and communes helping him forward with a night's lodging and his keep. In Germany, under the old guild laws, itinerancy was not only encouraged but enjoined, and especially in certain trades, such as bookbinding, in which the candidate for business was obliged to wander for three years, under pain of not being able to take the freedom

of his guild: while the cigar-trade in Saxony has a union for the main object of providing funds to enable members of the trade to wander. Masons on the continent are frequently a migratory body, not for the purpose of learning, like the German artisans, but as regular season-visitors to a town or country, in the same way that the Irish reaper makes his annual migration to the English harvest. It is said that there are two thousand masons and bricklayers in Leipzig, scarcely any of whom live in the city, but in the neighbouring villages. They are mostly birds of passage, coming from the Voigtland or hill-country in the spring, and returning in late autumn, when the weather becomes too severe for outdoor work. The same thing takes place in North Italy, the masons in Milan having no fixed home, but migrating periodically from the various parts of Lombardy, and sleeping where they can. In the slack building season, they make their way to other districts, and even to France and Germany, where, from their well-known skillfulness, they are always sure of employment. The labour market at Marseilles, particularly in road-making, quarrying, and what may be termed heavy work, is principally supplied by Piedmontese, who, however, in times of trade depression return to their Italian homes, where they can subsist at a far cheaper rate than in the high-priced French cities. On the other hand, French artisans return the compliment by migrating into Italy, though they are principally of the class of skilled labourers. In most of the Italian glass-works are to be found French workmen; and in one on the banks of the Lago Maggiore, they are all of that nationality, who return to their own country when the work of the furnace is completed, migrating again to Italy when their services are required. In towns like Nice, labour is seldom stationary, the upholsterers, cabinetmakers, and other similar trades migrating for the season from the departments in the south of France; and it is estimated that from four to five thousand persons are thus constantly on the wing. French workmen do not, as a rule, carry their itinerant ways, or what used to be called the *tour de force*, to such an extent as the Germans, although, before they settle down, they are fond of a little knocking about. A workman from Nantes will go for a year or two to Bordeaux or *vice versa*; but in general the great goal for all the trades is Paris, and the fact that 'Paris is France,' is perhaps one reason why the travelling instinct is more limited among the French.

Agricultural labour is generally migratory on a larger scale than that of skilled artisans; and this is very observable in Eastern Europe, where the migration is very systematic, and performed with a certain regard to business principles. Mr Petre, in his Report on the Industrial Classes of Prussia, tells us, that at the outset, an experienced man is deputed to go and 'prospect' the district, and see whether it will suit; after which he makes a contract for the work, so as to be in readiness for the labouring party, which travels from two to three hundred miles to fulfil the engagement. A large proportion of the population east of the Vistula regularly migrates in this manner to the more fertile lowlands, returning home for the winter. In the north of Germany, the labour for the beet-root districts, occupying enormous areas near Magdeburg, and throughout Pomerania, is regularly

undertaken by migratory bands from the southern Harz; and the province of Westphalia annually sends forth its contingent of labourers for the Netherlands. This has become such an established system, that the men are called *Hollandsgänger*. In the island of Corsica too, the inhabitants of which consider it too degrading to occupy themselves with manual labour, all agricultural field-work is undertaken by bodies of Italian peasants from the opposite mainland. In Corsica, they are known by the general name of *Lucchese*, and are held in considerable contempt by the proud and revengeful natives, it being a common saying of any disagreeable work, that 'it is only fit for a *Lucchese*.'

Another phase of industrial migration is found amongst the Germans, in the shape of working colonies established under peculiar conditions in foreign countries. Home associations and the sentiment of Fatherland are exceedingly strong in Germany, and the result is, that in these colonies they cling together with remarkable fervour, carrying their language, customs, and manners with them, and implanting a very distinct national tone in the midst of the country of their adoption. A good example of this is seen in South Australia, where three flourishing villages, Rosenthal, Hahndorf, and Lobethal—the last containing tweed and other woollen factories—are almost exclusively inhabited by Germans, who are remarkable for their industry and thrift.

Similar colonies exist in a much more unpromising country than Australia—namely, in Turkey in Asia: one at a place called Amasia, about sixty miles inland from Samsoun; the other in Palestine, a little south of Acre, called Haifa. Both these colonies appear to have been founded under some feeling of religious sentiment, as a society called the 'Temple' exists in Wurtemberg, which has spread rapidly into adjoining districts, its object being to elevate the degraded condition of Turkey by introducing modern forms of cultivation and industry. Both these experiments have met with success, and particularly the one at Haifa, where not only has a large cultivation of vines taken place along the slopes of Mount Carmel, but many industries suitable to the land and climate have been undertaken, with profit not only to the colonists, but also to the natives who have learned to follow their example.

Some remarkable German colonies were also founded in the early part of the present century in Southern Russia, on the policy originated by Peter the Great, and acted upon by Russian Emperors until the time of the late Czar, the idea being to encourage the migration of industrial labour to a part of the empire which was very sparsely populated, and where land was of little value, owing to the absence of communication. To this end, certain crown-lands were placed at the disposal of the settlers, each of whom had from sixty to eighty acres allotted, free of all taxes and dues for a certain term of years. What was of greater importance to the colonists, they were exempt from military conscription, and independent of the oppressive rule of local authorities, although amenable to the general laws of the country. These colonies flourished up to the time of the Crimean War; but after that, they began to decline, and the government took no further steps to encourage the movement, partly because it

gave offence to the Russian members of the community, and partly because the colonists objected to stay after they had accumulated some means, and preferred going back to their native place. At the present day, the United States is the great centre of attraction to German industrials, who migrate thither in large numbers, especially the Wurtembergers, who have the most wandering proclivities of all the German people. Throughout America indeed, society would come badly off for domestic service were it not for the continual immigrations of Irish, now largely supplemented by Germans, and to a less extent by Scandinavians, who do not disdain to occupy that sphere of industry which the Americans themselves think beneath them. In the extreme east of Europe, the migratory tendency is frequently very marked. In some parts of Russia, whole villages are to be found populated at certain seasons of the year only by women and children. The men are away in the pursuit of their trades, leaving the women to plough, sow, and reap, to fill the offices of policeman and tax-gatherer, and in fact, to discharge those duties which elsewhere are undertaken by men. On the shores of the White Sea, women even drive the post-carts, whence that branch of the public service is frequently called *sarafannya* or the petticoat post. A similar state of things is prevalent in Portugal, the village of Tifa near Viana, being entirely inhabited by women, who undertake the whole agricultural labour of the district; while the men migrate to other places, returning only at considerable intervals.

In conclusion, it may be stated that no country can provide more than a certain amount of work for its inhabitants; and when these outgrow that work, an exodus must take place, in the natural course of things. The continuously increasing population of Great Britain means a continuous overflow of labour-seekers, and a consequent exodus either to the colonies or to other parts where work is to be had. Thus, as we have on former occasions hinted, labour will gradually overspread regions which at present are little better than barren wastes.

JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.

When many a merry tale and many a song
Cheered the rough road, we wished the rough road
long;
The rough road, then, returning in a round,
Mocked our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'Do you believe in the Cornish Pixies?' asked my fellow-traveller, as side by side, our contiguous elbows in rather uncomfortable proximity, we jolted along on the seat of a badly sprung two-wheel. Our journey that evening—it was Christmas Eve, by-the-by—was a matter of about ten miles—from one moorland village to another; and we had just rattled over the roughly paved street, and left behind us the whitewashed walls and slated roofs of one of those quaint, oddly-built little hamlets which abound in the western parts of Cornwall. My companion was a 'thoroughbred' Cornishman; and I, a native of a midland

county, had dwelt long enough in the shadow of the western hills, and within hearing of the eternal waves that break on Cornwall's rock-bound shore, to find my sympathies—strengthened as they had been, by a thousand pleasant memories and happy associations—drawn powerfully to the land of Trebiggan and the Pixies.

'Believe in the Cornish Pixies?' I returned, in answer to my friend's inquiry. 'Well, John, there are a hundred things one might wish to believe in; the difficulty lies in working up the requisite amount of faith. You, a Cornishman born and bred, are doubtless true to your allegiance to the Small People—a race that would soon become extinct, I suppose, were it not for Cornishmen's loyalty, shewn by their belief in its existence. I, Cornish in sentiment, but only partly so in conviction, whilst entertaining the idea as a pleasant fancy, am tempted to doubt its counterpart in fact.'

'That you have taken the popular side of the question, it cannot be denied,' answered John Poltriggan solemnly; 'nor that the railway and telegraph systems—those terrible giants of modern growth—bid fair to banish the poor Pixy from even his last stronghold; for there are but few of us now, though Cornishmen to the backbone we may be, who would not be ashamed to own *seriously* to a belief in "Pixydom." The western hills, it would seem, though far removed from the centre of civilisation, have caught at last a few straggling rays from the rising sun of general enlightenment; and by their invigorating influence, we, the denizens of those hills, have grown from children into men—have put away childish things for the more substantial, though far less pretty playthings that become the dignity of our higher estate.'

'And yet it is pleasant, and by no means derogating from that higher estate,' I rejoined, in the strain of John's metaphor, 'for grown men to stoop, and again handle with interest the toys which delighted them so much in their childhood; though they cannot, it is true, again become children, and regard them in the light in which they were presented to their infant eyes.'

'Quite so,' replied Poltriggan. 'And there can be no fitter season for such a recreation than genial Christmas-tide, when the breach that time has made 'twixt old and young is bridged over by those kindly sentiments and feelings which are common to all ages of life.'

We had now reached the level of a plateau of dreary moorland, broken only by an occasional church-tower or the crumbling stack of some forsaken mine-shaft; and the road, crossing it in a tolerably straight line, could be seen—for there were no walls or hedgerows to obstruct the view—lying out in the moonlight for a mile or more before us. We lighted our cigars, and drew our travelling-rugs more snugly about us, for the air was keen and frosty, and we had but just quitted the warmth of a genial fireside. My friend and I were amongst those who had departed

on the breaking-up of a small and, be it said, select gathering, which had formed around the family hearth of a comfortable hostelry situated in the main street of the village we had just left; and our fancies were even now powerfully wrought up by the somewhat weird tales, one of which, in accordance with a time-honoured Christmas custom, it had fallen to each of us in his turn to relate for the entertainment of the company.

Having thus made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, we enjoyed for a brief interval our full-flavoured cigars and our own wayward thoughts. My companion was the first to break the silence.

'If you are not already weary of narrative,' he began, comfortably alternating his words with the puffs of his tobacco-smoke, 'I will put together, as coherently as I am able, the fragments of a tale I became acquainted with in these parts when a young man. It is founded on a belief, at the time very general in West Cornwall, that the Small People, Fairies, or Pixies as they are locally known and called, frequently concern themselves in the affairs of mortal men.'

'A capital idea, John!' I broke in, eagerly catching at what would obviously lessen the tedium of our ten-mile drive. 'Far from having wearied me, the tales we have heard to-night have but quickened my mental appetite for anything in the shape of a story. By all means let me hear something about the Cornish Pixies. Time and place could not be more appropriate.'

A glorious night was this Christmas Eve! The air was keen and bracing, and the full-orbed moon shone out brightly from the clear frosty heavens, spreading over the heath-clad moor, which stretched away on all sides of us, a mantle of the softest radiance—a night whereon any man, who was not an exceptionably bad one, would grasp with a hearty grip the hand of his neighbour, and rejoice in the mere fact that he lived and breathed the pure air of heaven—a night whereon all the kindly associations of the season find a cordial welcome in our hearts, when the feelings are aroused, and the imagination is quickened, and we fain would lend an indulgent ear to

A TALE OF THE PIXIES.

In a picturesque valley of West Cornwall, there stands to this day an old-fashioned farmhouse, over-shadowed by tall elms and spreading sycamores, and looking away, in the genial summer-time, across rich green pastures and fields of growing corn.

In this old house, twenty years ago or more, dwelt Joseph Tremerton—a worthy man, and a very fair sample of the thorough-going Cornish farmer—kind, genial, hospitable, appreciating a jest, but severe upon occasion, and industrious and thrifty to a remarkable degree. For well nigh forty years he had farmed the little estate of Kingstonbrea; and the crops he raised on soil in

many parts poor, were the wonder and envy of the farmers around. Seldom a season passed that he could not, when all debts had been paid, add a good round sum to the little fortune that was growing apace in his banker's hands.

With Joseph lived Margery—the wife whom he had won to his heart in the early days of his youth; and Philip their only child, who at the date of our story had just completed his twentieth year. Philip was a broad-shouldered, well-made youth; tall, active, supple, and strong; with rich, ruddy, sun-burned complexion, hazel eyes, and curling locks of chestnut brown. Neighbours would say that at times there would be a vague dreaminess—a moody, far-away speculation, in those brown orbs of Philip's, which would be strangely out of keeping with his strong muscular development and rude robust health; and it was perhaps this same expression, suggestive of latent potentialities, which had in part made him the hero he was in that romantic Cornish valley. More than one comely lass, it was reported, had been careful to heighten the effect of her personal charms, in the hope of beguiling the heart of the handsome young farmer. But whether it was that Philip was unusually fastidious, or that he had set up in his heart an ideal of the wife who alone could render him happy, it was certain that the evident charms of these maidens failed to make any serious impression upon him. And, piqued at the seeming indifference with which he had regarded their daughters, the good farmers' wives joined in declaring that, 'a young man so provokingly callous might expect the tables turned upon him, if ever his heart should be smitten.'

Erelong an opportunity was afforded them of testing the truth of this unpleasant prediction. Philip's heart was undoubtedly smitten; and she who had dealt the fatal blow realised completely, we may suppose, the ideal which he had all along cheri-hed in his soul. No mean ideal it was, if it were not transcended by its living embodiment. Rachel Silverlocke—daughter of the hostess of the *Pendragon Arms* at Kenlyn—was one the fame of whose beauty was talked of in all the country round; and numerous, it was said, were the rejected suitors who had severally retired from her presence, doubtless to bewail ever afterwards their blank and unhappy lot. But with Philip the result was in some sort different. His handsome features and shapely form, together with a quiet and unassuming manner, failed not to make a decided impression on the fair maiden's heart; and ere long, contrary to what it would seem the good wives had expected, the innkeeper's daughter was induced to accept, with evident grace, the homage paid to her by the farmer's stalwart son.

These kindred spirits had chanced to meet at a Christmas gathering of young people under the friendly roof of the *Pendragon Arms*; and it was here, in the beauty's own home, that Philip, in the first instance, had gazed with delight on a glorious mass of sun-brightened hair—had sought to fathom the pearly depths of soft gray eyes, overshadowed by long sweeping lashes—had viewed with silent esteem the harmonious curves of a sylph-like figure, and had listened entranced to a voice that thrilled with exquisite sweetness of tone! Such physical perfection in woman had perhaps never before presented itself within the somewhat limited range of Philip Tremerton's social experience; and

it would not be exceeding the truth to say that he then and there formed a resolve to win for his wife this fair one.

Certainly, Rachel Silverlocke's beauty was such as is rarely possessed by women in her relatively humble position, being marked by a delicacy and refinement met with almost exclusively in the higher ranks of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that conscious of possessing a dowry so precious, she had been unwilling to bestow her hand on the first, or even the second candidate who had presented himself for it.

Dances of a rather primitive description formed the staple of that evening's entertainment at the *Pendragon Arms*, and in these performances Philip and Rachel were frequently 'partners,' acquitting themselves in a highly creditable manner by virtue of the natural grace of movement they possessed. A game at cards followed in due course, and again Philip and Rachel were partners.

It was no fault of theirs, however, that at the termination of the game, when the players were rising from the table, some evil-disposed person should have attempted a sorry jest about 'partners for life!' and that all eyes should then have been focused on the handsome pair, and a laugh have broken out at their expense, in which everybody joined except themselves. But so it had happened. And this eventful evening may be set down as marking the commencement of Philip Tremerton's courtship; a courtship which, if it had the approval of the worthy hostess of the *Pendragon*, was sanctioned no less readily by the good people at Kingstonbrea; and this, be it observed, mainly by reason of the two following circumstances. In the first place, the elderly couple believed Rachel Silverlocke to be a very respectable and worthy young person, calculated to become in every way one of the best of wives, and most dutiful and affectionate of daughters-in-law. And in the second place—and of course of entirely secondary importance—there were good grounds for believing that Rachel was the heiress to a tidy little fortune, bequeathed to her by her late father; a life-interest in which, together with the business of the *Pendragon*, being all that had been left to the widow.

Now, we have allowed it to be inferred that Philip Tremerton's attentions to her daughter had received the stamp of Mrs Silverlocke's approval. Such an inference, however, must be accepted with a little qualification. It is true that the anxious mother failed to discover any weak point in young Tremerton's moral character; nor was she able to pick holes in the reputation for respectability enjoyed by his family; for the Tremertons had held up their heads and kept their own in that valley for more than one generation past. No; it could not be denied that Philip was a very worthy young man, nor that he had come of an unexceptionable stock. But then, upon the other hand, the inheritance above mentioned, together with her great natural beauty, had rendered the innkeeper's daughter a person of considerable importance; so much so, that in the circle of her acquaintances she had come to be regarded as a valuable prize for any man who should be fortunate enough to win her—an opinion shared, doubtless, by Mrs Silverlocke herself; and hence we may believe that that

judicious matron had resolved that a jewel so precious in her keeping, should not pass too readily out of hand.

It was seldom, however, that Philip Tremerton found himself an unwelcome guest at the *Pendragon Arms*. Its observant mistress had probably foreseen from the first the course that events were destined to take, and accordingly restricted herself to amiably restraining as occasion required, the devoted aspirant to her daughter's hand; which had the salutary effect of revealing her authority as sole parent and guardian of the beautiful heiress, and maybe of keeping within bounds the advances of the ardent lover when they threatened to exceed the limits of conventional rules.

Kenlyn was at least three miles from Kingstonsbrea; and as home duties in connection with his father's farm occupied Philip the greater part of each day, the evening only was available for him to visit the little market-town. Three of these in the week, however, found him wending his way along the road that connected the two places; and it was strange to observe how, in course of time, the circumstances of each visit came to resemble, in many minute particulars, those of every other. Now, it had soon occurred to Philip that to walk up straight to the private door of the *Pendragon*, and having announced his arrival by a hearty knock, to inquire if Miss Silverlocke were within, would, in view of the relation in which he stood to the inmates, be a much too deliberate and formal, and perhaps too bold a method of procedure. His habit was therefore to saunter carelessly in at the bar, like any ordinary customer, and if that retreat held an occupant, to strengthen the impression which the latter would doubtless receive, of its being but a casual visit, by demanding of the barman, in a rather loud and authoritative tone of voice: 'A glass of the best home-brewed; and please to look sharp about it.' The barman, knowing his ways, would smile faintly to himself, try to 'look sharp,' and produce the desired potation. Moodily and in silence would Philip quaff the foam-crested nut-brown liquor; and then, as though the thought had but just occurred to him, would turn again to the barman with the inquiry: 'Is your mistress at home, Robert?' in which he would of course be supposed to refer to Mrs Silverlocke herself. It was rarely indeed he would ask if Miss Silverlocke were at home, and then only whilst closely examining a map of the highways of the county, or drawing, in an absent manner, a design with his cane in the sawdust on the floor.

Presently, the worthy hostess, Margurita Silverlocke, or the 'Dragon,' as some irreverent persons had named her, would emerge from the inner sanctuary of the bar—a comfortable little parlour situated in the rear. (A rather portly description of personage was Mrs Silverlocke, on the advanced side of fifty, but in good preservation, whose dark glossy hair, worn in short ringlets, shewed no traces of the white frosts of time. Her manner towards strangers savoured a little of old-fashioned coldness and formality; but generally, as she became better acquainted with them, the ice of her reserve would thaw quickly enough, and reveal the underlying kindness and generosity of her nature.)

'Good-evening to you, Mr Tremerton,' she would say, shaking hands with him across the counter; 'you are indeed the last person I expected to see here to-night' (with a faintly significant smile), 'but very glad for all that! You have had a long walk, sir?'

To which Philip would reply, that it had been rather a long walk, but it had done him no harm—that he rather liked walking than otherwise, especially when the road was hard, the air frosty, and so on, to the same general effect. And after the usual inquiries had been made, and replied to, with respect to the good people at Kingstonsbrea, the amiable Margurita would rather suddenly retire again to the recesses of the inner sanctuary; in which direction would now be heard at intervals a voice, the clear silvery tones of which would send a thrill of delight through the breast of our hero, as impatiently he lingered in the bar. And, oh! how poor Philip's heart would throb and jump and flutter, like an unruly bird shut up in a cage, during the few minutes that would elapse before the good hostess would return from that haven of bliss with a speech fashioned after the following: 'There is a fire in the little sitting-room, Mr Tremerton. I don't know if it will be of any use to ask you to take a chair beside it' (the 'Dragon' had a certain dry humour in her mental composition). 'My daughter is there with her work; but that need not hinder you, if you would care to go and warm yourself.'

Poor Philip's cheeks would appear as though they needed but little warming! But he would murmur his thanks, and reply that he really did feel rather chilly, and that he was sure he should find a seat by the fireside a very acceptable one; which latter affirmation we may suppose to have been made with perfect sincerity and truth. And then, in the wake of Mrs Silverlocke, he would walk through the bar, and up a flight of steps and along a short corridor, and so on to the cosy little room, wherein would be seated, with book or fancy needle-work, the adorable Rachel, stately and demure, but surpassing sweet withal, whose love-fraught eyes and lips of ruby red seemed to half-betray the Diana-like sedateness of her brow! There, in the quiet seclusion of that delicious sanctuary, with but very occasional visits from the 'Dragon,'—made ostensibly for the purpose of stirring the fire—would those delicious evenings be passed, whiled away in the sweet converse of happy lovers, which could not by any chance prove interesting to a third party.

Thus, it will appear that the course of Philip Tremerton's true love was running pretty smoothly; nothing, it is certain, had occurred as yet to disturb love's gently flowing tide. The winter gave place to spring, and spring lapsed into summer, and still these delightful visits to the *Pendragon* were repeated with unbroken regularity. Indeed, young Tremerton's engagement to the beautiful heiress had come to be regarded as a well-established fact in Kenlyn and the neighbourhood; and those rejected suitors whose hearts we may suppose to have been hopelessly shattered by their rejection, cast rancorous eyes on the man who had drawn the envied prize. But it was now that, without the slightest warning, a calamity came upon the confident lover which dashed him at once from the summit of unclouded happiness to a troubled sea of doubt and galling perplexity.

Imagine our friend's utter bewilderment and dismay when, one luckless summer morning, the postman brought to him at Kingstonbrea the following curt, severe and, to him, most inexplicable letter:

THE PENDRAGON ARMS, KENLYN.
June 23, 18—.

SIR—Accept this as an intimation of my desire that the attentions you have thought fit to bestow on my daughter—attentions which, through a misplaced confidence in you, I have permitted her to receive so long—be immediately discontinued; and that any understanding which may have existed between Rachel and yourself be buried for ever in the past. Under the circumstances, an explanation cannot possibly be needed; your own perfidious heart will tell you that—happily, before it would have been too late—your true character has been revealed.—MARGURITA SILVERLOCKE.

P.S.—It will be but doing justice to myself to add that Rachel has sanctioned unreservedly every word of the above, and that she entirely appreciates the motive with which I address you these lines.
M. S.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON FIREMAN.

WITHIN a period of about twenty years, London has been the scene of numerous extensive conflagrations, some of which, by their magnitude and the incidents which occurred at them, are deserving of being recalled to the memory of our readers. Not a few were productive of great loss of life, fifteen human beings having perished at one in Bloomsbury in March 1858, although the dimensions of this fire were far from leading one to expect so great a misfortune. But I purpose to notice only such as were distinguished for their unusual extent, not omitting explosions, which in most cases are marked with a fatality that ordinary fires are free from.

The first that claims attention was the explosion at the Firework Factories of Madame Cotton, in the Westminster Road, in July 1858, when three hundred persons were more or less injured, and three at least to a fatal extent. The premises of Madame Cotton were then unusually stocked with the articles of her trade, as the season was just at its height, and she was busily engaged fulfilling an order for the approaching Vauxhall fête. On this account, the fire—which originated in an upper part of the building—was bound to have most appalling results; and in effect, the explosion, or rather series of explosions which followed, were beyond description terrific. The whole city it might be said was in a panic. For miles around, the houses were shaken to their foundations; and the inmates, with their children in their arms, came rushing into the streets in a state bordering on frenzy, crying piteously for instructions as to where they were to run for safety. Just as the fire-engines arrived, and as the turncock had drawn on the main for supplying them, the whole building, except a portion of the external walls, was blown into the air; and rockets, Catherine-wheels, and the more powerful description of fireworks, exploded, creating the wildest excitement, as men, women, and children were dashed to the ground by the terrible force of

the explosion. Portions of the building were hurled to a great distance; and the surrounding houses without exception were to a greater or less extent injured by the concussion or the force of projected *debris*. The lives lost under the circumstances were happily few; but the injuries received—some of which were of a shocking character—bore testimony by their number to the disastrous effects of the explosion.

In the same year, on August 26, Long Acre was the scene of a tremendous conflagration, when the extensive premises of Messrs Kesterton the harness-makers and coach-builders were almost entirely consumed, and numerous adjoining buildings, including St Martin's Hall, greatly injured. This fire occurred during the night, and was a sight which can only be witnessed in the hushed stillness of a sleeping city, when the sensation of ascending columns of lurid light entrance the gaze, and hold it spell-bound by their fierceness and grandeur. The fire, devouring the vast extent of woodwork with which the place was filled, spread with terrible rapidity, and the crackling timber told how fast it travelled. The flames were of astounding magnitude; they lit up the surrounding district as if a million household fires were ablaze; and the light was so great, that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Westminster Abbey, and the west end and city church steeples were brilliantly illuminated, and their architectural proportions brought out in grand relief. At one time, when the fire was at its height, and whilst two firemen of the brigade were at work, the heat melted the front iron shutters; and the lead on the interior of the coach-factory and the hall ran down in a molten state like streams of glittering silver, and falling on the back of a fireman, so seriously burned him, that his removal to the hospital was instantly necessary. The fire raged throughout the day; and the damage to property was of great extent. No lives, however, seem to have been lost.

But no fire since the great historical one of 1666, has been witnessed in London equal to that which broke out in Tooley Street on the evening of June 22, 1861. No pen could describe the sensation which the sight aroused in the spectators; even my comrades of the Brigade, whose constant experience and familiarity with the 'devouring element' create indifference in regard to the spectacles they so often encounter, were at once impressed by the enormous character of this huge conflagration. The outbreak took place in the extensive premises known as Cotton's Wharf, and the bonded warehouses belonging to Messrs Scovell. These buildings occupied a space of three acres, embracing eight or nine warehouses six stories in height, which were filled with valuable merchandise of every description, and with combustible material such as saltpetre, tallow, oils, hemp and cotton. When the engines arrived from Watling Street, Mr Braidwood, who was then chief, predicted the fire would be of great magnitude, and prepared accordingly to put forth all his energies to cope with it. His men needed no words to inspire them with a proper appreciation of their task, but at once put on that silent air of determination which characterises the men of the Brigade. At first, no flame could be seen, but an increasing denseness of smoke, which made any approach to the floors impracticable. Stationing

his men in the most advantageous spots, Mr Braidwood directed their efforts with his usual care and coolness; but these were found to produce but little effect. About an hour after its outbreak, the fire burst forth with great fury; and the whole of the main building from basement to roof became enveloped in a mass of fire. Immediately it spread and caught the adjoining warehouses, which were soon gutted, the tallow and oil which they contained running through the loopholes in a stream as the warehouses ignited. It was about this stage of the fire that Mr Braidwood was killed. Several times he had come to cheer his men by his presence and give them some refreshment, which they sorely needed; and whilst thus assisting the men posted at the western gateway, a terrific explosion suddenly occurred. Mr Henderson—then foreman of the southern district of the Brigade—shouted for all to run. The men dropped their branches. Two, along with Mr Henderson, escaped by the front gateway; and the others ran in the opposite direction on to the wharf, where they jumped into the river. Mr Braidwood made an effort to follow Mr Henderson, but was struck down by the upper part of the wall, and buried beneath some tons of brickwork. Some of the men rushed to extricate him, hopeless as the task was; but another explosion happening, they were compelled to flee.

Soon the report spread of Mr Braidwood's death; and the sad news had a gloomy effect on the men. Mr Henderson then assumed the superintendence, and every effort was put forth to arrest the terrible progress of the conflagration, which was now perhaps the most imposing scene ever witnessed during the century. Although the sun had not yet set, all London told the tale of fire; far and near, its lurid light was cast on the public buildings, and the east end was darkened with the clouds of smoke that floated from the burning pile. Probably, never before had such a mass of human beings been crowded together in the metropolis. London Bridge and the surrounding thoroughfares being blocked impassably, and every coign of vantage, even to the gallery of the Monument, taken possession of by excited spectators. The fire raged ceaselessly for many hours, notwithstanding the countless streams of water poured on it; and a stronger breeze would have borne it in all directions across the river, to the Custom-house, the Tower, and the shipping, which at low water would be fatally exposed, and taking in Bermondsey and Southwark, nearer-hand districts, which would speedily have been laid in ashes. Happily, the air was calm, and remained so up to four o'clock next morning, fully eleven hours after the outbreak of the fire, whose further course was then arrested. Not, however, without the most intense exertions of the men, to whom the recollection of this fire must ever continue vivid, from the overpowering heat which they stood, and the protracted fruitlessness of their efforts in mastering the terrible flames. The fire continued burning several days in its circumscribed area, affording the gratification of curiosity and wonder to countless multitudes during its continuance, and attracting among others the Prince of Wales and the late Premier, then Mr Disraeli. The fatalities were confined to Mr Braidwood, and to a few others who lost their lives by falling into the river in the crush for

positions on the balustrades of the bridge. The damage to property was immense—it reached not far short of three millions sterling.

Happily, such appalling disasters are now less to be dreaded, owing to the greatly increased efficiency of the Brigade's appliances, and the promptitude displayed in arriving at the scene of danger, as well as the abundant supply of water that may now be calculated on. But it is only within a recent period that the Brigade has achieved this admirable condition.

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

THERE is no greater tyrant in a house than a bad-tempered person. There may be no particular tyranny in his actions, or even words; for looks and manner are of themselves quite sufficient to keep a whole household in awe. Bad temper does not consist entirely of passion; in fact, passionate people are often of an affectionate disposition, and injure themselves more than any one else. But the *really* bad-tempered person governs the household. All the other members of it are in a perpetual state of conspiracy as to how he shall be pleased and kept in good-humour. He must have the most comfortable chair in the cosiest corner; the meals must be regulated both as to time and food according to his pleasure; nothing must be done without considering how it will affect him; and all this because, if he be put out, he knows how to make the house unbearable to every one. We use the masculine pronoun in speaking of the bad-tempered person, though the distemper belongs to both sexes. Perhaps it predominates in women; for men have to begin early to fight their way in the world, and so learn to be tolerant; and the bustle and worry of life make them glad of peace and quietness. But a very large number of women remain in comfortable homes, with no particular object in life but marriage; and when they are disappointed of this, settle down into bad temper. At this time of the year, we are more forcibly reminded than at any other of the various family tempers. Sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts and cousins, all meet.

Perhaps we are an amiable family, and are deep in consideration as to how we shall keep Aunt Elizabeth in good temper during the week she is with us; or how we shall prevent Aunt Susan and Aunt Jane from falling out, as they invariably do at Christmas-time, before they have been in the house twelve hours.

Or we may be a family where a spoiled daughter holds sway, who does not see why she should take the trouble to be agreeable to old-fogyish aunts and poor cousins; and so she makes the former feel very uncomfortable, and snubs the latter, and makes Christmas a time to be dreaded.

Or we may have a large family of children, and a regular Christmas visitor in the shape of a rich bachelor brother, who we fondly hope will never marry; which seems probable, as he considers himself far too precious to bestow on any woman.

Our brother has a temper as well as money; and we implore the children to be very polite to Uncle Tom, and not get in his way, as he hates anything in the shape of youth—though he endeavours by various artificial means to keep a youthful appearance himself. But it is in vain that we speak. Before his departure, Uncle Tom has expressed himself in very strong terms concerning 'those noisy brats,' and mutters some threat about never coming again.

Or we may have for master of the house one of those people who cannot see why we should have all this rubbish and nonsense at Christmas-time, spoiling our digestion with unwholesome food, and putting out the postal arrangements with these ridiculous bits of coloured pasteboard. We live in positive trembling of having to announce that we intend to do something in the way of a Christmas-tree for the children.

Or we may have for mistress a woman who lives in a perpetual state of grumble all the year round at the weight of her household duties, and who at Christmas is so overwhelmed with them, and takes such good care to overwhelm every one else, that you feel that every mouthful of plum-pudding you eat has been made with groans and sighs.

It is a curious psychological fact that bad-tempered people generally profess a good deal of piety, and claim to be morally better than those around them. Their very sulkiness may be described as shutting themselves up in their own righteousness. They get what we call a sulky fit, but what they flatter themselves is an expression of self-justification. They refuse to speak for some time because they fancy that those who have offended them are not worthy to be spoken to, and that their silence will be a punishment—which it really is to the sensitive good-natured ones, who are only too anxious to keep peace at any price. They are willing to take the blame, and to do anything if only the bad-tempered person will relax. And when he does relax, are we not extravagantly enthusiastic, and vow that after all he, or she, is really very good? In fact, it may be said that we are so 'grateful for small mercies' from bad-tempered people, that we altogether over-estimate their virtues in our delight at anything like kind treatment from them; and so perhaps in the end they get a great deal more praise than those 'who pursue the even tenor of their way.' And then it is a curious physical fact that bad-tempered people seem scarcely ever to have a serious illness, yet are always ailing. If the tyrant of the house has a headache, no one else dares to complain; that headache is the chief event of the family while it lasts. Or if any other member of the house happens to have a cold or sore throat or any disease, the bad-tempered person probably remarks in a martyr-like tone, 'I feel very bad myself,' which is as much as to say, you need not expect sympathy from some one who is suffering more than yourself.

There are philosophers who maintain that all mental defects may be traced to some physical cause. If this is so, we imagine there must be too much gall or acid in the blood of bad-tempered people. But on the other hand, there are philosophers who maintain that the mind governs the body. In that case, might we not so govern our

tampers as to prevent the gall from entering the blood? The very word temper suggests temperament or constitution; but whether the body acts more on the mind than the mind on the body, is still a moot-point. Be that as it may, we all of us have at least some will of our own; and if we cannot altogether eradicate our evil temper, we can go a great way towards keeping it in control.

It is quite impossible for a family to live happily together unless every member of it makes some sacrifice of his or her desires and wants, for the benefit of the others. At this time, when we commemorate the coming of Him who was to bring 'peace and good-will' on earth, we ought more especially to remember this. The young should treat their elder relations with deference and affection, and make allowance for the temper that has been perhaps tried by many misfortunes; the elder ones should try and remember their own early days, and be lenient to the faults of youth. And finally, the bad-tempered ones, as they are generally so regular in their religious duties, should let the Church lessons sink deep enough into their hearts, to clear away all the gall and bitterness.

MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF VULGAR WALL-POSTERS.

In his address on Art, delivered at the Social Science Congress, Edinburgh, in October of this year, Professor Richmond passed some justly merited strictures upon the vulgarity of the large advertisement-posters which deface the walls of our larger cities. He said: 'It was asked in the earlier part of my address, what agencies are at work in our great cities which are acting against the artistic development and good taste of the poorer class? Now, there is one which will at once appeal to us all. What a means the system of large advertising pictures might be made, if rightly used, for the education of taste among the lower classes! What a blot and abuse it is in our streets as at present used! It is difficult to find words strong enough to declaim against the miles of walls which are covered with vulgar and revolting placards. And now the Brobdingnagian dimensions they assume are positively alarming in their gigantic hideousness. We have an inspector of plays, an inspector who is bound to see that no public morals are injured by what is produced upon the public stage. Why should we not have an inspector of moral tastes for our still more public streets? It will perhaps be said that this would be interfering with the liberty of the subject, that you could not exercise such a right without injury to it. But you have an inspector of architecture; you are obliged to build to a certain symmetry with other houses; the frontage of your house must be in accordance with the frontage of your neighbour's house; and furthermore, alas! for the beauty of our streets, the houses must look as much as possible as though they were turned out of the same mould.

'Well, we will admit that this supervision is a failure, and that the laws under which it acts are detrimental to beauty, invention, and variety. But it need scarcely be thought that such transient works as advertisements would be injured in the subject of their tastes by an artistic overseer, who would have the public good taste at his heart. I say transient advertisements; this in a sense they

are; but in another sense they are the very reverse; for their bad and vile Art is lowering to the taste of the very class we are most anxious to elevate, and must leave behind it an indelible injury, the reverse of transient.

'If those who advertise would get the advice of good artists, and there are among our best designers those who would gladly assist in such a worthy cause, not only would they profit by the attraction well-designed advertisements would have, but also they would, instead of doing a public harm, as they are now doing, by using a powerful weapon in ostentations and vulgar way, be public benefactors, by disseminating good art in the most public manner possible. We all know the admirable work done by Mr Walter Crane in his *Baby's Opera*, and by Mr Caldecott in his illustrations to *John Gilpin*, and other excellent designs. Taking these two artists, whose facility and taste especially fit them both for designing where rapidity of invention and execution, humour and pathos, are such necessities, let us imagine what a difference there would be on the hoarding-boards, omnibus interiors, and railway stations, if the works here were executed under the supervision of such excellent designers. Where at present our eyes are disgusted, our sense of all refinement insulted, we should—and what is still more important, the workmen and labourers would—find something worth looking at, something which, instead of lowering, would elevate taste.'

In these strictures, Professor Richmond has our cordial sympathy.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WALKING.

A careful summary is given by the *Lancet* of the manner in which M. Marey has investigated some points in the physiology of walking. 'Some time ago he devised an apparatus for registering the steps, which he has called an *odograph*. It consists of a small cylinder, rotating by means of clock-work in its interior; and of a pen which marks on the cylinder, and is raised at each step by an impulse communicated by a ball of air beneath the sole. Observations have been made on a number of young soldiers. It was ascertained that the step is longer in going up hill than in going down hill. It is shorter when a burden is carried; longer with low than with high heeled boots; longer when the sole is thick and prolonged a little beyond the foot, than when it is short and flexible. It thus appears that the heel may with benefit be almost indefinitely lowered; while it is disadvantageous to prolong the sole of the boot beyond a certain limit, or to give it an absolute rigidity. Some influences which lengthen the step lessen its frequency; so in going up hill, the step becomes at the same time longer and less frequent. In walking on level ground, the length of the step and its frequency are always proportioned; the quicker the walk, the longer the step.

'Nature here proves the folly of the high heel in a most practical manner; and the objection to them in men is equally applicable to ladies; and if they could only see themselves as they totter along perched up on high heels and walking as if stepping on egg-shells, their ludicrous appearance would at once stop the fashion. Any one accustomed to country-life and long walks on the hills,

must have felt that terrible leg-weariness which a day's shopping with a lady entails. The slow irregular walk, the frequent pauses, and the difficulty of taking short steps with proper balance, are trials well known to men. Without a good-shaped low-heeled boot, no lady, however pretty her foot or graceful her carriage, can walk becomingly, with ease to herself, and a proper flexion of the muscles of the feet and legs. Half the ricked ankles come from heels being too high to form a proper steady base for the weight of the body, and the narrow pointed toes prevent their proper expansion and use. Make a footprint in the sand and then go and place your boot in it—what a margin there will be! Horses even, with a horny hoof, suffer terribly if their shoes are cramped and do not allow the foot to expand.

'Much more might be written of the accompanying ills of tight and high-heeled boots; but as long as women will bear the pain so as to appear taller and to have tiny feet, so long will they do violence to Nature's gifts. Legs and feet were given us for use, to exercise the body upon. In fact, so cramped up and stilted has fashion made the walk nowadays, that a lady with wooden legs might pass muster in the Park undiscovered.'

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE Christmas bells are pealing sweet;
The snow lies thickly at our feet;
All, all around is calm and fair;
A holy stillness fills the air!
Warbles the Robin on the spray,
The holly spray:
What does he say to-day, to-day,
What does he say?

He sings the song of Peace—Good-will
To all the nations of the earth;
He sings of Gratitude to Him
Who for our sakes this day had birth;
He sings of Perfect Brotherhood,
Of rendering for Evil—Good;
He sings of Injuries forgiven;
Of Love, that makes of earth a heaven!

'Take ye, in my thanksgiving, part!
He carols from his little heart:
'Make with mine own, our voices heard;
Let Man be grateful as the Bird!
All this the Robin sings to-day,
To-day, to-day,
Perched high upon the holly spray!

A. H. BALDWIN.

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THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY AMONGST THE NAGAS.

SOME thirty-five years ago, my late husband, then a young man, accepted an appointment under the Assam Tea Company, and after an absence of a few years, returned home. We had been brought up together as children, indeed we were distantly related; and although Willie was some six or seven years my senior, he always declared I was to be his wife. He had bought an outlying Garden of the Company's, and asked me to return with him as his wife, to superintend his home in the far-distant jungles of Assam. So, when he was twenty-four and I barely eighteen, we were married in our quiet Scotch kirk, and left shortly afterwards for Calcutta by the newly established Overland Route.

In 1845 there were no steamers plying up the Brahmaputra River, so, after reaching Calcutta, we had the prospect of a three months' voyage in boats. I was assured I should find it a monotonous journey; and notwithstanding the many and varied scenes which we daily witnessed, I must own I was heartily glad when we arrived at Nazareh, the headquarters of the Assam Tea Company. Here we were hospitably entertained by the manager and officers of the Company; and after a few days' rest, left for our home, a five days' journey on elephants. We arrived safely at our destination, not much the worse for our trip, but much shaken by the jolting of the elephants and much bitten by the mosquitos *en route*. My husband had been formerly manager here; and on the Company's concentrating their Gardens and selling some of the outlying ones, he had purchased this, and therefore not only knew the place well, but was well known by all the neighbouring tribes, who used to bring him seed of the indigenous tea-plant, found growing wild amidst their hills.

Our house, I found, was a long building, with front and back verandahs, raised on piles five feet high—with a wooden floor, plank sides, and

thatched roof, situated in a picturesque spot close to a mountain stream, and at the foot of the Naga Hills. The building itself was somewhat desolate-looking, and but poorly furnished; but I had brought many nicknacks with me, and in a few days our home looked all the brighter for them. Our nearest European neighbours were eleven miles off. In front of our house, between it and the river, we had a small garden, in which in the cold season most English flowers throve amazingly. On our left we had a large kitchen-garden; and on our right, a large inclosed space where we kept goats, fowls, geese, ducks, &c. In our rear lay the Tea Garden. We had then about seventy acres of old tea, about fifty acres of new; and in a very short time we had some thirty more acres cleared, ready for planting.

Every morning at daybreak I was up, and sometimes accompanied Willie in his rounds. He never went out without his gun, and seldom returned home empty-handed; for pea-fowl, pheasants, and jungle-fowl were abundant in the Garden itself; and by going to a swamp a few miles off, buffaloes, deer, pig, and tigers were in plenty; and as my husband was an enthusiastic sportsman, I always accompanied him in the back-seat of the howdah; and I must own that I almost enjoyed the sport as much as he did, till one day I met with an accident, by being thrown from my elephant's back, and my husband would never take me out again.

Two years sped. We had been doing well. We had nearly three hundred acres under plant; and although our life was an uneventful one, its monotony was occasionally broken by a visit from some neighbouring tea-planter, or some gentleman in search of a suitable locality for opening out a Garden, or by some officer of the 2d Assam Light Infantry on sport intent. I had no children; but found plenty of employment in household matters, in establishing schools for the coolies' children, in looking after the sick and the welfare generally of our dependants.

I soon learned Bengalee and Assamese; but although the Nagas often paid us visits, and we

were apparently the best of friends, I had not succeeded in learning any of their language, nor did I acquire any confidence in them; but we lived, as we thought, in perfect security, and although we heard of occasional raids by the Hill tribes, they were not in our direction. The Nagas are a sturdy, ugly, treacherous, but withal brave race, much given to head-hunting, like most of the tribes on our north-eastern frontier; but they had been severely handled by our troops not long before, and it was thought they had settled down into peaceable folks.

Things went on quietly enough till November 1847. My husband had just left for a few days on one of his half-yearly journeys. I had been very busy all day; the season was an unusually sickly one, and our hospital was full of sick women and children, on whom I had been attending all day; and I was thoroughly tired before I retired to rest. I had noticed many Nagas, unaccompanied by any of their women, go past our lines that day; and though I had been told it was a bad sign when these savages came down into the plains alone, I never gave it a thought; and after seeing everything made fast, I went to bed. I had not been asleep for more than an hour or two, when I was awakened by the most fearful yells and screams of men, women, and children, together with the glare of our tea-houses and coolie-lines on fire! I had just time to spring out of bed and to put on a few clothes, when our own bungalow was surrounded by a band of savages, armed with spears and clubs, and carrying torches, which they threw on to our roof. The place was instantaneously in flames; and to escape suffocation, I rushed out as I was, and was immediately felled to the ground, and lay insensible for some time. When I recovered, I found myself pinioned, whilst all around me was desolation. Our late home was a mass of charred and smoking ruins; and oh! horror of horrors, a pile of heads of men, women, and children was lying close by me! The savages were hunting about for more victims. Many of them were drunk, and covered with blood; and every now and then an agonising scream and an exultant laugh would proclaim that some wretch had been but too successful in his search, and that another poor coolie had been discovered and sacrificed.

This dreadful scene lasted fully two hours, when the Nagas seemed satisfied that there were no more victims alive, and gathered together round where I lay, and apparently discussed what my fate was to be. Some were evidently clamorous for my head; others—and amongst them I fancied were some who had been in the habit of visiting us—were more humanely inclined; and at one time I thought it would end in a fight between the two factions. But another and stronger party, headed by a chief whom I recognised as one to whom my husband had shewn much kindness, and whose child had been nursed by me through a dangerous illness, at once decided my fate, by ordering a stretcher to be prepared, on which I was placed, and carried by two men along a jungle-path leading to the mountains. My head was fearfully swollen from the blow I had received; I suffered tortures from racking pains in the head, and also from cold, for I was but partially dressed, and the weather in

Assam, especially in the hilly districts, is bitterly cold from November to the middle of February. As if my other miseries were not enough, I was almost eaten alive by mosquitos; and every now and then, horrid tree-leeches would fall down upon me as we brushed through the jungle, immediately fasten on me, and suck away till from repletion they fell off. We moved at a rapid rate all the remainder of that night and till noon next day, when we halted for an hour by a stream, and where I must have again become insensible, for I remember nothing further till the starry sky above proclaimed night once more; but still our party hurried on, nor did we halt till close on daybreak. A small party or advance-guard then went on, whilst the main body rested, and formed into something like a procession. At dawn, the sound of gongs and drums was heard approaching us. The chief who had interposed to save my life, headed the savages; immediately behind him came relays of men, two and two, carrying on a pole between them some eight or ten heads; then our two elephants and ponies; then myself on the stretcher; then a few of the best-looking girls and female children, who had been spared to become the slaves of their captors; and last of all, a miscellaneous collection of loot.

As we wound round the hill, up a steep path, leading to the fortified village, the savages began to yell forth a chant; many of them danced and capered; whilst the women coo-oo-ed and clapped their hands, bowing their heads to the ground as we passed by; and amidst the yelling of men, women, and children, the beating of tom-toms, gongs, and instruments resembling those called cholera horns of India, we entered the stockade by a narrow doorway. The stockade itself was nearly a square, each face about one hundred and seventy-five yards long. On three sides there were houses, built in long lines, and well raised off the ground; and the fourth side, the only one apparently approachable by an enemy, was strongly fortified, and the space in front *pungied*. Pungies are bamboo spikes, hardened, sharpened, and jagged, driven into the ground for some distance round every stockade, and covered over with fallen leaves. Often they are poisoned. They will go through the toughest sole, and once in the foot, cannot be extracted; and if poisoned, death follows in an hour or two. Hence, they are greatly dreaded. Several gungalls were placed, and rude towers flanked the position, on which were collected huge stones, or rather rocks, ready to hurl down upon an invading foe. In the centre of the stockade was a long pole, and arranged round it were human heads, besides those of gayals, buffaloes, and deer; whilst tied tightly down to five pegs were as many gayals, which were forthwith slain.

Copious draughts of an intoxicating drink made of fermented rice were drunk. The women then formed in a ring, and danced round the pole to a slow measure, twice or thrice; then leaned down, with their heads bowed to the ground, whilst amidst a perfect fury of tom-toms and gongs, the ceremony of flaying the slain cattle commenced. And after another march round the pole and a general chorus, a chief stepped to the front and made an oration, which was greatly applauded. The women danced round hand in hand, and opening out into two parties, allowed the men

with the gayals' heads to enter, and closed up the space behind them. The five heads were placed equidistant from one another and from the pole; both men and women stepped over them with a mincing gait, clapping their hands and keeping time to the rude music; salaaming at the same time to the human heads. They did this twice; then joining hands, men in the inner ring, and women in the outer, danced round furiously, and suddenly broke off into small parties; and whilst the warriors, weary from their long and hurried journey, retired to rest, the women and those who had not joined in the foray, cut up the gayals, and prepared the evening feast.

The foregoing, which is but a faint description of the frightful and disgusting scene, was not over till past noon. I had been apparently forgotten while it lasted. I lay tied to the stretcher, without the least shelter from the sun, a silent and horrified spectator of this shocking spectacle. The sun had raised blisters over my face, neck, and shoulders. I was taken to the chief's house, and liberated; but being unable to move, I was carried into a corner and there deposited, where I soon became unconscious; raging fever set in; and all I remembered for some time was incessant drumming, and night made hideous with debauchery and diabolical rites and noises; but whether it was really so, I cannot state positively, for I was light-headed many days; and when I recovered sufficiently to notice occurrences, I had lost all reckoning, and knew neither the date of the month nor the days of the week, nor the duration of my illness.

For days and weeks I lingered between life and death, and I fear I did pray for death more than once, for the agony I suffered, not only bodily but mentally, was fearful. How I lived through it all, I do not know. The chief's wife whose child I had tended, poured congee or rice-water down my throat twice or thrice a day; but beyond this I took no nourishment for upwards of a month; and from a rather comely and plump young woman, I became the most fearful scarecrow possible, reduced to mere skin and bone; and in this state, though scarcely able to stand, I had to toil and work like the other women. Whilst I was with them, which I ascertained afterwards was close upon six months, the horrors of the date of my arrival were frequently repeated, for there was a general and most unexpected rising amongst the Hill people. Police there was none; the troops were too few and too scattered to be of any use, so the savages had it pretty much their own way.

All this time I had never heard a word of my husband. I knew his indomitable character, and was sure he would not be satisfied with mere rumours or surmises, but would search for me till he ascertained beyond a doubt whether I was dead or alive, and would rescue me or die in the attempt. I had now learned some of the Naga language, but did not let any of them know of my knowledge; and now and then I was cheered by hearing them say a force was advancing into the Hills; but alas! my exultation was shortlived, for the commandant, who was a very inefficient officer, allowed himself to be surprised and beaten back with severe loss; and sad to say, amongst the heads brought in by the savages, I recognised one as that of poor young S—, who had but lately joined the regi-

ment, and who had been our guest but nine months before. On another occasion I recognised two brothers, tea-planters, who had lived about twenty miles from us, and who, it appears, had made a desperate resistance before being overpowered by numbers, and slain. Whenever the raiders returned, how my heart sank with dread! for I feared to find amongst their ghastly trophies the head of my dear husband.

The savages seldom brought back any captives; they only cared for heads; but occasionally, when they came across a young girl, they brought her back with them. All those hitherto brought in were from a different part of the district from ours, and I neither knew them, nor they of my husband; but at last a young Eurasian girl, whom I had known or rather seen in Nazareh, was brought in; and through her I learned that my husband was alive, but nearly heartbroken, and that he was serving with Captain C—'s force, and exposing his life recklessly, and extremely savage with his commander for his incompetence and want of skill. But, said the girl, it was rumoured that a general-officer, with fresh troops from Calcutta, was shortly expected; that Captain C— had been recalled; and that although an immediate attack on the savages was forbidden, B—, of the 3d Light Infantry, a well-known resolute and efficient officer, with a part of his regiment, had been sent to keep up a strict blockade, and that he had established posts along the base of the Hills, about fifteen miles off.

I think the Nagas looked upon me as a harmless idiot, for they allowed me to wander about the stockade without hindrance; and I learned that though apparently impregnable on three faces, yet that a secret passage existed in the north face, by which they could retreat in case of need. My heart was aching to rejoin my husband, especially when I learned he was so near; so I determined to escape. I did not now refuse the food set apart for me, but for a week or ten days husbanded my strength, and ate and drank all they offered me. Buoyed up by hope, my health greatly improved, and my strength came back rapidly. My own scanty clothes had worn off my back long ago, and I was now dressed like a Naga woman, with only a shift and petticoat; I had neither shoes nor stockings, yet I made up my mind to try to escape directly the nights were sufficiently dark for that purpose; and I was further assisted by another orgy of the savages, who had again surprised a post, brought home more heads, and had another heavy drink and debauch. Whilst the devilry was at its height, commending myself to an all-powerful Ruler, I stepped into the secret passage, and fled not only for my life but for dear liberty, home, and husband. I knew enough of Captain B—'s character to be sure that if I succeeded in reaching his camp, and he learned the secret of the passage by which I had escaped, he would be anxious to surprise the enemy's stronghold. I was doubtful whether my strength would enable me to reach his outposts; but I was sure I never could guide the troops back, even if I had the courage to return to such a detestable spot. So I took a bundle of cotton with me, and left a little here and there from the end of the secret passage to the main pathway, which led down the ghaut. Although the night was pitchy dark, I had no difficulty, once I was

out of the secret passage, in finding the path down to the plains; and the distance between it and the stockade was barely a quarter of a mile. Where the path diverged, I stuck a forked stick with a good handful of cotton in it and pointing towards the direction to be taken. I knew wild beasts abounded in these jungles; but so joyous was I at the idea of escape, I gave them no heed, but hurried down as fast as my unprotected feet would carry me. I had anticipated a good five hours' march; but imagine my delight when I was challenged by a Goorkha of the 3d Light Infantry (now the 44th Light Infantry) before I had been two hours on the journey. I could have hugged the ugly but brave little soldier; but as I was to all intents and purposes a Naga in dress and dirt, he would not allow me to pass his post; and I was at a loss what to do, and all but crying, when I heard my own husband's voice asking what the row was about! Regardless of the sentry, I rushed forward, and crying, 'O Willie, don't you know me?' fell into my husband's arms; and barely escaped a thrust made at me by the honest little Goorkha, who thought I was some witch of a Naga intent on mischief!

It would be useless trying to describe the next few moments. Half crying, half laughing, I clung to my dear one, thankful to feel his protecting arms once more round me, and told him in a few words what I had suffered, and how I had escaped. He thought the news so important that he urged me to see Captain B—— at once, utterly unfit though I was to see any civilised being. He told me the information I could give might be the making of him and Captain B——; that our Garden was destroyed, and we all but penniless; and if he could render government some important service, he might get employment. So, for his dear sake, I instantly consented; and in a marvellously short time B—— was in our hut. I told him of the revelry in the enemy's camp, of the secret passage, and the means I had adopted of pointing out the route to it, and also of all the horrors I had witnessed. My transient strength had been already overtaxed. I was dead-beat; and my husband persuaded me to lie down; and in a few moments I was fast asleep; the first really refreshing and happy sleep I had had during the past six months.

No sooner was I asleep, than my husband offered to lead the stormers—they were short of officers, owing to sickness and casualties—and Captain B—— decided to capture the enemy's post by a *coup de main*; and within half an hour, one hundred and fifty Goorkhas under Willie, with a reserve of another hundred and fifty under Captain B—— himself, were *en route*. They found the forked stick as I had described; and the cotton scattered about led them direct to the secret passage, and they were inside the stockade before a single Naga suspected the presence of an enemy. The troops entered just before daybreak, when the savages were in their most profound sleep, and but few escaped the vengeance they so well merited. It appeared that Captain B——, finding the Nagas slipping through his lines, owing to their extent, had drawn the cordon closer on the enemy, and I had thus fortunately found his outposts so much nearer than I had anticipated. Our loss was not severe—only a few men; but my poor husband was severely wounded; and when I awoke from nearly

fifteen hours' sleep and found him lying in the hut, a mass of bandages, and with scarcely strength to speak to me, I was nearly beside myself, and was very nearly upbraiding him for having left me and risked his life; but Captain B—— came in, and told me my husband had behaved in the most gallant manner, and that he had recommended him for a commission.

Careful nursing soon brought Willie round; and when he was able to move, we went to Seesaugor, where, what with being with my husband, and seeing kindly European faces round me, and happiness instead of despair staring me in the face, I improved so much, that in three months people declared I was as bonnie as before my misfortunes.

Three days after Captain B——'s successful attack and destruction of the principal stronghold of the Nagas, the Brigadier arrived; but instead of praising that gallant officer he reprimanded him for disobedience of orders in attacking the enemy; which so disgusted B——, that he accepted an appointment offered him in the Civil branch of the administration of the province; in which he greatly distinguished himself, and rose to the highest posts. He was also somewhat consoled by a private letter from the Commander-in-chief, praising him highly for his promptitude and gallantry, and regretting that he was unable publicly to notice his claims in the face of the General's division orders; but that he would do so indirectly; and also that he had much pleasure in recommending my husband for a commission to the Directors of the Honourable the East India Company; which he received in due time; and though he began his military service somewhat late in life, his subsequent career in the Sutlej and Punjab wars, on Lord Raglan's staff in the Crimea, and during the Mutinies, are too well known to need repetition. He rapidly rose to be a field-officer, a C.B. and V.C. for conspicuous bravery in the field; but he fell as a gallant soldier should, with his face to the foe, in the final assault on Lucknow; and I, his widow, shall ever remember the cause which led to his career as a soldier, and the harrowing period passed by me as a captive amongst the Nagas.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER III.

ONE evening about this time Mopsy was sitting in her own room up-stairs busily engaged in finishing some copying, which should have been done earlier in the day. It was close upon midnight, and the girl's eyes ached sorely as she strained them to write by the light of the solitary tallow-candle. She was feeling worn out, but she kept at her work with desperate energy. Presently, to her vexation she discovered that a paper necessary to the completion of her work was missing. She must have left it down-stairs in the back-room, where she had been writing earlier in the evening. For a moment she was at a loss what to do, but summoning up her courage she resolved to go in search of it. It was not pleasant to think of going down into those dreary rooms after every one in the house had retired to rest, but the work was

important, and it would be far more unpleasant to encounter her uncle Jonathan's angry looks if he found her task unfinished. So, candle in hand, and treading as lightly as possible, she proceeded down the dark, rickety staircase. Having reached the gloomy hall, the unwonted presence of a human being at that time of night caused unbounded consternation to a company of black-beetles who were holding a social meeting. The sight of this 'black-watch' filled the girl with horror, and she retreated a few steps up the staircase, and was about to give up the undertaking, when she perceived a light coming from beneath the door of the back-room. Who could be there at this late hour? Her uncles were believers in the early to bed and early to rise theory, and were usually most regular in their habits. Curiosity getting the better of fear, Mopsy moved nearer to the door. She now saw that it was ajar, and with a cautious movement she pushed it a trifle wider open, and peeped into the room. To her surprise she beheld her uncle Barnabas standing within. He, like herself, had evidently descended for some purpose after he had retired to his room, for he wore a loose, greasy-looking dressing-gown, and carried a bedroom-candlestick in his hand. Afraid though she was of attracting his attention, Margery could not draw back. Her uncle's appearance was so mysterious, that she felt constrained to stand and watch his movements.

Placing his candle on the mantel-shelf, he turned to the side of the fireplace, and apparently touching some hidden spring there, caused the wooden panel to slide back, disclosing a small iron safe neatly fitted into the side of the wall. Taking a bunch of keys from the pocket of his dressing-gown, he proceeded to open this safe. With a hard rasping sound the lock flew back. A heavy substantial-looking cash-box stood just within the door. Drawing this forth, he sat down in his chair, and placing the box on his knees, he unlocked it, and began to examine its contents. There was money in the box; how much Mopsy could not tell, but she heard the yellow coins chink as her uncle turned them over in his tremulous fingers. There were crisp bank-notes too in the box; she heard the peculiar rustle of the paper as he took up roll after roll, gazing at them, with the covetous joy of a miser irradiating his features.

But miser though he was, Mr Cheadlewood was not guilty of the folly of keeping his gold at hand, that he might have the joy of fingering it. Margery knew how it was that he chanced to have so much in the house this night. She had heard him complain to his brother that a client had paid a long-standing account too late in the day for the money to be taken to the bank. She recalled the peculiar chuckle with which Mr Jonathan had prefaced his remark, that it was well to get the money at any hour, and it would be as safe in the house as at the bank, since it

need be a clever thief who could discover where they kept their cash-box. Mopsy now saw the point of that last observation, and she laughed to herself to think how angry her uncles would be, if they knew that she had discovered their secret hiding-place.

Our heroine felt a sort of contemptuous pity for her poor old uncle as she looked at him now. She had already suspected his miserly propensities; now she saw plainly that he was indeed one who loved money for money's own sake, and to whom the hard, dead coin, which represented wealth, was dearer than the love of any human being. She watched till she saw him close the cash-box and replace it in the safe; then, as he made a movement towards the door, she slipped back quickly, and with rapid yet noiseless steps, made her way to her own room, from which she did not again dare to descend.

The following day was a general holiday. Mopsy would not have known the fact, however—for the work of the office went on as usual—if she had not heard her uncle Barnabas regret that, as all the banks were closed, the money he had received must needs remain in the house for another day.

In the course of the day, Mopsy had a visit from her friend Count Grimaldi. She had been expecting him for many weeks, until at last she had ceased to hope that he would come and see her as he had promised. Again and again she had harrowed Robert's feelings by her frank avowal of her longing to see the Count, and her disappointment at his non-appearance. Robert consoled with her as best he could, whilst conscious of an ardent wish that the foreigner might keep away altogether. It cost him no slight pang, therefore, that day, as he and Mopsy sat together in the office, to hear her cry of delight as she recognised the Count at the door, and darted forward to welcome that distinguished individual.

Perhaps Margery guessed that Robert was incapable of appreciating the Count's peculiar talents, for she did not introduce her friend to his presence; but taking advantage of her uncles' absence, she led the gentleman into the back-room, with many assurances of her pleasure at seeing him, and questions as to what he had been doing in the interval since they parted. The Count's answers to her questions were not ready, but he was all courtesy and devotion, and Mopsy felt flattered by his charming manner. His assumption of regret on learning that both the Messrs Cheadlewood happened to be out, did credit to his powers of dissimulation, considering that he had been sauntering about the neighbourhood of the house for more than an hour, and had not dared to enter till he had watched Margery's uncles safe off the premises.

Having skillfully evaded the girl's more pointed questions, the gentleman at last condescended to give some account of himself. It was a mournful but vague tale of disappointed hopes and unrecognised merit. He had been induced to come to England on the promise of a person of influence to procure him a post under government. This individual, although under deep obligations to Grimaldi, had nevertheless ignored his promise, and treated his benefactor with the utmost ingratitude and injustice. Not content

with refusing him the promised assistance, he had striven to cast discredit upon the Count's character, and thus render it impossible for him to gain a position such as he was qualified to fill. Indeed, so well had his malice succeeded, that ever since the Count's arrival in England the latter had vainly attempted to obtain employment, till now his money was all gone, and he was absolutely penniless, unable to procure himself either a meal or a night's lodging.

The Count's manner of narrating his misfortunes was pathetic in the extreme, and Mopsy was deeply touched by it. It pained her sympathetic heart to think of one who had been intimately connected with herself and her father—one whom she revered as of noble birth being reduced to such straits. Moreover, the Count's appearance made a powerful appeal to her pity. Never before had she beheld him so shabby and miserable. Any one glancing at him now, would scarcely take him for a gentleman, much less a nobleman.

'Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry for you,' exclaimed the girl, in a burst of sympathy; 'what can I do? Is there no way in which I can help you?'

The nobleman was profuse in apologies. He would not have dared to tell her of his troubles if he had imagined she would take them thus to heart. And yet it made him infinitely happy to know that she felt for him. No; there was nothing she could do for him, unless—well, if she very much desired to serve him, there was a small matter, a very trivial thing indeed.

'Pray, tell me,' urged Mopsy as he hesitated to name the slight favour.

Well, he was really ashamed to name such a thing; but if Miss Cheadlewood would be so kind as to oblige him with the loan of a few shillings, just to help him over the next day or two, till a friend who would not fail to find him employment should arrive in London, he should feel exceedingly indebted to her.

Mopsy's cheeks crimsoned at his words. 'A few shillings!' He might have said a few pence, and it would be equally impossible for her to help him.

'Oh, I am so grieved,' she cried in a tone of the utmost distress; 'I would give you all my money if I had any, but I have none, absolutely none. My uncles do not give me a penny.'

The Count's face changed. He had not calculated on this; but he made an effort to hide his disappointment.

'It is nothing,' he said lightly; 'pray, do not let my difficulties trouble you. I thought that as a friend you might like to lend me the money rather than that I should have recourse to other means; but it will make little difference to me. For your own sake, my dear Miss Margery, I am vexed to hear what you say. How can your uncles treat you so? They are rich, are they not?'

'Oh, very,' exclaimed Mopsy; 'but they are very mean. Do you know, Uncle Barnabas is really an old miser. Fancy! I saw him last night in this room, sitting counting his money, when he supposed every one else was in bed.'

'Indeed,' said the Count, whose countenance suddenly betrayed a look of deep interest. 'Do you mean to say that he keeps his money in the house?'

'Not much of it, as a rule,' replied Mopsy; 'but

this was some which came in yesterday afternoon, too late to be sent to the bank.—Stay; I will shew you where it is. You would never guess the place.' And with a quick movement she touched the tiny knob, which her sharp eyes had discerned beside the mantel-shelf, and suddenly the panel glided back and revealed the iron safe within.

'Dear me, how curious, how very ingenious,' exclaimed her friend, leaning forward with eagerness to examine the safe. 'It was wonderful how it interested him. He went quite close to it, and felt the safe all over, examined the lock, and made as careful a survey of the whole concern as if he contemplated making a similar one. The safe was an old one, and by no means so secure as the Cheadlewoods believed, unless they imagined its safety to depend upon the ingenuity with which it was hidden from sight, rather than upon the strength of the lock.'

Mopsy, half-frightened at what she had done, was anxious to close the panel again as quickly as possible; but the count would not allow her to do so till he had examined the safe as fully as he desired. 'A very clever contrivance,' he said. 'I suppose your uncle keeps his ready money here. He must be a very rich man.'

'Yes, I believe so,' said the girl as she hastily pushed back the panel.

'And you will be a rich woman, Miss Margery, when you inherit his fortune; for of course he must mean to make you his heiress.'

'Me,' stammered Mopsy, flushing with surprise at an idea which had never before occurred to her—'me; do you mean it—do you think Uncle will leave me his money?'

'Why, surely; to whom else can he leave it? He has no child, nor nephew. The wealth of both your uncles must come to you in time. Ah! you will indeed be a rich woman. You will scorn the poor Count then; you will spurn his friendship.'

'Never!' cried the girl impetuously, coming forward and giving the Count her hand. 'You who were my friend when I was poor and lonely, shall always be my friend; and if ever I am rich, as you think I shall be, though I can scarcely believe it, I shall want to give you some of my money.'

'Ah,' ejaculated the Count, drawing her nearer to him, 'you make me too happy.' And then he bent his head and murmured some words, which made the girl's cheeks flush crimson. Her thoughts had at that instant been planning an innocent scheme for the temporary relief of her unfortunate friend; and making the Count's embarrassing words (whatever they were) a pretext for quitting his presence for a few moments, she hurriedly left the room.

It was some minutes ere Mopsy returned, and just as she was about to enter the room, she fancied she heard the peculiar click of the spring in the wooden panel which hid the safe; but when she opened the door all was as she left it, and Grimaldi stood with his back to the mantel-shelf, and his arms folded before him.

'I am so sorry that I cannot lend you the money you need,' said Miss Cheadlewood in a faltering tone; 'but I have brought you my dear father's watch. I should not like to part

with it altogether, but I thought you might meanwhile be able to—~~to~~ get for it some money. When you are better off, as you surely will be before long, you can return the watch to me.'

'You are too kind to me, my dear Margery,' exclaimed the Count with feeling; 'but I really do not like to take this from you.'

'Oh, do take it,' urged the girl; 'I would so much rather you did. Indeed, I shall feel quite unhappy if you refuse.'

'Then I cannot make you unhappy,' said the Count, graciously accepting the large, old-fashioned gold watch which Margery pressed into his hand; 'and I promise to restore it to you at the first opportunity. And now with a thousand thanks for your generosity, I must bid you good-bye.—No; I must not stay longer, much as I should like to do so.' And with a hurried leave-taking the Count was gone.

Mopsy went back to her work with flushed cheeks and agitated manner. Robert's heart sank within him as he noted her looks. 'Your friend has paid you a long visit,' he remarked.

The girl's colour deepened, and the long, dark lashes drooped over her downcast eyes as she murmured: 'Indeed? The time did not seem long to me.'

The clerk's heart grew heavier, and his dislike to distinguished foreigners more bitter than before. He watched Mopsy closely during the remainder of the day, and observed that she spoke little, and her thoughts seemed far away. He was right in surmising that Mopsy's mind dwelt on the Count. The story of his misfortunes had made a deep impression on her susceptible nature. Moreover, a few words which he had uttered kept recurring to her mind, bringing each time a tide of warm colour to her cheeks. Whether she can respond to his attachment or not, a girl's heart is apt to be tender towards her first lover; and to Mopsy in her lonely orphanhood there was something inexpressibly sweet in the thought of being beloved.

Her sleep that night was broken and unrefreshing. Wild dreams attended her slumbers, in which both Count Grimaldi and Robert Ware figured in the most remarkable manner. Once on awaking she fancied she heard footsteps and strange noises in the rooms below. But curious noises were not unfrequently heard in that ruinous old dwelling, and the wind which was whistling round the house and fiercely rattling windows and doors, might well be held accountable. So Mopsy easily persuaded herself that it was fancy, and fell again into uneasy sleep. When next she awoke it was considerably past her usual hour, and remembering that her uncle Jonathan had frequently lectured her on the virtue of early rising, Mopsy sprang hastily from bed. As she made her toilet, she was conscious of unusual bustle and confusion below. She could hear her uncles' voices raised high above their ordinary pitch, speaking in great excitement, whilst Mrs Rasper's shrill voice chimed in at intervals. Wondering what could have occurred to disturb the serenity of the household, Mopsy quickened her movements, and was soon down-stairs. The door of the back-parlour stood open, and inside the room she saw her uncles and Mrs Rasper—all three looking greatly agitated. Mopsy caught the words, 'Robbers,' 'House-breakers,' 'Police.'

'What is the matter?' she cried as she entered. 'Have robbers broken into the house?'

'Ay, or at least one robber has,' exclaimed her uncle Jonathan, pointing to an opening in the wall from which the panel had been pushed back. 'See! the lock of that safe has been picked, and the cash-box carried away.'

'Containing no less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds,' groaned her uncle Barnabas, whose distress it was piteous to behold. 'Such a loss—such a terrible loss! And the numbers of the notes not taken!'

'Depend upon it, Barnabas, there is more in this than meets the eye,' remarked Jonathan with bitter emphasis. 'It is very remarkable, to say the least of it, that the cash-box should be taken away just on the very night when it happened to contain an unusually large sum of money.'

'But who could have known that the money was there; and what thief could have discovered our safe?' mourned Barnabas.

'Ah, that is the question,' returned Mr Jonathan, eyeing Margery suspiciously. 'I feel sure that it was no ordinary thief who did this thing; or if so, he must have received information from some one acquainted with our concerns.'

'I hope you don't mean me,' put in Mrs Rasper hotly. 'I'm sure I could not inform the thief, for I never know'd of no safes there.'

'Silence, woman! you need not attempt to clear yourself before you are accused,' interposed Jonathan sharply.

'Perhaps the young lady can tell you something about it,' suggested Mrs Rasper, her voice growing sharper with spite. 'I know as how she was a-talking to a strange man in this very room yesterday morning.'

Mopsy's face had grown deadly pale, and her limbs trembled beneath her as she listened to their words. With her first knowledge of the crime there had flashed on her mind the terrible possibility that the Count was the criminal. She remembered the minuteness with which he had inspected the safe, and how on returning to the room after her brief absence she had heard a sound, which had led her for a moment to believe that he had been examining the safe in her absence. But swiftly as the thought came did she drive it back. No; it was impossible: it was monstrous to think of such a thing. The Count a housebreaker! It was a mere coincidence that the robbery should have happened on the night following his visit. She was indignant at Mrs Rasper's insinuation.

'How dare you say such a thing?' she cried, turning angrily upon the woman; 'that "strange man," as you call him, is a gentleman and a Count. He was my father's friend, and he is my friend. It is impossible that he could have had anything to do with the robbery.'

But of this Mopsy's uncles were naturally less confident, and the reluctant answers the poor girl gave to their questions only strengthened their suspicions, till at length they forced her to confess how she had first learned of the existence of the safe, and how in a careless moment she had thoughtlessly shewn it to her friend.

The wrath of the brothers Cheadlewood was fearful to witness; and the epithets they hurled at their luckless niece were harsh as they were unjust. She was a mean, artful girl; she was a spy; she

was little better than a thief herself, for she had harboured and befriended a thief. They rued the day she had entered their house.

Jonathan Cheadlewood was, however, in his heart, apart from the mere loss of the money, not altogether displeased with what had transpired; for he had not forgotten the chance words that had fallen from his brother at first when their niece had come, as to making her their heir; and he was satisfied from what he saw and heard in connection with this misfortune that no such folly was now possible on the part of his brother.

Mopsy bore the situation with overwhelming anguish. Over and above her distress at being thus blamed was the painful dread lest her uncle's words should prove true, and the Count be indeed the man they represented him to be.

Robert Ware on reaching the office was horror-struck upon learning what had happened. He felt much sorrow and pity for Mopsy; but when she appealed to him to declare that it was impossible that the Count could have taken the money, he shook his head, and could say nothing. He had not Mopsy's unbounded faith in distinguished foreigners, and it seemed to him that appearances were much against her noble acquaintance. The manner in which the robbery had been effected shewed that it was the work of some one well acquainted with the interior of the house. The robber had entered by the office-window, having eluded his way through the shutter and forced open the window. From the office he had passed into the back-room, and there in the most expert manner had forced back the lock of the safe; and having abstracted the cash-box, had made good his escape.

Bringing his cool common-sense to bear on the matter, Robert Ware was of opinion that the Cheadlewoods were right in judging the Count to be the offender. His heart ached for Mopsy. It was a day of trial to her. Jonathan Cheadlewood lost no time in putting the affair into the hands of the police, and ere long these functionaries arrived on the scene, and she was obliged to reply to their searching questions. All the evidence appeared to lead to one miserable conclusion. But it remained for Mopsy herself to discover conclusive proof of her friend's guilt. That afternoon, while gazing from the window through which the thief had passed, her foot trod on something hard; and stooping to discover what it was, she lifted a clasp-knife, which she recognised at a glance as the Count's, and which that adroit individual had evidently dropped in his hurried exit. Margery could not be mistaken; she had often seen it in his hand, and once on their voyage home he had amused her by a sight of the various little tools which were comprised in this article. It was furnished with a corkscrew, a gimlet, and a screw-driver; and now as she picked it up, the screw-driver was drawn out, as if it had been lately used.

It was a painful discovery for poor Margery. She could now no longer doubt that the Count was guilty. And this was the man whom she had regarded as her best friend! Alas for the trust of her heart! she had been grievously deceived. Mopsy hid the knife in her pocket, thankful that she, and no one else, had discovered it. Meanwhile, her uncles treated her

with great severity, and but for Robert's constant kindness she would have been miserable beyond endurance. Her face grew pale and thin, and her once lustrous eyes wore the sad, patient expression of hopeless misery.

THAMES CONSERVATORS AND THEIR DUTIES.

THE most commercial river in the British dominions flows through what is now the greatest city in the world. Arising out of this fact, a singular contest was carried on for several centuries as to who should be the commander or owner of the Thames, its waters, its bed beneath the waters, and the margin of foreshore on each bank alternately flooded and laid bare every tide. The sovereign of the realm and the Lord Mayor of London have fought many a battle about it. Somewhat over twenty years ago an article in this *Journal* gave an outline of the curious struggle; but so many important changes have since taken place, that it becomes desirable to present a few paragraphs giving a sketch of the present state of the question.

The Lord Mayor, representing the Corporation and the City of London generally, claimed many years ago, as we have implied, extensive powers of control over the navigation and fishery of the Thames. Quite early in the fifteenth century Sir John Woodcock, in one particular year Lord Mayor, ordered the destruction of all weirs and fishing-nets from Staines down to the Medway, in consequence of the injury which they occasioned both to the fishery and the navigation. Towards the close of the same century, the Corporation were intrusted by act of parliament with controlling powers over the banks of the river alternately laid bare and flooded through the cause just mentioned. In the time of Queen Elizabeth orders were issued for regulating the close or reserve times for all the various kinds of Thames fish, and prohibiting any fishing for the choice and delicate little whitebait at any point above London. Whether this was done to monopolise the dainty for the banquets of the City magnates and the freemen of the great companies or guilds, history saith not.

The Lord High Admiral, about the period just named, began to dispute the right of the Corporation to the possession and exercise of such great powers. Litigation ensued, which nearly always ended in favour of the Corporation, who could appeal to acts of parliament and still more ancient royal charters as proving the validity of the right claimed. James I., probably as a result of the litigation, gave a new charter recognising and sanctioning the Corporation as bailiffs or conservators of the noble river; and subsequent statutes acknowledged the authoritative character of this charter. A stone called *London Stone* was set up on the north bank of the river near Staines, to mark the upper or western limit of the jurisdiction; the lower or eastern limit being denoted by the opening known as Yantlet Creek on the Kentish shore, and the village of Leigh on that of Essex. The distance between these two extremes is no

less than eighty miles—a formidable grasp for the citizens and the Corporation.

All these powers are now transferred, with many alterations and additions, to a Board of Conservancy, with headquarters in Trinity Square near the Tower and the river. About twenty years back, an act of parliament endeavoured to set at rest several jarring interests concerned in the matter, by careful selection of twelve Conservators. Seven years later another statute added six more to the members of the Board. Two years ago another act again was passed, establishing arrangements under which the river is at present managed. The jurisdiction now extends so far westward as to Cricklade in Gloucestershire: from Staines to that point is named the *Upper Thames*; and from Staines down to Yantlet Creek, the *Lower Thames*. The present Board is thus singularly made up—the Lord Mayor, two Aldermen, and four Common Councilmen, to represent the City and Corporation; two members appointed or nominated by the Board of Trade; two by the Admiralty; two by the Trinity House; two by the owners of shipping registered in the port of London; two by owners of lighters and steam-tugs; one by the owners of river passenger-steamers; one by dock-owners and wharfingers; and four to represent various interests on the Upper Thames. If so many doctors should occasionally differ (which is more than probable), the vote of a majority decides the point at issue. A large staff of persons is employed as river-keepers, river-inspectors, harbour-masters, inspectors of nuisances, inspectors of explosives—with the necessary supply of row-boats, sailing-cutters, and steam-launches for their use.

The rules laid down by the Board for the practical management of the Thames and its banks are numerous and fully set forth. The officers are to remove any obstructing vessel or craft out of the way, and make the owner pay the cost of so doing. On the Upper Thames no steamer may ply between Teddington Lock and Cricklade at such speed as to endanger any other craft, or to injure the banks by driving up surf. No person is allowed to ride or drive on the towing-path, or unload anything on it, or place any vessel on the shore in front of it, or take any sand or gravel from the banks. No vessel is to remain in any lock a longer time than is necessary to pass through, nor towed along the path except by a rope sufficiently elevated to protect the banks, gates, &c. from injury. All kinds of craft pay toll or dues, varying in amount for pleasure-boats, house-boats (to form a floating dwelling for a whole family of humble river-folk), pleasure-steamers, skiffs, randans, canoes, punts, dingies, and shallops; these tolls will secure a free passage through the up-river locks at any time. The Conservators are also owners and managers of ferry-boats above Teddington, the use of which can be obtained for conveying passengers, vehicles, horses, and other live-stock across the river, at specified fares.

In like manner, strict rules are laid down for the fishery of the Thames. Salmon, salmon-trout (if any should by chance appear!), trout, pike, jack, perch, roach, rudd, barbel, bream, chub, carp, tench, grayling, gudgeon, dace, cray-fish, bleak, minnow—all are under rule; and close-time or fence is defined for the various kinds. The kinds

of net to be prohibited, and the size and weight below which the several sorts of fish must not be taken, are also stated.

The Conservators have the handling of rather a large sum of money every year. In 1879 they received about eighty thousand pounds in tonnage-dues, pier-dues, tolls, canal and water companies' payments, rents for accommodation, fines and penalties, ballast-licenses, raising and removing wrecks and obstructions, the use of moorings and mooring-chain service-craft, hire of tugs, hopper-barges, and dredgers. All this refers to the Lower Thames; the Upper Thames brought in an additional sum of sixteen thousand pounds, raising the amount to nearly six figures. The expenditure, about equal to the receipts, was made up of a multitude of items, mostly in salaries and wages.

New duties have recently been intrusted to the Board. Consequent on the great injury wrought by floods and high tides on the low-lying parts of the river-banks, the legislation is taking that matter in hand. Also a statute is now in force to prevent the passing of sewage or other offensive or deleterious refuse into the river above the intake of the companies supplying the metropolis with water. Inspectors are sent by the Board to ferret out any infringement of the rules; and notices are sent giving warning. These notices are addressed to poor-law guardians, mayors, &c. of corporate towns, local boards, sanitary authorities, churchwardens, and other bodies. The Board may enforce the observance of the law in these matters, by fines and penalties if necessary.

Thus we see that the Conservators of the Thames are tolerably busy persons.

JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to the proper unfolding of our story that we should here refer to certain incidents that occurred a few days previous to the receipt of the foregoing communication.

There lived at the time in a wretched hovel, standing a few yards back from the Kenlyn turnpike, and at no great distance from Kingston-brea, an old and wrinkled woman. So far as was known, she had neither friends nor kindred. She had come into the neighbourhood a few years before footsore and in rags, with all her worldly goods tied up in a small bundle. At first, she had occupied a neatly furnished cottage belonging to Joseph Tremerton, who, being unable to secure the rent from her, and failing likewise to prevail with her to quit the house quietly, served her, after much commendable forbearance on his part, with the usual writ of ejectment. This justifiable act of the farmer's, the old woman keenly resented; she never met him afterwards without grinning derisively in his face, spitting with emphasis on the ground, and using certain epithets the mention of which would shock ears polite. Now, whether her personal appearance, by no means prepossessing, was in a great measure accountable for the imputation, or whether it rested on grounds more plausible, it was certain

that Martha Macguire was pretty generally believed to be a practiser of the Black Art, the prevailing opinion having been that she had bartered her soul to the Evil One for the power of working mischief, herself undetected, on whomsoever might have offended her. Had Joseph Tremerton, therefore, been a timid or superstitious man, he would have stood in mortal awe of a visitation of evil in some shape or another from the above quarter, on account of the grudge that was owed him. Being, on the contrary, brave and not over-credulous, and doubting moreover, Martha's ability to injure him seriously in any way in which she might hope to escape detection, he regarded her without fear, and returned silent contempt for the unmerited abuse which she heaped upon him. Nevertheless, Martha was rightly set down as a dangerous woman by nearly all who knew her, and was rigorously shunned by her neighbours, who believing her to be a witch, told absurd tales about her—of prayers muttered backwards, midnight incantations, and supernatural flights through the air on a broomstick. Certainly the old woman's pretensions, mode of life, and evident eccentricity tended rather to confirm, in the minds of a people prone to superstition, the truth of the reports concerning her. As a matter of fact, however, Martha was an adept in the art of extorting money; but the means she used were anything but supernatural. Fortune-telling was her professed avocation, by which she eked out the resources she derived from the charity of the 'great folk,' who had from the first held out a helping hand to, and compassionated the 'poor, friendless, stranger woman.'

It chanced, then, that as Philip Tremerton was returning one evening from the *Pendragon*, he espied this old beldam sitting upon a log of wood by the door of her hovel, where she was apparently enjoying the night-breeze and the rays of the full-moon. Philip was in right good humour that night, for the fair Rachel had been unusually affable, and he felt in consequence well pleased with himself and with all the world besides.

'Good-evening to you, Martha,' he said, stepping carelessly up to her. 'How fares it with Martha Macguire to-night?'

'Lor, Master Philip, is it you?' whined the old crone in return. 'The times be changed, methinks, that such a fine gentleman as you have become should step out of his way to have word of mouth with the likes of me!—Thank you, Master Philip, I'm as well as an old woman of nigh upon eighty years can fairly expect to be; though, to be sure, 'tis sore, sore work when the rheumatiz strikes home to these old limbs of mine!—But how fares it with Master Philip and his pretty little lady-love at Kenlyn? I dare swear he's reckoned a valiant youth to have won the daughter of the Dragon!' And parting her toothless jaws, the blear-eyed hag grinned in the moonlight at her own facetious sally. 'Sure, sure, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and all is not gold that glitters,' she went on, stringing together a number of proverbs more or less appropriate; 'but evil's the day when the course of true love is ruffled by the winds of adversity! Master Philip, I reckon, has his bird in the hand, which, all the world over, is worth a score in the bush!' Again she grinned, uttering a strange, shrill,

mocking laugh, which jarred very unpleasantly on Philip's wondering ears.

'Martha Macguire,' he began, when she had ceased laughing, 'it is reported in these parts that you are a marvellously wise woman, having deep knowledge of things your neighbours never so much as heard of, and that the gift has been bestowed upon you of foreseeing future events: Robin Hawthorne and Bessie Linnet had their fortunes told by you just before they were married; and from what I have heard them say, I should imagine that your predictions had so far been pretty well borne out. Now, I have but little faith in fortune-telling; but since you have made a lucky guess in one instance, you may chance to do so in another. Be kind enough, therefore, to foretell the future of Philip Tremerton of Kingstonbrea.'

'Lack-a-day! the poor fortune-tellers have a hard time of it in these evil days. The great folk don't believe in 'em, and the common folk think bad of 'em; and so between the two their craft is like enough to die a speedy death, through no fault of their own. It will pleasure me, Master Philip, to tell you your fortune; but a silver sixpence must first cross my palm, to brighten the second-sight.'

Our hero was generous that evening. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought up from the bottom thereof a silver shilling. 'Take this, Martha,' said he, giving her the coin; 'and be sure you keep nothing back.'

A singularly incongruous pair they formed, standing out upon a patch of bright greensward, and fully revealed in the broad summer moonlight—the old and withered woman holding in her shrivelled palm the hand of the stalwart country swain.

'A short line for good crosses here,' she began in the jargon of her craft; 'and a long line for good, stretches right across the palm! The course of your true love has run pretty smoothly as yet, Master Philip. But what is this I see near the ball of the thumb? A long deep furrow, that forebodes much ill! See how dangerously it sweeps along, and meets, ay, and crosses the long line for good! O Master Philip, Master Philip!' she went on in a whining tone; 'the pity of the thing!—To think that all has been for naught; that you have wooed but in vain; for most unhappy the fate of the lover, and short indeed his love-dream, when the lines cross so!' She dropped his hand, and as though overcome by pity for the man whose unhappy future she so clearly foresaw, hung down her head, and with eyes fixed on the ground, became absorbed apparently in a train of perplexing thought.

Despite his avowed disinclination to believe in the fortune-teller's art, Philip at that moment was conscious of a cold shudder. The words of the soothsayer, uttered with a solemn and sympathising accent, had made a deep impression upon him, for somehow he felt that they had been spoken in all sincerity and truth. He made an effort, however, to shake off the gloomy depression which had fallen upon him. 'Is there no way, Martha,' he asked, 'in which the evil that threatens to blast my life may be averted?'

But Martha was still to all appearance absorbed in her own meditations, and did not reply until the question had been repeated. 'Philip Tremerton—'

ton,' she then made answer, looking up quickly, 'it is now many years ago that your father turned the poor helpless woman from the door, when she had scarcely a shoe to her foot, and not a sixpence in the world to bless herself with. It was a hard, cruel act. But let by-gones be by-gones. She no longer bears him ill-will, and would rather do a good than a bad turn for one of his flesh and blood. The evil may indeed be averted, Master Philip; and the means by which it may be so, are in my hands to give or keep back!'

'If gold can purchase so signal a service of you, Martha, only name the price, and it shall be paid.'

'It is fitting, young man, that you should speak of gold! The herbs whose juices compose my philter have cost me many a blistered heel in long weary tramps over the hillside in the night-time; for they are rare—very rare, and must be gathered at the fall of the moon. But I will not be hard upon you, Master Philip; for one golden sovereign the potion shall be yours!'

Again Philip's hand found its way into his pocket, but not quite so readily as on the first occasion, and emerged therefrom with the demanded coin betwixt the fingers.

'Follow me!' said the fortune-teller, when he had given her the money. 'My dwelling is a humble one, but will shelter you, whilst my philter is preparing.'

Philip accordingly followed his strange companion across the threshold of her ill-conditioned mud hovel; and taking a seat by the fire, warmed himself—for the night had become chilly—at its mouldering embers. It grieves us sorely thus to shew how readily our hero became the dupe of this designing old woman. It must be remembered, however, that Philip was in love, and that whilst under the influence of the tender passion, a man cannot be regarded quite as a free agent, his thoughts, feelings, and actions being determined by a motive-power often directly antagonistic to the guiding principle of his life.

Martha Macguire now busied herself by collecting from various cupboards and drawers, bundles of dried herbs, and phials containing different coloured liquids; portions of the contents of which, together with the herbs, she placed in a metal pot, and setting the vessel over a slow fire, began stirring its contents with an iron ladle, reciting the while, in a low monotonous key, such doggerel rhymes of obscure meaning as the following:

Thy lady-love's hair,
Now silky and fair,
Will grow white and wan
Before all is done.

Hie away, hie away, over the sea!
'Tis an old, old tale,
That will ne'er grow stale
So long as in greenwood grows the tree.

And again:

Stir the pot quickly;
O'er a young man's love
Dangers hang thickly,
As the stars set above!

Stir the pot faster;
Ay, make it boil!
I will o'er-master;
Danger I'll foil.

'And now, Master Philip,' said Martha presently, rising and pouring off the liquor into an earthenware vessel, 'the draught is prepared, and the charm complete! As the wind drives before it the sear yellow leaf, so will this potion sweep every danger from the path of young love! Drink it to the dregs, whilst the magical power works!'

Philip received the proffered cup; but it was not without some misgivings that he raised it to his lips. Evil things were said of Martha Macguire; and the remembrance of these now filled him with apprehension and awe; so that it required no little effort on his part to summon sufficient courage to swallow a medicament prepared by her hands. But then, was she not an exceedingly wise woman, who could read the future as clearly as a book? And had she not discerned, about to befall him, some dire calamity that would shatter his heart of hearts? And then, again, had she not apprised him of his danger, in a voice which savoured of truth and heart-felt sympathy? Surely, therefore, both literally and figuratively, he held his fate in his own hands; and rather would he die than live to see the day when Rachel Silverlocke should be lost to him for ever. The bare thought of this turned the balance of his wavering determination, and having lifted the beaker a second time to his lips, he disposed of its nauseous contents at one deep draught.

And here let us pause again, to offer some slight apology for Philip, guilty of what may be deemed an act of unpardonable folly. At the date of our story, albeit not many years ago, a strong belief in witchcraft was prevalent amongst the lower and middle class population of West Cornwall, where the farmers' sons and daughters—and maybe others of yet higher degree—made it a practice to consult, in all affairs of the heart, certain cunning women, reputed to have the power of foreseeing, and to some extent controlling the course of future events; so that Philip Tremerton, in confiding on this occasion in Martha Macguire, was but following a custom then in vogue with persons of his condition in life in that part of the shire.

He had not long swallowed the draught, however, before a peculiar dizziness attacked him; his head swam, and everything around him seemed to be moving upwards and downwards in the most bewildering manner imaginable. A cold numbness then spread over his body, and all sounds struck dull and muffled on his ear; as though they came from a considerable distance. Alarmed at symptoms so unusual, he made an effort to rise, and was completely dismayed to find that his strength had quite deserted him.

'You old harridan!' he spluttered out angrily; 'you have given me poison instead of a love-philter! I'll have you burnt for a—for a—wi——' But his ideas became confused, and his utterance thick. A curtain of impenetrable cloud appeared to be closing in around him; and with a shrill, mocking laugh ringing in his ears, he became bereft of thought and feeling, and remembered nothing more.

How long he remained in a state of insensibility, Philip Tremerton never knew; but with returning consciousness came a feeling of coldness to his face and neck. He opened his eyes to see

Martha Macguire standing before him, rather vigorously slapping his face with a towel, which she dipped from time to time in a bowl of spring water.

'So ho! he's just himself again,' she croaked on seeing his eyelids lifted; 'coming around as right as a trivet, I'll be dare sworn! Ah, well-a-day! it was a wee bit too strong for him; but it will work all the more surely.'

Philip, whose brain was in a strangely dazed and bewildered condition, could not, at first, fully take in the circumstances of the situation; but after a few minutes, his faculties having cleared a little, he noticed on a three-legged piece of furniture, which, as an apology for a table, occupied the centre of the floor, what, he felt sure, he had not previously seen upon it—a lighted candle and writing materials, apparently but just used; and, what struck him as singularly inexplicable, lying beside them an open sheet of note-paper, on which he recognised, or fancied he recognised, his own handwriting. He was about to remark on the latter circumstance, when Martha, seeing the direction his eyes had taken, hastily snatched up the written paper, and folding it in her sinewy fingers, concealed it carefully in her bosom. He saw, therefore, that any question he might put concerning it would probably be useless, and his enfeebled condition precluded him, at that moment, from resolutely demanding an explanation.

The door of the cottage stood open, admitting the cool night-breeze, which, as it played on Philip's face, helped to remove the lingering effects of the vile decoction which had so grievously disordered his faculties. By its freshening influence, strength, feeling, and clearness of perception gradually returned to him; and he felt at last that he had once more recovered his senses and the wonted power in his limbs.

'Martha Macguire,' he said, rising, preparatory to taking his leave; 'it is my firm belief, in spite of your avowed interest in my welfare, that you have made me the victim of a sorcerer's trick, for some base purpose of your own. But mark you! if evil comes of it to me or to mine, do not expect to escape the keen edge of my resentment!'

A low, derisive chuckle was the only response the aged dame thought proper to make; and Philip stepped out into the night, congratulating himself that, though minus a guinea, he quitted the witch's dwelling with sound life in his body. Was it fancy, or did he really hear, as he wended his way homewards that night, the croaking voice of the hag, chanting again that extraordinary ditty which had apparently assisted her in the preparation of her potion?

Thy lady-love's hair,
Now silky and fair,
Will grow white and wan
Before all is done.

Hie away, hie away, over the sea!
'Tis an old, old tale,
That will ne'er grow stale
So long as in greenwood grows the tree.

But Philip hastened on. He had heard and seen enough of Martha Macguire for one night at least; and he quickened his pace, to get out of hearing of the possible sound of her voice. As a

neighbouring clock struck twelve, he reached his father's farmstead.

And so the next day came, and the next; again Philip visited the *Pendragon*; and the hours sped swiftly along with him, 'on the wings of love's sweet dream,' ere that fatal morning came on which was thrust into his hand the letter which, as we have seen, so rudely dashed his hopes to the ground and overwhelmed him with sore perplexity. When on this occasion he had recovered from the first stunning effect of the blow, and had regained sufficient power of thought to reflect, it occurred to him, in view of the incidents just related, that Martha Macguire, if she were not indeed wholly accountable in the matter, had at least taken a very prominent part in bringing about the present disastrous state of things. And yet, how she had induced Mrs Silverlocke, except, forsooth, by means that were supernatural, to address so harsh and uncompromising a letter to him, he was certainly at some loss to conjecture. But what should he do? Would it serve any good purpose to present himself to the writer of the letter, and strenuously asserting his ignorance of a justifiable cause, demand an explanation of the severe and unmerited treatment he had received at her hands? No; he thought it certainly would not; for if—as appeared but too probable—she had what she believed to be good grounds for doubting his constancy to her daughter, it was not likely she would lend a very patient hearing to his protestations—however genuine they might be—of injured innocence. Rather should he go at once to the probable fountain-head of the mischief, and braving a second time the dangers of sorcery and witchcraft, extort from Martha Macguire, by dint of threat and expostulation, what share she had really had in bringing down this crushing weight of evil on his head.

The same evening, therefore, found him on his way to the fortune-teller's cottage; the road, being a short-cut, taking him through rich green pastures and fields of growing corn. It was one of those delightful evenings, suggestive of ineffable peace and quietude, which are sometimes met with at the end of June, when Nature, having decked herself out in all the leafy luxuriance of midsummer splendour, enjoys for a brief season the languor of her well-earned repose. The air was pure and soft, and came redolent of wild-thyme and honeysuckle from the warm and balmy south; whilst across a broad plain of checkered wood and meadow-land fell shadows long and deep, in which, where the sedgy meadows bordered on the running brook, and tall bulrushes bent to the passing breeze, red and piebald cattle were ruminating in the enjoyment of calm content.

Philip was not dead to the charms of external nature; and he enjoyed, so far as the great weight at his heart would allow him to enjoy anything, this peaceful evening scene.

The pathway he pursued brought him at length to a moss-grown stile, which marked at this point the termination of cultivated land; and stepping over it, he entered a shadowy wood, crowded with tangled undergrowth. Hawthorn, oak, and hazel interlaced their branches in a dense network overhead; whilst the banks to right and left were covered with delicate moss and mazy masses of fern, the long pendent fronds of which overlapped the grass-grown way. Here and there, the stately

foxglove up-reared its shaft of purple bells in strong relief against the shady spaces between the tree-stems. And from everywhere came the warbling and piping notes of birds; the gale drew gentle music from the leaves; and the sunbeams stealing through the leaf-wrought canopy above, made patines of glowing and flickering light on the ground, and on the moss-flecked trunks of the trees.

Philip, as he threaded his way through the mazes of this silvan labyrinth, pushing before him now and again the branches that obstructed his path, became conscious of an unusual lethargy creeping over him, which weighed heavily on his spirits and weakened his physical powers. And it was now that it occurred to him that, for no reason which he could strictly define, his purposed interview with Martha Macguire could prove no other than barren of result. But he still pushed forwards, following the roadway over the side of a shelving bank, and paused at length on the brink of a purling watercourse, which, overhung by trees, meandered through the dell. And as he stood dreamily gazing on its rippling surface, it appeared to him that this little woodland brook typified in its varying flow the progress of his own unfortunate love. There, at the base of yonder moss-clad rock, how deep and strong the current; further down, how smooth and placid and sweet, smiling in the broad light of day, and reflecting the vaporous clouds and ethereal tints of the sky; but just at his feet how sorely troubled and vexed, as it battled with the obstructing weeds, and seethed over its pebble-strown course! He had not courage enough to look farther below, but turned away with a sickening pain at his heart; and overcome by a weariness which prostrated both mind and body, threw himself down at the foot of a dark-leaved oak. Whilst here, a half-wakeful dreaminess stole over him, in which the twittering of the birds, the music of the leaves, and the purling of the little brook at his feet seemed so many far-away sounds, breaking softly on his ear, and soothing his troubled spirit to luxurious rest. Presently, his ideas became confused; he could not quite remember where he was, but thought, somehow, that his beloved Rachel was by his side, whispering sweet words of gracious trust. Then the sounds got to be still farther away, and became very faint indeed; until they ceased altogether, and Philip's weary soul lapsed into oblivious sleep.

THE RUFF AND REEVE.

As the face of England is altered by the progress of drainage and the cutting down of woods and copses, the birds which were formerly numerous amongst us, and enjoyed the solitude which fen and forest afforded them, are gradually disappearing. Some may even be regarded as practically extinct, appearing only once or twice a year in the form of forlorn wanderers who have lost their way on their passage, or some venerable bird striving in vain to discover the spot where as a nestling it was hatched and reared. If we search England through, we shall probably find that it possesses as many birds now as it did a century ago; but the

catalogue has lost that agreeable *variety* which then existed. There are more partridges in our fields and innumerable more pheasants in our copses; but the rarer birds of the fen and the forest have ceased to dwell with us. The heron still lingers, being in some places protected; but the stork and the crane have gone; and the bittern comes to us only as a rare visitant. The avocet, the spoonbill, the stilt-plover, and other forms of exquisite beauty, are now all but banished from Great Britain, only occurring as rare and exceptional immigrants at uncertain periods.

By the naturalist however, and especially by the gourmet, the foregoing could be better spared than that pretty little plover the Ruff, and his graceful consort the Reeve—the former name being applied to the male, the latter to the female. Once abundant on the wastes of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, and plentiful throughout the broad fens of these counties, this bird now exists in England only in Leadenhall Market, as a Dutch visitor, and even this in small numbers and at uncertain intervals. But even when most numerous, the bird was always a puzzle to us. It arrived at the regular period of migration, the month of April; and then remained with us a few months only. The Reeve, the female, is a sober-looking bird, somewhat like a snipe, except that the bill is much shorter. The plumage, as we remember it when the bird was a yearly visitant to our shores, had shades of blackish-brown and gray above, and white below. Not so however, the male bird, the Ruff. At ordinary periods, it is true, he could hardly be distinguished from the Reeve except by his larger size; but the moment the courting season came on, he donned his best and gayest plumage and set out 'a-wooing.' His aspect became at once bold and vigorous; his cheeks, previously covered with a pale flaccid skin, became crimson with excitement; whilst round his neck shot out a prodigious frill of feathers, which completely surrounded and almost buried his head. Hence his name; for the appendage bore a strong general resemblance to those peculiar frills so much in vogue with court ladies in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Thus arrayed, he alighted in an open place, some elevated spot or hillock in the marsh, and immediately began to march round in a circle, doing this so regularly, that the ground was fairly beaten down. As soon as a single Reeve shewed herself, all the Ruffs in the neighbourhood began to struggle for the right to woo the lady; and so severe were these battles, that Linnæus christened the species with the appropriate name *pugnax*. The prize of these contests would probably fall to the strongest or most pugnacious of the male rivals; and as the Ruff, unlike any other birds of this family, is polygamous, a successful combatant might fly off with half-a-dozen fair admirers. When the courting season was over, all this finery disappeared; the ruff rapidly fell off; the crimson cheeks became

pale and flaccid; and the hitherto pugnacious bird became as quiet as a lamb.

One marked peculiarity was, that this ornamental appendage, the ruff, was almost never of the same colour or markings. Amongst one hundred birds carefully examined, the resemblance was only perfect in two; some are as to groundwork black; others white; others brown, of various shades; and these again are marked with shadings of black, brown, or white.

The Zoological Society tried a few years ago to ascertain whether, after its annual moulting, the bird resumed the same coloured ruff. Portraits were taken of the birds, which were numbered, and a corresponding number was affixed on a small tablet to the bird's leg. The result was that the colour of the ruff was found to be the same in each succeeding year.

Whilst the poor Ruff, however, was parading his plumage on his hill of combat, a subtle enemy, man, was plotting his destruction. The fowler had concealed close by the haunt of the birds a long net, under which he introduced some stuffed Reeves, and then imitated the cry of the bird. It did not take long before the impassioned Ruffs rushed under the net, which falling upon them, captured them in considerable numbers. The naturalist Pennant tells us of forty-four birds taken in one haul in the fens of Lincolnshire, and that one fowler would take forty to fifty dozen in a season. Mr Lubbock, in his *Fauna of Norfolk*, says that in that county, nets were never used to take these birds, but snares made of horsehair.

Ruff and Reeve, eaten *au naturel*, were very different from the same birds after they had been fed and fattened. To prepare them for the table, the birds were fed in confinement on hempseed, bread, milk, and sugar, till they attained the perfection of plumpness. The preliminary feeding and preparation of the Ruff for the market was indeed in itself an art. 'Great judgment is required,' says Pennant, 'in taking the proper time for killing them (when they are at the highest pitch of fatness); for if that is neglected, the birds are apt to fall away. In preparing them for table, they are dressed like a woodcock, with their intestines or "trail;" and when killed at the critical time, say the epicures, are reckoned the most delicious of all morsels.'

Mr Stevenson, writing of this species in his *Birds of Norfolk*, says: 'At the present time [1870] the neighbourhood of Hickling Broad is annually visited by a few; but should they become exterminated, the last of the Norfolk Ruffs will have disappeared.'

In Lincolnshire, the bird now only occurs occasionally in the spring months, but in very limited numbers. In the autumn, it is more frequently met with, being then on 'passage' through the district. At this season, however, the Ruff has entirely lost all traces of his brilliant nuptial plumage, the beautiful collar having been shed about the end of June.

The writer of this met, a few years ago, an old Lincolnshire lawyer whose experience just touched the golden days of wild-fowl shooting. He said he had often shot the Ruff and eaten it, but found it, like all the genus, 'marshy' and insipid. On one occasion, however, an epicure asked him to sup on these birds, fattened in the usual way; and my informant said that the recollection of that supper remained after forty years!

SOME YULE-TIDE MYSTERIES.

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

I AM a member of a large and flourishing family, and I must say the month before Christmas is a most mysterious period. The first indication of the commencement of this mysterious period is to be perceived in our faces and our manœuvres. A meditative air is obvious—notes are made and hastily concealed—purses flit about more than is their wont—and there is a general tendency to isolation, foreign to the natural gregarious habits of the family. Innocent and vague questions are asked, as: 'What do you think of such and such a thing? What's your opinion of So-and-so's works? What is the best colour for winter wear? Do you think red, or blue? Have you seen this or that in So-and-so's shop-window?' And such questions are answered in a like innocent, vague, but truthful manner. As time proceeds, mysterious lonely walks are taken by the various members, who are never seen to return, but are believed to creep in under the shelter of the dark afternoon. To the experienced ear, a low single knock might be heard, and then a stealthy foot upon the stairs, and the tiniest rustle of paper, as some one in outdoor habiliment, with numerous appendages, is believed to glide up-stairs and disappear within the portals of his or her especial *sanctum*.

The other members of the family are assembled in the dining-room or drawing-room, or scattered about the house. Could they possibly have heard the low single knock, the stealthy, outdoor-accounted foot upon the stairs, the rustle of paper? No; they continue through all as before, their faces beaming with blissful unconsciousness. Perhaps a cart will stop at the door; a loud knock is heard; it is answered; and a large rustling parcel is about to enter, followed by the innocently absent face of the maid, when she is suddenly stopped at the door by an agitated member, and the large, aggravatingly rustling brown-paper culprit is violently and rapidly expelled. The agitated member is gone from the room for a brief space, then returns to the others with a book that was evidently in request, and all is as before.

In course of time, the maid, for some reason or other, seldom attempts to enter a room after the occurrence of a loud single knock; but the 'noiseless' step and the 'noiseless' rustle of brown-paper may be heard, and then no more; but it requires the most experienced ear for that. As

time passes, the family becomes still more isolated. Each member adjourns to his or her particular room; and from some of these retreats emerge sounds like unto sawing and hammering; from others, nothing is heard. A change of tactics is also observed whilst walking about the house from one room to another; cautious footsteps are silently and mutually prohibited; a tune is loudly hummed; a bounding step is adopted; the handle of a room-door is considerably rattled before entry, and appears very hard to manage. Sometimes it proves rather unfortunate; and despite the bounding step, the tune, and the rattling handle, sufficient time has not been allowed for the gathering up of the 'plain-work' of the unwary one; in which case the intruding member sees nothing, but makes as rapid an exit as can be done with a view to its looking natural. By silent mutual consent also, in spite of the unusual preparations occasionally disclosed, and in spite of the general air of mystery, nothing is ever observed; no inquiries are ever made, no tongue ever slips so far as to ask 'What's in there? Where did that come from? What's this?' Every room is sacred to its particular owner; former public repositories are silently annexed, and as silently yielded.

All is mystery. The conversation almost assumes an artificial form; vague and wary subjects are introduced; all bears an air of concealment. As Christmas draws nearer and nearer, the mystery becomes more and more concentrated, the various members more and more isolated; engagements are put off; marvellously early hours are found necessary; the usual occupations are deserted. What is this mystery?

It is Christmas Eve! The members of our large and flourishing family are together again; much laughing and talking is the order of the evening; the house is being decorated, and every eligible—and according to mother, every ineligible—space is usurped by holly, laurels, and mistletoe; the carpet seeming to have a peculiar fascination for the holly-berries.

But what is that remarkable contrivance in the corner of the room? A string is stretched across from the key of the bookcase to the bell-handle; and attached to the string a long row of stockings and socks, with a label to each! We are interested in this startling apparition; we watch it. The decorations are completed; the room is empty; through the dim light of the lowered gas, the hazy form of one of the family might be discerned. The form approaches with measured tread and slow, directs its steps to the long weird line in the corner. It—the form—is laden with parcels, all shapes and sizes; it examines the labels, and one by one the parcels disappear.

It is one o'clock A.M. The house is hushed; the mysterious socks and stockings still hang mysteriously on the string, but they have assumed mysterious shapes; the toes are full, the heels are full, the legs are full; the floor beneath is laden with—the Christmas presents. There, from that unsentimental-looking line depends the mystery

of the last few weeks; there are revealed the many labours of love so mysteriously in process; there are contained the many tokens of heartfelt wishes and of tender affection.

It is much the fashion nowadays to run down Christmas; to call it a nondescript day, with a shrug of the shoulders; to connect it with annual bills and solemn family parties. But for us—I speak for our large and flourishing family—it is the same as it was years ago, and we are the same—almost! The conventional garb of increasing age is thrown aside; we are children once more, and the same old programme is rehearsed—with a few exceptions. For instance, when we were young—I mean *very* young—one of the most carefully preserved rules for Christmas Eve was the performance of a sort of wild Indian war-dance on one of the largest beds in the house. I remember we greatly revelled in that war-dance. I need hardly say it is not perpetrated now. The system of presents also is slightly different. It was the custom many years ago for us to purchase our presents *en masse*—that is, we would all journey out together hand-in-hand, and straightway repair to a certain fascinating toy-shop. One would then solemnly enter, whilst all the rest remained consciously outside, with strict injunctions 'not to look in.' When the first one returned, a second disappeared within the toy-shop portals, and so on throughout the family. The next process was for each to discover, by a carefully arranged series of questions, what the others had bought. As a rule, before the day was out we all knew exactly the various gifts our brothers and sisters had purchased; nevertheless, a certain air of secrecy was maintained. The presents, moreover, had a nominated price; the seniors' standard was sixpence, the juniors' was not expected to be so much. But we appreciated them quite the same; in fact the sixpenny present was looked upon as something quite grand.

After the purchasing was duly completed; the treasures were, with many giggles, carried home. The happy purchasers would then spend no little time gazing at them, arranged in their respective rooms for that purpose. Then each would visit every other's room—strictly one by one—to inspect the purchases and to give praises thereon. And this was generally repeated daily, until the to-be-gifts were in the possession of the destined owners; and as ample supplies of string and paper had to be unbound and rebound each time, many precious hours were required for the process.

We laugh when we think of ourselves at that time, and we laugh at ourselves now. I wonder whether we shall ever be exactly like rational beings at Christmas? It is so hard to leave off all customs, especially when they recall the happiest time of one's existence. And it is really a great relief sometimes to imagine one's self about six, in short frocks and pinafores, and to skip about accordingly, and laugh and talk accordingly. It makes one feel more resigned to increasing age, and to the gravity and decorous pace of convention.

I am afraid you will think, from what I have said, that our large and flourishing family is somewhat wild at times. Only for a very short time—once a year, when we let off the superfluous spirits of twelve long months; and after that we are as good and orderly a family as you would wish to

see. Please, forgive me for thus becoming my own family herald; but as no one else is likely to perform on our inestimable family trumpet, I have no choice in the matter.

A MODEL FREE LIBRARY CATALOGUE.

NEXT to having a good library is the necessity of possessing a good catalogue. Without the latter indeed, if the collection of books is an extensive one, some of the chief advantages of a library are lost. The variety of forms and systems of cataloguing is very great, and with equally varying degrees of value so far as their utility is concerned. For instance, the books in very large libraries are sometimes catalogued almost solely under the names of the authors, with the disadvantage that unless a reader knows the name of an author on any given subject, it is next to impossible to find what is wanted. We know a library, one of the best in the kingdom, where the catalogue itself comprises many volumes, in which the author's name forms almost the only key to the finding of any book. The consequence is, that if a reader is in search of works on a specific subject, he is nearly helpless unless he can name one or more writers on that subject. There may be a score of valuable works in the library treating of the matter in hand, and were these grouped together in a subject-catalogue, the advantage to the student would be immense; as it is, the books are practically closed to him, especially if the subject be out of the beaten track of literary or scientific research, simply because he may not be able to indicate the names of the authors. An index-catalogue such as we would desiderate, need not be a large book: the subjects themselves should be indexed, with a mere reference under each subject to the name of the author. And a very valuable purpose in all libraries such a catalogue would serve.

Now that Free Libraries are being instituted throughout the country, the subject of cataloguing is one that must in course of time require attention on the part of the managers of these libraries. In such a matter, we do not know a better catalogue to be employed as a model than that of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Public Libraries, just completed by the chief librarian there, Mr W. J. Haggerston. It is but a single volume of three hundred and thirty pages, for a library of twenty thousand volumes; yet to these twenty thousand volumes no less than eighty thousand references are here given. 'Each work is entered, first under the author's name, next under the subject title, and where that title is compound, the entries are then extended so as to cover the entire field of subjects embraced in the work. For example: Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travel is catalogued under the following headings, namely—Stanford as publisher; Wallace (Professor Alfred R.) as the author; Geography and Ethnology as subjects; while cross references are also given to the following places described in the work—Australia, Malay Archipelago, New Zealand, Philippine Islands, Polynesia, Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, and Victoria.' Besides this, the catalogue also serves as an index to the chief articles in the leading magazines and reviews. For instance, *Blackwood's Magazine* is so treated from its commencement in 1817 to 1879; *Chambers's Journal* from its commencement in 1832; the *Contemporary Review* from

its commencement in 1866; the *Edinburgh Review* from its commencement in 1802; and so on with the others, in alphabetical order. This cannot fail to be of great help both to the students of special subjects and to the general reader, who may wish to unearth from the rich mine of English serial-publications a few of the literary gems which might otherwise lie hidden in dust and obscurity. In the case also of authors whose works extend through a series of volumes, such as Scott, De Quincey, &c., the general contents of each volume is given, so that those who wish to consult the author, know at once which volume to ask for. Altogether, it is a marvel how so much valuable information can have been condensed into such small space.

'THE CHILDREN LAUGHED AND SANG.'

It was in the chill December
That the Angel of Death came by,
And he rustled his wings of darkness
As he swept through the wintry sky:
A household of happy creatures
Dwelt quiet, and free from care,
And the Angel stole in softly,
And stood all silent there.
(But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

And the Angel swiftly in silence
Struck home the mortal blow,
And in the wintry morning
He laid the father low:
And wildly the sorrowful mother,
Bewildered and stunned with woe,
Wailed in her lone bereavement,
And wished that she too might go!
(But the children laughed and sang at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

Cold in the lonely chamber
Lay the father's form at rest;
And they laid the delicate flower-wreaths
Upon his quiet breast;
And forth from his home they bore him,
And hid him from sound and sight;
And they heaped the cold earth above him
While the children's feet trod light.
(But the boys went home to their happy play;
Never a fear nor a pang had they.)

And often the child's footsteps
Are turned to their father's grave,
Where the grass, with its glistening hoar-frost,
Lies over that heart so brave;
And sometimes they watch their mother
Bending in sorrow and pain;
And they say in their childish voices:
'Will Papa never come again?'
(But soon they laugh and sing at their play;
Never a fear nor a pang have they.)

So God in His infinite pity
Shuts the eyes of the children dear,
And they see not the fell Destroyer,
Though their eyes are so bright and clear.
And I said: 'There's no Past for the children
With its terrible pangs and stings;
And for them no brooding Future
Spreadeth its threatening wings.
All they see is the Present—To-day;
And so they laugh and sing at their play.' J. H.

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ONE OF ALADDIN'S CHILDREN.

I.

THE theatre was crowded. Plenty of eager little faces were there, peeping out of every corner, from stalls, and boxes, and densely thronged galleries; for this was the pantomime. The old folks were enjoying a children's story again for one night; the young folks stared and laughed and whispered and clapped their hands, and hoped it was not half over yet. Aladdin had become a flesh-and-blood reality at last. They could see him setting out with the old man, and journeying from the city; they watched him, and trembled with expectation when he was sent down into the cave. Aladdin's Cave! When that became reality, the stage seemed to lie under a spell of veritable 'glamour might.' Back through the twilight of the long, long cavern, Aladdin went wandering and searching, while its rocky walls expanded and out of the gloom the underground garden took shape, full of dim suggestions of glimmering in the distance and sparkling overhead, and all the pantomime mystery that preludes growing splendour.

It was then that Aladdin found the Lamp, and brought it forward from its hiding-place, shining with a weird light of enchantment, that shewed, in changing opalescent colours dim as moonlight, the magic-garden with its grandeur of tropical foliage, palm-like trees, and sparkling jewel-fruit. The applauding house held its breath in a dead hush, when in the dreamy atmosphere of the garden there was a universal stir. Without a sound, except that orchestral music of mystery familiar to every one, countless little fairy beings, unseen before, had started from their lurking-place as if drawn to 'the wonderful lamp.' Little children in all the glitter and beauty of fairyland were hiding and peeping out among the tall grass, clinging to the lofty branches, sliding down the leafy length of hanging creepers. Where a moment before, no eye had imagined the semblance of a living thing, everywhere was

multitudinous beautiful young life, stirring with feathery lightness or poised as if by enchantment. Aladdin raised the lamp high above his head. Out burst the light with sudden brilliance, till the cave was all aglow with sun-like splendour. Out broke the music, mystery no more, but a whirlwind sound of gladness. And one fairy-child, raised by some means that seemed magic, sprang from the cup of a great open lily that had unfolded a while ago—sprang with one swift flight, and stood on the upraised silver lamp, high in mid-air—a little figure with outspread wings, and robe of dazzling whiteness, and hair that shone like a crowning halo of gold. The spreading murmur of applause swelled all at once into an uproar, drowning the music itself. Down swept the clapping and thundering with a roar of cheers—down from the topmost galleries that rose black against the roof, to the floor of the house, that surged and stamped with rough enthusiasm, and shouted Hurrah! to the echo.

A moment more—the fairy was gone from the lamp. The whole vision of splendour died away. Aladdin was alone in the deserted cavern-garden in sombre twilight. No one knew precisely what the fairy-children had to do with the story. They had no meaning except their beauty for spectacular effect. Was not that meaning enough, then? Who wanted them to have anything to do with the story? Who would sit in a crowded house for nothing but a nursery tale? No meaning but their beauty? Listen to the joy-stricken voice of thousands whispering that it was magnificent—marvellous!

II.

Outside the theatre. Snowy streets, with the snow melting wet and cold, and great flakes whirling down in driving clouds, trying to whiten the wet pavements, and coming faster and faster. It was past midnight. A work-girl, going home to a comfortable fireside, after an unusually tiring day when press of business had kept her late, was walking quickly, well shod, through a lonely part of the town, having left the shops and the

thoroughfares far behind. She was very cold, but hers was a bonnie rosy face that the snowy wind made rosier, for not long ago she had lived in the country and had no need to work all day at her sewing, and even now she seldom—very seldom—worked so late as to-night. At a quarter to eleven she had left the workroom, and had been walking fast and merrily ever since, though it was a long way in dreary weather. Supper would be ready at home. A mother's face would greet her there; and it was for that mother's sake she trudged home, swiftly, timidly, all this long distance, to save secretly a little more of her earnings. On she went, through a square, where many windows were yet brilliantly lighted up. Perhaps some within, finely clad and faring sumptuously, had seen babyhood in fairyland to-night, while she was stitching wearily. Who knows? Perhaps if they did, the sempstress passing their doors now would rest better than the pleasure-tired to-night, if only all could be known. On went the belated work-girl, her umbrella flitting steadily along among all the misty driving white. The streets were quite white here, because fewer footsteps passed; and so this girl's feet told that they were strongly shod by the hard cheery noise they made even through the film of snow, as she went by porch after porch.

But whose were the few light little steps that she heard close after her, when they made a faint small run, and then went quietly, hushed again—poor little feet, too thinly shod to be heard even if no frosting of white was on the flags? Could it be a child, out all alone under the silent snowfall, hurrying by un pitying homes, at this hour of the desolate night? The work-girl stopped. A child of seven or eight—a thin fragile little figure—came close up to her, giving one pleading look in passing—a shivering child with no shelter from the snowy wind, except the fluttering remnant of an old black shawl lightened about her shoulders.

'Stop! Come here. Come under my umbrella; it is big enough for two,' said the work-girl pleasantly.

The poor little wayfarer needed no second asking, but shrank close up to her side, and there trotted, shivering still, half-walking, half-running, looking up now and again timidly, saying nothing.

'Where do you come from, all alone at this hour?' asked the girl's kind voice.

'I'm one of Aladdin's children.'

'One of Aladdin's children!' the girl repeated.

'What is that?'

'At the theatre, miss. I get three shillings a week—I do—since the pantomimes began.' She was proud of the money part of the business, and stated it at once. 'It's Aladdin, you know, and I'm one of the children; there's lots of us.'

Poor little one out in the real world's dark, deserted streets, where were the fairy wings and the glories of Aladdin's Cave, at which the spec-

tators had smiled, and stared, and cheered? Where is your beauty, white-winged fairy of an hour ago, ragged little trader with nothing to sell but your childhood? What remains of the pageant? Only one thing. Hers was the bright hair of the fairy that stood poised above the glowing lamp; and hers it is yet—under the broken straw-hat that is pulled down over it to keep away the cold, there is the golden crown God gave her of curling baby locks.

Did the Lover of little children give their beauty for a glittering show, to be the first step to the weary dance that looks so light—at which, a few years to come, the audience will gape and stare still more?

III.

A little room, dirty and ill-furnished, with only the few scanty things that long poverty has spared. A child alone crouched among the dust and ashes of the hearth when the Dutch clock points near one! She is blowing with a broken pair of bellows such as can never fan up into fire the sparks that only wink at her and obstinately go out. A yellowish candle is burning, and the frequent fare of poor men's children, bread and dripping, is on the table as an unwonted luxury to-night. But it is fire she wants; not food—she is too tired for that. The loud music, the dazzling light, the excitement that set her pulse to fever-heat then, the glare of fire and colour, the noise, and the upheaving sea of faces—the thousand strange things that were round about her everywhere, make her sight swim yet, while she hears it all still in her overwrought brain, and her senses reel. But there is no fever-heat now. Snow whispering outside against the window-panes with the sudden gusts; cold and poverty within; and fire she has none.

Where, O little one, that but an hour ago soared white-winged to be the crown and summit of the amazing vision, when its glory made eyes glisten and the whole house ring—where is now your fairyland? Where is your fairyland of children's thoughts and children's play, or even of children's rest and sleep? Where is your childhood, poor waif that the world tosses about, pleased with you, and you with the money in your cold tight hand? Where is your father? He staggered home a few minutes ago, and, thank heaven! is gone up the bare stairs out of our sight and yours. Where is your mother? Run to her, and find your sweet foolish doll, and be a child! Mother was carried away by the men in black to the cemetery, five long years ago; but there is another mother up-stairs, and her own children and the children she came to are too many, and poverty is hard.

But why are you a fairy, little one—crying now, and then trying with a fitful glimmer of childhood to play with the poor black cat, that refuses to play with you, because it wants the fire too and creeps to the grate? Why are you a fairy? why

not be a child at home, though a child-nurse, or a child-drudge? Why be dazed with the lights, and weary with the work night after night so willingly?—why? She does not know, but others do. It is because people crowd to the theatre when children are on the stage. It is because people see the stage-spectacle enhanced when children are exhibited dressed in tinsel for a night's hire. It is because managers find them fitted by their miniature beauty to be parts of a pageant. It is because frequenters of the theatre admire their precocity in occasional parts, or relish the novelty of their attractive littleness and sweetness of voice, not daring to acknowledge to themselves the fact that the only novelty lies in the sight of childhood taking an incongruous part, at a most unsuitable hour, among the most unchildish surroundings.

But where is our poor fairy? She is there still, half asleep; too tired to fan the dead black grate for fire, too tired to rise, too tired to feel much more of cold or hunger, while she crouches on the hearth in the same spot, and her bright hair is crushed against the corner wall, sinking lower and lower. If the din of the music would only cease out of her ears, if the glare would not haunt the darkness of her closed eyes, she might fall asleep any moment. *She* has not told us why she must have the noise and glare every night, till they grow to be things of old habit in years to come. She will be a fairy, a ragged, mercenary, unfairy-like fairy; and for the hollow hard-worked fairyland of floats and pulleys, gas and limelight, she is made to barter away childish thought and useful teaching, and even that rest of nerve-force, mind, and body, which is the common necessity of all young life. Poor little one! who will pity her loss, while she is being robbed of her childhood, or—heaven only knows!—of what is infinitely more precious? With no inclination left—no room in time or thought—for any training but the laborious progress through the pasteboard fairyland to the front row of the *bullet*—unguided, most likely uncared for, all the way thither.

The meeting of the work-girl and 'one of Aladdin's children' is a fact. The truth of the rest is not exaggerated, but understated. To cite a recent case, we need only refer to the death of the boy not seven years old who was one of the chief child-singers of a well-known comic opera, and whose death, according to medical opinion, was caused by disease produced by the abnormal strain on a tender nervous system. As regards pantomime children—according to the report of the superintendent of the Westminster School Board, no less than eight hundred, aged from four years upward, are employed at the Christmas season in London alone, while such exhibitions are by no means confined to Christmas time. These ill-clad, ill-fed children begin their pantomime rehearsals early in November, and during the 'run' of the piece have often to play their part twice in the same day, being dismissed a little before midnight. Teachers distinguish at once the theatre-child, as restless, rude, forward, absent-minded, unable to learn; and the School Board Committee publishes the fact that on reliable authority they learn that the children at the theatres are sometimes exposed to very demoralising influences. Still more, on this subject there

has been quoted the opinion of a medical man whose active benevolence gave him unusual personal knowledge of the facts: 'I believe the stage-struck child is in many instances—too many—lost morally. I have watched many such cases.'

JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER III.

How long he lay slumbering beneath the far-stretching boughs of that dark-leaved oak, Philip Tremerton had no clear recollection. He was aroused, however, by a voice that spoke close to his ear; and opening his eyes, he saw, in place of the sun, the moon shining brightly. A little, silvery, high-pitched, musical voice it had been, and had whispered to him these familiar words: 'Faint heart never won fair lady, Philip Tremerton!' Philip looked whence the sound had proceeded; but saw only a slight stir among the fern-fronds and the slender blades of grass; and thinking that this might have been caused by a grass-cricket, and that the voice might possibly be traceable to the insect likewise—though it was odd, certainly, that it should have mentioned his name, and spoken all so sagely—he lazily dismissed the matter from his mind, and sleep closed over him again. He had not slept long, however, before he was once more aroused, but this time by a little silver-toned bell, that tinkled, as the voice had spoken, close to his ear. He raised his head and listened, and a little bell like the first one tinkled in his farther ear. Then a bell rang out just over his head, and another just over his feet, and all around him tinkled little bells; as though each branch and spray had had one hung upon it; and the clash and the jingle of them all made such a commotion and stir of music in the air, that Philip sat up, and smiled in round-eyed wonder and delight! 'I declare I never heard such a jingling of bells in all my life before!' he exclaimed. 'What, in the name of all that's wonderful, can it mean?'

And then the tiny voice which had spoken at first again whispered in his ear, but this time with an accent of some severity. 'Slow-witted mortal!' it said, 'do you not know the sound of your own wedding-bells?'

'Wedding-bells!' reiterated Philip, now broad awake; 'who spoke of wedding-bells! There are no wedding-bells for me, I ween.' Whereat the bells ceased suddenly, and such a burst of shrill hilarious laughter arose on all sides of him, that Philip believed he was being made sport of.

'I'll not endure this mockery any longer,' he declared resolutely, and attempted to rise, but found, to his increasing bewilderment and confusion, that he no longer had the power to do so. It was as though he were bound to the earth by cords of insuperable strength; and yet so softly and lightly did they encompass his limbs, that it seemed rather a pleasure than a pain to yield to their ungalling restraint.

When the laughter had subsided, an odd little creature no bigger than one's forefinger, and clothed in tight-fitting garments of green, stepped out into the moonlight from behind a broad-leaved chicory-plant, and in order the better to see and be seen, swung himself on to the top of a large mushroom. From this eminence, the Pixy—for

such he proved to be—standing erect, and making the most of his diminutive stature, addressed in the sweetest and daintiest little voice imaginable, the following speech to our hero:

'Philip Tremerton, listen! I am commanded by our most gracious and noble Prince Penpoltré, whose loyal subject and envoy I am, to make known to you that you have this night trespassed on ground sacred to the Pixies. Beneath this oak we gambol at midnight, hang gossamer chains, and dance the turf into circles of deeper green! It is here also we assemble to hold our solemn councils of state when aught has happened to disturb the usual tranquillity of our most peaceful realm. Wherefore, it is our noble Prince's desire that, as a slight penalty for this intrusion on our rights, you be forthwith conducted to his illustrious presence, where perchance you may learn that which closely touches your mortal interests.—But,' added the Pixy, observing Philip's cheeks turn pale, and a tremor pass over his frame, 'entertain no shadow of fear! Our noble Penpoltré is a generous and large-hearted Prince, who would scorn to play tricks on a traveller who finds himself haply in an unknown land.' And having bowed sedately, the queer little fellow sat down upon the mushroom and dangled his legs from its edge.

Philip now, to his further surprise, discovered himself to be growing perceptibly smaller; he was evidently undergoing a gradual process of contraction; and in the end his corporeal dimensions were so vastly reduced, that they were not much in excess of those of the tiny being who sat the whole time complacently staring across at him from the mushroom. The required diminutiveness of his body having thus, it would seem, been attained, his bonds were loosened, and he felt himself borne at great velocity through the air; but in what direction he was going, he had not the faintest idea. Tree-tops, hedgerows, corn-fields, haystacks, farmhouses all flew past him at greater than railway speed; and he felt a strange dizziness and whirling in his brain, due to the rapid motion. This journey, however, like all others, had an end, and the end came at last rather suddenly. But Philip had alighted firmly on his feet; and when he looked around him, a scene burst upon his astonished gaze which he felt sure he should never forget.

A spacious hall it was—spacious at least it seemed to him in relation to his dwindled dimensions—the walls of which were formed of growing ferns, knitted together with twisted reeds, and tendrils of the pale-flowered briony. Through oblong spaces left in the elsewhere closely woven herbage, broad rays of moonlight found their way, revealing, in the centre of the space, a board spread with the daintiest of fare—daintier far, Philip thought, than any he had yet seen or tasted—served up on dishes of gold and crystalline stone. And in various parts of Prince Penpoltré's royal pavilion—for such it really was—were Pixy men and women. Some gathered together in groups, were engaged in lively converse, seasoned with oft-recurring flashes of piquant wit; others were listening whilst one of their party sang, supporting his own sweet voice with the most silvery of accompaniments. At the far end of the hall, overshadowed by a canopy of white lilies, was a dais of sparkling crystal; and above

it, on a throne carved out of a large fir-cone and studded with gems that flashed forth light of many colours, sat, in all the radiance of his majestic presence, the illustrious Penpoltré himself, his cup-bearers on each hand; and at his feet a bevy of beautiful sylph-like women, ready at a word from him to sing his favourite airs.

As Philip entered, a low buzz of curiosity arose from the fairy assembly, and all eyes were fixed upon him. But Philip, undismayed, stood with bold front, erect. Presently, a mace-bearer—with mace cut from the stamen of a lily—touched him lightly on the shoulder, and bidding him follow, led the way up a narrow defile to the space in front of the throne. Arriving here, our hero made a deep obeisance, prostrating himself before the mighty Prince, who, speaking in calm and measured tones, as befitted his high estate, addressed him in the following words: 'Frail creature of mortal flesh and blood, arise! A bold or unwary youth we deem you, to have trespassed on our sacred realm. The turf-rings might have warned you that Pixies owned the ground. But enough! We seek to do you no harm; rather should we befriend you, seeing how sorely you have suffered of late by reason of your love; for next to affairs of state, the loves of mortal men have ever had our fostering care!'

He paused; whilst Philip lowered his eyes, and the colour deepened on his cheek.

'Let it be known to you,' resumed the Prince, 'that in the order of poetic thought, the Pixies form a higher race than short-lived feeble men; for have they not a terrestrial immortality and a secret power over earth and air? And yet, by one of Nature's strangest freaks, their very being is made to hang on mortal man's belief in it: indeed, it is ordained that with the last of faithful Cornishmen their little race expires! Hence our earnest care to make all Cornwall's sons our proselytes, so that our reign may be prolonged, and our pigmy state may prosper in the far-off days to come! Wherefore, Philip, in this bowl of limpid dew, pledge your sacred word of honour that in all the time hereafter you'll have faith in Pixydom!'

Philip received the proffered bowl—a polished acorn-cup—and having raised it to his lips, drained it to the last drop of its pellucid contents; an act which elicited a clapping of little hands and a murmur of applause throughout the hall.

'In return for this great service rendered,' added the generous Penpoltré, 'we, by charms outwitting sorcerers' charms, shall cause the troubled channel of your love to run smooth.'

'Then, methinks,' replied Philip modestly, 'that the obligation rests with me. It were not possible to doubt the reality of Pixy existence, when to-night it has been placed so palpably before me.'

Before Philip had done speaking, however, a compassionate smile spread over the face of the Pixy Prince, and a suppressed titter arose from the nobles of his court. Our friend perceived that he had made some grievous mistake.

'Generous but simple-minded mortal,' resumed Penpoltré, 'know you not that in the world of men, to which you will soon return, all you have experienced here to-night will pass with your

fellow-mortals, and maybe even with yourself, for the unmeaning vagaries of a dyspeptic dream? But that you may not thus violate your plighted word, Philip Tremerton, hold forth to me your right hand.'

Philip obeyed; and the Prince with the tip of his forefinger traced in the centre of his palm a diminutive ring, which instantly became of a dusky pink.

'That mark you will bear to your dying day,' said the Pixy with a solemn air; 'and if ever you are tempted to deny our existence, your right hand will rebuke you for your want of faith. But the hour has passed. The moon pales her light. Our interview is at an end. And you are now at liberty, Philip Tremerton, to withdraw your presence from us.'

The Prince waved his jewelled hand, and Philip again made a profound obeisance. The mace-bearer once more touched him lightly on the shoulder, and retiring with face turned to the royal presence, our hero slowly retraced his steps through the pavilion.

A strain of the most ethereal music now arose from the group of beautiful women seated at the foot of the throne; and borne as it were on the wings of the melody, Philip ascended—first above the heads of the Pixies, then through an opening in the leaf-wrought roof; and so the whole scene vanished beneath him, and the music softly died away. That speedy journey through the air was repeated: farmhouses, haystacks, corn-fields, hedgerows, tree-tops again flew past him. His brain whirled, and he could not see. Again all ended with a sudden jerk. He opened his eyes, and lo! beneath that dark-leaved oak he still lay prostrate. But the moon had gone down, and the sun had risen, and all the land was bright!

Such were Philip Tremerton's adventures in Pixyland; and seeing how events subsequently shaped themselves, it would appear that he had good cause to be grateful to the Small People for the timely aid they rendered him when involved in the midst of his troubles.

It was but a few days after this remarkable night: days passed by Philip, despite the Pixy's promise on his side of the compact to set matters right with him, in nursing distrust and feelings of rebellion against the hardness of his fate—that his Vicar sought an interview with him at Kingstonbrea, having, as he expressed it, certain information to communicate to him which might greatly affect his temporal interests. It seemed that at a late hour of the foregoing night the worthy pastor had called at the cottage of Martha Macguire, who, it was alleged, had been seized with a sudden and violent illness, which not one of the medicines she had herself prepared, and in which she was wont to place implicit confidence, appeared to touch; and having something which weighed heavily on her conscience, she had expressed a wish that the good clergyman should remove it for her, that she might thereby die the more easily. The worthy pastor found the old woman in miserable plight; groaning with pain, and muttering incoherently—inveighing against certain Small People, who obstinately persisted, she said, in sitting upon her face, pulling the hair of her head, and shrieking in her ears with such piercing shrillness that the sound had well-nigh

deafened her. The experienced divine discerned at once how matters stood—the aged dame was sinking fast; and no time was therefore to be lost. He accordingly applied himself to the work of confessing her, and by putting judicious questions in the intervals of her delirium, succeeded in extracting from her the sad story of her misdeeds, which in brief ran as follows:

That still harbouring resentment against Joseph Tremerton on account of the writ of ejectment he had served her with, she resolved, on the occasion of Philip's interview with her, to discharge to the son the debt of ill-will she had owed so long to the father; and perceiving how easily the former's credulity might be imposed upon, administered to him, in guise of a love-philter, a potent drug, the effect of which had been to place his will in complete subjection to her own. In this state—which we may suppose to have resembled that brought about by mesmerism—he, in obedience to her command, wrote a letter which she dictated to him; a letter—the same obviously, the handwriting of which he had recognised as his own on awaking from apparent stupor—which purported to be addressed by himself to a certain 'dearest Alice'—between whom and himself there would appear to have once been relations of intimacy—setting forth in the warmest terms his constancy at heart and unchanged affections, and stating distinctly that in wedding Rachel Silverlocke his sole object would be to secure to himself some portion of her fortune, having which, he hoped to be able ere long to flee with his beloved one to some happy foreign clime!—This mischief-working missive she inclosed to Mrs Silverlocke; and hence that justly incensed matron's withering, but now no longer inexplicable letter to Philip.

After this, it cannot be necessary to relate in full how the good clergyman zealously set to work to clear Philip's character in the eyes of the indignant hostess; how in the end explanations and manifold apologies were the result; how the tearful Rachel hailed with joy the solution of what she had all along regarded as some terrible mystery; how those delightful visits to the *Pendragon* were resumed by Philip, now all the sweeter for the brief interruption they had had; and then, how long, purposeless rambles through woodland, grove, and sedgy meadow were made by two happy lovers in the soft summer twilight—all this, and a good deal more, needs no setting forth in finely-spun phrase. Suffice it to say that in due time the happy day arrived which saw Philip Tremerton and Rachel Silverlocke united. The bells of Kenlyn rang out a merry peal on that propitious morn. And Philip, as he sat listening to them, indulging the while in many a rose-coloured day-dream of the wedded life before him, smiled slyly to himself. He was thinking of the Pixies, and that now at least it was permitted him to recognise the sound of his own wedding-bells!

Having thus brought his narrative to a close, John Poltriggan relapsed into silence; and I, mentally passing in review the various incidents of his remarkable story, was silent likewise. We were now drawing near to the moorland village for which we had set out, the lights of the cottage windows being plainly visible in the distance before us.

'I cannot honestly say, John,' I remarked presently, 'that your story has quite convinced me of the real existence of the Small People. Granting Philip Tremerton to have been—what I do not doubt for a moment he really was—a thoroughly respectable and reliable young man, not given by any means to romancing, is it not just possible he may have dreamt all these strange things, having fallen asleep with a fancy preternaturally excited?'

'I think that is highly probable,' replied Poltriggan moodily; 'but be that as it may, it is at least certain that Philip Tremerton and I are one and the same person. I have but told you the story—with some exaggeration, it is true, in favour of the personal appearance of the hero—of my own youthful love!'

NEW REPORTING ARRANGEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WHEN the British Parliament again meets, the Reporters' Gallery will present a somewhat different appearance from that which it has been wont to bear hitherto. In the first place, it will be greater in extent; in the second, it will contain perhaps twice as many reporters as have heretofore been allowed the privilege of a seat. After a long and severe struggle, the incidents of which have scarcely been observed by the general public, the provincial newspapers have at length succeeded in breaking up the monopoly of the metropolitan journals. Up to the present time, the seats in 'the Gallery' have been divided between the chief London newspapers and the great press organisations, such as the Press Association and the Central News. Even the familiar 'London Correspondent,' unless he had the fortune to be a 'Gallery hand' for some metropolitan daily, was not allowed to penetrate to the sacred space above the head of the Speaker. He has been obliged to content himself with being a mere 'lobbyist,' whose mission is to waylay the more gracious sort of members, and extract from them such items of information as might work up into interesting and readable paragraphs.

Now, however, more of the leading papers in England and Scotland will have their own representatives in the Gallery than have hitherto had that privilege, and some commotion has been created among reporting circles by the uncertainty as to who were to be the lucky men. This last concession may be regarded as almost the end of a struggle which began nearly a century and a half ago. How it commenced let Sir John Hawkins relate: 'Taking with him a friend or two, Cave found means to procure for them and himself admission into the Gallery of the House of Commons, or to some concealed station in the other House, and then they privately took down notes of the several speeches, and the general tendency and substance of the arguments. Thus furnished, Cave and his associates would adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, and compare and adjust

their notes, by means whereof, and the help of their memories, they became enabled to fix at least the substance of what they had lately heard and remarked. The reducing this crude matter into form was the work of a future day, and an abler hand—Guthrie, the historian, whom Cave retained for the purpose.' And this was the origin of Parliamentary reporting.

In Edward Cave's time, readers were content to wait a full month for an imperfect, and to some extent imaginary, report of the proceedings of parliament. Nowadays, the reports of parliamentary debates are flashed along special wires, and pour into sub-editors' rooms in the form of batches of 'flimsy' (a term to be presently explained)—from shortly after the commencement of the sitting until considerably past midnight. If a speaker who is worth reporting in full, begins his oration at, let us say, nine o'clock, a great portion of his speech will be in type at Manchester, or Liverpool, or Edinburgh, before he has reached the close of his peroration. The accomplishment of such feats demands very smart work indeed, but it is necessary to explain that no unassisted reporter is able to supply the paper which represents with the full report of an evening's debate. As a rule, it takes four or five times as long to transcribe notes as to take them down in shorthand, so that no reporter, however expert, may chance to be, could by any possibility despatch a verbatim report of a lengthy speech in time for the next morning's paper. Yet provision has only been made for the admission of one representative of a provincial journal. How, then, is the work of parliamentary reporting to be overtaken by such provincial newspapers? This may be done by means of 'combinations.' The combination is a recent development of the science of reporting. All careful readers of newspapers must have observed that of late the principal provincial journals have begun to publish fuller and better reports of the out-of-session speeches of such men as Mr Gladstone, Mr Bright, or the Earl of Beaconsfield. Not long since, if the scene of these oratorical displays happened to be at any distance from the town in which his newspaper was published, an editor would order his report, either in a full or in a condensed form, from one of the Press agencies. If it was in his own immediate neighbourhood, he would put his whole staff to work on this single engagement. This was done on a celebrated occasion at Birmingham, when Mr Bright was supplied with a printed report of his own speech *before he had left the platform*. A feat of this kind required an immense amount of preparation, and was attended with great labour and cost.

During Mr Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, editors in all parts of the country were writing leading articles on his speeches whilst he was actually engaged in their delivery. Very shortly after the speech was concluded, they would have the full report in their hands, and the reporters, instead of labouring over their transcription, as they were wont to do, would be enjoying themselves after a hard 'spell' of work. The last of

them would in fact have finished his transcript within a quarter of an hour of the speaker's last words. Some newspapers, such as the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald*, were able to accomplish this feat by their own staff; in other cases it was effected by 'combination.' That is to say, a provincial journal sends its best man to the scene of labour. There he meets with the best men of other papers, and seven or eight of them form themselves into 'a gang.' Some cool and experienced hand is then appointed captain, and invested with full powers. He has, we will suppose, seven men under his command. These are disposed at the side and in front of him, and he decides that they shall each have, say 'three minute turns.' When the speaker commences his oration, the captain is ready with his watch, and gives the first man his signal to begin. Exactly when the three minutes have expired, he gives a nod to his second man, who has his pencil ready for a start. Seven men taking notes for three minutes each, will occupy twenty-one minutes between them. This leaves each man with eighteen minutes in which to write out his notes, so that the first member of the combination will have written out his transcript and will be waiting to begin again by the time the seventh reporter has finished his turn. The paper for transcription is of the thin semi-transparent kind, which is known as 'flimsy,' and is sandwiched between the black sheets known as manifolds, and pinned together in batches, so that the stylet of the reporter makes a simultaneous copy for each newspaper in the combination. As soon as the first batch is handed over to the captain, he unfastens the sheets, numbers them, delivers them to a telegraph boy along with a list of the papers to which they are to be forwarded, and is ready at once for another batch. This method of reporting is at once a vast saving of time and of labour. Where there are say seven reporters besides the captain, each member of the combination will only be occupied for about eighteen minutes in the actual work of taking notes on a speech of two hours' duration. The first member of the 'gang' will have completed his work before the speaker, and the last will finish a few minutes after his oration has closed.

It is through the operation of a system like this that the provincial journals will be able to obtain full reports of even the most prolonged debates in the House of Commons; and the only additional expense to which they will be put will be the cost of telegraphy, and of maintaining an extra man in London. Still, in the long run this will be an actual saving, for the reports of the press agencies, which will be the only losers by the new arrangements, would on the whole be as costly as the system of reporting by means of combinations. Only the more important provincial newspapers, however, will be able to profit by this last addition to the liberty of the press. Even with the additions and alterations, the Gallery space of the House of Commons is still very limited, and there are already more applicants for admission than could find standing-room, even if the reporter could carry on his work by using the back of his *confrère* as a desk on which to transcribe his notes! Indeed, until either a new House is built, or the reporters are privi-

leged to take precedence of all other 'strangers,' any re-arrangements that could be devised will only tend to widen the bounds of an old monopoly.

THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

CHAPTER IV.

LIKE many other robberies, that of the Cheadlewoods set at defiance all methods of official inquiry, though their niece had now no doubt in her mind that the Count was the robber. Curiously enough, she had a communication from him. One dark night the house-bell rang feebly, and when Mrs Rasper answered the summons, a boy put a parcel into her hands and instantly disappeared. The packet was addressed to Miss Cheadlewood, and on opening it Mopsy found a small box, and carefully placed within it was the watch which had been her father's. No word of explanation accompanied the packet. The poor girl was very thankful to have this possession restored to her, and glad too of the proof that there is honour amongst thieves.

Time, however, at length exerted its benign influence in favour of Margery. Robert's friendship was becoming so precious, that it helped her to forget her disappointment in the Count, and to bear with patience the harshness and suspicion with which her uncles treated her. This treatment, more especially on the part of Jonathan, was almost more than she could with patience submit to; and only the sense of her utter helplessness if driven homeless upon the world of London, prevented her on many occasions from bitterly resenting his insinuating and hurtful remarks.

But while Margery was thus suffering from the hard-hearted, unsympathetic treatment of her relatives, Robert Ware was suffering too; for he was a daily witness to the cold, sneering manner of Jonathan Cheadlewood towards her. Had she been any one but the niece of his employer—had she been in a like position with himself—he would long since have asked her to be his, to go with him for ever out of these ungenial surroundings.

While he was undergoing this conflict of suppressed feeling, a circumstance happened one day which forced things suddenly out of their state of quiescence, and necessitated a different line of conduct on his part.

Margery had seated herself one morning in the room where he worked, in order to do some copying, when he observed that she was paler than usual, and evidently suffering. For some time she worked on silently, and then all at once tossed her pen on the desk, and announced her inability to do more that morning, so much was she affected by headache and a general feeling of illness. Robert advised her to put on her bonnet and go out into the open air for an hour. Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood was absent on business, and would not be back for a few hours.

She had not been gone very long when Mr Jonathan unexpectedly returned. He entered the room—looked about—went over to where his

niece had been engaged—saw that her work was unfinished—and tossing the papers, which he had lifted, back upon the table, angrily demanded of the clerk where she was.

'Miss Cheadlewood did not feel well, and I advised her to go out for a little into the open air.'

'You advised her!' said Jonathan, with something more than his usual bitterness. 'Who authorised you to advise what was contrary to my instructions?'

Robert did not answer.

'Do you hear me? I ask, who gave you authority to interfere with my arrangements? She has been three days over this paper, and here it is still unfinished! And yet you would advise her to run away and leave it! Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir, after all my brother and I have done for you? I suppose you would rather fritter away your time in making love to this useless, penniless brat, than attend to your employers' interests.'

The worthy clerk for the first time in all his communications with the Cheadlewoods, felt his temper giving way. 'I do not think, sir,' said he, 'that I merit this rebuke at your hand. I am fully conscious of the favours you have done me, and am grateful for them; but I could not see the young lady suffer as she evidently did without suggesting some remedy, and I am sure she will make up for it when she returns.'

'When she returns? It would be no grief to me she never did return; though apparently it might be to you, who are possibly making love to the chit for the sake of the money you may think she will inherit. But you are mistaken; no daughter of such a father will ever touch a penny of my brother's money or mine.'

'Sir,' said Robert, 'this is an insult which I do not deserve. It would ill become me, as your servant, to make such advances to your niece as you insinuate; and I would rather quit your employment at once than submit to such base reflections on my character.'

'Your character? What character did you ever have but what the Cheadlewoods gave you? But pray do not remain here a moment longer than you choose. Go; and take her with you if you like.'

At this moment, as chance would have it, his brother Barnabas entered the room; and close behind him was Margery. She had heard the conclusion of the quarrel, and only too readily guessed that she was the cause of it.

Barnabas looked at his brother without speaking. The latter was wild with passion, and upbraided his brother in rude terms for ever harbouring this 'American offcast,' as he called his niece, about their house. Barnabas, at no time a very patient man, and whose state of health rendered him less capable of self-control than was his wont, gradually became irritated to such a degree by his brother's taunts and menaces, that at one time the two onlookers were afraid of immediate and serious consequences. And there is no saying but some catastrophe might have ensued—for both were passionate men, and neither had been living very agreeably with the other of late—had not Barnabas suddenly reeled against the wall, as if struck by an unseen hand, and the next moment fallen insensible on the floor.

Robert, who had instantly hurried out for aid, speedily returned accompanied by a physician who lived in the same street, who no sooner saw the patient, than he pronounced it a case of paralysis, and took instant measures for his recovery. In this he was partially successful, though he held out no hope of ultimate recovery; and having seen the patient conveyed to his room and placed on his bed, he gave Margery instructions as to the treatment to be observed, and departed.

His brother Jonathan had at first been struck with consternation by what had happened; and after the doctor had left, he repaired to his room and shut himself in. Robert Ware, meanwhile, sat listless at his desk, pondering over all that had occurred. He did not, now that he was calmer, wish to act hastily on Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood's order of dismissal; nor could he bring himself to leave the house without again seeing Margery. While he thus remained in a state of uncertainty, Mrs Rasper entered the room, and without speaking a word, placed a note on the desk before him. It was addressed in the well-known crabbed handwriting of Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood:

SIR—After your conduct towards me to-day, it is impossible that you can longer be retained in the service of this firm; but in order that no undue advantage may be taken of you, it is at your pleasure to continue with us for a month longer, when you will understand your engagement must definitely come to an end.

JONATHAN CHEADLEWOOD.

Robert's natural impulse, as he craved the letter in his hand, was to quit the house that moment, never to return; but just then he felt the touch of a soft hand upon his shoulder.

It was Margery. At a glance he saw that she was much moved, and the same glance also shewed how changed her appearance had suddenly become. Her face was pale and anxious; and instead of that play of merry roguish light which once kindled in her eyes, there was the soft subdued lustre of tranquil grief. She was the first to speak.

'You are not going away?' she said.

'Yes, Miss Cheadlewood,' replied Robert. 'I must go. I could not stay longer with self-respect.'

'But indeed you shall not leave us. I will go to my uncle and plead for you. I alone am to blame for all this; and you shall not suffer so for me. Oh,' she cried, 'that I had never come to this house! My life, like my poor dear father's, seems destined to misery and disappointment. Do not you add to that misery by leaving me also.' And she leant her arm upon the desk and sobbed bitterly.

Such distress in one he so deeply loved was more than Robert could resist. He seized her hand, and in a few hurried words had breathed out to her the passion of his heart, a passion suppressed throughout all these weary yet delightful months. 'Margery,' he continued—and his voice was tremulous with emotion—'I was poor, and therefore dared not speak of love, and I am poorer to-day than ever. Forgive what I have said, and let us part in peace.'

He still retained the hand, which, in truth, she

was in no haste to withdraw; and as she lifted her eyes to his, Robert Ware saw that his love was returned. 'Though you were poor as Lazarus,' she said, 'I could go with you to the world's end.'

It was the old story. Love in young hearts is never more triumphant than when the owners of these hearts are beset with difficulties real or imagined; and with these two lovers, it was no merely fanciful sorrow that thus gave zest to their passion; for both were poor, and both were desolate and unfriended; and at this moment they but drank, in conscious companionship together, that cup of sweet and deep affection which till now they had been content to sip in silence and isolation.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the scene. It is sufficient to state that the result of their interview was that Robert decided, at the special request of Margery, to take advantage of the month's notice which old Jonathan had given him; and they were hopeful that in the interval they might be able so to arrange matters that when he left the employment of the Cheadlewoods, she too would go with him.

But now the Cheadlewoods were to learn the true value of their niece. Mopsy could not be said to have much love for her stricken relative; but a sense of duty, mingled with pity for his sad state, incited her to serve him to the utmost. The experience gained during her father's illness had taught her to perform skillfully the duties of a sick-room. With a woman's tender care and self-forgetfulness she ministered at his bedside, and watched the feeble sufferer, till at last, within ten days of the first attack, the weary struggle was over, and plodding hands and scheming brain were for ever stilled in death.

One of the first things which Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood did after his brother's illness assumed a form that beyond all doubt promised to be fatal, was to open his brother's safe and his other repositories, in order to ascertain whether or not he had executed a will. But his most diligent searches for such a document were, to his intense satisfaction, fruitless.

On the funeral day of his brother, the office, though closed to outward semblance, was not really so; for Jonathan had returned in the afternoon to his accustomed seat in his business-room; and Robert Ware was engaged in arranging the papers of the deceased partner, and making up an inventory of them for the surviving representative of the firm. While so occupied, the door-bell rang; and in a few minutes Mrs Rasper, in a rusty black gown that had done funeral duty twenty years before at the last obsequies of the deceased Mr Rasper, ushered a little wry-necked man into the room, whom Robert knew to be a neighbouring solicitor, of whose ability to do 'sharp' things the brothers Cheadlewood had long entertained a reverential and emulous admiration. Mr Windup, for that was his name, requesting to know if Mr Cheadlewood was at leisure, as he desired a few minutes' conference with him, was ushered by Robert into his master's room; and was about to withdraw, when Mr Windup, to his astonishment, requested the clerk to remain.

'I regret,' began Mr Windup, addressing Mr Cheadlewood, 'that the death of my dear friend, your late lamented brother, should have necessitated this intrusion on your privacy at a time

when the sacredness of grief is—necessitates—that is, calls for other—for thoughts of a different kind.'

It was evident that Mr Windup was not accustomed to the Chadband type of oratory, and could better have recited for an hour the heads of a process, or dictated a dozen affidavits of bankruptcy, than spoken five minutes on any subject that called for expressions of human sympathy or grief. Unfortunately, there were no 'forms' of funeral condolences in his law-books, and Mr Windup's knowledge of life or letters did not extend beyond these.

To this speech Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood murmured, rather than spoke, some words of reply; but what they were could only be guessed. Mr Windup then continued:

'But duty, friend Cheadlewood, is duty; and as your late lamented brother'—this seemed to be a phrase on which the speaker rather prided himself, for with a slight cough he repeated it—'your late lamented brother was good enough to honour me with his confidence in certain matters of business, in the performance of which it was my privilege to draw up for him a testamentary disposition, it is now my duty to lay the terms of that disposition before you.' And as he spoke, he slowly drew from an inside receptacle of his greatcoat a roll of parchment duly taped and sealed.

Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood stared blankly at him for a few seconds, as if considering with himself whether he dreamed or not. 'A—what?' he murmured, as if speaking to himself—'a will?'

'Yes, Mr Cheadlewood,' said Mr Windup, bowing, 'that is what I meant to indicate—it is his will—the will of the late Mr Barnabas Cheadlewood, bachelor.'

'That cannot be,' said Jonathan excitedly, and rising to his feet. 'My brother never acquainted me of any such document, and I am sure he would not have arranged his affairs without consulting me.'

'That may be, Mr Cheadlewood,' replied Mr Windup calmly—'may very well be; and nothing more proper between two gentlemen who so long and so honourably carried on the business of their profession together'—and here Mr Windup bowed again. He was clearly bent on being complimentary to his brother professional. Without giving Mr Cheadlewood time to reply, he proceeded: 'But, as I already said, since your late lamented brother placed this matter in my hands, I have only a simple duty to perform; and when that is performed, I hope you, sir, will have no occasion to find fault with the manner in which it has been executed.'

This was a very ingenious conclusion, and might convey whatever meaning Mr Cheadlewood should please to put upon it. The latter was apparently disposed to construe it in an agreeable sense, for he bowed, and asked Mr Windup, for the first time, to be seated.

Mr Windup took the proffered chair, and setting his hat upon the table, suggested that still another person had better be present to witness the reading of the will, and further suggested that this person should be Miss Margery Cheadlewood. Mr Jonathan nodded his acquiescence in this; and Robert Ware, who had hitherto stood a silent listener to what had passed, rang the bell and requested Mrs

Rasper to convey the message to Miss Cheadlewood. In a short time she appeared; and after paying his respects to her, Mr Windup in a few words explained the nature of his business, and proceeded to read the contents of the will.

Margery turned her eyes listlessly upon him. She cared little to hear the contents of the document. She was looking pale and wan, and her eyes were red with recent tears, for she was weakened by her arduous service in the sick-room, and felt keenly the gloom of this day which recalled the memory of a sorer bereavement. Robert Ware regarded her with anxiety, and longed to cheer her. Indeed, his mind was so occupied with Margery as Mr Windup broke the seal, and began to read, that he scarcely noted the words with which the will commenced, and listened like one in a dream, till the startling words fell upon his ears: 'I devise and bequeath all the residue of my real and personal property to my clerk, ROBERT WARE, a young man for whom I have a high regard, solely on condition that he shall marry my niece, MARGERY CHEADLEWOOD, the daughter of my deceased brother, SILAS CHEADLEWOOD, within twelve months of my demise.'

It would be difficult to say which of the three listeners was most startled by these words.

Jonathan Cheadlewood seemed as if choking, and involuntarily gasped for breath. 'Most extraordinary!' he ejaculated—'most extraordinary! What could Barnabas mean by it? He could not have known what he was doing: that attack must have been coming on when he wrote this. He was never one to take such fancies in his head.—When,' demanded he sharply of Mr Windup—'when was this deed executed?'

'About two months before the attack which ended in his death.'

At these words, Mr Jonathan Cheadlewood, hissing some ejaculation between his teeth, rose and walked out of the room, without exchanging another word.

What further passed between Mr Windup and the two whom his message had thus rendered more wealthy, if not more happy, would little interest the reader; and what passed between these two after Mr Windup had taken his leave of them, any sagacious reader may guess.

Margery and Robert were soon afterwards happily married. Jonathan Cheadlewood always grudged his niece her money, and was horrified at the extravagance which the young pair displayed in hiring a pretty little house at Brixton. But in spite of his imprudence, as Mr Jonathan deemed it, Ware did well in his profession, and won for himself an honourable position.

Of Margery's old friend the Count, nothing was heard till some years later, when Robert, reading in the newspapers an account of the capture of a notorious burglar, who had been concerned in many extensive and mysterious robberies, learned that at one time the thief had been compelled to seek refuge in New York, and whilst there had passed himself off as a reduced foreigner of distinguished family, assuming the title of Count Grimaldi.

Jonathan Cheadlewood toiled on in the old fashion, saving and extorting to the utmost farthing, till at length came for him also, and suddenly as in the case of his brother, the perforce rest; and with it his money, like that of

his brother, passed into the hands of his niece and her husband, who did more good with it in one year than he had done in all the years of his miserable life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

Rarey the Horse-tamer.—Every one remembers the advent of Rarey to England, and the perfect furor created by his wonderful feats of horse-taming. It may surprise many to learn that before he came out in this character, Rarey had had no previous experience with horses, and that the lad gained the foundation of his great power over the horse by closely studying the methods that have from time immemorial been constantly practised by the circus trainer. Nevertheless, the power which he exercised over the wildest and most stubborn horses struck every beholder with wonder. Animals which on account of their furious temper had been given up by trainers and grooms as hopeless, were speedily rendered amenable to reason by his subtle treatment. The *fortiter in re* always gave place to the *suaviter in modo*. Rarey never feared a horse, and never gave the animal grounds for supposing that such a sentiment was possible. Introduced into his presence, sometimes at the risk of those who did so, the horse-trainer soon established a friendly footing with his dangerous equine companion. Bidding the astonished grooms leave the animal and himself to their own company, Rarey calmly surveyed his patient, and proceeded to coax and wheedle and stroke first the head, then the neck, and finally the forequarters, until he had in a measure allayed the fears and softened the ire of the animal. This, he termed 'gentling.' Next, by a series of quietly executed manœuvres—one of which was the strapping up of the forefeet—the biped had the quadruped lying helpless at his feet, subdued and docile enough to permit of the man reclining at full length upon the prostrate horse! After a while the straps were removed, and upon the animal regaining his feet, Rarey would quietly mount and ride him out of the inclosure.

The point of chief importance in the management of a horse is to study his humours and whims; not with the idea of actually giving way to them, but in order to attain the desired end through them. The trainer must not play a hectoring part, he must 'stoop to conquer.' Every horse of spirit is nervous at strange noises and 'strange sights'; and equally so at having articles to which he is unaccustomed placed upon his back or neck or head. Let him see all that is going on. *Take him into your confidence.* If he is about to be bridled for the first time, the way not to do it is to hold him by the forelock and mane, while you vainly endeavour to force the strange thing over his head. The way to do it, is not to seem anxious to do it at all; let the horse see the bridle, and sniff at it; let him know

that there is not much harm in it. He will then let you quietly put the apparatus over his head without fear or resistance.

A peculiar method is requisite to make a horse lie down, more particularly if you are a stranger to him. Having accustomed the horse to your presence, having fed him from your hand, and stroked and caressed and 'gentled' him, he will look upon you as a friend, and be ready to obey you. A series of little taps upon one foreleg, and he is down upon one knee; the other knee is made to follow. In this position, the horse will submit to be gently rolled over on to his side, almost as though in a trance. Let each act be gentle and he is content. Once the horse is down, he becomes your slave; and this first victory may be best confirmed and subsequent lessons rendered less troublesome, by feeding him with some choice morsel while he is down; or if he will not eat in that position, directly he arises. Do not let your victory have in it any sting of defeat for him. The nearer that the trainer approaches to the spirit thus indicated, the more successful he will be; and if he wanders too far from it, he will achieve no success at all.

Some years ago, General Airey in the course of a conversation with me, most fully indorsed the above views as to the great power of mingled firmness and kindness. But firmness and kindness *alone*, without a knowledge of horses' temperaments, without great tact and insight into their individual characters, will be of little if any service with extremely stubborn and fractious animals. A proof of this was given by Rarey before General Airey's own eyes. These two gentlemen happened to meet at Mason's livery-stables, and a discussion was raised respecting the powers of the American tamer. The General did not believe that Rarey was gifted with any special power; he was of opinion that if a horse was beyond the influence of combined firmness and kindness, he was beyond our influence altogether. There was in Mason's stables an utterly intractable steed, well known to General Airey, which had never yet been harnessed; or if harnessed, had resisted all efforts to drive him. He was an irreconcilable. The General said that if Rarey had any special power, he would be able to bring it to bear upon this horse. Rarey at once undertook that he would unaided harness the horse, hitch him to a brake, and drive him up and down Piccadilly. The challenge was accepted; the General frankly reiterating his full conviction that neither Rarey nor any one else could do it. But in an incredibly short time Rarey emerged from the stable with the horse harnessed as he had promised, and drove him as quietly as a lamb up and down Piccadilly.

The Remarkable Memory of Horses.—It scarcely needs stating that a good memory is indispensable in learning anything. And if a horse has to learn a trick or routine performance, he can only do so by remembering it from time to time of going through it. Both horses and dogs have wonderful memories; but I will narrate one or two instances relating to the horse.

I was once driving to Long-Milford in Suffolk at a spot where there was a bridge leading over a river. As we approached the bridge, the horse

pulled up, and would not move on again without whipping. For some time I was at a loss to account for this freak; but it afterwards occurred to me that the last time I had crossed that bridge and with the same horse, I had pulled up at that very spot to speak to a man I had met.

Unless there is a reason to the contrary, we always prefer occupying the same field each time we visit a town. Sometimes it happens that the stud-groom, who is generally with the first wagon, forgets which field it is. But by giving the horse his head and leaving him to himself, he will most certainly pull up at the right gate. The groom never finds him to be wrong, and drives straight in.

When in Southampton some years since, I had to pass up High Street daily, and had a different horse almost every day. Whichever horse I had, he would slacken speed at the *Star Hotel* and want to turn into the yard. Upon mentioning this to the stud-groom, he explained that five years previously, when the circus was in Southampton, the stud had been stabled at the *Star*, and the horses had not forgotten the place again.

Their Remarkable Intelligence.—I have my opinion, founded upon close and varied observation, that horses can and do convey to each other very exact intelligence by the various sounds they produce, from the proud, sonorous neighings of a full-spirited horse, down to the whinnies and snortings and other little sounds with which all keepers of horses are familiar. Once, in a long stable containing twenty stalls in a row, a horse at the one end was dying. Near the other end was a horse of a timid disposition, which shewed marked signs of dread and extreme nervousness, as though conscious of what was going on; trembling from head to foot, and streaming with perspiration. I feel convinced that intelligence of what was passing had reached this horse, and that being of a nervous temperament, the poor animal had been troubled to the painful extent we had witnessed.

Another example of a different kind. It often happened that I was away from the Company for weeks and months at a stretch; and on some of these occasions I had to return along the road by which the circus was coming, thus meeting the vans one after the other all down the line. When yet there was some distance between myself and the nearest van, my horse would scent or see the head van-horse and salute him with a loud neigh. This would be at once answered by the van-horse, which seemed to pass the signal to the rear down the line, where it was taken up from horse to horse to the very end, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away. Then as I rapidly drove by and met the vans, each horse would turn towards mine as he passed, greeting him with a friendly and joyous neigh; apparently holding a short conversation in passing, as though welcoming each other after a separation. For it must be noted that it was *only after long absence* that such demonstrations took place.

How to Water a Horse.—On the question of giving a horse water, when to do it and when not, much popular ignorance exists. Every one knows that, 'while one man can take a horse to the water, twenty can't make him drink.' But every one does not stop to think that it is because he is

not thirsty that he will not drink. Now, if a horse is given an unlimited supply of water after a long dry run, he drinks heartily, and is in danger of suffering from colic in consequence. The usual method is to let the horse cool down before he drinks. That is very good as far as it goes; but is a remedy only where a prevention would be far better. When a horse is doing a long distance, offer him water frequently—as frequently as possible without inconvenience. He will either sip a mouthful or so, or none at all. The instincts of the horse serve the same end as reason in man. Let the horse use his instincts freely, and as a rule he will never indulge to his own injury.

Sensitive Taste and Smell of the Horse.—Horses have a quick scent and delicate palate. The least impurity in the water or in the vessel that contains it, will frequently cause the horse to refuse it. A curious incident bearing upon this point happened some years ago when a London distiller was suspected of conveying a large quantity of spirits off his premises without paying duty. An excise officer had his attention drawn to a horse-trough which was so situated that it might have been possible to run the spirits through it and away in some manner underground, in the night. But professional evidence was adduced to prove that, had such been the practice, horses would never have drunk out of it as they did; for the odour of the strong raw spirits would have clung to the trough and tainted the water.

Here is an illustration of the natural instinct of the horse when guided by his sense of smell. One of our men had bought or had been given the skin of a lion which had recently died; and as the circus was just leaving the town, he threw it on to the driver's seat of one of the vans, to have it tanned at the next town. The horse in that van was a very quiet one, that had been with the circus for years. Nevertheless, the animal immediately shewed signs of fear, which increased in spite of all endeavours to pacify him. Then, breaking loose from all restraint, he kicked and reared and plunged about in the wildest manner until he had broken the harness and escaped. Various conjectures might be made as to the manner in which the horse's fears were aroused; but I think it probable that all those creatures which are liable to become the prey of carnivorous beasts, have been endowed by nature with an instinct which enables them to distinguish their foes from other animals.

English equestrians, and their blood-relations from over the water, are by far superior to those of any other nation. All over the continent, performers from England or the States are eagerly sought for and readily engaged. In fact there is scarcely a foreign circus of any note in which the bulk of the performers are not English artistes. It is curious that, on the other hand, continental circuses are much more important, and on a grander scale than those of England and America. In the first place, most of them have seven days a week, and Sunday the chief of them all, on which to gather in the golden harvest, as compared with six days in England and two or three other countries. Again, they receive in a much greater degree the direct and systematic patronage of

the nobility and of royalty itself, thus placing the circus on the same recognised footing as the stage.

Among other sovereigns of Europe, the Emperor and Empress of Austria are great patrons of the circus. When the Austrian Crown Prince was in England in 1878, he chanced to arrive in Glasgow while we were staying there, and honoured our circus with a visit. After the performance was over, the Prince was pleased to express his very great satisfaction with what he had witnessed. Knowing that our Imperial guest was a great admirer of the horse, I asked him if he would like to inspect our stud. Having graciously consented to do so, the Prince with his suite made the tour of the stables, exhibiting great interest in the various horses, and spending three-quarters of an hour in the inspection.

Comparing the foregoing Recollections to a procession of familiar characters and well-remembered incidents, I feel that I cannot do better than close the array with Royalty in the person of the Austrian Crown Prince; and having done so, turn to my audience for their generous criticism of the performance as a whole, make my bow, and pass out of the Ring.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW book by Mr Darwin is something to brighten the dark days of December, and inspire students with warmth as they pore over his propositions and conclusions. As the title—*The Power of Movement in Plants*—implies, the eminent naturalist and philosopher has been working once more in the borderland between the animal and the vegetable worlds, and now he makes known how much they have in common. But his chief object, as he explains, 'is to describe and connect together several large classes of movement, common to almost all plants. The most widely prevalent movement is essentially of the same nature as that of the stem of a climbing plant, which bends successively to all points of the compass, so that the tip revolves.' The methods of observation were singularly delicate and ingenious so that even the movements of the radicles of seeds could be noted. Certain plants which fold their leaves together at night, and, familiarly speaking, go to sleep, were prevented by pinning the leaves out horizontally: the leaves thus treated were killed by frost, while similar plants left to fold their leaves in the natural way were not killed. The effects of light, of touch, and of other influences, as described in this interesting volume, seem wonderful: especially remarkable is the sensitiveness of the tip of the radicle, which detects light, moisture, hardness, and softness, and behaves accordingly. In Mr Darwin's words: 'It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle thus endowed, and having the power of directing the movements of the adjoining parts, acts like the brain of one of the lower animals; the brain being seated within the anterior end of the body,

receiving impressions from the sense-organs, and directing the several movements.'

It is well known to naturalists that the growth of the science of biology owes very much to investigations by diligent students of what are commonly spoken of as the inferior animals. Among these are found elementary organisms which enable the investigator to see a long way back towards the origin of life. It is in the sea that they most abound; hence a cruise on the sea, or a sojourn on the shore, is indispensable to an earnest student of natural history. Formerly, he had great difficulties in procuring specimens, and but few facilities for proper examination thereof. But now there are Zoological Stations on the coasts of maritime countries where marine animals are as abundant as the appliances for study are ample. Foremost among them is the Stazione Zoologica at Naples, a truly palatial building, containing laboratories, classified collections, an aquarium, with tanks capacious enough to hold four hundred and forty cubic metres of water. By a canal communicating directly with the sea, the water is brought into huge underground cisterns, where in about ten days it deposits impurities, and is then raised by a 'California' pump to the tanks. The sea is a generous nurse, and the Bay of Naples is a highly fecund breeding-place; hence the number and variety of animals of all dimensions dwelling in the tanks are remarkable, and to naturalists eminently gratifying and instructive. The laboratories and working-rooms are furnished with proper tables, implements, and apparatus for purposes of investigation; trained assistants for indoor work are in attendance, and boats, nets, dredges, and boatmen are provided for outdoor work, and a good reference library of scientific books completes the resources of the establishment. Dr Dohrn is director, and an account of the work done is published from time to time, with illustrations.

Any naturalist desirous of working in the Stazione may hire a table with use of the appliances above mentioned for seventy-five pounds a year. Of the twenty tables now let, three are taken by the Prussian, and four by the Italian government; Russia has two; eight other countries in Europe each one; the British Association and the University of Cambridge have also tables. Thus students or professors can be sent by their patrons to study natural history at Naples, in confident hope that their time will be well employed.

The United States Fish Commission have recently discovered that the Spanish mackerel (*Cybius maculatum*) breeds largely in certain parts of Chesapeake Bay. Artificial propagation was tried, and with marked success: the eggs hatched within twenty-four hours after fecundation, and the young fry, though among the most minute of fishes, are described as 'hardy and easy to transport.' In consequence of this gratifying result, the experiment will be repeated next year on a great scale; and there is good reason

to believe that the Spanish mackerel, an excellent fish, will ere long be abundant in the waters south of Sandy Hook. The common periwinkle was formerly unknown on the western side of the Atlantic; but within recent years it has appeared and multiplied to a surprising extent on the coast of New England.

Professor Pickering of Harvard College Observatory, United States, in making a survey of the heavens, has discovered many, before unknown, planetary nebulae. These luminous objects are so numerous that the observer must exercise great self-control. 'The eye,' says the Professor, 'is constantly deceived, and an object thought to be a nebula is seen to be a star when the telescope is stopped.' There are some rays to which the eye appears to be especially sensitive, and the strain produced by observing a number of appearances in a second and judging and comparing, is so severe, that rest becomes necessary at the end of half an hour. The number seems incredible. Professor Pickering remarks: 'A count of the number of stars to be seen at a time in fields taken at random shews that the spectra of over ten thousand stars are often examined in this time.' Thus far, he estimates that he has observed the spectra of about a hundred thousand stars, 'although only about one-hundredth part of the heavens has as yet been explored.'

The antimony hitherto made use of in commerce has been extracted from an impure ore at a cost which has affected the price of the article, and made it as much as that of tin or copper. The chief supplies have been found in Algeria, Spain, and Ceylon. Great was the surprise, therefore, of metallurgists and smelters when, about a year ago, announcement was made that 'vast lodes of almost pure oxide of antimony' had been discovered in the province of Sonora, Mexico, not more than thirty miles from the Gulf of California. Mines have been opened with encouraging results, the metal being so plentiful that in some places it appears above ground in the form of lumps and ridges. Obviously, this discovery will have a marked influence upon the production of metallic antimony, and its importance in trade.

German chemists find that a constant supply of oxygen is very favourable to fermentation; for on passing air through a fermenting mash, the number of yeast-cells is largely increased, and twice the usual quantity of liquid can be fermented. They find also that plants such as wheat, barley, and sugar-cane get rid of a certain quantity of superfluous material through their roots.

In the ordinary way of converting coal into coke there is enormous waste of what are called 'by-products,' namely, tar and ammoniacal liquor; and this waste is accompanied by annoying and hurtful effects on the surrounding neighbourhood. It has been estimated that the coke ovens in Northumberland and Durham discharge into the atmosphere in the course of a year from sixty to eighty thousand tons of sulphurous acid.

In the Report of the Royal Commission on Noxious Vapours published in 1877, we are told that 'all vegetation near coke ovens conducted on the older method suffers severely. The growth of trees is checked or destroyed, fences are killed, crops of every description are injured, cattle suffer, and upon many occasions the effect of the vapours emitted by coke ovens is terrible.' From the salubrious not less than the economical point of view, the old way of coke-making is open to condemnation. From the mineral statistics of the United Kingdom, it appears that six million tons of pig-iron are manufactured annually; and for this, seven million tons of coke are required. If this huge quantity of coke were made by the new process, the by-products would be worth more than a million pounds sterling. This handsome total is absolutely wasted in coke-making in the old way.

'It is well known,' says Mr H. Simon of Manchester, in the *Journal* of the Iron and Steel Institute, 'that there exists an almost unlimited demand for sulphate of ammonia for agricultural purposes—all the more so as the natural manures, such as guano and saltpetre, are getting scarcer and scarcer, or deteriorating with respect to the quantity of nitrogen they contain.'

By the new process, the coke is converted in an air-tight oven: the noxious gases are led through flues which heat the sides of the oven as well as the bottom, and thus produce a better quality of coke. 'The volatile products of the coal distillation rise by a gas-pipe, and pass through a range of pipes kept cool by external wetting, so that the tar and ammoniacal liquor become condensed and separated from the combustible gas.'

Foreigners, and not without reason, look upon the English as a wasteful folk. The foregoing may be taken as a striking case in point. True economy seeks ever to make the very best of that which we possess for the time being. We have heard much of late about hard times with the farmers. Mr Scott Burn, in the *Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society, gives them an instructive chapter on the 'Utilisation of Waste Substances, and economical Management of Materials, Machines, and Appliances on the Farm.'

In connection with this, we mention that the same Society offer a gold and a silver medal to be awarded in 1881 for the best and second-best machine for binding sheaves of grain: the binder not to be wire, and the trials to take place next harvest. And they (that is, the Society) have accepted a Twenty-pound Prize offered by a Countess for an essay 'On the Benefit to Flocks and Herds which would accrue from giving them access to Running Water instead of Stagnant Ponds.'

'Ten Years' Railway Statistics' is the title of a paper in the *Journal* of the Statistical Society, full of surprising facts, and setting forth such an amount of trade and traffic throughout the kingdom as seems almost incredible. In 1869, the money receipts from first-class passengers amounted to L.3,868,000: they went up to nearly four millions and three-quarters in 1875, and then went down to the total of 1869 nearly. In the same period, second-class receipts have fallen from

nearly five million pounds to L.3,459,000. Third-class receipts, on the other hand, have more than doubled: they were L.6,837,000 in 1869; went up to L.14,246,000 in 1878, and were L.13,869,000 in 1879. Here is matter for reflection as well as surprise: the receipts from third-class passengers are considerably greater than the receipts from first and second class passengers put together. Other important gains in the ten years are on minerals and general merchandise, which shew an increase of L.10,972,000.

In a statistical paper on increase of population by Mr Price Williams, a table is given containing an estimate of the prospective increase of the population of London during three hundred and ten years from 1871. As a census is to be taken next year, we shall soon see whether the estimate of 3,708,600 for the population of London in 1881 is trustworthy or not. In 1891 it is to be, according to Mr Williams, 4,158,800; in 1901, 4,598,000; in 2001, 7,690,900; in 2101, 8,758,500; and 9,015,300 in 2181. If London fogs are distressing in our day, may we not pity the Londoners of two hundred years hence?

The Report of the Local Government Board on the adulteration of Food and Drugs for the year 1879 is satisfactory in so far as it shews some diminution of fraud; but on the other hand is unsatisfactory, for it shews that adulteration is still too largely and mischievously practised. The number of analyses made in the year by the public analysts was 17,049, and among these, 2535 cases of adulteration were detected. Coffee appears to be a favourite article with the tricky trader, for two hundred and thirty-six fraudulent samples stand highest on the list; spirits other than gin come next with two hundred and twenty-four; mustard figures for one hundred and seventy-six; drugs and butter, each one hundred and seventy-one; gin, one hundred and thirty-one; milk, one hundred and one; and bread, ninety-five. In some of the London districts the adulteration of milk is notorious; but sixty-seven samples examined in St James's, Westminster, and twenty-two in Limehouse, were all pronounced genuine. Of the large provincial towns, Birmingham 'enjoys' the most unenviable reputation, for out of sixty-two samples of milk tested, thirty-seven were adulterated; Manchester shews eighteen out of fifty-two; Liverpool, thirty-two out of one hundred and sixty; Sheffield three out of twenty-three; and Leeds, two out of thirty-four. Sometimes an alkali is added to strengthen doubtful milk; but generally the adulteration is water only, though at times, as is to be feared, bad water.

A quart of genuine milk which costs fivepence is said to be as nutritious as a pound of beef which costs tenpence. The annual quantity of milk delivered and sold in London is twenty-three million gallons, valued at two million pounds sterling. If one-fourth part of the total quantity of milk be adulterated with sixteen per cent. of water—as may be assumed from the Reports of the analysts—then Londoners are made to pay from seventy to eighty thousand pounds for water sold to them as milk. Evidently, there is ample room yet for the operation of the Act and the punishment of fraudulent dealers.

Of butterine or beef-fat, six million pounds are exported yearly from New York to Rotterdam and other ports in the north of Europe, where it is

mixed with milk and colouring matters, and undergoes a churning which makes it look like genuine butter, and is then shipped to this country for sale.

Especially deplorable in this record of dishonesty is the adulteration of drugs, whereby the medicines that should counteract disease, and mitigate pain and suffering, are rendered useless if not deleterious. Base minds availing themselves of the noble science of chemistry, prostitute it to base ends, and drag it down to the arts which are most contaminated by artfulness. 'He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

The Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, whose headquarters are 17 Bloomsbury Square, have just published an *Historical Sketch of the Progress of Pharmacy in Great Britain*, which is what it purports to be, and gives 'an account of the early but unsuccessful attempts made to separate pharmacy from the practice of medicine in this country.' It begins with the days when to use medicine and practise witchcraft were regarded as one and the same thing; exposes the knaveries that flourished in the days of credulity and ignorance, some of them very amusing; presents illustrative anecdotes and biographical sketches, and shews the beginning and growth of the law for regulating the practice of medicine and sale of drugs; and further embodies a history of the endeavours 'successfully made to found an institution with the object of raising up a race of qualified men devoted to the practice of pharmacy as a distinct occupation.'

Colonel Prjévalski, an intrepid and persevering Russian, has long been engaged in exploring the unknown mountain region of Tibet, where the heights as compared with Switzerland are as Switzerland compared with Scotland. Two of the greatest of the rivers of China rise somewhere among those tallest of mountains, and at eight thousand feet above the sea, the Yellow River is already a broad swift stream. Two hundred miles of the course of this river, through Colonel Prjévalski's exertions, may now be added to geographical maps, and certainly substituted for surmise; but the explorer was baffled in his hope of reaching the 'Star-spread Sea,' an inland lake supposed to be the source of the mighty stream. Travelling in that country is no holiday pastime; everything is of the hugest and most forbidding character; and gorges, which are so deep that they cannot be crossed, but must be doubled, are so frequent, that direct advance along the course of the principal river is perpetually retarded: nothing is to be done without the most obstinate perseverance. When the Colonel's Report comes to be printed, will it inspire Alpine Clubs to follow his footsteps?

That Algeria abounds in archaeological remains will perhaps surprise many readers. Major Heales, F.S.A., in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries, states that as regards ancient buildings no country in the world can compare with Algeria. 'Megalithic structures,' he says, 'are almost innumerable, some evidently monumental, of a distinct type; while of the ordinary Kit's Coty House type, a hundred might be found within the space of a few acres.' There are also many remains of Roman and Byzantine architecture; and very remarkable is the old burial-place at Tipasá, a small place on the coast about sixty miles west of Algiers. There may be seen 'literally thousands'

of stone coffins. The ground being too hard and rocky to admit of grave-digging, the coffins packed close together, and covered with stone lids, were placed on the surface. What was their origin? As Major Heales remarks: 'There is nothing whatever to give the faintest indication of the people by whom, or the period at which they were made, except that their collocation about the church, and their almost invariable position with foot to the east, may be deemed a certain indication of their Christian origin.' Evidently, a travelling antiquary, able to rough it, would have a rich field for exploration in Algeria.

Voltaire once said, referring to scientific discoveries: 'Les jeunes gens verront de belles choses.' That they have seen excellent things and in profusion, will be readily acknowledged by all who remember what science has achieved since those words were spoken. To the observant mind, each year seems more memorable than the last, for there are wider applications of accumulated experience. And if we count the tale of the present year, we find it not unworthy of those that have gone before. Something memorable must belong to the year which saw the further developments of electricity in the production of light and motive-power, and as a substitute for sunshine in the ripening of fruit—the swifter methods in telegraphy—the application of the spectroscope to astronomical research and to meteorological uses—the indications that the telephone may be employed at extreme distances—the discovery of the photophone—the renewed endeavours to send telegraphic signals through earth and water without wires—vigorous explorations in Tibet the 'inaccessible,' in the torrid regions of Africa, and the frozen core of the polar circle—the enlarging of our knowledge of meteorology—the manifold mechanical contrivances—the conversion of raw iron into good steel, and many more which will be recorded in the annals of 1880.

And now the year draws towards its close; and 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'

NON-POISONOUS WALL-PAPERS.

Frequent protests have been made by medical men and others interested in the health of the community, against the extensive use that is made in house-decoration of papers which are coloured by preparations that contain more or less of such deleterious substances as arsenic, lead, and copper. In the green papers especially, arsenic is present to an injurious degree; and where such papers cover the walls of sitting-rooms, and more particularly bedrooms, the health of the inmates is often known materially to suffer. We have pleasure, therefore, in calling attention to the fact that non-poisonous colours may now be had for such 'destemper' work as the above. The manufacturers of these colours are Messrs Mander Brothers, of Wolverhampton and London. The colours are at once of a beautiful and inexpensive character, and, we are assured, are harmless. People are inclined to be conservative in their habits, and to be slow to adopt new proposals; but if families, when intending to re-decorate their houses, were to insist upon the workman supplying only non-poisonous colours, we have the testimony of medical men that a very constant danger to health would thereby be removed.

THE BALANCE SHEET.

ANOTHER year has passed away ;
A New Year's morn has now begun :
To most, it comes with joy and glee—
To me, with none !

It comes with solemn face and grave,
And whispers of the buried Past ;
And bending low, it asks of me :
'How spent, the last ?'

'Where is the record of the work ?
Where is the ledger, kept for Heaven ?
How has the book been posted up ?
What statement given ?'

I open it, and turn the leaves,
And pondering, page by page explore ;
Here, on the first, its title—clear,
It needs no more !

The next is fairly ruled and lined,
And even a wish for good is penned :
How, without prayer to God for help,
Will such wish end ?

Here is a page bears careful trace,
Written with firmest hand and true ;
No surface-reading critic, sure,
Finds fault with you !

What stands upon this blotted page ?
Scarcely the caligraphy I know.
Ah ! I remember ! Late I wrote—
The light burned low.

But what now follows ? Startling fact !
I turn the pages o'er and o'er,
Each after each contains a blank,
And nothing more !

Ah ! here at last, a well-filled page,
Its lines in full, traced through and through ;
You must contain some treasure trove—
Some good in you.

And is it so ? Ah no ! ah no !
I find of Luth, what's earthly here ;
Earth's joys, earth's pleasures, earth's renown,
On you appear.

I read its lengthy-worded tones,
Its boast—what 'I' have done and do ;
How shall I on its pompous page
Strike balance true ?

No ! Close the book, and seal it up ;
Anew I dare not through it go ;
The lesson which it well has taught,
By heart I know !

Could we but blot out of our lives
The days and hours we've spent in vain,
How easily might be summed up
What would remain !

And if our years for Him were spent,
Doing His work—*His work alone* ,
We need not fear the 'Balance Sheet,'
When Life is done !

M. HOLDEN

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THE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

IN a social point of view, Ireland is a strange problem. With immense advantages as regards situation, its near neighbourhood to England, and its political status as a member of the United Kingdom, it lags behind in general peace and prosperity. To a certain extent it continues mediæval, amidst the surroundings of advanced civilisation. On all occasions there is something wrong with it. Sometimes it is afflicted with bad harvests and terrible famines; and out of public compassion, it has to be helped by charitable contributions. At other times, though the harvest happens to be favourable, there is a bitter cry that the tenant farmers are oppressed by landlords, who must by all means be got rid of. Laws to meliorate alleged evils have been frequently applied, but with a qualifiedly beneficial effect. Whatever you do, Irish clamour appears to suffer no diminution. Alps on Alps arise. The press toils without intermission to keep readers abreast of Irish wants. So much, one way and another, is said about Ireland, its woes, wishes, and disorders, and so much has been done for it first and last, that people give up the subject in despair. They can make nothing of it. The problem seems beyond solving. It is as if the ills of Ireland were incurable.

A hopeless-looking business; but it cannot be let alone. If only for the sake of peace, it must be attended to somehow. In a matter of this sort, where there is a mystery to be unravelled, the best way is to begin at the beginning. How did 'the green isle of the ocean' get into a state of affairs so peculiarly painful and exceptional? Searching back, it is unhappily found that, unlike the sister countries, Ireland had never any settled national monarchy to consolidate and mould its social condition. It had petty kings and chiefs ruling over certain districts of country, and under whom the arts of peace made no proper advance. There were brilliant ecclesiastical episodes. There were heroic exploits, particularly in expelling Scandinavian intruders. Finally, there was a long

and ineffectual struggle against the Anglo-Norman conquest, during which matters were worse rather than better. The English treated Ireland neither as a colony according to modern maxims, nor as an integral part of the realm of England. They kept it down by force; and to help them in doing so, they partitioned a great part of the country among English generals and other favourites. The people were Celtic in race and in language, and for the most part they were esteemed little better than untameable savages. The result was frequent revolts, each ending in fresh hatreds and fresh confiscations.

The attempts of the English government to introduce the Reformed faith in the sixteenth century, stirred up fierce dissensions in Ireland, that have only in late years been appeased. The flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, consequent on an abortive rebellion, afforded James I. an opportunity, in 1608, of planting Ulster with settlers from England and Scotland, whose descendants still form an important ingredient in the northern part of the island. All previous insurrections were outdone by the rebellion of 1641, which produced a state of anarchy that lasted till 1649, when the country was overrun by Cromwell. Widespread devastations, and again gifts of estates to favourite soldiers and partisans. The Revolution of 1688 brought a renewal of disasters. The natives generally took the part of the fugitive James II.; were defeated by the forces of King William at the Boyne, and again at Aughrim, July 12, 1691, which settled the affair. Unfortunately, but very naturally, the recollection of these humiliating defeats by William of Orange, were kept alive by a series of penal statutes unwisely conceived in the narrowest political spirit, and which, though long since relaxed, still cause hostile party divisions and occasional outbreaks.

To do England justice, it has, as we all know, endeavoured by various recent measures to atone for past wrongs and shortcomings; nor, to all appearance, will it cease its endeavours to win the confidence of the Irish by a course of generous

dealing and unswerving justice. But how long will it take to undo the sad consequences of pre-
 misgovernment? Traditions of conquest
 and oppression may in time die out, or feebly linger
 as a sentiment in song and ballad litera-
 ture. A distressing consideration is, that usages
 of a tranquil social system have been
 broken up and fostered through the ignorance
 and gross mismanagement of the adventurers to
 whom lands were heedlessly assigned in heritage.
 This brings us to the root of perennial disorder
 in Ireland. In the large towns, with a miscel-
 laneous busy population, all goes well. Distrac-
 tions are confined to certain rural districts. The
 Land Commission now sitting will doubtless
 by-and-by specify the parts of the country in
 which the land tenure is objectionable, and where
 agriculture remains in that wretched condition
 which renders the comfortable subsistence of a
 growing population impossible. It is these dis-
 tricts, scattered in different directions, that form
 the hideous blot in the condition of Ireland, and
 are a taint to the whole rural system.

The Irish Difficulty is not referable to distinc-
 tion of race, but to an utterly erroneous method
 of land tenure, springing out of the concourse
 of historical circumstances just adverted to. To
 make this plain, we shall briefly point out what,
 according to observation and experience, are the
 true principles on which farms for agricultural
 purposes can alone be advantageously conducted.
 The farm must consist of several hundred acres.
 The tenant must possess a proper amount of
 capital and skill to enter on the undertaking, and
 he must be insured a reasonable length of tenure
 for a series of years. At the cost of the landlord,
 the farm must be put into a workable condition
 as regards drainage, fences, and roads; and be
 provided with a suitable dwelling-house, cottages
 for labourers, and offices of various kinds. The
 tenant entering on his lease has nothing to do
 but to commence agricultural operations with all
 the appliances of his art, and in due season to
 pay his stipulated rent. No permanent improve-
 ments are expected from him. At the close of
 his lease, if it be his will to go, he leaves things as
 he found them, less an incidental tear and wear.
 If he has done any serious damage, he must make
 it good. He can make no claim for improvements,
 because the landlord does all that is required
 for his accommodation. For the same reason,
 the outgoing has no transaction with the incoming
 tenant further than receiving payment for the
 crop on the ground. Selling the good-will of a
 farm is unknown. Such is the practice of land
 tenure in Scotland, where, if not absolutely per-
 fect, it is as nearly so as in any part of the
 world. The system evidently imposes heavy obli-
 gations on the landlord; but these are accepted
 as a matter of course. Where an owner cannot
 overtake these obligations, he must either borrow
 money or sell out. So clearly are the mutual
 duties of landlord and tenant defined, that usually

no disputes arise. We maintain that it would not
 be easy to improve on these primary arrange-
 ments.

As a rule, so far as we can gather, the simple
 and efficacious process of land tenure now described
 is reversed in Ireland. The outlay for dwelling-
 houses, fences, and other improvements is thrown
 on the tenant, who has but a precarious occupancy,
 and may be evicted without compensation, on fail-
 ing to pay his rent. An Irish correspondent
 writing in the *Times*, October 5, and who gives
 his name and address, explicitly says of Irish
 tenant farmers: 'All the buildings, fences, farm-
 roads, surface improvements, and the drainage
 connected with Irish landed property, are the
 investments of the tenants. Even where the
 landlord borrows money for drainage purposes
 from the Board of Works, the tenant is made to
 repay in the shape of increased rent, and is there-
 fore the person who has made the expenditure
 in the end.' In this statement, there are perhaps
 exaggerations; but, undeniably, there is a very
 common practice in Ireland of throwing the cost
 for dwelling-house and some other essential charges
 on the tenant. It can scarcely be otherwise; for
 where landlords have hundreds, if not thousands,
 of small tenants, they could not provide them all
 with houses, and are from sheer necessity obliged
 to let them construct dwellings for themselves.
 We are prepared to learn that these outlays of
 the tenant are considered in the adjustment of
 rent; but the practice is wholly inconsistent with
 sound land tenure, and is seemingly the fertile
 source of disputes and entanglements.

Admitting that the statements on the subject are
 substantially true, we are entitled to say, that here,
 staring us in the face, is a principal cause of all the
 uproar in Ireland. An enormous mass of small
 tenants occupying the soil. The landlords, it may
 be said, did not create the tenants. In the despe-
 rate struggle for existence, the tenants came to the
 landlords, and bid one against the other for their
 respective holdings. That may account for the
 manner in which the small-tenure system began;
 but it insufficiently justifies its continuance from
 generation to generation, when, by the multiplica-
 tion of families, the system goes beyond all bounds
 of decency or endurance. Land exists, not to suit
 the mere fancy, the indolence, or the avarice of
 owners, nor as a field whereon pauper tenants may
 multiply till the end of time, but for the general
 good of the community. Landowners, no matter
 where they are located, are, in the eye of Nature
 and of Man, invested with a solemn trust, not to
 be trifled with. Irish landlords, in their absen-
 teeism, carelessness, or extravagance, have failed
 to recognise the obligations incumbent on their
 position. In the light of English and Scottish
 procedure, they have not done their duty. We do
 not deny that there are good and humane land-
 lords in Ireland, who have enlarged their farms
 to proper dimensions, and spent considerable sums
 on permanent improvements. But it is not to

these we allude. We are speaking of the host of landlords with swarms of small tenants, whose condition is an anomaly, an anachronism, a national scandal; and we ask with some reason, why the empire at large is to be continually tortured with reports of misery and disorder, arising out of the blundering management of this class of Irish estates? It was lately stated in a newspaper, that a certain nobleman in Ireland had a thousand tenant farmers with rents not above ten pounds each. Still later, an Irish landlord publicly makes the avowal: 'I receive rents in Kerry from four thousand one hundred and sixty tenants.' Such a confession! How can a country be peaceful or prosperous while the lands, agricultural or pastoral, are cut up into patches of a few acres, distributed among peasant occupants at rents of five, ten, or, to be very liberal, say twenty, pounds a head?

In an article, 'The Peasant-Proprietor Craze' (May 1), we presented a sketch of what had been seen by an intelligent observer in Donegal. The scenes of misery awful. Poor occupants on bits of bleak moorland living in hovels no better than pig-sties, and saved from starvation only by public doles of food. Their case, typical of a great many throughout a section of Ireland, most deplorable. These unfortunate beings had clearly made a mistake in trying to extort a livelihood from such dismally unreclaimed patches of bog. The thing was ridiculous. Yet, we can excuse the error of the unhappy sufferers, who, ignorant of farming on any rational scale, made the vain attempt, and ended in becoming paupers. What surprises one, in an age of general intelligence and philanthropy, is, that there should be persons claiming territorial distinction who are contented to perpetuate a tenantry in conditions so utterly hopeless!

In Ulster, there has long prevailed a 'custom,' by which an outgoing tenant is allowed to sell the good-will of his farm to a successor. It is presumed a means of being recouped for outlays on permanent improvements, and is spoken of approvingly. It does not, however, prevent small tenants lapsing into destitution, as may be seen in Donegal, to which the custom of Ulster extends. This custom, in fact, is nothing more than an attempt to compound for defects in the tenure. It gives the tenant a kind of partnership in the property he farms, and is repugnant to all ordinary conceptions of ownership and its varied obligations. About sixty years ago, the Portsmouth custom, as it is termed, was introduced by the late Lord Portsmouth into his estates in Wexford, which consist of about ten thousand acres, held by farmers with from twenty to two hundred acres. This Portsmouth custom, which is said to have worked satisfactorily for both landlord and tenant, is only another device to accommodate an owner who is unable to provide dwelling-houses and make the necessary improvements for his tenantry. It possesses some peculiarities. The tenant has a

lease for a life, or thirty-one years. He can at any time, with concurrence of the landlord, sell the unexpired portion of his lease, and receive from the incoming tenant the value of the farm-buildings, fences, trees that he has planted, &c. If a tenant wishes to renew his lease on the expiration of the old one, all improvements he has effected are treated absolutely as his own. We can well believe that the Portsmouth custom is popular; but like some other methods of procedure, it relieves the landlord of responsibilities, and prolongs the existence of small holdings.

It is curious to note that, in trying to mend a radically bad system of land tenure in Ireland, the government has never addressed itself to the root of the evil—namely, peasant occupancy, but, as a makeshift, has rather sanctioned and added force to the existing state of things. In 1870, the Land Act was passed as a measure of assuagement. The leading principle of the statute was the right of the tenant to get compensation for being disturbed or ousted in the tenure of his holding. The Land Act has not been largely taken advantage of; one reason for which is, that it was permissive, and not compulsory. Possibly, this may be so far remedied by fresh legislation. But the renewed effort, however well-meaning, would only tend to stereotype the practice of peasant occupancy, which is equivalent to the increase of a necessitous or semi-pauperised population.

Inexcusable as has been the manner in which large numbers of Irish landlords have managed their estates, we can have no sympathy with oratorical disturbers of the peace, nor with the schemes wildly propounded to rob landlords of their property or to subject them to personal injury. The land tenure in Ireland, vicious as it is in some respects, is not to be rectified by violence, but by deliberate legal measures, suitable to the strangely exceptional circumstances. Those landlords who are mentally or financially unable to conduct their affairs according to what is best for the body-politic, might be put under trust, as is done when factors are appointed to act *in loco tutoris*. The law which permits summary dealings with Encumbered Estates was enacted on some such principle. On a patient consideration of facts, it may probably be discovered that Time and public discussion will be the best factors of all. Melancholy as is the condition of Donegal, Mayo, and some other districts, Ireland as a whole has largely advanced in wealth and culture since Arthur Young visited the country a hundred years ago. So much for what may be done by Time. The likelihood of some such spontaneous improvement is hinted at by M. de Molinari, a Belgian, who lately travelled through Ireland, and wrote a letter on the subject in the *Journal des Débats*, that was translated and copied into the *Times* (September 24). At the risk of tiring our readers, we should like to cull a

few passages from the letter of this enlightened foreigner.

Referring to the pernicious practice of subdividing the land into insignificant tenures, he says: 'The present position of small tenants in Ireland could hardly be better compared than to that of the hand-spinners and hand-loom weavers on the introduction of machinery into their handicrafts. Now that agriculture has become a business, the little agricultural workshop which was, not without reason, supposed to be the best adapted to the old order of things, is getting out of date, and pity those who hold on to it! They will go down in the struggle, as did the hand-loom weavers when they entered into a hopeless contest with machinery; and as the owners of stage-coaches would have gone down had they attempted to compete with railways. Do not those philanthropists who desire to attach the tenants to small holdings, by offering them the bait of proprietorship, practically bar the path of progress? . . . The cause of the economic evil from which Ireland is suffering—and this evil is the root of all the others—is the existence of from 290,000 to 300,000 tenants, representing a million individuals, who work with old-fashioned tools, and whom the slightest failure in the crops reduces to the verge of famine. A glance at the statistics of Ireland will shew that Nature herself is endeavouring to effect a cure, and that if she is let alone, small holdings will, before another quarter of a century, have disappeared from Ireland.' M. de Molinari goes on to say: 'In 1841, there existed 310,436 farms of from one to five acres, and 252,799 farms of from five to fifteen acres a piece. In 1878, those numbers had been reduced to 66,359 and 163,062. On the other hand, the number of farms of from fifteen to thirty acres had increased during the same interval from 79,342 to 137,493; and above thirty acres, from 48,625 to 161,264.'

These are encouraging particulars. They indicate that if Ireland were freed from the nostrums of quacks and public disturbers, it would, through the spread of education and the accumulations of thrift, stand a fair chance of working gradually round to a system of land tenure resembling that prevalent in England and Scotland. It is not our function to go into the region of politics; but we may at least be allowed to join in the opinion, that to give Ireland any fair chance at all, the public peace would require to be preserved, and crime punished by every means competent to Imperial legislation. w. c.

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOYAGE.

'Pon my word, it's worth thinking of,' I muttered, as I sat in my chambers dawdling over my breakfast with an open letter on the table before me, bearing the Jamaican postmark, and dated July 24, 187—. It was from my cousin and old chum, Major Charles Edgeware, R.E., commonly called Charley Edgeware. Charley and I had been friends

from boyhood. He had passed out of Woolwich into the Engineers, and had seen service in a variety of places, ending up with Ashantee, where he had got badly hit and won the V.C. Returning home to recruit, he had fallen violently in love with the daughter of a Devonshire parson, who in her turn was by no means insensible to the attractions of the convalescent warrior. But alas! pretty blue-eyed Elsie Graham had nothing at all, and Charley nothing but his pay; and matters were looking blue indeed, when one day Charley got a big official letter—one of the biggest and most uncompromising of official letters—with the Colonial Office arms sprawled over the front, and 'On Her Majesty's Service' sprawled over the back. But all the officialism was on the exterior. It was from the Colonial Secretary, Lord A—, a distant relative of Charley's. The writer alluded gracefully to Charley's services, and mentioned the pleasure it had given him to hear of the distinctions won by his young relative. He wound up by saying that a large system of irrigation was about to be carried out in Jamaica by the local government—that the authorities there had written home for a thoroughly competent engineer. His Lordship added modestly that he thought his recommendation would have some weight, and that he would have much pleasure in recommending Major Edgeware. The salary was twelve hundred a year.

It is needless to say that Charley jumped at the offer. He was in love, and there was no chance of active service. So about three months afterwards I saw him and his bride on board the royal mail-steamer *Moselle*, at Southampton, bound for Jamaica. Since then I had heard from him constantly, and he was always pressing me to go out and see him.

I took up the letter and read it again. I may say here that there was nothing on earth to prevent my going to Jamaica or anywhere else if I chose. I had a good independence, and was only nominally a barrister.

'It's only making up your mind,' wrote Charley. 'You'll get this about the 15th August. The mails leave Southampton on the 2d and 17th. Why not come on the 2d September? Outfit? you say. You want none. A dozen flannel shirts. You have lots of those from your Swiss days. Two or three suits of tweed; breeches, and gaiters, like what we used to wear cub-hunting; and a long shiny black waterproof. Last, most important—a hunting crop to open gates, and a pair of spurs; and there you are. Take a forward berth on the second deck. You won't have the noise of the screw, or the smell from the galley there. You won't have time to write; but passengers' names are all wired on from Barbadoes, so I'll know you're coming. Now mind, we'll be expecting you.

C. EDGEWARE.'

'It's worth thinking of,' I said again, as I finished my second cup of coffee and lit a cigar. True, I hadn't much time to prepare—about a fortnight; but then, according to Charley's account, except the waterproof, I had nothing to buy. I had intended going to Switzerland and trying the Matterhorn from the Italian side; but Frank Leslie, with whom I was going, had written to me that one of our guides—we always had the same men when possible—had met with an accident, and the other had been secured by a wealthy

Italian. This gentleman, it appeared, was fired with a noble ambition to ascend, or, more properly, be hauled up the Matterhorn, and had accordingly secured the services of four of the best guides, and a small army of porters. Then in succession, a fishing excursion to Connemara, and a trip to Exmoor to see Mr Bissett's hounds pursuing the red-deer, had fallen through.

'By Jove! I'll go,' I said; and without giving myself time to think, I wrote to the Secretary to secure me a forward berth, second deck, put on my hat, and posted the letter as I emerged from the Temple.

The waterproof, a solar pith helmet, and a bullock-trunk with zinc lining, completed my purchases; and on the 17th June I found myself climbing up the huge side of the mail-steamer *Nile* as she lay in Southampton Roads. My bullock-trunk was consigned to the hold; and I, with my dressing-bag and small portmanteau, principally filled—the latter I mean—with novels and tobacco, took possession of cabin No. 37. After a wash, I adjourned to luncheon, which was laid in the main saloon, and had scarcely finished that meal when a mighty throb shook the vessel. The great screw had begun to revolve, and I was fairly under-weight for the West.

I suppose all voyages are pretty much the same. The passengers were a mixed lot. First came a dark-eyed Barbadoes beauty, who wore tiny French shoes and silk stockings, and loved to shew them—a couple of naval officers, on their way to join their ships—a pious planter who drank brandy before breakfast—and Captain O—, of the regiment quartered at New-Castle. Then there was an Englishman going to Ixique, in Peru, to look after his warehouses, which had been kindly blown into the sea by the Chilean cruisers. He was a big burly fellow, with scarlet whiskers, and smoking-cap and dressing-gown to match, and who wore an immense quantity of loud jewellery. A couple of Cambridge lads going out to Jamaica to spend their vacation with their families; an immensely tall full-blooded negro, who said he was of Royal blood; and a nondescript horde of Italians French Germans and Spaniards, who played *monté* from morning to night—made up our complement.

We smoked and quaffed and read novels and played deck-quoits, and ate and slept and watched the flying-fish and the porpoises, and generally yawned and dawdled our time away. On the sixth day we sighted the Azores. More flying-fish, more smoke, more monotony, varied only by a slight squall, which sent a wave slap into my cabin-port and set my portmanteau swimming, and we reach Barbadoes, where a number of us go ashore, and fondly imagine that we are enjoying ourselves, tramping about the dusty glaring streets of the town, buying some rubbishy beads and trifles, and returning with bad headaches.

It was now too hot to sit on deck when the sun was up, even under the awning. So after breakfast we used all to gather forward in the big main-deck ports and read novels, and listen to the foreigners jabbering and chattering over their cards. Then we touched at St Thomas, where we landed and bought more trumpery, or lounged over the bulwarks, and chucked out sixpences to be dived for by the negro boys alongside. Our last stoppage was at Jacmel, in St Domingo, after

which the voyage drew to a close. It grew hotter and hotter as we lolled on deck at night, watching the southern cross. It was the 4th of July, and all day we were under easy steam. 'We'll be in to-morrow early, sir,' said the steward, as he brought me my nightcap of whisky-and-water. So I ordered my bath early, and turned in.

CHAPTER II.—KINGSTON. MY COUSIN'S HOME.

'Bath ready, sir,' said Allen the steward, opening the door at six A.M.

I bundled out of my berth, and into a dressing-suit. The great screw had ceased to throb, and through the port I could get a glimpse of the long low-lying neck of land at the end of which is Port-Royal. Close by lay the huge guardship the *Urgent*, looking, even under a tropical sky, with its white sides, and its white awning covering it from stem to stern, the personification of coolness. As I looked, a boat with a couple of naval officers in the stern-sheets left her, and pulled toward us.

'We're off Port-Royal, sir,' said Allen, gathering up my towels, &c. to accompany me to my bath. 'We'll go on as soon as the quarantine people clear us.'

I hurried into my bath, tipped my bath-man—whose natural civility was intensified by the end of the voyage and the advent of tipping-time—slipped into my clothes, and went on deck. An immensely fat little man with gray beard and spectacles was conferring with our Doctor, and making entries in a large clasped book. He was the shore Doctor, whose business it was to see that we had a clean bill of health, as we had touched at Jacmel, an infected port. My naval friends were chatting with their brother-officers while their luggage was being carried down the side to the boat I had seen coming from the *Urgent*. Presently the shore Doctor was satisfied, shut up his book, and departed. The last of the officers' traps were deposited in the boat, which shoved off, and the big screw revolved again. We were passing Port-Royal, and steaming up to Kingston.

Port-Royal and Kingston! the places where Marryat's middies drank and rollicked and fought and loved, as told in those dear old books we used to love so much, but which we are far too gentlemanlike and refined to relish now. I peeped over the side half expecting to see 'Port-Royal Tom,' that historical shark, contemplating me with glassy eye. There was not a breath of wind, it-being too early for the arrival of 'the Doctor' (a sea-breeze, so called from its sanative effects, which begins to blow in from the sea about eight A.M. in Jamaica, and dies away towards the afternoon, when the land-breeze from the hills sets in), and there was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the bay, except in those places where faint foam-lines, and a paler green in the water, marked the many reefs and shallows which make the navigation of the bay so intricate and dangerous. In front, occupying the right centre of a vast plain spreading east and west before us, lay Kingston; while the background was formed by an amphitheatre of hills, whose lower spurs, thickly covered with trees and brush-wood, jutted out irregularly into the plain, while their summits were veiled by thick rolling mists, densely black where they rested on the hills, but

lighter and more vapoury along their tops. Sometimes, as the mist rolled aside, one could see the tops of the higher peaks, covered with brushwood to the summits, while their sides were rifted with water-courses and scored with landslips. Here and there on the hillsides were dotted little white spots, the residences of the English officials, who preferred the clear bright air of the hill to the heat and mugginess of the lowlands. Just then we were greeted with the first whiff of 'the Doctor,' and in a minute or two the hitherto glassy surface of the bay was broken up into innumerable wavelets, and a line of foam marked every reef and shallow. Inland, the ring of mist was still unbroken, except in the east, where its fleecy surface was being saturated with a flood of silvery light, while one spot of particular brilliancy, gleaming through, announced the coming sun.

'There's New-Castle, our hill station,' said O—, coming up. 'Look there, far inland, where the mists have just drifted aside. That blunt cone you can just see is Catherine's Peak, and the white dots you see lower down are the camp huts. Hope you'll come up and see us,' he added; 'the Major and his wife often come up to our Friday tennis, and we'll be delighted to see you.'

We were now ranging alongside, and the passengers were all collected aft in groups watching their more portable luggage. I ran below, and catching up my small cabin portmanteau, which I had already packed, returned on deck, resisting a pressing invitation to drink from the pious planter. I had chucked away my pot-hat, and having put on my pith helmet, felt Jamaican all over. The landing-place, which was excessively mean and shabby, was crowded with a heterogeneous mob of niggers and coolies, all ready to rush on board and volunteer their services as porters, the moment communication was established with the shore, and all jabbering at the top of their voices.

'Don't forgit me, Mass'r,' shouted a huge nigger, catching my eye as I leaned over the side.

I had never seen such a splendid physique. Clad only in a tattered calico shirt and trousers, the man's muscles stood out in knotted masses over his naked chest and shoulders. He looked like a bronze Hercules; and there was a frank and fearless gaiety in the fellow's face as he waved his tattered hat to me, that was perfectly irresistible.

'Don't forgit me,' he repeated, 'Mass'r. Ask for Jonas; when 'teamer come in.—You git out, you nigga dah.' This to another coloured gentleman who had jostled him. 'What for you cum hyar while I 'peak to Mass'r?' And immediately commenced a slanging-match, wherein the repartees 'Wat you know?' 'You go dar,' 'Whar yer knowledge?' 'You no genelman!' were freely interchanged.

Presently, I recognised Charley, who in a pith helmet, light tweeds, and knickerbockers, was telegraphing to me with a thick cotton umbrella, as he pushed his way up the gangway. 'Delighted to see you, old boy,' he said. 'You're just in the nick of time. We've all sorts of fun going on just now.—These your traps?' pointing to my small portmanteau and dressing-bag. 'All right.—Now, Beckford'—this to a grinning nigger with a fragmentary straw-hat—'put this gentle-

man's things in the buggy, and come back here sharp.—Now for your bullock-trunk.'

It was delightful to see Charley taking direction of everything in his usual energetic fashion. I am not energetic myself; but I admire the quality in others, especially when it assumes the form of looking after my luggage.

'Nothing contraband, of course?' he went on. 'Come on, then.' And having bid the Captain good-bye, we pushed our way down the ladder. In a moment or two, my bullock-trunk was disengaged from a heap of luggage, and tumbled into a mule-cart by Beckford. 'And now we may as well look after the buggy. It's half-past seven now, and breakfast is at nine-thirty.'

So we made our way up the wharf, which was black with coal-dust and dirt of all sorts, and crowded with policemen in blue and red uniforms; negroes, some smart and white-jacketed, others clad in indescribable rags; negresses, with gleaming teeth and rolling eyes, and gay-coloured handkerchiefs wrapped turban-wise round their heads; and the usual rabble of loafers and idlers who always hang about such places. A neatly appointed American buggy, with high wheels, and generally spidery in its outlines, drawn by a couple of blood-like ponies, awaited us; and in a few minutes we were rumbling over the ill-paved streets of Kingston.

The aspect of Kingston is not imposing. The total absence of striking public buildings, and the lath-and-plaster look of the whole concern, give one the idea that the whole place might be carted away and set up somewhere else in a few hours. The streets are rough and ill-paved, crossed here and there by surface-drains, which a few hours' rain converts into roaring torrents. The shops as a rule are small and mean; and equally as a rule, supply the very worst goods at the highest prices. But the scene was a picturesque one too, as I gazed on it from under the leathern hood of the buggy. Along the footpaths, which were sheltered by piazzas, were squatted numberless old crones, with salt fish, or fruit or vegetables, in baskets for sale. Numberless nationalities were represented in the motley crowd that surged along both sides of the street. Look at that tall brown man smoking a cigar at the corner! He is a Maroon, one of the original inhabitants of the island. There are only a few of them left now, living in some settlements in the interior. They marry among themselves, haughtily abstaining from any connection with the black people. They must have been a fine race, if that be a fair representative of what they were. An unmistakable Hebrew, with thick lips and high coarse nose, is giving orders to a small lithe man, with long black hair, flashing eyes, and small pointed beard and moustache. He is a coolie. Mark the panther-like grace of movement, the timid deprecatory gesture, as though fearing a blow, with which he half bends to, half shrinks from, his coarse employer. A filthy Chinaman, beardless, yellow, and ragged, loafs past with lack-lustre eyes. Two privates of the First West, in their picturesque uniform of white embroidered tunic, olive-green Zouave trousers with narrow yellow stripes, white linen gaiters, and white turbans with red tassels hanging behind, spring to attention, and salute, as a smart sub. from Up-Park Camp (the lowland

station for troops—it is a couple of miles from Kingston, and is generally occupied by the First or Second West India Regiment) trots by. Coloured folks of all shades—from the full-blooded negro down to the Octoroon, who only shews the fatal taint in the intensely black, expressionless eye, and perhaps a shade of coarseness in the hair—loaf and lounge, and smoke and chatter; while, unmoved by the Babel around him, the English official, silent and self-contained, makes his way through the crowd.

It is no easy matter to drive a pair in Kingston. Two ideas are deeply rooted in the minds of the negro-drivers of the hack buggies which swarm in the streets—first, never to have a hold of their horse's head; second, never to look before them. We are getting into the fashionable quarter now; and large handsome houses, resplendent with white paint and green verandas, replace the miserable shanties of the lower town. They are owned by merchants, many of them Jews, of great apparent wealth. Presently, we pass an effigy of Sir Charles Metcalfe, a former Governor, simpering at the entrance of some dismal-looking public gardens, and come out on the Gordontown Road. There is a tram-line here, worked by mules, running out nearly to Up-Park Camp. The road, which is fairly kept, goes for about four miles in a straight line across the plain to a place called Half-Way Tree, when, for about four miles more, it winds in and out round the lower spurs of the Port-Royal hills, crossing and recrossing the Hope River till it reaches the little village of Gordontown, where it stops abruptly, just beyond a picket-house. Then begins a narrow bridle-road, which winds along the banks of the Hope River, crossing and recrossing it several times; and ultimately, by a succession of zigzags, reaches the hill station of New-Castle.

But I am anticipating. At present, we are bumping over the rather clumsily laid tramway. The shops which border the road are almost indescribable—shops, where charcoal in small lots, coarse boots and shoes, ready-made slops, bread, fruit and vegetables, and the ever-prevailing salt fish, are sold. Given an old packing-case, two or three bandboxes, a hammer, and a paper of tacks, and one of them might be knocked together in an hour. Where no shanties are, the tall prickly cactus lines the road on both sides. It is intensely hot, and very dusty. It is market-day, and the road for miles out is thronged with the natives, coming in to market with produce to sell. Pine-apples, bananas, yams, the bright red akee with its black shiny kernels, alligator pears, melons, and a vegetable called chow-chow, resembling our vegetable marrow, are the staple. Everything is carried on women's heads; hence their peculiar gait. A negress in walking holds the upper part of the body perfectly stiff and rigid. All the motion is from the waist down; and the hips are moved, as the woman steps, in a series of rapid curves back and forward. The reader can judge for himself as to the grace of this method of walking. Look at this fellow galloping along on a starved-looking pony (a nigger always *does* gallop). His straw-hat is crownless, and his great toes are thrust into pendent loops of rope for stirrups; yet there is as much swagger about the fellow, as if he were a London swell cantering to a meet of the Quorn.

It is a relief to look up from the dust and glare of the road, and to let the eye rest on the huge dome of St Catherine's Peak, far away in front. Half-way down, the mountain is surrounded with a zone of white mist. Above and below, other horizontal slips of mist cling to its sides. The mountain looks as if it were girt by batteries, all blazing away.

Presently, we pull up at a police station, where a police sergeant in blue and red salutes. A black groom is holding a couple of ponies under the shade of a tree. Between the police barrack and a large provision-shop, a narrow by-road, more like the bed of a torrent than anything else, winds up the hill. The services of a boy about thirteen or fourteen are retained by the sergeant in blue. The boy puts my portmanteau on his head, takes my dressing-bag in his hand, and starts off up the hill at a pace which it makes me perspire to look at. Meantime, I am admiring the Jamaican method of girthing ponies. One girth is in the usual place; the second is carried back, round and behind the swell of the animal's stomach, much as they girth donkeys at home; while waterproofs are strapped in front of the saddles; and leathern cases, like coach-horn cases, with light umbrellas in them, are fixed behind.

'Now then, tumble up!' says Charley; and I mount a clean-bred-looking pony, a perfect miniature hunter; and we scramble up the precipitous road, I feeling a strong inclination to slip off over the tail. In about twenty minutes we overtake the boy with my portmanteau. Ducking twice, he salutes us with 'Marnin', Mass'r,' as we pass him. A few minutes afterwards, I chance to look back. The young ruffian is holding on to my pony's tail, to help himself up. There is something comical in the pleading look on the small black face peering out from under the portmanteau. I try to look stern, but give it up, and wink to him—the wink confidential. In a moment all the white teeth are gleaming, and the dark features rippling with smiles. I re-settle myself under my sun-umbrella with the serene consciousness of having done a good action. Alas! like many philanthropists, I forgot it wasn't *my* tail the urchin was hanging on to!

Far beneath us, as we ascend, we can see the Hope River foaming and fuming along its boulder-strewn channel. High up on our right, on the summit of the Port-Royal mountains, are two or three small white dots. They are Flamstead and Flamstead Cottage, the summer residences of the Governor and the Commodore of the station. We can now realise the peculiar formation of the Jamaican hills. From every side radiate spurs, separated one from another by precipitous ravines, and scored with landslips. Generally, thick brush-wood covers the hills from top to bottom. Here and there, however, are open spaces, covered with short thick grass, and dotted over with mango-trees, which give a park-like look to the scenery. Higher and higher. We pass the residence of the Director-general of roads, admiring as we pass, its trim archery and tennis-ground. Now the road is, for a wonder, nearly level, and we canter through the grounds of The Cottage, tenanted by a staff-officer and his wife. Then we dip down into another valley, and cross a small stream at the bottom. Then another climb; a canter along a path winding by the dry bed of a stream, and

we turn in through a white gate in a paling, all covered with the white-star jessamine and the gorgeous scarlet hybiscus, and find ourselves at Craigton, my cousin's West India home.

ACCLIMATISATION OF SALMON AT THE ANTIPODES.

IN no part of our colonial empire does Nature present such strange features of vegetable and animal life as in Australasia, and here the colonist must have felt the whole force of his yearning for the sight of creatures familiar to him in the land of his birth. As soon then as he found leisure from the pressing business of the moment, he founded Acclimatisation Societies; and every British plant that would grow and every animal that could live became established in this far-distant region. The European bee has now almost displaced the native insect; forests once resounding to the harsh screams of parrots, ring with the melody of song-birds; the pheasant crows defiance to his rival from the branch of a gum-tree, and the rabbit threatens to overrun the colony. So much for the land. But the Australasian rivers being, till then, tenanted by almost worthless fish, excepting the so-called 'cod' of the Murray and its affluents, a few daring enthusiasts proposed to introduce that king of the waters, the salmon. How was this to be done? The salmon passes one period of its existence in salt, and another in fresh water, and to introduce it to the Southern Ocean, it must be carried by ship some fifteen or sixteen thousand miles from Europe. Here was a problem apparently beyond the power of human skill to solve; yet within twelve years from the date of the first attempt, salmon were to be seen swimming in a Tasmanian river!

From the very first, the impracticability of transporting the living fish from Great Britain to the Antipodes seems to have been recognised, and all that could be attempted was to gather and transport the eggs of the salmon under such conditions as appeared likely to be successful. When fresh laid in the running stream, the egg of a salmon is about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, of a pink opal colour, and highly elastic. Shaw found in 1837 that it hatched in one hundred and fourteen days at a temperature of thirty-six degrees; in one hundred and one days at forty-three degrees; and in ninety days at forty-five degrees. Mr J. A. Youl's experiments, however, in 1855 proved that the period could be shortened to thirty-five days, or extended to one hundred and forty days by artificial treatment; facts of which the importance was at once recognised in connection with the transportation of salmon eggs to the Antipodes. When the young fish, or *alevin*, bursts from its shell, it is as unlike a salmon as a tadpole is to a frog. From its stomach hangs a 'sac,' containing an albuminous material, which constitutes its only

means of subsistence for about a month—or in exceptional cases, somewhat longer. This reservoir of food suffices to build up by absorption the complicated mechanism of bones, muscles, organs, and blood-vessels which we know as a salmon. Thenceforth, being a most voracious little fellow, he grows rapidly, and at the end of two months averages one and a quarter inches; at four months, two and a half inches; and at six months, three and three-quarter inches. The above measurements must not, however, be taken as absolute, the rate of growth depending much upon the temperature of the water, of the food, and other conditions of life.

Great difficulties attended the collecting and despatching quantities of the salmon eggs to the Antipodes. The first attempt, made by Mr Boccus in 1852 with the eggs, failed. He fixed gutta-percha sieves in the horizontal sections of wooden tubs, placing an egg in each mesh; and immersed the apparatus in water, which was changed every six hours. But the gradual increase of temperature proved fatal, and not one reached the tropics alive. Hearing of this experiment, Mr J. A. Youl, an influential Tasmanian colonist, then settled in England, at once devoted himself to the study of the artificial propagation of fish and the transport of their eggs; whence he came to the conclusion that the eggs may hatch at any time between thirty-five and a hundred and forty days from their fertilisation, according to the temperature to which they are exposed, but that they could not be *safely* retarded to the extreme limit. Moreover, they must not be kept below thirty-five degrees nor above fifty degrees of temperature, both limits being dangerous if maintained for any length of time; while the freezing-point was almost certainly fatal. Pursuing his experiments, he established the principle that the development of the eggs might be retarded by means of a judicious use of ice long enough for an ordinary passage to Australia, and addressed himself to his task with some confidence.

Everybody told him that he was wasting his time and money on a visionary scheme which could never be carried out. But he persisted. The salmon eggs could only be procured in the winter; and it was necessary for them to arrive in Tasmania when the river-water was at a suitable temperature—not earlier than the end of April. This colony was selected on account of its moderate climate, and the river Derwent chosen because it was the *beau idéal* of a salmon river, passing through a rocky country, and fed by snow-water from the mountains forming its watershed. Along its course were splendid reaches, deep pools, and shallows where the water rushed among huge boulders; adapted in every way to the habits of the fish, and well calculated to defy the machinations of the poacher with his nets, spears, and other engines of destruction. It fell into the sea by a fine estuary, indented with innumerable bays, swarming with

the small fry of sea-fish, crustacea, and other food which would be acceptable to the new-comers. On its tributary, the Plenty, were stretches admirably adapted for hatching-places; and on its upper waters, scenery that might compare in grandeur with Scotland or Norway. From its watershed, three thousand feet above the level of the sea, descended sparkling streamlets, bringing a constant supply of the purest water from numerous tarns, and keeping down the temperature of the water to forty-four degrees in the month of July, when the naturalised fish would be spawning. Subsequent events fully justified the soundness of judgment exhibited in the selection of this Tasmanian river as a nursery for the finny colonists about to be introduced into it.

The late Mr Edward Wilson, so well known in connection with acclimatisation, now joined Mr Youl in raising a subscription of about six hundred pounds from a few colonists in England; and the first experiment was intrusted to Mr Youl, who, in February 1860, despatched in a steamship some thirty thousand eggs which Mr Ramsbottom had collected from the river Dovey. The ice-house on board the vessel, constructed under Mr Youl's direction, consisted of a strong wooden chamber containing a smaller one, with an interspace of seven inches filled with powdered charcoal, as a non-conductor of heat, and in this were placed fifteen tons of ice. The eggs, laid on gravel in swing-trays, with a slight incline, to imitate natural conditions, were kept wet by a small stream of water passing over them from a pipe carried through the ice-house to keep it cool. In spite, however, of the unremitting attention of Mr Black, who sailed in charge of the shipment, the ice melted rapidly, and the last of the eggs was found to be dead sixty-eight days after the start. Though this was undoubtedly a failure, it was not without promise; and the colonial legislatures expressed their confidence in the ultimate result by voting three thousand seven hundred pounds for experiments on a more liberal scale, to be carried out entirely on Mr Youl's plans. Meanwhile, the Tasmanian colonists constructed some admirable breeding-ponds and hatching-boxes on the river Plenty, in anticipation of the new arrivals, and in other ways testified their faith in Mr Youl's ability to complete the work he had begun. He then visited the chief piscicultural establishments in the United Kingdom and France, and studied the methods of breeding and rearing salmon. In France, he was shewn how eggs were packed in wet moss in earthenware jars, and was assured that they would not travel unless they were so near hatching as to shew the eye in the embryo fish. But this would not do for an Australian voyage, since the young fry would be hatched in a week, and how could thousands of delicate creatures be provided for at sea? The sooner the eggs were sent on their journey after having been spawned, the better, he was convinced, would be their chance. This visit to France and the method of packing the ova in moss, led to the experiment of placing a box similarly packed, in the ice-house, as we shall presently see.

The plan next adopted, though in principle the same as before, included some important improvements. A large supply of water was provided, in the hope that, should the eggs hatch, some of the young fish might be kept alive until their arrival in the colony; and a small steamer, the *Beautiful Star*, chartered for the purpose, started on the 4th of March 1862 with eighty thousand salmon ova, collected by Mr Ramsbottom, whose son was sent in charge of the freight. No pains or attention was spared in working the apparatus; but the great heat of the tropics dissolved the ice, on which everything depended; on May 17th, at twenty-two degrees south of the equator, the temperature of the water had risen to the fatal height of sixty-nine degrees, and all was over.

Strange as it may seem, however, in this shipment the key to the whole problem was found. Reflecting on the causes of failure, Mr Youl determined to try an experiment which would cost nothing and might teach something. He had fully made up his mind that retardation of the development of the eggs was the true principle, and if it could be carried out thoroughly, must lead the way to success. He had a pinewood box made, an inch thick, and about eleven by eight inches, by six inches, perforated at the top, sides, and bottom with small holes, to allow the water to pass freely through it. In this he packed three hundred salmon eggs lightly, in soft moss fresh and green. The top was carefully screwed down—nailing would have produced too great a shock—and the box imbedded in the middle of the ice, where it was intended to remain until the end of the voyage, its contents being saturated all the time by water from the melting ice. When nearly all the ice had disappeared, the box was opened; and Mr Ramsbottom found a few eggs, which at that time were undoubtedly alive, among the great majority of dead. Though he fought the battle against temperature to the very last, and staved off the inevitable end for some days, the last of the ova perished on the seventy-fourth day of the voyage in a vessel of water which it was no longer possible to keep below sixty-five degrees. But a valuable lesson had been taught and a sound principle established.

Convinced that there was yet much to be learned, Mr Youl now instituted a series of experiments in the vaults of the Wenham Lake Ice Company, for the purpose of testing the vitality of the ova at a low temperature. The details of these experiments are extremely interesting, but would occupy considerable space. Briefly, then, the following new facts were contributed to the natural history of the artificial development of salmon ova. They did not require a continuous stream of water. It was enough that they should be placed under ice, the water from which, as it slowly melted, passed over them at a low temperature. They required no light and little air. The moss, with its roots attached, in which they were packed, continued to grow, and assisted both directly and indirectly in maintaining their vitality. It was found safe to retard the hatching to a hundred days; and one box yielded ninety per cent. of healthy fish from ova which had been under treatment ninety days.

Provided with these trustworthy results, Mr Youl again went to work, Messrs Money, Wigram, & Co. having granted, free of expense, a space of fifty tons by measurement in their clipper-ship

The Norfolk. They wished to contribute something towards an undertaking as valuable in a commercial sense as it was scientifically interesting. An ice-house was built into the ship, and the boxes containing the ova carefully and firmly disposed on the floor, while above them were piled twenty-five tons of cubical blocks of Wenham Lake ice, so that the water from it must trickle through them. The boxes were made of inch pine, twelve by eight inches, and five inches deep, perforated on top, bottom, and sides with holes, to admit the water, which was carried off by drain-pipes when it had passed through them. At the bottom of each box was spread a layer of charcoal in small lumps, next a layer of broken ice. Then a nest of clean, living moss with its roots attached, was formed, the ova evenly distributed upon this, and covered lightly with more moss; and above all, a double handful of broken ice. The whole was now saturated with ice-water and the box screwed down. One hundred and eighty-one of these boxes, containing one hundred thousand salmon ova and three thousand common trout ova, were deposited on the floor of the ice-house, the ice placed upon them with the utmost care, to prevent concussion, and the ice-house sealed up until its arrival in Melbourne. Learning what was being done, Admiral Keppel determined to send a present of trout ova from his preserves on the river Itchen, and requested that indefatigable pisciculturist Mr Frank Buckland to collect them, an operation which was successfully performed; and at the same time Mr Francis Francis procured a large number on his own account from High Wycombe and Alton. These ova, amounting to some three thousand, arrived almost at the last moment, and were immediately packed by Mr Youl; and from these have sprung the multitudes of brown trout now acclimatised in so many Australasian streams.

The ship started on the 21st of January 1864, and on the 15th April landed four thousand salmon ova at Melbourne, from which four hundred were eventually hatched, the rest of the shipment being sent on to Tasmania by steamer with the remainder of the ice.

Messrs M. Allport and W. Ramsbottom, in charge of the nursery on the river Plenty, paid unremitting attention to the precious ova; and on the 4th of May there emerged from the egg the first trout, and on the following day the first salmon that ever swam in the waters of the southern hemisphere. By the 25th of the month there were several thousands of young salmon and two hundred young trout enjoying life, and greedily devouring their evening and morning meal of boiled liver. The young fish grew rapidly, and became the talk of the colonies. Desirous of beholding veritable young salmon, visitors came from far and near to look at the beautiful parr, which in October 1865 had nearly all put on their smolt livery, and betrayed the restlessness so surely indicative of the migratory instinct. They were now evidently ready to start on their first journey to the sea; accordingly, the grating at the lower end of the ponds was opened; a freshet carried them down the river, and two thousand healthy young salmon were despatched to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, to return sooner or later, and colonise the rivers of Tasmania.

The next shipment, made in 1866 by Mr Youl, in *The Lincolnshire*, to Tasmania, on the same plan

as before, yielded six thousand salmon and nine hundred salmon-trout fry. A portion of the latter were detained in a specially constructed inclosure, after the others had been liberated; and when examined in May 1869, twelve handsome fish, weighing from half a pound to more than a pound each, were found to be in perfect condition; and, what is very remarkable in migratory species of the salmon tribe, these prisoners spawned in captivity two months later; and five hundred fry, their progeny, were subsequently turned into the river Huon. This is the first known instance of a migratory species proving fertile in fresh water, and without going to the sea.

Encouraged by Mr Youl's brilliant success in Tasmania, the provincial governments and acclimatisation societies of New Zealand raised a fund for importing the fish into that colony, and intrusted the management of the same to Mr Youl. Some of the subsequent shipments of ova from England under the care of that gentleman, as well as of others, did not turn out so successful as that of *The Norfolk*, and this for various reasons, partly mechanical and partly climatic. But there can be no doubt that the chief result of the interesting experiments we have described is, that the salmon tribe are now completely acclimatised in Tasmania. Since the month of October 1865, when the first smolts were committed to the Derwent to take their chance, immense numbers of salmon and salmon-trout smolts and brown trout have been liberated. In 1869-70, young salmonoids, nine inches long, born in the river, were caught in the estuary on their way to the sea. Next year, experienced salmon anglers saw shoals of good-sized fish ascending the stream, and leaping as only salmon do. Up to this time, among the fish caught, one weighing seven pounds had been served at the table of His Excellency the Governor of the colony; and from time to time since, splendid specimens have been captured with the artificial fly. By the year 1876, the fish were becoming very plentiful, six dozen having been netted at one haul in the Derwent; and the keen competition of the hotel-keepers soon raised their value to five shillings per pound. Early in the present year, a grand twenty-eight pounder, said to be a salmon-trout, but more probably, judging from its size, a salmon, was caught in the Huon River, Tasmania.

With respect to the salmon in New Zealand, it is impossible yet to decide whether they are fairly established there; but about four years ago a grilse of three pounds was taken in the Molyneux; proving that Mr Dawbin's care in rearing the fish had not been wholly lost. Neither is anything yet known of the fate of the migratory species in Australia.

From the valuable nursery on the Plenty River, there have been distributed yearly, among the colonial rivers, thousands of ova and young fry of the salmon, salmon-trout, and brown trout, which cannot fail to establish themselves in course of time. The Plenty itself now swarms with large trout, of which several up to sixteen pounds, and one of twenty pounds, have been captured. In 1872, a gentleman took one morning with the fly six trout, scaling thirty pounds; and much the same tale is told by the diaries of other anglers. Trout, there is every reason to believe, grow much faster in the Tas-

manian than in the English rivers whence they were imported; for a nine-and-a-quarter pound fish was taken in the Derwent less than four years after the first trout was born in the river. These fish have certainly been established in a score of streams in New Zealand, and probably in as many more in Australia and Tasmania.

AMUSING MISTAKES.

DROLL mistakes are of course endless. Here are a few culled at random:

Before the Paris Exhibition was open to the public, and when the building contained only the cases which were being ranged for the respective exhibits, quite a crowd one Sunday flattened their noses against the glass entrance-door to look at the contents of a case containing a pair of boots, a battered hat, an overcoat much the worse for wear, and a necktie of many colours, the report being circulated that the objects belonged to King Dagobert, Robespierre, or Charles X. The enigma was solved by a painter arriving and throwing off his blouse and slippers, and commencing to dress himself amidst, what was a puzzle to him, loud laughter, in which the police joined.

Referring to mistaken ideas about relics, recalls the story in a German paper about a certain Professor, which is a parallel to the Bill Stumps adventure of Pickwick. This German antiquary made the delighted discovery that a stone placed over a stable-door bore the inscription 1081. 'I must have this stone in my collection, cost what it may,' thought the savant. Calling a tenant-farmer who was the proprietor, the Professor said to him eagerly: 'Did you not obtain this stone from the castle ruin on the hill yonder?'

'It may be that my grandfather fetched it thence when he built the stable,' was the reply.

The antiquary then asked what he would take for the stone.

'Since you appear to have a fancy for it,' said the farmer, 'give me forty guldens, and I will bring it to your house.'

'Rather a large sum,' said the Professor; 'but bring it to my residence, and you shall have the money.'

When in due course the farmer brought the stone upon a truck, the zealous antiquary turned it over, to refresh his eyes with a sight of its venerable chronological inscription, not without anxiety that it might have been damaged in its removal.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'what is this? This is not the right stone. On the stone I bought from you was the date 1081, while this bears the very modern date 1801; which proves that the other was exactly seven hundred and twenty years older than this.'

'Do not trouble about that,' said the peasant. 'The masons, you see sir, turned the stone upside down when they set it in the doorway, because it fitted better that way. You can turn it whichever way you like; but of course I must have the money agreed upon.'

The Professor it is said at once paid the whole sum, and gave the man a present besides to take away the stone and say no more about the matter.

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady

who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather over-dressed lady. Making sure from the distance that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up and, without a word of warning, gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round, she discovered her mistake, and at the same time caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady.

'Why, she boxed my ears, and then fainted,' exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman.

'She is my wife!' shouted the angry husband, 'and would never have struck you without a cause.' And worse than angry words would probably have followed, had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all happened.

A London paper gave an account of another case of mistaken identity in connection with a distinguished personage. An aged couple in high life, who were celebrating their golden wedding, by way of concluding the festivities on that occasion, adjourned with the children and their respective belongings to a theatre, in which to accommodate so large a party two boxes had been knocked into one. The eldest son, who strongly resembles His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, stepped forward and occupied the centre seat with the ladies of the party beside him; upon which the orchestra struck up the National Anthem, and the audience rose to their feet *en masse*, the innocently unconscious party of course doing the same themselves.

There is no doubt that people of rather unusual proportions had an awkward time of it when the Claimant was at large. A story goes that a corpulent gentleman once took a box at the Canterbury Hall. First one person then another eyed him, until at length the counterpart of the Claimant became the centre of observation. A cheer arose, the singing was suspended, and an ovation was the result. The supposed Sir Roger rose, and bowed his acknowledgments. But this was not enough. He must speak. The manager announced that 'Sir Roger' had a cold, and could not speak. Fearing the consequence, if the audience discovered their mistake, he had the 'Claimant' removed as quietly as possible in a cab and sent in a roundabout way to his home.

The intoxicated bricklayer who squared up to a post and maintained a one-sided fight, affords an absurd illustration of mistaken identity; but if we can rely upon newspaper reports, such ludicrous incidents are surpassed by what is said to have happened in the neighbourhood of Morecambe. Some time ago the body of what was supposed by the discoverer to be a human being was found lying on the beach near the place above named,

having undoubtedly been left there by the receding tide. The usual preparations for holding an orthodox inquest were put in force and kept going, until the examination of a medical man proved the suspected human corpse to be but the carcass of a monkey, which had probably been thrown overboard from some ship, and which so closely resembled in appearance a human being as to require a doctor to tell the difference. Such a mistake looks either like a gross flattery upon a dead monkey or an unconscious satire upon human nature, calculated to delight all believers in the Darwinian theory.

A not unnatural mistake was that made by the policeman who arrested a Dublin youth under what appeared to be suspicious circumstances. The young gentleman referred to was at a party in the Irish capital, and joined with great spirit in a game of forfeits. Amidst the fun and merriment, it was proposed that to regain his forfeit he should pay a visit to the turf-stacks on the adjacent canal bank and bring some turf into the room. Thinking only of the diversion that his return with an armful of turf would create, he immediately hastened to the place indicated, filled his arms, and was in the act of returning, when to his horror, he became aware that a policeman was in pursuit. Almost paralysed with fright, he dropped his burden, and awaited the officer's arrival.

'O, constable,' he stammered, 'I've been playing a game of forfeits, and was told to bring some turf from the canal into the house.'

'Not a bad story; but you'll have to come with me,' declared the constable.

There had been continued complaints of turf-pilfering; so, regardless of his protestations, the unlucky youth was locked up for the night. The first intimation his merry-making friends received of his whereabouts was when next morning they heard that he had been explaining the mistake to the presiding magistrate, who fortunately comprehended the case in a moment, and dismissed it.

A misconception as ludicrous, but in which a policeman figured less creditably than the one just referred to, took place in the Isle of Man. At a Deemster's Court in Ramsay, a Jew was about to be sworn to give evidence. As Jews are always sworn on the Old Testament, and not the New, the Deemster requested the constable in attendance to fetch an Old one. After a while that worthy returned, and handed to the witness an ancient-looking dilapidated book, which on being examined proved to be a New Testament. The Deemster's attention being called to it, he asked the constable why he had not brought an Old Testament, to which the innocent reply was: 'Please your Honour, it was the oldest one I could find.'

An amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who was given by a farmer four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast gray colour; instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments, the colour came out of them so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, 'he looked like a Red Indian;' and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer, and obtained damages.

A ludicrous mistake is reported to have occurred at the opening of a bazaar in Glasgow, at which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were present. A distinguished clergyman was called upon by the chairman to conduct devotional

exercises; and the reverend gentleman had commenced to read, when four pipers of a Highland regiment, owing to some misunderstanding, struck up with a wild shriek on the bagpipes, by way of a preliminary to *The Campbells are coming*. The music was promptly stopped; but the solemnity of the proceedings had of course been shaken.

An embarrassing incident, we are told, once happened to an Englishman in Rome. Entering one of the churches in that city, as a service was going on, he sat quietly down, placing his hat on the ground beside him. Some little time passed, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of the ceremony coming to an end, he reached for his hat, in order to leave, but was stopped by an unseen hand, which grasped him from behind. Thinking some custodian of the church wished him to remain till the end of the service, he again waited; but his patience becoming exhausted, he again reached for his hat, and again he was prevented from going in the same manner. Convinced that the service was some really important one, the Englishman once more delayed his departure; but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour he determined to go in spite of etiquette, so he repeated the same manoeuvre in the direction of his head-covering. A third time the same hand detained him; but as he determinedly resisted its grasp, a voice behind him exclaimed in English: 'I beg your pardon, but that is *my* hat you are taking.' Such was the fact; he had been detained all this while because each time he had reached in mistake for the hat of another stranger placed in close proximity to his own.

A mistake of an embarrassing nature made by a gentleman in London illustrates the necessity of keeping a careful record of one's engagements. On the occurrence of a 'grand day' at the Middle Temple, the Masters of the Bench were uneasy at the non-appearance of one of the guests, a learned ex-judge. All had arrived but him, and the repast was ready to be served. His appearance was awaited with impatience; and after the lapse of half an hour, the limits of endurance were reached, and the dinner was served. The missing guest failed to appear. But next day it was ascertained that the learned gentleman had walked into the hall of the Inner Temple, and had dined with the benchers of that learned society, who had not invited him, and therefore had not made any preparation to receive him. It did not happen to be 'grand day' at the Inner Temple; and the unexpected guest never discovered his mistake until he happened to innocently observe to the Treasurer: 'I thought this was your grand day!' The learned gentleman in question had originally been a student of the Inner Temple, which accounts in some measure for the mistake.

A much more awkward incident is related as having happened to a lady in Paris. The society of a popular but blind Count was much sought after on account of his wit and musical attainments. He disappeared from the town for some time, and on his return called on a fashionable Marchioness, who was preparing to go to a fancy-ball. She begged to be excused; but as he had an important message to deliver, he was shewn in, and being of course blind, he was asked to take a chair in her boudoir. Whilst the worthy Count was delivering his message, the

Marchioness, assisted by her maid, calmly proceeded with her toilet. Being ready to descend to her carriage, the Count stated he had been absent in London, and had undergone a successful operation for cataract, which had completely restored his eyesight. Whereupon, the Marchioness jumped into her carriage, and drove away in much confusion, without even an *au revoir* to her unwelcome visitor.

ERUPTIONS OF VOLCANIC ASH.

ON the morning of Sunday, the 4th of January 'his year, as we learn from the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, a rare occurrence took place at the Grande Soufrière, in the island of Dominica, in the West Indies. This was an eruption of volcanic ash from one of the dormant vents in the interior of that mountainous and rugged island. The President of Dominica, Mr Eldridge, says: 'The morning was cloudy, with heavy and continuous showers. A few minutes past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and during a heavy rainfall, one or two vivid flashes of red lightning were observed; thunder was heard, but not following in quick succession the electric discharges: it was deep-toned, rolling, and distant. All at once there was a great darkness. A few minutes before the darkness, the attention of many persons was attracted to the milk-white appearance of the rain, which was succeeded by a downfall of inky blackness. This singular phenomenon lasted some fifteen minutes; and on the return of light, it was discovered that the ground was covered with the scoræ from a volcano. The rainfall was highly charged with lead.' Mr G. B. Blane, C.E., the Surveyor-general of the island, gives some other interesting details of the event. He says the rain at first was 'thick and of a grayish-white hue, and the gutters were running with water almost as white as milk.' For some time after the 4th January, the mountain, which is two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, was covered with a dense mist, till dispersed by a heavy gale of wind. It was then discovered that one of the mountain ridges had almost disappeared, and that the trees on the outlying spurs were completely blasted and burned. The mountain was, before this, the locality of many geysers in active operation, and Mr Blane supposes that the deluge of rain had choked the subterranean fissures connected therewith, the resulting steam and pent-up internal forces causing the violent eruption that followed.

The emission of volcanic ash in all cases accompanies eruption, this ash being the molten matter, which is blown into a finer or coarser powder by the force of the explosions. In general, it only falls round the centre of eruption, thus in course of time building up to the height of several thousand feet those cone-shaped piles which are characteristic of volcanic mountains. But an eruption, such as that of the Grande Soufrière in January, which does not escape by the old vent, but forces

a passage otherwise, carrying away, perhaps, a large portion of the ridge surrounding the mouth of the crater, sends into the air an enormous quantity of the ash which may have been accumulating for centuries. This it frequently does with tremendous force, expelling the ash and debris to such a height as, aided by the wind, will suffice to spread it over hundreds of miles of sea and land. It was under a shower of this kind that the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried; and its occurrence appears to be much more injurious to the districts affected, and on a vastly wider scale, than that of an eruption which is chiefly accompanied by an outflow of lava.

Such an outburst as that of the Grande Soufrière is a rare event, and more so, it seems, in these western islands. On another of this same group of islands, St Vincent, about a hundred miles south from Dominica, is another volcanic mountain known as the Soufrière, and in connection with which there was a similar eruption of volcanic ash in 1812. Of this event we have an account written some years ago, by a correspondent, who, when the eruption took place, was living on the island of Barbadoes, about sixty miles east of St Vincent. This correspondent says: 'On the morning of May-day of that year, I awoke as usual; but finding it still dark, went to sleep again. A second time I awoke, and asked: "Could it still be dark? Surely it must be morning." It was too intensely still and dark for a tropical night, which is often anything but a season of repose. I felt some alarm, not only at the unusual stillness, but at the darkness, which, like the Egyptian darkness of old, was not only evident, but I may say palpable. A servant at length came, in a state of great fear and trepidation, declaring that something awful was going to happen, as it was six o'clock, and the sun should have been high in the heavens by this time. Part of our property stretched along the shore; and on looking across the sea, I perceived one spot of light which was gradually closing in; and when that was gone out, no ray of light was visible in the whole heavens. The low, hollow murmur of distant thunder was now to be heard, but unaccompanied by lightning; and a close sandy grit, at times converted into fine ashes, was silently falling. My mother, with whom I lived, now joined us, and stated that darkness had set in about half-past one, since which time the dust had continued to fall. No one could account for the phenomenon, which was productive of the greatest alarm to all of us, who naturally considered it the forerunner of some awful calamity; and we spent an hour in a state of mind very nearly bordering on anguish. To our own distress were added the groans and frantic cries of our negroes, who were fast gathering round us, the flickering glare of the torches which they carried making the unnatural darkness all the more horrible.

'About eight o'clock, meteors, resembling globes

of fire about the size of a thirteen-inch shell, appeared in the north-east, crossing each other in every direction, and accompanied by so incessant a downfall of ashes that it was quite impossible to look out. My grandfather, who was a peculiar old man, collected at this time a handful of the dust, and brought it into the house, to see whether it was, as he supposed by the smell, charged with sulphur; but on throwing a small quantity into the fire, we were glad to observe that there was nothing inflammable in its composition. At nine o'clock, the sky to the north assumed a purple and lurid appearance, as of a vast town on fire in the distance, accompanied by a tremulous motion something resembling that of the aurora borealis. The horrid and unnatural glare of the sky lent a more ghastly aspect to the prevailing darkness; and explosions were now heard to the north-west, as of two frigates exchanging broadsides. Many people, expecting an earthquake, left their houses, and took refuge in the low-walled huts of the negroes; for though not prevalent in Barbadoes, yet earthquakes, and severe ones, had been experienced in the adjacent islands. This fear added much to the misery of these hours. About ten o'clock, we became aware of large flights of birds passing over the island, flying so low that we could distinctly hear the flapping of their wings. As was afterwards found, they were large sea-birds called "men-of-war" and "cobblers," and were unable to rise high owing to the weight of ashes, which accumulated upon them as they flew, and which in many instances bore them down to the ground altogether. During this time of painful suspense, there came through the darkness, soft and clear, the sound of church bells, and we knew that a call to devotions was being made, in view of the mysterious calamity that seemed impending over us.

'About a quarter past twelve P.M., to our intense relief, and infinite thankfulness and delight, there appeared above our heads a small space as of light breaking through; and in another quarter of an hour we could trace the form of the sun in the same spot, though still much obscured. At no period of the day did light amount to more than a dull twilight; and at five o'clock the day closed altogether, and darkness succeeded until next morning. During all this time the dust continued to fall. For the first two hours it fell in comparatively small quantities; but during the next ten hours the ashes came down thickly, and in the form of an impalpable powder. From one to six the fall of ashes began to decrease, and at six it ceased altogether. Next morning, to our great joy, daylight broke as usual, though we were still in complete ignorance as to the cause of the phenomenon. And it was not till the arrival of a vessel in Carlisle Bay on the 6th of May, that we learned that what we had experienced was due to a terrific eruption of Mount Soufrière, in the island of St Vincent. This volcano, which had been dormant or inactive for nearly a century, began to burst forth on the 27th April; on the 30th it had reached a state of high eruption; and on the morning of the 1st of May the lava began to pour from its sides, accompanied by loud explosions like thunder, and great outbursts of smoke and flame. The

previous discharge of ashes had been carried by a wind setting in our direction, over the Barbadoes; and hence our period of painful alarm and consternation.'

THE WOODCOCK.

WHEN the month of October draws to an end, the leaf rapidly disappearing from off the trees, and November, with its gloomy fogs and keen frosts, is at hand, our winter migratory birds, driven by stress of weather from countries more bleak and inclement than our own, make their first appearance. Flocks of fieldfares and redwings may be observed busily engaged feeding on the bright red berries of the holly and hawthorn. In our southern counties, the hoarse 'caw' of the hooded, or gray crow, as it is sometimes called, recently arrived from the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, is heard in our parks and woods for the first time; and about the same time of year the woodcock puts in an appearance, and may be seen in the gloom of the evening silently winging his way from some neighbouring covert, where he has remained hidden during the day, in the direction of a swampy meadow or marshy dell hard by.

It is supposed that the great majority of woodcocks which visit our shores early in the winter, come from Northern Europe, more especially from countries bordering on the Baltic. Certain it is that great numbers of these birds arrive on our coasts when an *easterly* wind prevails. They are also in the habit of taking advantage of bright moonlight nights for travelling.

There are certain parts of England, more especially the counties of Norfolk, Hampshire, and Devon, where each year woodcocks are tolerably plentiful. In Wales, these birds often congregate in large numbers in certain favourite spots; and in Scotland, particularly among the islands off the north-west coast, our sportsmen frequently shoot great numbers of woodcocks; but Ireland is a still more favourite haunt of this bird; and in favourable seasons, such, for instance, as that of 1879, woodcocks collect in vast numbers in the woods and rugged mountain-slopes of the west coast of the island.

It is a well-known fact that woodcocks pair just before leaving us—about the month of March; but unlike the snipe, which breeds in large numbers on the vast moors and bogs of Scotland and Ireland, the woodcock only occasionally remains in Britain throughout the summer. In favourite localities, however, more especially in certain parts of Scotland, a few pairs remain with us and breed. The young leave the nest soon after being hatched.

On first arriving in the autumn, woodcocks are often in a weak and poor condition; and this is not surprising, when we consider the distance the birds have travelled, and the extraordinary fatigue they have just encountered. But rest and rich feeding quickly work a change for the better, and they soon recover their wonted strength and plumpness. It is popularly supposed among sportsmen and others that there are two varieties of woodcock—the one a heavy, thick-built, reddish-coloured bird; the other, smaller and darker in plumage, and with no light-coloured feathers on the breast.

The woodcock is not generally considered a difficult bird to bring down when on the wing; and yet, perhaps there is no bird so often missed even by the surest and most experienced sportsmen. Many good snipe-shots constantly miss fair chances at woodcock; and this is easily accounted for. The flight of a snipe, though swift and twisting, is, generally speaking, at much about the same rate of speed; but not so with the woodcock. There is not a more uncertain bird in this respect. Sometimes, when aroused by the beaters from his dark retreat under some thick holly-bush, momentarily dazzled by the bright autumn sun, he flaps out a very owl to all appearance, and offering the easiest of chances to the nearest sportsman, and down he drops to the first shot. But the next bird, perhaps an old stager who has been flushed and fired at before, suddenly darts out with exceeding swiftness; and observing his enemies posted in front, he curls round over the tips of the covert with extraordinary speed—bang! bang! go the guns—a feather or two are left floating in the air; but the bird himself runs the gauntlet almost untouched, and makes good his escape.

In the west of Ireland—which part of the kingdom, as already mentioned, is a favourite retreat of this bird—after rough stormy weather with a keen easterly wind, particularly where there has been a heavy fall of snow on the mountains, the woodcocks, driven from more open spots by the severity of the weather, seek shelter in the valleys and low-lying ravines; or take refuge in fir-plantations, patches of oak-copse, mingled with birch and holly; more especially if such-like coverts have a thick undergrowth of low shrubs, matted brake, and tangled briers. Here they remain concealed during the day, feeding at night around springs, wet ditches, or soft meadows. On the weather becoming milder, a thaw setting in, and the snow disappearing from the hillsides, the birds again become scattered over the mountains. At such times they will be found in deep rugged gorges, or well-sheltered ravines, more especially if there be a stream of water trickling down over the rocks, and plenty of suitable cover on either side of the defile, in the shape of drooping masses of ivy, clumps of thick heather, with patches of long wavy ferns peeping out from between gigantic rocks and loose boulders, which in years gone by have rolled down the hillside, and found a last resting-place in the bed of the valley. Here, crouching throughout the day under some overhanging rock, the woodcock loves to rest and take his siesta. Year after year, individuals will be found in these favourite haunts; and, no matter how often they may be driven out and shot down, the following season a pair, or it may be three or four, will again be flushed from the very same hiding-place.

Towards the end of the month of January, unless the season be an exceptionally severe one, cock-shooting in Ireland may be said to be over. There may no doubt be a fair number of birds yet remaining in the coverts; but the true sportsman will not press them too hard, for he well knows that, if spared and permitted to migrate, they will return with their young the following season. When winter is drawing to a close, the days lengthening, the tips of the drooping birch and graceful larch bursting forth into bright green

shoots, and the cheery voice of the thrush and the blackbird resounding through the vale, then the woodcocks yet lingering in our coverts become moved with a strange uneasiness and a yearning to be away. Then may they be seen of an evening flitting hither and thither, assembling into flights, and gradually drawing towards the coasts, preparatory to departing. A few days more, and they take advantage of some bright moonlight night and a favourable wind, and again cross the German Ocean, bound for distant Scandinavia.

An interesting and singular habit of this bird has attracted considerable attention among ornithologists, but not more than the matter deserves. This is the way in which the woodcock is said to carry its young from place to place when she is disturbed or frightened, or wishes to change her feeding-ground. To an article in *The Zoologist*, by the editor, Mr J. E. Harting, F.L.S., F.Z.S., we are indebted for an entertaining collection of observations on the point referred to. Gilbert White read of it first in Scopoli, who said that this bird carried her young in her bill when flying from an enemy. This the Selborne naturalist was not disposed to believe, though candour, he said, forbade him to say absolutely that any fact was false because he himself had never witnessed it; yet the fact so stated is now found to be true, with the exception that the young brood is not carried in the mother's bill, which is ill adapted for such a purpose, but betwixt her feet or thighs. Many observations by careful and experienced observers concur in placing this curious fact beyond reasonable doubt.

The late L. Lloyd, in his book on *Scandinavia*, wrote: 'If, in shooting, you meet with a brood of woodcocks, and the young ones cannot fly, the old bird takes them separately between her feet, and flies from the dogs with a moaning cry.' When this fact was first stated by Mr Lloyd, it was received with incredulity. But his friends shortly confirmed it. One of these wrote to him that he had shot a woodcock, when flying about six feet from the ground, that was 'bearing an unfledged young one in her claws.' One of the brothers Stuart, in their *Lays of a Deer Forest*, has recorded the same observation of this habit. He says: 'As the nests are laid on dry ground, and often at a distance from moisture, in the latter case, as soon as the young are hatched, the old bird will sometimes carry them in her claws to the nearest spring or green stripe. In the same manner, when in danger, she will rescue those which she can lift. Of this, we have had frequent opportunities for observation in Tarnaway. Various times, when the hounds, in beating the ground, have come upon a brood, we have seen the old bird rise with a young one in her claws, and carry it fifty or a hundred yards away; and if followed to the place where she pitched, she has repeated the transportation till too much harassed. In any sudden alarm, she will act in the same way.' Instances are also given in the same work of the bird being followed till she was compelled to drop the young bird she was thus carrying; when she was observed to take a circuit, with the object of distracting the attention of her pursuers, and then immediately return to the spot where she dropped her young one, and again rise with it in her feet.

It is unnecessary to heap up authorities, as the

fact may now be taken as admitted. The only point upon which there is difference of opinion is as to the precise manner in which the mother-bird holds her young when thus carried. Some observers say that it is in the claws; others, that it is betwixt her thighs; others, that it is by pressing the young one to her body by her legs. It is quite possible that the bird has more than one way of transporting her young from place to place, or that individual birds prefer different modes; though Mr Harting is of opinion that the weight of observation is in favour of the statement that she carries them betwixt her feet. In whichever way the transport may be effected, it is a very striking natural fact, and affords a singular illustration of instinctive maternal tenderness on the part of the bird. It is not only when scared by an intruder that she so acts; in changing her feeding-ground, she adopts the same mode of procedure. She will in this way convey her young brood to long distances, carrying first one, and leaving it at the spot fixed on for their new feeding-ground, then resting, and fetching another; and so on till all the fledglings are removed in safety.

THE EXTENDED USE OF VEGETABLE DIET.

WE have on previous occasions in these columns drawn attention to some of the less well-known articles of cheap and nourishing food, especially vegetable, which the privations of a few past winters, as also the high price of meat, have in a marked degree forced into public notice. While we do not take up any dogmatic position as to the exclusive use of vegetable diet, it seems desirable, both in the interests of economy and health, that our food should be more mixed with vegetable ingredients than is frequently the case. It is therefore gratifying to learn that an increased amount of attention is being paid to this subject, and that many articles, such as lentils, tomatoes, hominy, &c., which a few years ago were almost unknown or disregarded, are now in common and every-day use. The 'Food Reform Society' has been active in extending among the people a knowledge of the simple and more accessible constituents of diet, and in pointing out the nutritiveness of many articles hitherto overlooked, or set aside as of little value. With regard to bread, for instance, it has been shewn, both in these pages and elsewhere, that in sifting the flour previous to baking, many of the most valuable food-constituents are extracted, and that whole-meal bread is much more nutritive and wholesome than white bread. The use of whole-meal bread is extending rapidly in London; and its concomitant as a cheap and healthy food—the porridge of Scotland—is now forming a portion of the daily diet of very many Londoners. For those in the great metropolis who desire to have a more mixed diet than may have been customary with them, opportunity is now afforded by the opening of various establishments in which, as a rule, the food is exclusively vegetable. Two years ago, the first Food Reform Restaurant in London, called the Alpha, was started at 424 Oxford Street, and has averaged for some time four hundred diners per day. Since then, the list of these houses, wholly or partially vegetarian, has increased. There are

the Food of Health Restaurant, Farringdon Road, with five hundred diners a day; The Garden, 28 Jewin Street, with three hundred and fifty diners; the Reform, 228 Kingsland Road, with one hundred; the People's Café, Gracechurch Street, with about one hundred and fifty; and the Food of Health Café, Fleet Street, where the diet is vegetarian, with the addition of fish for those who prefer it. The same Company are arranging to open other houses shortly. In this way increased attention is certain to be given to the advantages of a mixed diet, and may lead to a much greater demand for such vegetable products as the farmers of this country might find it profitable to cultivate in place of the wheat which their American competitors now send over so plentifully. With an increased demand for fruits and vegetables, it has been suggested that even railway embankments and hedgerows might be utilised for growing them. In any case, the high price of butcher-meat is with many families so prohibitive to its use, that any means which are successful in opening up the sources of a cheaper, more varied, and not less nutritious diet, must be hailed with pleasure.

AT MY LOOKING-GLASS.

I LOVED thee well in 'salad days',
For ever flown,
O faithful friend, whose honest face
Reflects my own.
Nor do I mete thee scantier praise
(Sincerity is hard to find),
Now Time has distanced in the race,
And left me panting far behind—
Heigh-ho!—
Another weary mile or so.

How well I recollect the hours
I used to spend
Before thee once—in years gone by,
My trusty friend.
Oh, April youth! Oh, sun and showers!
Pray, don't expect me to confess
How long I took to knot my tie,
The day that I proposed to Jess.
(Alack!
She boxed my ears—and married Jack.)

And now I wear—well, never mind,
(Time's ruthless shearer!)
And Jess—why, bless you, *she's* been dead
These twenty years!
The fruit of Life is gone—the rind
Is somewhat bitter to the taste.
Oh, vain regrets for pleasures fled—
For days when I possessed—a waist.
But stay;
I'll brush the sorry imps away.

Ah, if some scientific man
Would but invent
A looking-glass wherein to find
One's moral bent,
A tell-tale mirror—there to scan
Each petty failing that appears—
The cynic furrows of the mind,
That gather with increasing years.
Ah, well,
I fear those glasses would not—*sell*.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

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THE WEATHER-SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

It will be remembered that during last winter and spring, public attention in this country was attracted to the weather-prognostications sent over to us from the United States. At first, they were spoken of with some degree of flippancy, there being a general inclination to treat them as simply 'Yankee productions,' and nothing more. It is a curious feature of the relations of this country to America, that we can never receive with credence any startling news from across the Atlantic until it has been verified beyond possibility of doubt. It was so with the first weather-prognostications. But as it began to be observed that these predictions were generally fulfilled, although occasionally a day sooner or later than the time fixed, scepticism began to give way, and something like reasonable attention was paid to the meteorological telegrams from over the water. These were not always satisfactory to our agriculturists, especially when there was a run of 'storm-warnings;' one homely farmer having been heard to declare that the weather had been a perfect heartbreak ever since the Americans had got its management. The predictions, however, are no haphazard announcements, such as those of certain almanacs or the penny weather-tables; they are obtained from strictly scientific calculations, founded on extensive, accurate, and simultaneous observations over a wide area of sea and land. As a very full and authoritative account of the Signal Service of the States is given in a recent reprint from *Appletons' Annual Cyclopædia*, published in New York, we believe many of our readers will be interested in having here a condensed statement of the facts.

The meteorological division of the United States Signal Service was established in 1870. Modern inquiry into the changes taking place in the weather, and especially into the phenomena of storms, had for many years previous strengthened the conviction that they are not capricious, but follow certain laws. The essential thing to be

accomplished, therefore, was to ascertain what were the laws which governed these phenomena, with the conditions under which they operated, or in which they had their origin. Previous to this time in America, and for long after in Europe, the observations made were of a purely independent and isolated kind, and their records were consequently of little value except for purposes of local meteorology. It was felt that to be of any value for general purposes, the observations should be *simultaneous*—should be made at the same moment of time at fixed stations spread over a wide area of country. America offered peculiar advantages for the making of such observations, from the peculiar and vast extent of its territory, stretching over fifty-seven degrees of longitude and twenty-two of latitude. The organisation of a staff for this purpose was therefore set about; signal-stations, connected by telegraphic wires, were placed at wide intervals over the country; an efficient set of instruments and all necessary apparatus were supplied to each; and on the 1st of November 1870, the Chief Signal Officer of the United States was able to issue the first systematised *simultaneous* reports of the weather, made up at twenty-four different stations. The whole were received at the Central Signal Office at Washington, and thence telegraphed to more than twenty cities. The first storm-warning was bulletined along the lakes a week later, for the benefit of the large commercial and marine interests which are exposed to the furious gales that sweep, especially in autumn, over their waters. These tentative attempts were vigorously followed up by improved methods, and still more extended and accurate observations; and the success realised was as gratifying to the public as to the Office itself.

From almost the first, it was felt that, to arrive at satisfactory results, it was necessary that every separate series of observations should be carefully mapped as they were received by telegraph. With this view, a special map of the United States was constructed, on which all the Signal Service stations were marked in their appropriate geo-

graphical places, and at each of these were entered the figures expressing the readings of the barometer and thermometer, the velocity of the wind, the amount of rainfall within the previous twenty-four or eight hours, &c., as also symbols indicating the direction of the wind, and the form and amount of cloud at the given time of observation. The reports from the different stations being entered on the map, the relations between them are thus made sensible to the eye of the Signal Officer, by the figures and symbols, as also by lines drawn to group the geographical areas over which like conditions prevail. The weather-map in this way becomes to the meteorologist what the telescope is to the astronomer—an indispensable means of obtaining a survey, and prosecuting a careful and connected study of the phenomena he seeks to understand.

The study of these maps is as curious as it is interesting. Long before the institution of the Signal Service, it had been discovered from ship-reports that on the sea, cyclonic disturbances in the northern hemisphere rotate from right to left—that is, in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock; and scientific men had demonstrated that, mathematically or mechanically, this law should in theory hold good for both land and sea. The weather-maps have now confirmed this. In a specimen-map for December 23, 1879, given in the report, there are two areas marked 'Low,' and one 'High'—the former defining a storm or cyclonic area in which the barometer is low, and the latter the limits of an area free from such disturbing influences, and in which the barometer is high. In the former—or stormy area—the winds are seen to draw in a direction contrary to the hands of a clock; while in the latter area, which is free from storm, the winds move in the opposite direction.

In this way, it will be apparent, there is nothing left in a conjectural condition, so far as the observations are concerned; and constant study of these observations from day to day, with their antecedents and consequents, enables the Signal Officer to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the kind of weather that may be expected within a given time. Yet the preparation of the 'Synopsis and Indications' for the day is by no means a light task, but involves much labour and care. There are *three daily press reports issued*, and the work required before each of these is prepared, includes the drafting of eight graphic charts exhibiting the multifarious data furnished by the simultaneous reports telegraphed from the several stations. Each of these eight charts has a separate duty to perform. One shews the barometric pressures, temperatures, winds, &c.; another, the lines connecting stations where the barometric pressure and the heat are the same; a third exhibits the cloud-conditions, with the 'weather' at each station, including the appearance of the sky at sunset, which is an important indicator; a fourth gives a chart of the *normal* pressures; and so on, till each of the eight sheets is charged with its particular series of observations. These charts have all to be drafted in about an hour or an hour and a half; and they are inter-corrective, each chart serving as a check on the others. Armed with this material so prepared, it is the duty of the officer charged with the preparation of the 'predictions' to proceed to make up his

'synopsis' of the whole, to deduce and write the 'indications,' shewing the changes to occur afterwards; and as soon as this is done, the deductions are telegraphed direct from the Chief Signal Office to all parts of the country.

The Service, as we have stated, began ten years ago, with twenty-four signal-stations; now it has two hundred and ninety; and the average time elapsing between the simultaneous reading of the instruments from each of these stations and the issue of the deductions, has been calculated at only one hour and forty minutes. The forecasts or predictions thus issued apply generally to the next twenty-four hours, but may frequently cover double that period.

The object of the organisation of the Signal Service was one of much importance; and the success which has attended its predictions is certainly remarkable. In the previous state of the science, meteorology was simply a proverb for inexactness; now this imputation is likely to be removed. A table is given of the percentage of verifications over an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles, in each month of the year ending June 30, 1879, and the results are sufficiently surprising. The average of the percentage of accuracy referring to predictions of barometric, thermometric, wind-direction, and general weather changes (involving the most difficult of the calculations that require to be made), is 86·6. The percentage of accuracy of the forecasts of the weather alone (including the state of the skies, whether clear, fair, or cloudy, and whether with or without rain), is 90·7. That is, out of every hundred predictions of the phenomena which are most difficult to forecast, only fourteen turn out to be wrong; while out of every hundred predictions which are purely forecasts of the weather, ninety are found to be right, and only ten wrong. In contrast to this, it may be mentioned that in 1862, when the British government wished to test the real value of the work done in the home Meteorological Department under the old or non-simultaneous system of reporting, it was ascertained that out of four hundred and thirteen storm-warnings that were given within six months, only two hundred and fourteen were accurate. That is, under the old system, the percentage of accuracy was only 51·8, as against 90·7 attained last year in the American Service. This is astonishing evidence, not only of the care and accuracy with which nearly three hundred independent observers in the United States do their work, but also of the scientific skill and acumen which must be brought to bear upon the consideration of these numerous reports when gathered together, so as to obtain for the several areas such 'deductions' and 'predictions' as the multifarious and complex nature of the observations warrant.

One interesting feature of this elaborate organisation is the establishment of what are called 'Sunset-Stations.' These are in addition to the ordinary signal-stations; and the method of predicting the next day's weather, followed at the sunset-stations, is within the grasp of any unscientific but intelligent observer. It is achieved by careful study of the conditions of the sky at sunset, the observers noting whether the western sky at the precise time of sunset is 'fair,' 'foul,' or 'doubtful;' and from these, along with certain simple instrumental observations, they make

predictions for the ensuing day. The sergeants of the Signal Corps practised in this kind of forecasting, are said to have acquired considerable skill and accuracy in predetermining the local weather-changes, their forecasts having reached an average of eighty-two per cent. of accuracy. 'There can be no reason,' says the Chief Signal Officer, 'why any intelligent farmer, supplied with the necessary simple instruments, habituated to similar observations, and furnished with dates, should fail to attain an equal accuracy.' To facilitate the making of such private forecasts, especially by those agriculturists who live in regions remote from places where daily reports are published, the Chief Signal Officer has caused to be prepared a 'Weather Case, or Farmer's Weather-indicator.' This instrument is very simple, and works automatically; it is also accompanied by instructions and rules for interpreting the instrumental variations; and has the effect of enabling the agriculturist to determine for himself the chief weather-changes that may be expected. When will the home Meteorological Office do as much for the British farmer?

Another important branch of the system is the 'Coast Signal Service.' The object of the Coast Signal Stations is to warn vessels within signalling distance of the approach of storms, and to give the life-saving stations quick notice of marine disasters calling for rescue, as also to furnish any intelligence to the latter, or to the lighthouses, which may insure their more efficient working. 'Ocean conditions' often foretell a storm, the indications of which may not have as yet reached land; consequently, it is considered of the utmost importance that frequent reports should be telegraphed to and from all the shore stations of whatever observations are made. In the life-saving department alone, instances are given which shew how beneficial it is to have regular and constant telegraphic communications between the Chief Signal Office and the life-saving stations, as in this manner help can be called and means of saving life combined to an extent that would otherwise be impossible. In the event of war also, this organisation would be highly advantageous; as, with a completed chain of coast signals such as they have in North America, no part of their exposed sea-front could be threatened without immediate intelligence of the fact being flashed to the Washington Office and all along the coast, and the defensive power of the government concentrated at the point endangered. The chain of telegraphic sea-coast stations is at present six hundred and ten miles long, stretching from Sandy Hook to the mouth of Cape Fear River.

But all these several branches are subordinated to the continual every-day use of the organisation as a Weather-Service. And in America, as in this country, the value of such timely notice of important weather-changes as is thereby obtained, is daily rising in the estimation of the public. 'The number of persons,' says the document from which we quote, 'who find that the reports and forecasts of the Service may be utilised for every-day life, is constantly increasing. Grain and cotton merchants find the "indications" of value in calculations of the forthcoming crops. Physicians, sanitarians, and boards of health employ their data to detect dangerous conditions of the atmosphere of the cities, and for investigating the origin

and spread of diseases and epidemics. The pork-packers, fruit-importers, and fish and oyster dealers, keep an eye on them, to secure themselves against exposure of perishable goods to weather too damp or too warm. Mechanics judge from the prognostics whether they can work outside on the morrow.' And so on, through the great variety of persons and pursuits that are more or less dependent upon the weather.

The information thus supplied is clearly of immense value. 'Had we, a quarter of a century ago,' says a British meteorologist, 'known the rigour of the Crimean climate, who would have dared to send out an army unprepared to meet the hardships of a Black Sea winter? Ask the physician at what price he would value the power of giving timely warning of a "cold snap" to his patients. Ask the builders of London what they have lost in the last ten years by sudden frosts or unexpected downpours of rain. Above all things, go to the farmer, and ask what he would freely pay to know at seed-time what weather he might really expect in harvest. The fact is, there is not a profession, not a handicraft, not a process in animal or vegetable life, which is not influenced by meteorological changes.' It is, however, satisfactory to mark the efforts which are now made by the Meteorological Office of London to render daily forecasts of the weather all over the British Isles.

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER III.—AN 'AT-HOME' DAY IN JAMAICA— MISS MARTIN—NEW-CASTLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE house is of wood, white, with green venetians, and wide veranda, the blinds of which are half-drawn. In front stretches a close-shaven tennis-ground, which a powerful young negro is rolling. To the right of the house springs up a magnificent specimen of the Norfolk Island pine. There are, I was told afterwards, only two or three in the island. Broad gravel-walks run all round the house, bordered with tubs containing different sorts of lilies—among which the magnificent Eucharist lily is conspicuous—aloes, some splendid double geraniums, and a great variety of plants with leaves specked, some with white and some with red spots, whose botanical names I know not. A shout of 'Papa, Papa!' and a sturdy boy of four years or thereabouts breaks away from his nurse, and flies to meet us; while Mrs Edgeware appears on the veranda with a younger child clinging to her skirts. Marriage has made little change in Mrs Edgeware. With her slight figure and neat white dress, a wide straw-hat shading the piquant features and laughing brown eyes, it requires an effort to realise the fact that she is not the Elsie Graham of five years ago, but a staid matron with two children. Dismounting from our ponies, which walk off by themselves to their stable, I am warmly greeted by my hostess, and despatched off to my room, with the announcement that breakfast will be ready in half an hour. Except small strips beside the beds, there is not a scrap of carpet in the house, and the polished pine-floors look deliciously cool.

Presently we are seated at breakfast in a pretty room, painted pale green, communicating by folding-doors with the drawing-room. All the windows and doors are wide open, and we breakfast in a thorough draught that would give many a Londoner fits. There are splendid roses everywhere—pink, yellow, and crimson. They nestle among the silver and glass on the breakfast-table, and positively swarm in the drawing-room. Breakfast over, we adjourn to the veranda, and lighting our cigars, listen lazily, while Mrs Edgeware tells us her plans.

'To-day is our At-home day,' she began; 'so you'll see all the people about, if it doesn't rain. The Judge and the Dean are sure to come. You can see the Judge's house from here;' pointing to a pretty cottage on a neighbouring hill. 'Then we'll have the New-Castle people. The Colonel and his wife are coming to lunch.'

'What about to-morrow?' asked Charley. He had his first-born on his knee, and was busily engaged in puffing cigar-smoke at him; a proceeding strongly resented by the boy. 'Don't the New-Castle theatricals come off to-morrow?'

'Now, do let the boy alone,' said Mrs Edgeware, rising and rescuing the child, who immediately made a dash at a big butterfly that flew by. 'Yes,' she went on; 'they do; and I'm afraid we must have an early dinner.—I hope you don't mind, Mr O——?'

'Certainly not,' I replied with unction, though I cannot say that I am partial to that ghastly meal.

'You see, it's an hour's ride,' she continued; 'and it's dark at six. And we really must, Charley'—turning to the Major—'get over the bad part of the road before dark.'

'All right,' replied Charley.—'By the way, Jack, we must stay there all night.'

'All night!' I cried in surprise.

'There's no moon,' said the Major; 'and no pony on earth could come down in the dark; so the supper is to be at twelve, and we've to dance the daylight in. I must go to Kingston to-morrow, partly on business, and partly to see the King girls, who are coming to stay with us. We'll have early dinner or late lunch about half-past three, and start a little before five.'

And so the discussion went on; and it was settled who was to have the blue room and who the brown, and where the two officers from Up-Park Camp were to be put up, and which young lady was to ride the kicking pony, and how the Dean's mule Belinda was to be borrowed for Miss Bella Moore, who was nervous; while I sat in my rocking-chair, idly watching the John-crows (a species of vulture, which act as scavengers) circling overhead, and the busy little lizards running up and down the pillars of the veranda. Right opposite the door-steps, which are bordered by flower-pots on each side, is a magnificent akee tree, with drooping clusters, slowly reddening. Listen to that faint whirring. A tiny humming-bird, its plumage flashing in the sun, balances itself opposite that hybiscus blossom, plunges its sharp beak inside the flower, and then, flashing across the steps, repeats the operation on a flower close by my feet. The whole space to the left of the steps is filled by a splendid Poinsettia tree. Half its leaves are the most brilliant crimson; half, green. By Christmas, all the green will have vanished,

and it will be one glowing mass of crimson; then the crimson will go in its turn, and by July the tree will be all green again. A high border of lemon-grass surrounds the close-shaven lawn; and one or two mango-trees, dotted about, contribute the welcome shade. A range of offices to the left of the house is covered with the gorgeous reddish-orange clusters of the *Bigonia venusta*. It is my first taste of the tropics, and I enjoy it thoroughly. The heat is tempered by a light sea-breeze, which comes stealing up over the hill-tops, and stirs the long fleecy coat of Mrs Edgeware's white poodle Floss, lying sleeping at her feet. In front, I can see St Mark's Church, with its pale yellow walls and green venetians, standing out in bold relief against the dark-green background of mountain. To my left, I can look away over the spurs of the hills upon Kingston and the shipping in the harbour; still farther out, upon Port-Royal and the west shore of the bay.

'What a delicious climate!' I exclaim half involuntarily.

'It will be better after the rains,' replied Mrs Edgeware—'not so hot.—But here they come,' she said, gathering up her work, and pointing out to me a row of white helmets defiling by the church-gate.—'I declare, Charley, there are five of them!'

'All right,' said the Major, touching a small spring-bell beside him.

The black butler appeared.

'There are eight for lunch instead of five, Chance;' and that functionary disappeared. The arrangements in all Jamaican houses are of a wonderfully elastic nature.

'Whom have they with them, I wonder?' said the Major.

'Whoo-op!' from the hill.

'I know one of them, at all events,' said Mrs Edgeware, laughing—'that's young Mr Leslie.'

'Ay,' said the Major, 'he's always hollering.—Come on, Jack, and meet them. Best take that white umbrella; sun's a bit strong for strangers.'

And we saunter out just in time to meet the cavalcade at the gate. Colonel S—— leads the way on a powerful bay horse, which looks as if—as is indeed the case—he would be more at home over a grass country. Mrs S—— is mounted on a beautiful white Barb. The other three are riding wiry mountain ponies. Tweed breeches and gaiters, or blucher boots, are worn by the men. The ladies are in ordinary morning-dress, the skirt of the dress being pinned up all round, and the skirt of a riding-habit slipped over it. When they dismount, the habit-skirt is let fall, the dress underneath unpinned and shaken out, and the toilet is complete. The Colonel, an old Crimea-man, and his wife, are Irish. So too is the dapper subaltern with them. The other two are a planter and his wife, a pretty fair-haired English girl. Everybody is introduced to everybody; and presently we are seated at lunch, for which the mountain air has given us a famous appetite.

Lunch over, visitors begin to drop in. I am introduced to various notabilities, Judges, Generals, Archdeacons. Being a stranger, I am made much of, and receive half-a-dozen invitations to various parts of the island. As the day grows cooler, we adjourn to the lawn-tennis ground; and though I rather fancy myself at that game, I find I have to

do all I know to play up to the game of my partner, Miss Martin, a pretty dark-eyed Creole.

'Of course you're coming up to New-Castle to-morrow?' she remarks as we are refreshing ourselves with some claret-cup after winning our rubber.

'Certainly,' I answer; 'the Major is going to lend me a pony.'

'We're all going,' she went on; 'papa, my two sisters there'—nodding towards two young ladies in white dresses trimmed with red—and myself. It will be great fun. We live over at the north side, you know, and have only got a loan of Mount Topaz, where we're staying now. At home, we never have a dance, and here we've had two already; and there are three coming on—the one to-morrow, the Governor's ball, and the Up-Park Camp dance. You must come over to our side of the island, and pay us a visit. Papa would be delighted to see you; and we'll have a paper-chase. Of course you can ride?'

'A little,' I murmured modestly, wondering vaguely what connection there could be between a paper-chase and riding. 'But isn't running rather warm work in this climate?'

'Running!' exclaimed my young friend, opening her brown eyes wide. 'Surely, you don't suppose we run! No, no—we ride. Last paper-chase, we had fences, and a ditch eight feet wide. Rita and I tumbled into it together. Luckily, she wasn't hurt.'

'Luckily, you weren't,' I interposed.

'Oh, nothing ever hurts me,' she replied carelessly.—'By the way, you never saw Rita?'

'Never.'

'Oh, I must shew her to you then. She is *such* a dear!' she cried enthusiastically. 'Come on;' and she led the way across the tennis-ground to where the horses were hitched up near the entrance-gate. 'Here is Rita,' she said, pointing out a very beautiful dark chestnut mare, that raised her head and whinnied as her mistress approached. 'Her father and her grandfather won the Derby,' she continued solemnly.

It was a pretty sight to see the slight, dark-haired girl pressing her fair cheek caressingly against the glossy crest of her favourite.

'If you come to Mount Auburn, I'll let you ride her.'

I expressed my gratitude; and we strolled back to the tennis-ground, where the party was about breaking up. Some of them had considerable distances to go, and in these latitudes it gets dark in a few minutes after the sun sets. So adieux were exchanged, habit-skirts donned, girths tightened; and in a few minutes the procession was winding its way up the hill; Miss Martin, as I settled her habit, desiring me to be particularly careful not to be late for the second fast dance at New-Castle, which she had promised me.

The sun was now sinking fast behind the opposite hill, crowned with the Judge's house, and flooding all the horizon with a glare of golden light. But the glare was not for long. Even as we looked, the bright tints paled, faded, and died out. Almost as if a curtain had been drawn across, darkness fell on the scene. I don't know whether others have experienced the feeling, but to me, as I lounged on the veranda, finishing my cigar, there seemed something inexpressibly sad-

dening in this sudden death of the day. But with the darkness burst forth a charm of innumerable insects. Tweet-tweet, twitter-twitter. Then the crescent moon, low in the south, sank behind the shoulder of the Judge's hill in a flood of pale-green light, which threw out in bold relief the black mass of the mountain and every tree and shrub on its summit. Presently, this light also died away, and the stars shone out like points of steel. A low muttering of thunder, and wave after wave of lightning, varying in shade from bluish-green to orange, flooded the western horizon. It was inexpressibly beautiful; and I left it unwillingly, when summoned to dinner. Clear turtle-soup, mountain mullet, and most excellent small mutton, formed the main features of the repast, which was washed down with champagne, produced by the Major in my honour. Cigars and coffee on the veranda, where I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was cruising in the bay with Peter Simple and Midshipman Easy, when I fell overboard, and was on the point of being swallowed by Port-Royal Tom, when Miss Martin, in a cocked-hat and naval uniform, fished me out with a boat-hook. I woke up with a start, to find Charley shaking me by the collar.

'Wake up, old man!' he said; 'you're about done, and it's not quite safe sleeping in the night-air.'

So, apologising for my rudeness, I said good-night; and was soon ensconced behind the mosquito curtains, rejoicing at finding myself in a decent bed once more.

Half-past six A.M., and I am awakened by a rattle of pony's hoofs, and a tapping at my window with the end of a hunting-crop. It is the Major, fresh, trim, and clean shaved, on his favourite pony Conrad. 'I'm off,' he said; 'have to go and look after one of the dams on the Hope River first, and then to do chaperon to the two Miss Kings up here. But Elsie will take care of you. She is going to dress at New-Castle at Colonel S——'s, and is sending on her things; so, if you like, you can send on your dress-clothes; Chance will look after them for you.' And he cantered off.

Then Chance, the black butler, brought me in coffee and thin bread-and-butter; and I dressed, and strolled out. Taking the road to the right, I walked up the hill to St Mark's Church, a neat unpretending wooden structure, with drab walls and green venetians, and one or two pretty memorial windows of stained glass. The path up to the church was bordered with neatly kept flower-beds, edged with the graceful lace-plant. Beyond these were lines of graves. Three graceful white stone crosses were conspicuous objects. Two marked the last resting-places of the wife and daughter of a former tenant of Craigton; the third, that of a major of Artillery. All three had fallen victims to yellow-fever, which, in the year '77, had visited almost every house in the Port-Royal hills. (It may interest intending visitors to Jamaica to state that yellow-fever never originates in the hills. I was informed by a physician of large experience in Jamaica, that in the year above referred to, the disease was brought into the hills by a gentleman who came up actually suffering from it. In every subsequent case that occurred, each link in the chain of contagion was clearly proved.)

The different views from this point were magnificent. Looking south, the eye can range over Kingston out to the Palisades and Port-Royal. Away westward stretches a huge plain, through which runs a faint line, the railway to Spanish-town, the former capital. In the valley about a thousand feet below me, as I look northward, lies the little hamlet of Middleton. A certain Duke has a large coffee-property stretching up the slopes on the opposite side of the valley, and the works are in Middleton. Looking straight across the valley, I see the white huts of New-Castle running down a huge spur that on the west of Catherine's Peak juts down southward. You can also trace the road to New-Castle zigzagging up the rugged sides of the spur.

The sun was now getting strong, so I strolled back to breakfast and a long gossip about all our acquaintances of the old times—who was dead, who married, and who ruined. Then my fair cousin gave me an account of their mode of life in Jamaica, during the recital of which she was oddly interrupted at times. A knock at the door. 'Come in;' and enter the cook, a stout young negro of two or three and twenty. He carries a wooden tray containing eggs, a couple of pine-apples, and a quantity of limes.

'Want a heighteen-pence for hegg, a shillin' for pine, and a truppence for lime, Missis,' he says; and Mrs Edgeware gives him the money. Presently he reappears: 'Two pair fowl, Missis, tree-an'-six-pence heach.' (I may remark that the negroes are the veriest Cockneys in the matter of their *hs.*) Eggs, fowl, vegetables, fruit, &c. are brought to the door by the country-people for sale, as in country-parts at home. All purchases are made by the cook, the mistress never appearing.

A lithe active young negress now makes her appearance before the veranda, and ducks two separate salutations: 'Marnin', Mass'r; marnin', Missis.' This is the market-woman who fetches supplies from Kingston. A large bright-coloured handkerchief is twisted, turban-fashion, round her head. Her feet are bare; and she wears a red coral necklace, and a light cotton dress with a long sweeping train. The work done by these women is something extraordinary. 'She will start,' Mrs Edgeware told me afterwards, 'between four and five in the morning, and reach Kingston about eight. Then she will leave any letters, or do any commissions that Charley or I may have, and then do the marketing, and be back here before four o'clock. To-morrow, she will bring up two small joints of meat of about fourteen pounds, a dozen pounds of rice, some fish, vegetables, and a couple of tins of preserved butter. She will carry all in a tray on her head; and for this she gets—eighteenpence.'

It takes a quick pony forty-five minutes to walk from Craigton to the foot of the hill; from thence to Kingston is at least eight miles. These facts will enable our readers to form an idea of the amount of work done by a Jamaican negress for eighteenpence!

The day wears on; and about four in the afternoon, Charley makes his appearance chaperoning the Misses King, who are the daughters of a planter on the north side. Miss King is tall and slight; the younger, Miss Florence King, has curly hair and laughing blue eyes. She flirts audaciously with the Major; and laughs gleefully

when Elsie, with mock-gravity, remonstrates with her thereat. Like most Creole girls, they both ride to perfection, and are wild with excitement about the coming dance. Then the Colonel and one of the officers of the First West turn up, and we sit down unceremoniously to dinner. After dinner, when we are preparing to start, Charley makes his appearance in dress-clothes.

'Hullo! Charley,' I cry; 'some one has been playing you a trick.' Both tails of his dress-coat are pinned up; and the effect is exceedingly absurd. I look round for sympathy; but no one laughs. 'Look at your coat-tails, man!' I exclaim astonished at the profound gravity which prevails. I am pulverised by being told that this is the correct thing in the hills. When going out to dinner, you must ride, and equally of course you must pin up your coat-tails, to prevent their being soiled by the pony's flanks. We live and learn, think I, as I mount my pony.

As we sally out at the gate, our party (of seven) is reinforced by the Dean and his wife and two more young ladies. The Dean has a large district, and does his work as conscientiously and thoroughly as any man living, though he believes, as do most sensible men, that mankind are all the better for a little innocent amusement. He has been hard at work all day, and is quite prepared now to enjoy the clear mountain air, to laugh at Captain P——'s representation of Citizen Sang-froid in the forthcoming theatricals, and even to look on a little at the dance that is to follow. The two young ladies are daughters of a leading legal official, who lives in the plains, and doesn't like to face the hill-roads. We form quite a cavalcade as we wind down the steep road that leads to Middleton. One drawback to these mountain-roads is that, being obliged to proceed in single file, conversation is difficult.

Native girls, with loads of various kinds on their heads, pass us, dropping courtesies as they pass. Little woolly urchins, some black as jet, some of a beautiful rich bronze, perch themselves on the banks of the road. 'Marnin', Judge; marnin', Major; marnin', Dean!' they scream out, always winding up with: 'Beg quattie;' meaning thereby the quarter, a small silver coin, value three-halfpence.

Darkness falls rapidly after we have passed Middleton and are ascending the slopes beyond. The road, scarped out of the side of the mountain, is in many places in deep shadow, and a false step might precipitate horse and rider hundreds of feet down to the Hope River below. A halt is called, and the black grooms—three of them—who accompany us on foot, light large stable lanterns. The party breaks up into three divisions, and each division headed by a light-bearer, we start again. The whole thing has a strangely weird effect, the lanterns flashing among the trees, now behind us, now before, as we wind up the zigzags, and lighting up, now a girl's lithe form, now a negro's woolly head, and now throwing into bold relief the stalwart form and soldierly features of the Major, who, with a huge brier-root pipe between his teeth, leads the way. Overhead, a star or two peep out; and far below, unseen in the darkness, the Hope River foams and fumes. We are nearing our journey's end now. A rattle of arms and a hoarse cry of 'Who goes there?' ring out in the darkness. 'A friend,' in Charley's clear voice; and the lan-

terns flash on the red-coated sentry as he stands at attention on recognising the Major. A few minutes more and we are in front of the messroom, being cordially welcomed by our gallant hosts. Dressing-rooms for the ladies have been improvised, and the soothing cup is awaiting them, while red-jacketed warriors press sherry, and brandy and soda on the ruder sex; nor is what Mr Richard Swiveller called 'a modest quencher,' at all unwelcome, for the northerly breeze is keen enough.

A stage, with tastefully painted scenery, has been erected at one end of the messroom; and we are soon all seated, and thoroughly enjoying Captain P——'s excellent acting of Citizen Sang-froid in *Delicate Ground*. The farce of *Two Gay Deceivers* follows; and then we adjourn to supper, a capital one too, in the billiard-room; while a fatigue-party clears away the seats and prepares the messroom for the dance. Not being much of a dancing man, I lit a cigar and strolled outside. The fun was waxing fast and furious now. As faster and faster sped the dancers across the lighted windows of the messroom, it was curious to watch that little central spot of light and mirth and gaiety in the midst of the huge hills, whose blurred masses towered around. Now *John Peel* rings out. Faster across the windows flit the dancers, and I can hear the fresh young voices carolling the chorus of that famous hunting song. Now it is over, and the veranda is thronged with breathless damsels attended by perspiring cavaliers.

Again the music strikes up, but this time it is a waltz; and a vision of past seasons, of their dead hopes and buried loves, rises before me as Strauss's waltz, with its long dreamy sensuous swell, floats out to die on the soft still night. At last even Creole endurance begins to find out that it has its limits. The stars were now fading out, and a gray light was stealing up behind Catherine's Peak. It was nearly five A.M. Ponies were ordered; and soon the inclosure in front of the mess was crowded with those hardy little animals and their black grooms. The Major, sternly disregarding all petitions for 'just one more turn,' was busy packing off his charges under his wife's wing to the ladies' dressing-room. The last panting couple have stopped from sheer want of breath, and at half-past five A.M. *God Save the Queen* is played. 'So charming!'—'Such a nice dance!'—'So good of you to get it up!' I hear murmured on all sides, as the girls scurry off on their cavaliers' arms to the Colonel's quarters, where Mrs S—— has tea awaiting them.

Meanwhile, we men adjourn to the supper-room for a stirrup-cup. 'Lots of time yet,' cries a perspiring subaltern, catching me by the arm and hurrying me to the table. 'Ladies won't be ready this half-hour. What is it to be? Champagne-cup? B. and S?—All right. Mess-waiter—two B. and Esses.' Pop go the corks.

'Now then!' shouts the regimental Major from the top of the table. 'Where's the Brum? We want "*Drink, Puppy, Drink*."'

Why it is called 'The Brum,' I know not: but at the Major's command a handsome fair-faced English lad responds: 'All right, sir; here goes;' and presently the rafters are ringing with the chorus of poor Whyte Melville's last hunting strain.

Everything, even a dance in the Jamaica hills,

must end some time. The ladies come trooping down, and we are in the saddle again, winding down the hillside. Harking back with our eyes, we can see the lights of the messroom away above; and can hear *Drink, Puppy, Drink* being chanted with renewed vigour. We are too sleepy to talk much. Miss Martin only faintly reproaches me for my not having come for the second fast dance. It is a quarter to eight A.M. as we turn into the gate of Craigton; and in a few minutes I am in the land of dreams.

AUTOGRAPHIC PRINTING PROCESSES.

MEN of business, writing letters from their office, do so in a strictly regular manner, by fixed rules; and each letter is in many instances the joint production of at least two minds. To explain how this is, we must remember that busy men have not the time to go through the manual labour of writing their own letters. A solicitor in good practice, for example, will have a short-hand clerk constantly at his elbow. The letters are dictated to this clerk, who scribbles his pencil hieroglyphics in a note-book as fast as his master can give utterance to the sounds which they represent. This clerk afterwards translates his notes into longhand, reconstructing a sentence where necessary. The principal has merely to sign his name, and the letter is finished. But before it is sealed, a very necessary operation is performed—the letter is copied. To the various modes by which this is performed, it is our intention in this article to direct the reader's attention.

The most obvious method of copying letters is that of taking an ordinary pen and ink and reproducing them word for word; and this was the system necessarily adopted in all offices thirty years ago. It is clear that this process is open to all kinds of errors, and also carries with it the objection that a principal might complain that his clerk had not faithfully reproduced his words. To facilitate the reproduction of letters, copying-ink was invented—that is, ink mixed with some sticky preparation, such as sugar, so that its impression could be conveyed to sheets of damp paper. The impression is of course reversed, or what a photographer would call a negative; thin paper is therefore used, so that the words can easily be read from the other side. This system is extensively adopted, and is in use at most offices. The letters are either impressed direct into a bound book of thin paper, or upon loose sheets, and afterwards bound. In either case, the volumes thus obtained form a complete history of business correspondence as conducted from day to day. The plan is all that can be required where a single copy only, is necessary.

It, however, often becomes necessary in large offices to send out numbers of circular letters on the same subject. This necessity was at first met by employing a very intense copying-ink, which would allow several fac-simile letters to be produced from one original. But with the best inks, such copies were limited to six or eight, and the last produced was of a very vague and attenuated character. The lithographic process, by which a letter, written in special ink and on special paper, can be transferred to stone and reproduced by the hundred, fulfils the purpose admirably. But it requires the assistance

of a skilled lithographer; and for that and many other reasons, does not exactly meet the want indicated. The means for expeditiously multiplying copies of circulars and the like by unskilled hands, has only been successfully accomplished within very recent times. The apparatus by which this is done may be divided into two distinct classes; by one of which a stencil is formed, through which the ink is pressed, and in the other a medium is found to hold the image of the writing; as in the lithographic process, where a stone is employed for that purpose. The art of stencilling is familiar to our readers in various forms, stencil plates for all kinds of purposes being in use in the arts and different trades. The first form of stencilling pen was a small pointer, which was made to travel very rapidly with an up-and-down motion, by which it pierced paper placed beneath it. This pen was worked by a treadle, and was somewhat cumbersome. The same idea has lately been improved upon in the production of a pen which contains its own motive-power in the shape of clockwork. Traced over a piece of paper, this little engine forms lines of tiny pricked holes. The pierced paper so produced forms the matrix, from which many copies can be obtained; but the process is somewhat slow, and has the disadvantage of making uniform up-and-down strokes on the paper, by which the characteristic features of a particular handwriting are destroyed. The apparatus too is somewhat expensive, a clockwork pen of this description costing no less than five pounds.

Of the same genus and outward appearance is the famous 'Electric Pen,' due to the ingenuity of Mr Edison. The only difference is that a magnetic engine takes the place of the box of clockwork at the top of the pen. But here a fresh complication comes into place in the form of the inevitable electric battery, with its tiresome solutions and general uncertainties. In its results the Electric Pen is no better than its clockwork prototype, and is nearly double the price. In both cases the copy produced is not a fac-simile of the original writing or drawing; for the reproduction is formed of dotted and not continuous lines.

Of a far more inexpensive and effective character is the 'Papyograph,' which, we believe, was patented before the era of Mr Edison's Electric Pen. In this case, a paper is used for the stencil, which has been saturated with a resinous varnish. The pen is charged with a strong solution of caustic soda, which decomposes the resin, and turns it in fact into soluble soap. The paper is now soaked in water, which removes the soap, and leaves the writing in the form of a porous stencil. A velvet cushion is now impregnated with an ink composed of aniline violet and glycerine. The stencil is placed upon this, and a sheet of clean paper above it. Pressure is then applied; the ink is forced through the interstices of the fibrous paper; and a perfect copy is the result. By this simple process, more than five hundred copies can be rapidly obtained from one paper stencil. One other process belonging to the stencil family must also be noticed, although it partakes of the faults of some of those named in reproducing a dotted copy. In this method the stencil is formed by writing with a steel point upon paper which rests upon a metal surface, this surface being roughened like the face of a file. The characters are in short

rubbed into holes; the copies being reproduced by the application of an ink cushion in the way already indicated.

All these methods have one great fault, in either reproducing a false copy of the original, or forcing the writer to employ materials he is unaccustomed to, and which warp and disfigure his handwriting. These difficulties are entirely obviated by a little apparatus called the Chromograph. The idea is clever and full of originality; and the apparatus, —which seems to be common property— is produced and sold under various names, such as Compo-lithograph, Hektograph, Multiscript, &c. It consists of a zinc tray filled with a gelatinous white preparation, the mode of using which being as follows. A letter or drawing is made upon ordinary paper with aniline ink. When this is dry, it is carefully placed face downwards on the white surface, and rubbed with the hand. By lifting one corner, it is gently pulled away from the preparation, when it is found that the ink has been mostly transferred to its temporary support. The image on the gelatine surface is now used as a negative, from which some dozens of copies can be had. These copies are most vigorous, and the first twenty or thirty will shew no signs that they have not been separately written by hand. After that number has been obtained, the proofs become rather pale, but still legible and fit for use. It will be observed that no press is required save the simple pressure of the hand on the back of each sheet of paper as it is applied to the negative. The system is not only applicable to the reproduction of writing, but can be used for drawings, diagrams, and music. It is, moreover, so simple in its character, that the apparatus can easily be made at home; and we have much pleasure in placing before our readers the means by which this can be done.

Suppose that we wish to copy letters of the ordinary note size, we shall require a piece of ordinary roofing-zinc measuring twelve inches by nine. The edge of this must be turned up half an inch all round, so as to form a tray for the reception of the composition. This requires some little care in its preparation. First, place two and a half ounces of common gelatine in cold water, and let it remain there until it becomes quite flaccid. The gelatine so treated is then placed in a gallipot, which has itself been placed in water in a saucepan. Heat is applied, and, as the gelatine melts, one pound of glycerine is poured upon it, and thoroughly stirred. An ounce of finely powdered chalk is also added to the mass and incorporated with it. Heat is kept up for ten minutes or more, to drive off some of the water, when the gallipot is removed, and its contents poured into the zinc tray prepared for its reception. This should be placed on a level surface as the gelatine compound cools and sets in about an hour. It must then be sponged with cold water and wiped dry, when it is ready for use.

The ink is prepared by mixing aniline violet in powder with seven parts of water and one of alcohol, the resulting proofs being of course of a bright violet hue. In using the ink, care should be taken that enough is applied to the paper to give that metallic sheen by reflected light which is so characteristic of the aniline dyes. The

colour of the ink is in some cases rather prejudicial to the use of these gelatine contrivances, which no doubt has limited to some extent their employment. But lately a black ink has been produced, which is said to give copies as good, with the advantages of a more sober tint. The composition of this ink remains a secret.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'LARGE and roomy; well-furnished; good garden; healthy neighbourhood; within easy reach of a railway-station; good boys' school near; not far from London; cheap!' Thus, with something more than a suspicion of scorn in her voice, my sister Margaret ran off on her fingers the list of my requirements for a house.

I had just returned from India with my six children, and I was anxious to settle them comfortably before their father's return.

'You want every comfort,' continued my sister, 'and you don't want to pay for every comfort. I believe you Anglo-Indians think we live upon nothing in England.'

Her husband came in as she spoke. Turning to him, she ran over again, with a slight exaggeration and a deeper infusion of contempt, the catalogue given above.

He took a seat. 'Difficult,' he said, oracularly; 'but it might be done. I have it!' said he, turning to his wife.

'What? The right house! Then you are cleverer than I thought you.'

'Do you remember the story Williams told us yesterday?'

'Now, James,' said my sister, rising to her feet, and looking at her husband severely, 'if you advise Eleanor to take that house, you do it on your own responsibility. I wash my hands of it.'

'Sit down again, Margaret,' he said. 'Be reasonable, my dear. Is there any sufficient reason why Eleanor should not take that house?'

'There is one very good reason—she will have to do the house-work herself. No servant will stay a week.'

'She has an Indian servant at anyrate, who must stand by her.'

'But think of herself, of her feelings.—You smile, James. O yes; I know you think me absurd. Very likely I am absurd; but remember this—there's no smoke without some fire. Besides, I knew the last tenants. Mrs Green is not an idiot. She told me'—

'Stay a moment,' said my brother-in-law, and he addressed himself to me.—'Eleanor, tell me the truth: are you a believer in ghosts?'

'Does this mean that the eligible house is haunted?' I exclaimed, much stimulated by what I had heard. 'If so, I will take it at once. Write to the agent for me, James.'

'I do believe you are all going mad,' said my worthy sister, holding up her hands in horror.—'James, you are a sensible man. You know things ought not to be done in a hurry.—Eleanor, listen to what I heard from the last tenant. She told me with her own lips; it is none of your second-hand stories'—

'No,' I interrupted; 'don't tell me. If there is a

ghost, it will shew itself. If there is not, I might be set thinking of your story, and might imagine it; or at least—correcting myself—I might be betrayed into telling somebody else. Somebody else might imagine it.'

My brother-in-law thereupon entered into an elaborate description of the house, which had everything I could desire; and he believed I could have it for a rent, which was so small, considering its advantages, as to seem merely nominal. 'The fact is,' he said, 'their principal object is to have the thing off their hands. Tenants have been coming, and tenants have been going; and some have paid, and some have not paid. The place has got a bad name in the neighbourhood. The owners, however, think that if a respectable tenant comes and stays for some time, it will have a good effect on the public mind. But, as Margaret says, you must count the cost. Your servants will be sure to hear the ghost-story. They will see visions and dream dreams. You may have to do a good deal of the work yourself. By-the-by, there is an old housekeeper, a Mrs Weevil, who lives in the lower rooms.'

'Could we not get rid of her?' I said. 'She might tell the servants.'

'I am afraid that would be easier said than done,' he answered. 'She has some claim upon the family. But they say she is a quiet old soul, who interferes with nobody. You might warn her, you know.'

'Well,' I said, 'let us write to the agent, and see what can be done.'

The result of all this was that, a week or two later, on a placid afternoon early in the month of August, I drove up with my children, servants, and luggage before the deep porch of one of those moderately sized country-houses which abound in the county of Surrey. It was to be my home for the next twelve months—servants and ghosts permitting.

For once, description and the expectation that followed hard upon it were, I felt, abundantly justified. My earthly paradise was a paradise indeed; and joyfully, on the evening of our arrival, I sat and wrote to my husband of our good fortune. The house was beautifully situated, and was itself picturesque, with its deep porch in front, and the neat balcony that surmounted it. It was an irregular building, and its red brick walls were half-smothered with ivy and clematis. Beyond the garden in front was a broad lawn, bounded by the grand old beeches and elms which form a belt round Lord B——'s estate. During the first few weeks, nothing happened to change my good opinion of the house.

There was one circumstance I did not like; but I persuaded myself it was trivial, and to be affected by it proved ultra-sensitiveness; besides, I had been warned beforehand. Two of the lower rooms were occupied by an old woman. She was a pensioner, I was told, of our landlord's. Many years ago, she had been housekeeper to some relatives of his, who lived in the house, and she had lived in it ever since. I wished to see her and have some conversation with her. I disliked, in the first place, that any one of whom I knew nothing should be in my house; and in the second place, I was anxious to warn her to keep the ghost-story (whatever that might be) secret. My

three English servants were north-country girls. I had taken good care that they should be utter strangers to the neighbourhood; but I knew, if the possibility of seeing a ghost were suggested to them, they would promptly make the possibility a certainty, and then my troubles would begin.

I sent a polite message to Mrs Weevil, asking for an interview; and she came to my room. She was not a prepossessing woman. Her age might be somewhere between sixty and seventy; and as she dropped an awkward courtesy on entering my presence, I felt she was giving me a homage which she did not pay willingly. I said I understood she had permission from the owner of the house to occupy certain rooms in it.

'Yes, ma'am,' she said; 'but not from the owner as is the owner of the 'ouse now, ma'am.'

She manifested, I thought, a certain ill-concealed sulkiness as I went on to ask her if she could not be induced to find accommodation for herself in some of the cottages on the adjoining estate, so as to give us the house to ourselves. She stubbornly refused.

'No, ma'am,' she went on to say. 'I am an old woman as has lived here for nigh twenty years, and I never gives trouble to no one. I only wishes to be let alone; and I means to stay, ma'am—yes, I means to stay.'

I saw that it would serve no purpose at present to try to dissuade her; and as I did not wish to quarrel with her, I changed the conversation. I said I understood there were some foolish stories current about the house being haunted, and I hoped, whatever she thought of it, that she would say nothing to my servants on the subject.

'If your servants 'll let me alone, ma'am, I'll let them alone. I has no wish to meddle with any lady's servants.'

I then permitted her to go. She was certainly no trouble about the house; and she was very seldom seen either by me or the servants. She only went out occasionally, as if to make such purchases as her necessities might require, locking the door of her rooms both in going and returning.

A month passed by. People in the neighbourhood began to call. They all praised the house and grounds; but they all looked mysterious, and one and another hinted: 'You won't stay here over the winter.'

My answer was a smile. But the winter came. Flowers faded; trees grew red, golden, brown; and at last their shivering leaves fell to the ground. It was an early winter. In November, the cold was intense, and the days were short and gloomy. Many years had passed by since I had spent a winter in England, and I felt the cold very much. I made the best of things however, muffling myself and the children in flannel, keeping the doors and windows closed, and having large fires in the rooms and hall. In spite of all I could do, two of them fell ill. Their illness was not serious; but nursing and looking after them gave me much to do, for their ayah (Indian nurse) was suffering at the moment from a severe cold, which rendered her almost incapable of helping me.

Such was my position when, one morning, my housemaid asked to see me. I knew what this meant; and was not surprised to hear that she

intended to leave us that very day. Her mother wanted her, she said. I asked her mother's reason. She was impenetrable. I offered her higher wages. She said, tremblingly, that she would not stay if I were to offer her a hundred pounds. I began to perceive that the news of the ghost-story had got abroad; and I asked her if there was anything in the house of which she was afraid; but to this question she was dumb. I said I would see her again, and sat down to think, with my sick child in my lap. Even while I was thinking, there came a knock at the door of my room. I cried out, 'Come in; ' but my heart sank.

My cook was at the door. The girl who helped in the kitchen and house was behind her. Both looked scared, and announced that they were going.

I did not know what to do. To gain time, I ordered them back to their work. I had no money in the house, I said. The bank, as they knew, was some miles distant. They had no right to leave me without due notice; in fact, I would not let them go. So I said, and hoped that they were quieted for a time. But late that evening, the ayah came to me with consternation in her face. All the three English servants had left me!

By that time the children were in bed, and everything was still. I bade the ayah go to her room with the younger children, and after locking my bedroom door, sat alone, thinking. I had passed through an exciting day. The night was chilly; I was tired, and not very well. That the warmth of the fire and the comfort of my favourite lounging-chair should presently cause a delightful sense of indifference to all and every annoyance, need not be considered wonderful. As I sat there, I gave way to the pleasant compulsion, and was soon, I imagine, fast asleep. I say I imagine, because there was no witness present; and of what we do, or what we don't do, in that strange indefinite border-land of sensation which separates waking-time from sleeping-time, we can never be perfectly certain.

So far as I know, I slept for some considerable time. It was the sensation, I believe, of my feet waxing cold that first loosened the bonds of slumber. While I was in that semi-conscious state, which has a peculiar discomfort, I became dimly alive to the fact that there was in the room some presence other than my own. There was movement—a stirring in the air, as if some creature had come in. The events of the day returned to my memory, which was still only half alive. I started up, rubbing my eyes, for I could not be at all sure that I was awake and in my right mind.

When I went to sleep, I was alone. Yes, certainly. But even if it were not so, what strange pale face was this now gazing at me across the dimly-lighted space of the shadowy room? I was but half-awake. My nerves were in an excited state. The ghost in the house had been my last conscious idea. And now this strange face, which seemed to be advancing on me out of the gloom, was it a creation of my own fancy? Or was it some one playing a trick upon me? In any case, now was my time to fathom the mystery. Trying to be courageous and gather my wits together, I advanced. The face receded, and passed into the deeper shadow, till it appeared to be suddenly swallowed up in the draperies of

the heavily curtained window. I rushed forward, but was not swift enough. Before I touched the curtains, the face had disappeared. I was certain, however, perfectly certain that as I drew the curtains open, I felt resistance to my hand, and at the same time a gust of colder air rushed against my face, as if from an opened window. At first, I felt as if about to faint; but my will, fortunately, was strong, and I threw the curtains aside, and put my hand on the window. It was closed. I tried the bar, which could only be fixed from the inside, and it was as I had left it early in the evening.

At this discovery, my agitation overpowered me, my head swam, and I fainted. When I recovered consciousness, I was lying in the broad recess of the curtained window, and I felt a trickling sensation on my forehead, and suspected, what I afterwards found to be the case, that I had struck my head on some article of furniture, and was bleeding. This involuntary blood-letting helped to revive me, and I sat up.

For a few minutes I remained partially stunned and bewildered. I felt a creeping sensation, as if I had been struck by a frost-wind. After a while, my heart began to beat less audibly, and I rose to my feet. At that moment the embers of the fire suddenly sank into the bottom of the grate, sending up a faint flickering light, which was absolute cheerfulness as contrasted with the horrible semi-darkness that had hitherto prevailed. I felt my courage returning, and managed to ring the bell. The ayah came, alarmed that I should have summoned her at an hour when she supposed I had retired to rest. I did not tell her what I had witnessed, only asked her to light a candle. She did so, and as the light fell upon my face, she gave a slight scream. I had forgot at the moment that blood was trickling from the wound I had received, or I should not have asked her to light the candle. As it was, I had to make the best excuse I could in answer to her inquiries. I said I must have slept long by the fire, and in moving about the darkened room had fallen and hurt myself. The wound, however, was found to be a mere scratch; and in a few minutes the ayah had succeeded in removing from my face all marks of the disaster.

I asked her to leave the candle with me, and allow me to retire to rest. She did so; and after the door was closed upon her, I proceeded with the candle to examine the window more minutely. The mystery was as much a mystery as ever. The window had certainly not been opened by any one, and no trace was visible on the walls of any possible means of egress or ingress. I felt more nervous than ever, and was about to turn and quit the room altogether, so much did my fears oppress me, when something lying on the floor within the recess attracted my attention. I stooped and picked it up. It was a small piece of white cloth—a few inches square—very frail in the texture, as if half-rotted with damp or age, and adorned with a peculiar kind of embroidery such as I thought I had seen before, but could not recall where. On one edge there was a hem; the other three edges being irregular and jagged. It looked like a piece of cloth wrenched out of a garment by the foot being suddenly placed upon it. I felt I had made a discovery.

Returning to the fireplace, I sat down to think.

It seemed clear to me now that my visitant, however he or she had effected an entrance, was no spirit. This piece of linen was certainly not lying there when I had closed and barred the window for the night; nor could it belong to the apparel of any member of my household. It was not unlikely that it was part of the loose garment of dingy white which I now remembered my strange visitant wore.

I am naturally strong-minded, and gradually began to recover my composure. I said to myself: 'I shall find out the secret. The first link of the chain is between my fingers. I never before heard of ghosts tramping bits out of their drapery, and no doubt the ghost I saw had been nearly as much afraid as myself when I so suddenly approached it, and had not got away without a little flurry. This accounts, too,' I thought, 'for the resistance which I felt to my hand when I first laid hold of the window-curtains.'

I was more than ever persuaded that a trick was being played upon me. I did not feel, however, as if I could sleep in the room that night. If my visitor was, as I suspected, a mortal like myself, there was no saying what he or she might be induced to attempt, should the desire of revenge prompt a second visit. My life was not safe in such circumstances, when a barred window and a locked door were not sufficient to protect me from intrusion. I resolved for that night to occupy the bedroom where my two eldest children slept, which I could reach without disturbing the rest of the house.

I was about to take up my candle and go, when I imagined I heard a sound behind me. In my state of nervousness, I started, and had almost dropped the candle. I looked towards the window; but the curtains hung motionless, and were parted as I had left them.

A thought struck me. If my visitor were to return after I had retired, how should I know? I pondered the matter a little, and then proceeded to action. Trickery must in this case be met by trickery. I went to my workbox, took out a reel of thread, and drew off a few yards. There were curtain fasteners on each side of the window, about two feet from the floor; and between these I stretched and made fast the length of thread, so that no one could enter the room from the window-recess in the course of the night without unconsciously breaking the frail barrier I had erected. This would afford me sufficient proof as to whether the privacy of my sleeping-room had again been invaded. Taking up my candle and the bit of cloth, I then passed quietly out, locking the door of the room, and carrying the key with me. I felt myself stronger in the presence of my children, and soon managed to fall asleep.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TUNNELS.

MANY curious things might be said about tunnels, old as well as new. For instance, the stupendous work—whose history links modern with ancient engineering—the object of which was to connect Lake Fucinus, now called Celano, with the Liris, now the river Garigliano, was undertaken 42 A.D. It took nearly eleven years to complete, and thirty thousand men are said to have been engaged upon it. This subterranean canal was executed by order of the Emperor

Claudius. For nearly eighteen centuries it seems to have been forgotten; but on its discovery about sixty years ago, the Neapolitan government resolved to clear it out. This was accordingly done, but not until several years had been spent upon the task. The improved tunnel is four miles long; the original length was three miles. Prince Torlonia of Rome gradually bought up the shares, and carried on the operations at his expense until his death in 1871.

Modern tunnelling—which by the way, is quite a distinct profession—is of three classes: first, tunnelling through soft ground such as clay, loose rock, &c.; second, rock-tunnelling without machinery; third, tunnelling through solid rock by the aid of machinery. In piercing a hill or other mass of earth, a large quantity of timber for temporary arching is required, until the brick or stone work has been provided. In some methods of tunnel-making it is judged more secure to brick the timber in. But this is very costly, especially when all the heavy timber has to be conveyed down a shaft or slope. Where the ground is rather yielding and much water appears, an inverted arch is constructed across the bottom of the tunnel, so as to resist the pressure from beneath. There are now, however, other methods of construction in use. A new system has been devised of employing iron centres as a substitute for timber. Tunnelling through loose rock, timbering, and then arching, is the method mostly in use in this country and America; and where the length is comparatively short, hand-labour is found cheaper than the employment of machinery. But at the present day, this kind of engineering is conducted on a vast scale with steel and diamond pointed drills, driven by compressed air (at about forty pounds to the square inch), which latter serves for ventilation purposes. In this way longer holes can be cut and heavier charges of dynamite employed.

The first sub-aqueous tunnel in England was that under the Thames from Wapping to Rotherhithe, known as the Thames Tunnel. It was begun in 1807; the operations were stopped after a time; but recommenced by Sir M. I. Brunel in 1825. The work was again interrupted by accidents; but the causeway was eventually opened for foot passengers in 1843. In the year 1867, it was purchased by the East London Railway Company. It is twelve hundred feet in length. Another subway is planned between the north side of the Thames and South Woolwich; it will be much deeper below the bed of the Thames than the older subway, and is to be constructed to admit of the transit of troops and war-material from Woolwich to the north side of the river, thus avoiding the circuitous route over London Bridge. Of this class we must also mention the Severn Tunnel, commenced in 1875, and now well on towards completion; but the bursting of a spring last year caused a serious interruption to the operations. The cutting has been mostly through rock, and about one hundred yards in the centre of the channel yet remain unpierced. Among other important works, the son of the eminent engineer above mentioned constructed Box Tunnel on the Great Western Railway, in the vicinity of Bath; it is nearly four miles long. The Woodhead Tunnel, near Manchester, is three miles in length; a second

cutting of the same dimensions was afterwards made parallel with it, but separated by a longitudinal pier. The Kilsby Tunnel on the London and North-western Railway was four years in construction; it is two thousand four hundred yards long, and cost three hundred and fifty thousand pounds; nearly four times the original estimate. Peculiar difficulties were encountered in making the Sydenham Tunnel (London, Chatham, and Dover Railway). It is cut through the London clay, and while the works were in progress, the clay commenced swelling and crushing the masonry. This was so serious, that over eight thousand cubic yards of work had to be rebuilt. Considerable progress is just now being made with borings for the tunnel to be cut by the Mersey Railway Company under the bed of the Mersey. The shaft on the Birkenhead side has been sunk to a depth of about one hundred and twenty feet with most satisfactory results. The boring is through the New Red Sandstone; on the Liverpool side, a depth of one hundred feet has been reached. It is scarcely necessary to mention the tunnel which forms the chief feature of the Metropolitan (or Underground) Railway of London, opened January 10, 1863, and since extended in several directions. A similar work is projected for Paris at an estimated cost of six millions of pounds. There are now over eighty miles of tunnelling in England.

Tunnels for portions of canal in hilly regions are sometimes of great length—such as the Canal de St Quentin, more than seven miles long; the Huddersfield, and the Mauvages (Canal du Marne au Rhin), three miles each; Sapperton, Thames and Medway, Dudley, Blisworth, Soussey, Pouilly, ranging from two to four miles.

Transatlantic enterprise of this class has made great advances of late years. We select two or three out of nearly a score which deserve mention. The Hoosac Tunnel (Massachusetts) was constructed to provide a direct route to the Hudson River. Until the cutting of this one, all rock tunnelling in the United States was effected by hand-labour. It was commenced in 1858; and after several delays, arising from pecuniary difficulties and a serious accident in October 1867, it was finished in 1874. Under Lake Michigan, there is a tunnel, or rather aqueduct, constructed to convey pure water to the city of Chicago. This important work was begun in 1864, and completed in 1867.

In August 1857 the celebrated Mont Cenis Tunnel—incorrectly so termed, because it is sixteen miles from that mountain: the tunnel actually passing under the Grand Vallon—was commenced by manual labour, and continued so to be worked until 1861, when rock-boring machinery came into use; in consequence of which, rapid advances were made. The First Napoleon constructed a magnificent military road over Mont Cenis Pass; and this was used regularly by travellers. At length, when the French railways had crept close to one flank of the range, and Italian railways close to the other, plans for a railway tunnel to connect the two were formed. The French and Italian governments agreed to share the cost between them. The tunnel is nearly eight miles long, and as much as five thousand feet above the level of the sea. After working from opposite sides of the mountain, the workmen at length met in the centre, December

26, 1870. On the 17th of September in the following year the great undertaking was inaugurated in state, the ceremony being graced by the presence of the Empress Eugenie.

And now, in spite of the German prophecy, that 'a large lake would be met with, which would put a sudden end to all the work,' we are able to record that on Sunday, 29th February 1880, the St Gothard Tunnel, another gigantic effort of engineering, was accomplished. Thus for the second time have the hoary Alps been pierced through their very heart. In January 1871, the work was commenced, with MM. Gerwig and Koller as chief engineers and M. Grattoni as contractor; but the contract was afterwards transferred to M. Favre, who, it is said, was at one time a journeyman carpenter at Paris. It was in September 1872 that the Italian side of the St Gothard at Airolo was attacked. The heading driven at top was about eight feet square, and the improved McKean drill employed during the later part of the work—a machine which cut its way at the rate of twelve inches per minute. The contract for this tunnel was nearly two millions sterling, and the foregoing figures represent a cost of three pounds ten shillings for every inch of boring; but the actual cost, including formidable approach works at the two ends, will amount to several millions more by the time they are all fully completed. The tunnel itself is about nine miles and a quarter in length. In the centre of the mountain, the temperature was found to be almost tropical in character, the ventilation of the passage being kept up with difficulty. We regret to learn that this great work—like so many others which are an honour to science and the glory of this century—has cost nearly seventy lives; to which must be added that of M. Favre, who died in the tunnel some months ago. It appears that, fearing injury to their traffic from Paris to Brindisi via the Mont Cenis, the French are now, in consequence of this new tunnel, boring through the Simplon—estimated at eleven and a half miles in length—and 'already there are rumours of schemes to bore through the Tarentaise and the Col du Mont; and even Mont Blanc is threatened with a tunnel,' consequent upon the feverish competition likely to arise among the Swiss, German, French, and Italian lines.

Five years ago, *La Nature* reported that in Spain an inter-continental Railway Company had been formed to carry out the scheme of connecting Europe and Africa by a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, but nothing has been done in the matter.

But the bold idea of a tunnel under the British Channel will, if carried out, eclipse all former undertakings of this kind. The present 'Channel Company' was formed in 1872; Sir John Hawkshaw, F.R.S., Mr Brunlees, and M. Gamond being appointed engineers. The route finally decided upon places the tunnel on a line extending from a spot between Folkestone and Dover, through the 'Old Gray Chalk,' to a point between Sangatte and Calais, on the opposite coast. The total length will be thirty-one miles, of which twenty-two will be under the Strait. Shafts are to be sunk on each shore to a depth of about four hundred and fifty feet below high-water mark; and driftways from the bottom of these, for the draining of the tunnel,

which is to begin two hundred feet above the driftway. These driftways will be driven from both ends on a down gradient of one in eighty to the junction of the drainage driftway; and then on an up-grade of one in two thousand six hundred and forty to the middle of the Strait. The crown of the tunnel in all parts will be not less than two hundred feet below the bed of the Dover Straits. It is hoped that the excavation will be mostly through chalk, in which case comparatively rapid progress will be made. It has been estimated that the probable cost of this titanic task will be about four millions sterling; but Sir John Hawkshaw considers it best to double this estimate, in anticipation of greater obstacles which may arise. The preliminary works are now being prosecuted with great activity. A shaft has been sunk at Sangatte, to the depth of over one hundred metres, and the experimental gallery has been commenced, and is to be continued for a kilometre—that is, three thousand two hundred and fifty feet—under the sea. The raising of the capital for the tunnel itself is, however, still a knotty problem; but if this can be accomplished, so much the better for all parties. As the passenger traffic between England and the continent amounts to nearly four hundred thousand annually, and is yearly on the increase, the opening of this marine subway will be of enormous public advantage.

PREDICTION, IN A SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL SENSE.

Two friends, A. and B., meeting in the street, the former says that he is just going off by rail. B. might hold forth to him somewhat as follows: 'The railway by which you will travel has cost more than forty thousand pounds per mile. Your train will have about a hundred and twenty passengers, first and last, during this journey. You will pay about a shilling for your ticket (single). There will be a locomotive engine to every mile and a half of line; and the working of the line will swallow up more than half the gross receipts.' A. looks wonderingly at his friend; not knowing whether he is a wizard in disguise, or a joker who is poking fun, or a somewhat presumptuous man who ventures on prediction in the total absence of any certainty—for B. touches also on the smash by collision or break-down that must be calculated on to a defined extent; but A. is in haste to catch his train, and cannot wait to discuss the matter.

And yet B. is not so very presumptuous after all. If instead of saying 'You will,' he uses the form of expression, 'In all probability you will,' he would be very near the truth indeed. Scientific men have discovered that there is a law of continuity, a law of uniformity, which maintains mundane phenomena in a wonderfully regular state. True, there are sudden outbursts of energy in physical events that totally and temporarily disturb the uniformity; but if a wide range be taken for comparison, the uniformity comes back again with a marked approximation to identity. We assert that the sun will rise to-morrow: it never fails to do so; nay, an astronomer gives the

exact hour, minute, and even second of the rising. All our almanacs and calendars rely greatly on this prediction, as without it the determination of latitudes and longitudes, and many other calculations highly important to the welfare of society in general, would come to nought. The prediction is worthy of the trust it obtains. So in all matters around us the case is virtually the same; we predict every hour of the day, although we do not always call it prediction.

To apply this to the case of our two supposed friends. Although railways are exposed to a singular variety of contingencies, catastrophes, disasters, they work round to a remarkable uniformity when a large area is taken as the basis of comparison. For example, the eighteen thousand miles of railway in the United Kingdom have cost the stupendous sum of seven hundred millions sterling; about forty thousand pounds per mile. The length increases every year; but the cost per average mile has been nearly uniform for some years past, and is likely to continue so to be. Again: the working expenses, all the Companies and lines taken into account, year after year differ very little from fifty-two or fifty-three per cent., leaving forty-seven or forty-eight per cent. as net revenue. Again: incessant as is the increase in mileage of line, the number of locomotives per hundred miles remains almost constant; and so does that of carriages and wagons of all kinds. Again: the number of passengers per train, the length of journey made by each, and the sum paid by him for his ride, all display the same remarkable tendency to uniformity. We might go further, and safely assert that even railway accidents come within the same category. True, a Tay Bridge disaster may entail a terrible and sudden sacrifice of human life; but taking one year with another and one railway with another, we can guess pretty nearly how many persons will be injured by railway accidents, and what proportion of the hapless beings will be killed outright. It is in this way that the predictions ventured upon by B. are worthy of full reliance, as resting on a scientific basis.

It is deserving of note that ministers of religion generally manifest much distrust of this word prediction, conscientiously regarding it as a bold interference with the mysterious will and decrees of Providence; and their scruples are worthy of respectful attention. Yet the distrust generally vanishes when these excellent persons take up their wonted position in the affairs of every-day life. A clergyman, having only a life-interest in his benefice, cannot leave the stipend to his family. When he dies, all goes. His widow and children—perchance unmarried and dowerless girls—must quit the parsonage very soon, and find another home where and how they can; they have no claim on the congregation, church-rate, or pew-rent payers, and may be driven to terrible straits to maintain even a decent position in society. The national Church of Scotland, and many of the Nonconformist bodies in England as well as Scotland, make some sort of provision for ministers' widows; but the general rule is as we have stated. If a clergyman wishes to shield his dear ones, he *insures his life*; and this involves as direct a prediction as anything connected with railway phenomena. We proceed to shew how it does so.

Our reverend friend applies to a Life Insurance Company, Office, or Association—a safe and reliable one, let us hope—and effects an insurance on his life. He agrees to pay a certain annual premium, on condition that a certain lump sum shall be paid to his widow or other representative after his decease. But how about this certain amount of premium? The Company do not know whether he will die next year or live to be a centenarian; and this would make all the difference between a heavy loss and a magnificent profit. Here the law of averages steps in. No one can tell when his own death will occur; but if (say) a thousand persons of the same age all insure at the same time, a wonderful approach to uniformity is reached. The matter has been well and tersely put thus: 'While there are few future events the date of whose arrival is more uncertain than that of death to any one man; on the other hand the average duration of a multitude of human lives is found to be in accordance with a law which operates as surely as that of gravitation. If it be asked how many lives must we take into account before we can depend on obtaining from them a duration corresponding with the general average, the only answer that we can give is, that the more we have the more nearly shall we approach to this result; the fluctuations ultimately becoming so small as to be practically of no effect.' The actuaries or calculators employed by the several Insurance Companies have formed themselves into an extremely useful Society of Actuaries; they compare the past experience of all the Companies, and arrive at closer and closer knowledge of what is sometimes called the 'Expectation of Life,' or the average duration of life after certain definite ages.

The tables which have been prepared by those able men shew all this in a striking way. It is found, for instance, that among a very large number of persons ten years old the mean duration of the *remainder* of their lives will be about forty-seven years; if thirty years old, thirty-four years; if fifty, seventy, or ninety years old, the mean duration will in like manner be twenty-one, nine, and three years respectively. Therefore if we assert that a man at fifty will live to see his seventy-first year, this prediction means a probability so strong as to induce Insurance Companies to rely upon it with confidence. We have spoken only, for the sake of simplicity, of the insurance of one life, to be realised after the death of the person named. But the experience and ingenuity of the various Companies have devised many kinds—insurance for two lives jointly, insurance for a definite number of years, insurance to be payable when sons and daughters come of age, and annuities of several kinds. But whatever it be, the Company make a prediction, or trust to an average which will determine the amount of the premium. It is an instructive system, view it how we may; and its great success and great value shew how well it deserves the confidence of the public.

Life, with all its uncertainties and mysteries, is not the only subject of such kind of prediction as we are here speaking of. How about *Fire*? A man may be utterly ruined in a few hours by a conflagration which destroys his house and stock-in-trade; while a person of more slender means

may be reduced to distress and even poverty by the destruction of his household furniture and personal effects. No wharfinger could bear the sudden and enormous loss occasioned by such a conflagration as that which occurred in Tooley Street some years ago, when an accidental fire destroyed warehouses and property to the value of nearly two millions sterling. Fire is not like life in this respect, for a man must die some day or other; whereas there is no must in the case of an accidental fire. Nevertheless the imperfection of human conduct and of manufactured articles infallibly leads to disasters of some kind or other, whether we call them accidents or by any other name. Well, a man knowing that a destructive fire would be almost ruinous to him, applies to some Fire Insurance Company, and insures his house, stock-in-trade, or household furniture and chattels. The proposal is accepted; and he agrees to pay an annual premium for the security he thereby obtains. This premium varies in amount according to the degree of risk incurred by the Company, ranging from about one-and-sixpence per hundred pounds for ordinary private dwelling-houses up to thirty or forty times that rate for such dangerous buildings as theatres, cotton-mills, &c. Some buildings would be charged at so enormous a rate that the owner prefers to run the risk without insurance, doing his best by care and prudence to lessen the probability of fire.

So far good; but how do the Company know what rate of premium to charge? The reply is just the same as in life-insurance—prediction based on averages. During many years the statistics of fires have been carefully collected, and tabulated with much ingenuity. Not only are the results set forth as 'totally destroyed,' 'partially destroyed,' and 'slight damage;' but the causes also are tabulated so far as ascertainable—'window-curtains ignited,' 'reading in bed,' 'overturned paraffin lamp,' 'children playing with lucifers,' 'overheated flue,' 'hot poker fell out of fire,' 'spark ignited shavings,' 'cat upset clothes-horse'—a queer list in itself unquestionably. The Companies, collecting as many thousand instances as possible, spread over a great number of years, find that there is a wonderful approach to uniformity in these matters, sufficient to justify them in predicting that an average of the whole will be almost absolutely true, and will serve as a guide next year as well as this. They declare at what rate per cent. they will insure a man's property; and the result shews that, while they render a great service to him, they realise a handsome profit for themselves—losing heavily by some insurers, but gaining by the vast majority. Prediction it certainly is, but prediction securely founded on average probabilities.

Just the same is it in principle in regard to *Ships*. They and their cargoes can always be insured against wreck, although no human being knows whether a particular ship will be wrecked or not. Insurances against such disasters have been known for more than three centuries and a half; seeing that ship-insurance was adopted in Spain before that date. It became appreciated in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. How very uncertain it appears! and yet a clue is arrived at by the self-same kind of prediction as that of which we have been treating. Marine Insurance Companies, and persons called *underwriters*—

mostly members of Lloyd's—come to the rescue of shipowners and freighters. They take the risk, and charge a premium for so doing. In estimating the amount of this premium, they take into account the quality of the ship, the nature of the cargo, the length of the intended voyage, the season of the year, the characteristics of the seas and coasts in regard to hurricanes and tornadoes, the known character and skill of the captain, and the state of belligerent rights (or wrongs) at sea. Yet, notwithstanding this complication of uncertainties, those who undertake the risk strike an average among all the recorded calamities in recent and earlier years, and establish rates of premium that are found to deal fairly to them and to the shipowners and freighters. As few individuals could afford to take this risk on their own resources alone, many of them combine to *underwrite* or *subscribe* for aliquot parts each. Prediction there is and must be, but judicious when properly viewed. Some great Shipowning Companies take the risk on their numerous ships, and pay for occasional losses out of a reserve fund set apart for the purpose.

Railway accidents: no one can tell which of us may lose life or limb by these disasters, bringing loss, sorrow, and suffering to others. Nevertheless there is a Railway Accident Insurance Company which will take all these risks. For a wonderfully small premium, so small indeed as threepence for a loss up to a thousand pounds, they will insure any person during one single journey; or will compound for a whole year's railway travelling for a premium definitely named. The only means the Company possess of determining how much to charge is by comparing a vast number of instances recorded by the several railway Companies, and striking an average among them that may justify probability or prediction.

Accidents generally, whether by railway or otherwise, have been taken in hand by the 'Accident Insurance Company.' A more difficult thing this to manage, yet it is managed, on the same principle of averages as above described.

Cattle insurance furnishes another example. The losses by cattle-disease are in some instances exceedingly heavy, bringing a grazier or dairy-farmer almost to the verge of ruin. To mitigate this loss, Companies or Associations are formed to take all risks, charging the cattle-owner a definite premium whether his live-stock are attacked with disease or not.—Prediction again, to determine the probability of the event, and the equitable rate of premium to charge for it.

And what are we to say of *Hail-storms*? Meteorologists agree that the times and places at which these visitations occur are specially difficult to predict—almost elude determination in any form. But they have to be borne when they come. Horticulturists and market-gardeners know by bitter experience that a hail-storm sometimes destroys acres of glass in conservatories, green-houses, hot-houses, and forcing-beds, entailing sudden and heavy loss. Here prediction comes again to the rescue. Companies or Associations have been formed for insuring against hail-storms. Comparisons are instituted over a wide area of country, and a considerable number of years; and it is found as a result that an average probability remains nearly the same year after year. On this the rate of premium is settled, equitable

between those who insure and those who accept the insurance.

Plate-glass insurance seems a whimsical matter; but when an enormous sheet of glass, nearly as large as one side of a moderate room, is broken in a resplendent shop-window, it is no joke to those who have to bear the loss. Here again insurance is effected, albeit the Company or office are quite ignorant whether the particular establishment named will or will not be included among those which suffer.

Honesty—surely this cannot be appraised and gauged by a premium standard? Veritably, however, such is really the case. There is a 'Guarantee Society' which engages, on the receipt of defined annual premiums, to make up the whole or an aliquot part of the defalcations of which a defaulting clerk may be guilty; and banks and large commercial houses fully rely on the soundness of such insurances. A very curious instance this of probabilities, based on well ascertained arithmetical averages of honesty and depravity.

So it is all around us. Prediction, in the sense we have explained, renders its invaluable aid in more ways than can easily be enumerated. If we call it prophecy, the meaning will be pretty much the same; but it is better to say prediction, as less likely to raise objection.

OLD FOLKS.

A correspondent writes to us as follows: Whilst residing in Ceylon a good many years ago I several times heard of men and women living in some neighbouring village who were said to be above one hundred years old; and out of curiosity I went to see them. In that climate, there is little variation of the seasons, and not much to impress the mind with the transition from one year to another; and I found that the supposed cases of longevity were not real, but imaginary. The colloquy was generally something like the following: 'Good-morning, uncle'—a very flattering title for an Englishman to use in addressing an aged native!—'You seem to be very old.' 'Yes; I am a great age now.'—'Well, how old are you?' 'I don't know. I have lost all count. I think I am above a hundred.'—'Indeed! Then you will remember the English taking the island from the Dutch?' 'O yes, I was just thirteen years old then!' As the English took Ceylon from the Dutch in 1795, and the question was put in 1856, it followed that the supposed centenarian was but in his seventy-fifth year! A similar question put to an old woman who was believed to have lived more than a century, would bring to light a connection between some leading event in her life and the imprisonment of the king of Kandy at Point de Galle. Perhaps her first husband died that year, or her eldest daughter was married; and as her recollection was clear as to her own age at the time, there was no difficulty in calculating that she was not much more than threescore years and ten.

Though there are undoubted cases of centenarians in various localities, some of whom have their faculties in wonderful repair, there is an instinctive love of the marvellous in human nature, which sometimes leads old people to exaggerate their age, and in other cases to persuade themselves—though they cannot persuade others

—that they are still comparatively young. A gentleman who was shewing me a literary paper which he had written in a very clear bold hand, remarked: 'I always write very distinctly, that I may have no difficulty in reading my manuscripts when old age comes upon me.' He was then bordering on seventy! Another very vigorous old gentleman aged seventy-seven, who was at the head of a large publishing establishment, was explaining to a friend the enormous amount of work he went through from day to day. His friend remarked that it must tell upon him seriously at his age. 'O no,' he replied; 'I don't feel it now; but I expect I shall do in after-life!'

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following anecdotes; but they may serve to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.' In the old coaching-days, when a coach stopped on one occasion to change horses, one of the passengers strolled along a green lane, and was surprised to see an old man sitting under the hedge crying. In answer to a question as to the cause of his grief, he replied that his father had been beating him. The passenger, who thought the father of an old man like that must be a curiosity worth seeing, asked him to take him to his father. The old man led him to a cottage where a very old man was standing at the gate, looking very angry. 'Is this your son?' he asked. 'Yes,' replied the very old man gruffly. 'He tells me you have been beating him,' said the passenger. 'Yes; and he deserves beating, the young rascal, for he has been throwing stones at his grandfather!'

I have heard of another old man and his wife, both of whom had reached the venerable age of one hundred. They had three daughters, the youngest of whom died unmarried at the age of seventy-two. The old woman was quite inconsolable on account of their irreparable loss. This youngest daughter had evidently been her pet, for after their return from the funeral, she said to her husband, amidst her sobs and tears: 'I always tell thee, John, that we should never rear that child!'

ONLY!

In the twilight, in the gloaming,
Of November's thirteenth day,
Lies my open desk before me;
What I muse on, who shall say?

Here are stored my choicest treasures—
Stored for many a weary year!
Desk! old silent friend, I love thee,
Witness mute of many a tear!

ONLY a blue knot of ribbon,
Dropped from a fair woman's hair!
ONLY a poor withered flower,
Faded lie, enshrined there!

ONLY one lock, long and golden,
Cut from off a sunny head!
ONLY letters, sere and yellow,
Traced by fingers white and dead!

Well!—I close thee. God be praised!
Bitter memories last not aye!
Time, to tenderness oft mellow
Saddest thoughts of days gone by!

A. H. B.

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IN GIPSY TENTS.

WE remember some years ago walking out of Maidstone to Penenden Heath. It was a still, warm evening in the beginning of May. A crescent moon hung low in the heavens, and in her soft and misty radiance the stars looked wan and feeble. A solitary nightingale made music to the night, and her liquid notes filled all the silence with melody. Out in the dim distance of the heath were numerous scattered points of light, only one degree brighter than the stars above them, and looking as if a straggling company of glow-worms were lighting themselves to some midnight conference. 'What are those lights?' was the natural inquiry. 'Oh, these are the gipsies; they camp regularly out on the heath.' Here we were, then, within a few hundred yards of a tribe of English gipsies.

No effort was made to explore the heath further; as in truth, the ideas we had formed of these 'houseless rovers of the silvan world' were not of the most prepossessing kind. Yet these ideas were not perhaps very different from those generally entertained of this mysterious and wandering race; for with most people, any knowledge possessed of the gipsies is as likely as not to have been derived from the pages of poetry and romance, rather than from authentic history or personal observation. And neither the romancers nor the poets have, as a rule, done much to elevate our conceptions of the gipsy character. Perhaps Sir Walter Scott in his *Meg Merrilies* has done more than most novelists to humanise these wanderers—to teach us that, even under the scarlet mantle of the weird gipsy woman, with her mysterious incantations, her muttered anathemas, her wild bursts of impetuous and revengeful passion, there yet beats a woman's heart, a heart not incapable of sympathy and goodness and fidelity, though handicapped may be with a more than average supply of that 'deceitfulness' which is said to be the prerogative of all hearts. But if the novelist has softened his representation of the type in this instance, he has not done so

in another; for in the person of Hayraddin Maugrabin we have it placed before us in the darkest colours.

Yet, whatever the truth or untruth that appears in these representations of gipsy character, it is to be remembered that so little has been written of gipsies which did not in the main tend to fortify the popular prejudices, that it was next to impossible to form any opinion as to their character in which the evil elements did not preponderate over the good. In the past two or three centuries, they have been to the civilised world what the Jews were to the people of the middle ages—objects of persecution, of infamy, of social contempt. But gipsies, we are glad to learn, are not by any means so black as they have been painted; nor did we know how much they were unlike the stereotyped portraits of them, until we had perused the newly published work from the pen of Mr Francis H. Groome (*In Gipsy Tents: Edinburgh, Nimmo & Co.*).

Mr Groome is already well known as an authority—perhaps the chief living authority—on the subject of gipsies, their history and language; their habits, and manners, and morals. His knowledge of them has been gained by practical and prolonged observation, and by the study of their history in the past. The present work is not written in the ordinary historical form; and for this reason some readers may be disposed to go away with the impression that they have been perusing a romance rather than looking upon a picture of real gipsy life. If so, this would be a misfortune, both for the reader and the writer. Mr Groome's account of the gipsies is mainly given in the shape of conversations 'in gipsy tents,' in which, with the exception of the writer, all the interlocutors are Romané—that is, gipsies; yet what passes between them is nevertheless solid and historical fact. More than a merely literary purpose is served in so shaping the discourse. It has the advantage which all truly dramatic representations have, of bringing us into closer contact with the everyday life of the men and women so treated—their pleasures and cares, their likings and dislikes, their

virtues and vices. The whole is clothed in a fascinating literary style; sharp, pointed, picturesque; full of striking portraits sympathetically drawn. Nor can one lay the book down without feeling that the author succeeds in bringing the gipsy people nearer to us as men and as brothers, than has ever been done in any former work on this strange and little understood race.

The gipsies appear to have arrived in England and Scotland some time about the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century; but very little is known of their early history and condition beyond what may be gathered from the criminal and statutory records of the period. It is not a pleasant picture which is thus presented to us; the treatment of the gipsies, both in England and Scotland, forming one dismal record of death and repression. 'It was,' as Mr Groome observes, 'something like the cruel old Norfolk gardener. He was hoeing one day, and a frog hopped out before him. "I'll larn you to be a frog," said crabbed Roger; and hoed it forthwith in pieces. So, "I'll larn you to be gipsies," said English lawgivers; and the gallows were their means of education.'

There are, as already remarked, gipsies and gipsies; and themselves complain that *gorgios*—that is, the people outside the gipsy world—'fancy all gipsies the same—Lovells and Taylors, Stanleys and Turners, Boswells and Norths. Nay, worse than that, they take for gipsies the nailers, potters, besom-makers, all the tagrag and bobtail travelling on the roads.' And, in truth, we all know a type of so-called gipsy that is commonly to be met with. You have only to stumble into some bit of waste ground where the tent is pitched, to have at once tangible testimony of their presence. There is the brown canvas stretched loosely over its low semicircular supports—the cart with its shafts leaning upon the ground, and the skeletonised horse feeding near by—kettles, teapots, and other utensils lying scattered about among the straw and ashes at the entrance to the tent, and a woman with dishevelled hair pottering about the open fire on which the family meal is cooking. Half-way within the tent door is seen the prostrate form of her lord, as he lazily smokes his blackened pipe or is wrapt in mid-day slumber—and from all points of the compass, sweeping down upon you with the suddenness of a simoom, a swarm of little ragged wretches, unwashed, unkempt, unrestrained, each more eager than another to be the first—to beg. Nothing can possibly be said in support of such a state of things; it is contrary to all reasonable conceptions of social order and progress.

Happily, such wandering creatures are not to be confounded with the genuine gipsy, many of whom are not only respectable in themselves, but can boast both of the respectability and affluence of their ancestors. In Mr Groome's book many graphic pictures are drawn of ancient gipsy grandeur—that is, among the *élite* of the

tribe. One interlocutor, speaking of the time when his grandfather was travelling with forty pounds in his pocket to spend on horses, says: 'Why, you'd see the lanes then crowded with Romané—Lovells and Boswells and Stanleys and Hernes and Chilcotts. Something like gipsies they were, with their riding-horses, real hunters, to ride to the fairs and wakes on; and the women with their red cloaks and high old-fashioned beaver hats; and the men in beautiful silk velvet coats and white and yellow satin waistcoats, and all on 'em booted and spurred. Why, I mind hearing tell of my grandfather's oldest sister, Aunt Marbelenni, and that must have been a hundred years and more. She was married to a very rich farmer in Gloucestershire, so she was very well off; and one day some of her brothers went to call on her; and when she seen 'em, she wouldn't allow them into her house, for she said: "Now that I am married, I shall expect you all to come booted and silver-spurred." Gipsies! why, there aren't no gipsies now. . . All the old families are broken up—over in 'Merica, or gone in houses, or stopping round the nasty poverty towns. My father wouldn't ha' stopped by Wolverhampton, not if you'd gone on your bended knees to him and offered him a pound a day to do it. He'd have runned miles if you'd just have shewn him the places where some of these new-fashioned travellers has their tents.'

That a certain praiseworthy degree of thrift and industry exists among many of the gipsy families, is evinced by the circumstance that each of their large tents costs between ten and twenty pounds, that their two-wheeled carts cost forty pounds apiece, and that many of the men carry on a very extensive trade in horses. The interior of their tents is roomy and comfortable. The largest of them are twenty feet deep, twelve feet wide, and ten feet high. 'Round the sides runs a kind of divan, of oat-straw spread with furs and brilliant rugs; a dais is formed at the further end by feather-beds, blankets, and other bedding; in the midst is a carpet, sure token of Romani prosperity. A nosegay of wild-flowers, a bunch of withered hops, some peacock feathers, a looking-glass, and two resplendent carriage-lamps, are all the adornments; but the effect is neither unhomely nor inæsthetic; there are thousands worse housed than are the houseless gipsies.' Nor, if statistics are to go for anything, is the sanitary condition of such dwellings so defective as at first thoughts we may imagine. Mr Groome gives a list of families born and brought up in tents: Bazena Clifton, sixteen children, fifteen living; Silvanus Lovell, thirteen children, twelve living; Sylvester Boswell, eight children, seven living; Noah Boswell, fourteen children, thirteen living; Edward Taylor, thirteen children, ten living; Elijah Smith, nine children, eight living; Ezekiel Boswell, five children, four living; John Wood, seven children, all living; and Harry Organ (half-breed), six

children, all living. Our author, therefore, is of opinion that this tent-life is not an unmixed evil—that these tents are, when properly kept, and sobriety and decency observed among the inmates, much to be preferred to the dens of Spitalfields, and the thousand other slums of our large cities.

One great drawback of this wandering life—and the importance of which Mr Groome is fully alive to—is the difficulty of conjoining with it proper means of education. Various schemes have been proposed; and each of these is here discussed, and what is good in it pointed out. The gipsy encampments, however, are not changed in all cases with the day or the week; at certain places in England as many as two hundred gipsies may be found encamped from the end of October to the beginning of April; and there are other places where they have not shifted their quarters for two, five, even sixteen years. In such instances as these, there is nothing to prevent gipsy children from attending school; nor does the difficulty in Mr Groome's opinion lie wholly with the gipsies, for schoolmasters in many cases are not very willing to receive them. The chief difficulty connects itself with the children of those gipsies who wander all the year through; and yet even these wanderers are becoming anxious for education to their children. Our author states that he lately had a letter from one of the Lees, nomad English gipsies who travel in North Wales, stating that, though illiterate like most of their brethren, they are keeping with them a Welsh gipsy lad who can read and write well, and so acts as their private secretary; and more than that, is tutor to the entire family. The letter was written by him; 'but at its foot stood a huge and laborious "Manuel Lee"—a hint, it struck me, to gipsy educationists.' Mr Groome therefore proposes that gipsy schoolmasters should be appointed for the children of our chief English 'gipsyries;' and if such were wanted, he would engage to find at least a score. This plan appears reasonable. To take measures, with the hope of driving them suddenly out of their nomad life, to betake themselves to houses, would be certain to fail. It is impossible to change the habits of centuries in a day; and the adoption of such educational measures as would best meet the emergency with least sacrifice of the feelings and, it may be said, instincts of the gipsy tribes, is the more likely to be in the end successful.

For a class of persons that are popularly supposed to live by working on the superstitions and credulities of their fellows, the gipsies are themselves singularly superstitious. Some gipsies set their boots crosswise before they go to bed, fancying thereby to keep away the cramp; a female gipsy carried the skeleton of a mole's foot, which she called a 'fairy foot,' because she believed it good against rheumatism; and it is a standing truth amongst them that babies in teething should wear a necklace made of myrtle stems, which for a boy, must be cut by a woman; by a man, for a girl. An adder's slough, or a bit of mountain-ash, is certain to bring good luck; and with the same object, some of the children wear round their necks black bags containing fragments of a bat. In order to hurt an enemy, you have only to stick pins in a red cloth rag and burn the same; others, for the same end, resort to the cruel practice of sticking pins in a toad till it looks like a hedgehog, and then bury it, with

certain observances. The sight of a water-wagtail, if it does not fly when conjured in a certain rhyme to do so, is a sign that strange gipsies are to be met with on the road. Of an old woman, a 'ghost-seer,' we are told that she carried in her pocket a little china dog dressed like a doll. 'I mind,' says the gipsy who tells the story, 'she lost it once, and she was in an awful state till it was found; and she used to fancy it would talk to her when she was all alone smoking her pipe in the wagon. You should have seen a pack she had of very old fortune-telling cards, which was painted in different colours. She used to select the different ones for each day; sometimes she would have those with the devil and serpents on 'em, then other days she would carry those with birds and palaces.'

That gipsies are not so irreligious in their habits and modes of thought as is too readily believed of them, many affecting proofs are given in this book; and the testimony of various clergymen is cited in evidence of the decorum and piety of many members of the English 'gipsyries,' and the regularity of their observance of the sacraments, and attendance upon public worship. One instance may be quoted. The Rev. J. Finch-Smith, of Aldridge Rectory, near Walsall, writes: 'During the thirty years that I have been rector of this parish, members of the Boswell family have been almost constantly resident here. I buried the head of the family in 1874, who died at the age of eighty-seven. He was a regular attendant at the parish church, and failed not to bow his head reverently when he entered within the house of God. I never saw or heard any harm of the man. He was a quiet and inoffensive man, and worked industriously as a tinman within a short time of his death. If he had rather a sharp eye for a little gift, that is a trait of character by no means confined to gipsies. One of his daughters was married here to a member of the Boswell tribe; and another, who rejoiced in the name of Britannia, I buried in the father's grave two years ago. After his death, she and her mother removed to an adjoining parish, where she was confirmed by Bishop Selwyn in 1876. Regular as was the old man at church, I never could persuade his wife to come. In 1859, I baptised privately an infant of the same tribe, whose parents were travelling through the parish, and whose mother was named Elvira. Great was the admiration of my domestics at the sight of the beautiful lace which ornamented the robe in which the child was brought to my house. Clearly there are gipsies, and those of a well-known tribe, glad to receive the ministrations of the church.' With such material to work upon, it does not seem that the social improvement of the gipsies need be looked on as the hopeless task which many believe it to be. If Mr Groome's book is successful in removing this and other misconceptions regarding this interesting people, he will have accomplished what is by no means an unimportant purpose.

Besides throwing much new and interesting light upon the social aspects of the gipsy character, Mr Groome deals at some length with the Romani or gipsy language, of which he is himself a fluent speaker; and such of the translations of their tales and traditions as he gives are singularly entertaining, and will serve as valuable

contributions to this department of folk-lore. The effect of the book as a whole is to elevate the gipsy character in the popular acceptation; many of the facts given being well fitted not only to draw public attention to the social condition of these people, but to afford our legislators some satisfactory clue to the solution of the difficulties which presently surround the questions of gipsy education and gipsy improvement.

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER IV.—A WEST INDIAN STORM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE next few days passed over pleasantly enough. We lounged and read and played lawn-tennis in the evenings. We returned the visits of our neighbours, and lunched or dined with them, as the case might be. In all, four or five families were dotted about the hills within visiting distance, and visiting is the business of life in the Jamaican hills. Not by any means the formal visits which bore us at home—quite the contrary. Almost every lady in the hills has her 'day,' when all her neighbours assemble, and the officers come up from the Camp, and down from New-Castle. Tea and iced claret-cup are liberally provided; and the elders lounge and chat, and the young folks flirt and play tennis, and occasionally get up an impromptu dance.

But in addition to this, Jamaican hill-ladies are almost always really at home; and the intimacy between them, on account of their isolation, is much more familiar than is usual in England. So if Mrs A. feels bored, she slips on a riding-skirt, and goes over to lunch and spend the afternoon with Mrs B., leaving word for her husband to call for her when he comes up from the plains. And Mrs B. in her turn does the same. Then a house in the Jamaican hills is seldom or never without one or more guests. Every house has spare rooms; and the mode of living is so simple, that the addition of one or two to the family circle reckons but little in point of cost. Expensive luxuries are unobtainable, and the ordinary articles of consumption are fairly cheap. Beef is sixpence, mutton one shilling, per pound, all the year round; while vegetables, fruit, &c., which, as I mentioned before, are brought to the door for sale by the country-people, are very cheap. Besides, official salaries in Jamaica are not large, so that any attempt at extravagance or display would be looked on with little favour in the hills. Nothing pleases a lowland young lady so much as an invitation to spend some time in the hills. Life there has a picnic flavour about it, which is a delicious relief to the dust and glare and monotony of the plains, so that invitations are freely given and gladly accepted.

Strenuous attempts are made, and in most cases successfully, to prevent the intrusion of the demon *ennui*. Every man-of-war which touches at Port-Royal has invitations freely accorded to its officers; then a dance is arranged, and young ladies come riding over the hills for miles to enjoy it. The soldiers flock down from New-Castle. Everybody has one or more guests billeted on him, and dancing is kept up with a spirit unknown at home; so that life in the Jamaican hills rubs on not uncomfortably on the whole. One day was spent in an

expedition to Flamstead, the Governor's hill-residence. It being a two hours' ride, first downhill to Gordontown, and then up the other side of the valley, we started at eleven A.M., the Major, Mrs Edgeware, and myself, and reached Flamstead about one P.M. The house is a small unpretending place, but commands magnificent views of the bay. We were hospitably welcomed by Sir Anthony Musgrave the Governor, and Lady Musgrave; and after luncheon, strolled over to Little Flamstead, the hill residence of the Commodore of the station, which is close by.

A very pretty little place is Flamstead the Lesser, with its flower-garden surrounded by a fence all straggling over with jessamine on one side, and its neat kitchen-garden on the other. In the former, the Commodore pointed out to us an English holly, the only one in the island. In front of the cottage is a heliograph, with which the Commodore can communicate by flashing signals with Port-Royal and the ships in the harbour. Everything inside and outside the cottage was trim and orderly and ship-shape, with the trimness and order which sailors' hands only can produce. Meantime, as we stood admiring the view, heavy clouds from the north-east came pouring up over the Guava Ridge. In less than ten minutes they had swept up and completely covered the hill on which we were standing. The splendid scenery faded away like a mirage, and a dense cold mist surrounded us.

'We had best be off,' said the Major; 'we are going to catch it on the way home.'

A low muttering of thunder was making itself heard as we put on our waterproofs and rode out of the gate.

'The seasons [meaning the rainy seasons, which occur in May and October] are coming, I am sure,' said Mrs Edgeware. 'And we shall be all mewed up in the damp for a week, with nothing to do but to stove our clothes.'

'Here it comes!' said Charley.

Nearly a hundred yards in front, we could see the rain as it came rushing on us, and hear the huge drops, big as half-crowns, pattering on the leaves and branches. Such rain I never saw. In an instant our ponies were as wet as if they had been dragged through a river. Waterproofs, umbrellas, nothing could resist it. It insinuated itself through my umbrella, and came trickling over the peak of my white helmet. It saturated my waterproof, and came pouring over my knees down into my boots. Another moment and the seat of my saddle was as wet as a sponge. Mrs Edgeware's pretty hat and feather were now a mass of dripping pulp. The rain swept away the surface of the road till it resembled the bed of a mountain torrent. On we bumped in silent misery, the cat-like ponies making play over every level yard of ground, and the thunder rumbling and roaring nearer and nearer every minute. At Gordontown, the slender stream we had crossed in the morning was now a raging yellow flood.

'Another twenty minutes will do it,' said the Major, cantering over the bridge; 'and then for a B. and S. and a tub.—By Jove!' The exclamation was caused by a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a most appalling clap of thunder. Flash and report were absolutely simultaneous. Across the hideous steely glare I saw the forked

lightning flickering like a silver ribbon. As for the thunder, it was simply one dull crash, as if a hammer had struck the mountain; and then all was still save the fierce rushing of the rain. I confess I was startled; but as my companions did not seem to mind it much, I said nothing. A quarter of an hour later, we got home in a forlorn state.

All that day (Thursday), Friday, and Saturday it poured without a moment's intermission. Saturday night was signalised by a thunder-storm which threw into the shade everything of the kind I had previously experienced. From about ten p.m., when we went to bed, the thunder and lightning never ceased for a moment. About twelve at night I had to get up to close the windows, as the rain was beating in through the venetians; and I confess I didn't like it. The windows of my room looked over the Dutch garden; and in the blinding glare of the successive waves of green, blue, and silver flame that swept across it, every leaf on the bushes, every pebble on the walks, was plainly visible. Through the whole of that awful night of Saturday, October 11, 1879—a night that will long be remembered in Jamaica—over all the hideous din of the thunder could be heard the rain, falling ceaselessly, like a shower of bullets, on the shingled roof.

I was roused from a troubled sleep next morning by Charley coming into my room about six a.m. The Major's thick boots were covered with mud. 'This is a bad business,' said he.

'What's the matter?' I asked.

'Come out and see,' replied he, 'as soon as you get on your clothes.'

In a few minutes I joined him on the lawn, where I found him talking to a gray-bearded man, the Road Superintendent of the district. Here the damage done was plain enough. I have mentioned that a border of high lemon-grass ran all round the tennis-ground. From this border the bank ran sharply down to the road which wound beneath. For about twenty yards the whole face of the bank had slipped down. Part rested in confused heaps on the road beneath; and in one place the road itself had given way under the weight, and a yawning chasm, nearly five yards across, gaped in its place. On the other side, another landslip had swept away the road to the church, leaving only a narrow ledge about eighteen inches wide, so that access to Craigton was cut off on both sides.

'I have known the country for forty years,' said Mr E—, the Superintendent, 'and I never saw anything like this. It looks as if a waterspout had passed over the district. Every bridge on the Hope River is swept away. New-Castle is cut off; so we have been obliged to get the Major's leave for the mules with the supplies to pass through here.' He pointed out to me, as he spoke, a number of natives who were billing out a path through the brushwood on the far side of the landslip, while a train of laden mules, with supplies for New-Castle, waited patiently behind.

'We're not done with it yet,' said Charley, pointing to the heavy masses of cloud that were sweeping up from the west over the Guava Ridge mountain. 'However, we will go in and get breakfast.—I must make my way down to Gordontown,' he added to me; 'so, if you don't mind a ducking, you might come with me.'

As we were turning towards the house, we heard the rattle of hoofs, and saw an officer in high boots and white helmet cantering down the church road. The white helmet appeared and disappeared as the rider cantered down the winding road.

'I wonder, does he know the road is gone?' said Mr E—.

He did not, apparently, for he turned the last corner at a sharp canter; and there, ten yards before him, yawned the gulf where the road had been. The pony was pulled sharply up, and the young officer rode slowly forward. I have said that where the road was swept away, a narrow ledge about three yards long, and certainly not more than a couple of feet wide, had been left, which ran across the face of the landslip. Below this ledge, the ground, covered with the debris of the slip, fell away in an almost, sheer descent to the bed of the torrent, at least three hundred feet below. Without hesitating a second, the officer kicked his feet out of the stirrups, and rode across, his pony stepping slowly and gingerly, with his nose close to the ground. From our point of view, unable as we were from the distance to see the ledge, the effect was most singular; he seemed to be riding in mid-air across the white face of the cliff. It appeared to be, and I have no doubt was, a horribly dangerous feat.

'It's Martin of the —,' said the Major. 'He is Acting Commissary for New-Castle;' and presently Mr Martin rode in.

'There's the deuce and all to pay, Major,' said Mr Martin, throwing the reins on the neck of his reeking pony. Slightly made, and under the middle size, was Mr Martin, with clear-cut features and resolute blue eyes. Soaked and bedraggled as he was, he looked a soldier every inch. 'The deuce and all to pay,' he repeated, jumping off his pony and unclasping his heavy cloak. 'All our supplies are cut off. I have been out since four a.m. Tried to reach the Gardens by the military road; but every bridge is gone, and in places the whole road. I sent a messenger across the hills to tell them to send up some mules this way, and I see your road is gone too. I must get down to Gordontown. Those lazy blacks will do nothing, and we'll have the men living on preserved salmon and sardines.'

'I'm going after breakfast,' replied the Major; 'so come in and have something to eat, and we'll start together.—Would you like to come?' he added to me. 'You'll get frightfully drenched, mind.'

I agreed to go; and we went into breakfast.

The most extraordinary reports were coming in, Mrs Edgeware told us. The entire village of Gordontown was said to have been swept away; and there was a ghastly rumour that at a place called Dry River, upwards of twenty native women and children had been drowned when attempting to cross, by the sudden rise of the river. The black butler confirmed these melancholy tidings. 'Hall wash away,' he observed with a gloomy shake of the head.

We were soon in the saddle, making our way down the new path the natives had billed out for the commissariat mules. The rain had begun to fall heavily again, and the going was awful, the ponies sinking above their fetlocks in the soaking, slippery clay. Charley had provided me with a huge pair of overalls, reaching to mid-thigh; and

with those and my waterproof, I entertained hopes, alas! vain hopes, of remaining dry. Our way lay down the road up which I had ridden on the day of my arrival; but it was scarcely recognisable. The entire surface had been swept away. Long stretches, strewn with boulders of all shapes and sizes, alternated with regions of slippery, viscous mud; the whole scored with ragged channels, through which torrents of yellow muddy water were pouring. In one place, a torrent from the hills, catching the road on the inner side of a bend, had scooped it out like a cheese, scarcely leaving room to pass. The great pit, some twenty feet long by fifteen deep, shewed the force of the water. Everywhere appeared traces of the awful damage done by the flood, from the huge landslip which had carried away half the side of a mountain, to the tiny one that had merely wrecked some poor black fellow's provision-garden.

As we got lower down, we could hear the roar of the two rivers—the Hope River, which rises near New-Castle; and the Flamstead River, which rises in the Port-Royal mountains, and which unite their waters about a mile higher up, as they thundered along the valley and past the pretty village of Gordontown. At last, a turn in the road gave us a view of the huge yellow flood, nearly a hundred yards wide, and sweeping down with a fury it is impossible to describe. Of the pretty wooden bridge we had crossed on the previous Thursday, when visiting Flamstead, not a trace was left, except a break in the surface of the water, marking the position of a submerged pier. A few minutes more, and we reached the foot of the hill. Such a scene of ruin and desolation as then presented itself to us, I never saw before! The main road to Kingston here runs for more than a mile along the bottom of the valley, having steep hills on one side, and the river on the other. About a hundred yards from the Police Barrack, an immense landslip had taken place, covering the road to a depth of thirty or forty feet. Scrambling over this—we had left our ponies at the Barrack—we came presently to an enormous chasm, big enough to hold a coach-and-four, through which a furious torrent was pouring. A small watercourse, which ran down the hillside at this point, had become so swollen in a few hours by the deluges of rain, that it had burst right through the road into the river beyond, causing the ruin we saw.

Crossing by a couple of planks, we went on to the place where the river is dammed for the Kingston water-supply. Here the road, following the course of the river, bends sharply to the left under the overhanging hills. The dam, crossing the river, strikes perpendicularly the centre of the curve. It was here the worst damage was done. The outworks of the dam had been broken down, and lay about in confused and shattered masses; while at the further end of the curve, the road, for a distance of fifty yards, had been completely destroyed, and the angry flood was washing the base of the hill.

Here we met General —, the Director of Roads, who confirmed all the worst rumours we had heard. The disaster at Dry River, he told us, had not been exaggerated. A number of the country-people—upwards of thirty, he said—men, women, and children, had reached the river on their way home from market. The river was then

running in a wide and rapid but not very deep stream. An island lay in the centre. As the river was evidently rising rapidly, the unfortunate people determined to attempt to cross before the further rise of the water should render it impossible. With considerable delay and difficulty they reached the island in the centre in safety, with their mules and donkeys. Once there, they found, to their dismay, that further progress was impossible. Between the island and the far side of the river, the swollen waters were rushing down in a volume and with a fury which nothing could resist. Worst of all, their retreat was cut off. The stream they had crossed had risen behind them; and there the unhappy people were, cooped up between two raging torrents, on an island the area of which was rapidly diminishing under the action of the water. The scene was appalling. Darkness was coming on; the rain falling in torrents. Wild shrieks for help, agonised prayers to heaven, went up from the helpless crowd of blacks, huddled together on that tiny speck of land in the midst of the waters. Some few attempted to escape by swimming, but were swept away like straws, and drowned. Higher and higher rose the waters, blacker and blacker the darkness that hid from the horrified spectators on the banks the ghastly scenes on the island. Yet the piercing screams of women, the hoarser cries of men, were still heard at intervals, as group after group of the helpless people was swept away. At last, about half-past eight p.m. one appalling cry went up out of the darkness; and then, save the rush and roar of the angry waters, all was still. Not one had survived. This had taken place on the previous Saturday; and all through Sunday, the swollen and distorted bodies of the dead were being washed up, some miles below the place where the disaster had happened.

Immense loss of life and property also took place along the Yallahs Valley, which runs down to the sea east of the Flamstead Hills. Unlike most valleys in Jamaica, which narrow down to mere gullies, the Yallahs Valley, through nearly all its extent, widens out into a succession of more or less rugged plains, through which the Yallahs River makes its way to the sea. Years ago, probably after heavy rains, the river changed its channel, forming a completely new one. On the ground left dry by the river, numbers of natives had built cottages. About half-way down, a neat meeting-house had been built, with a graveyard hard by, and the whole place was as flourishing a settlement as any on the island.

On that dreadful Saturday, the river began to rise about five p.m. Many of the women and some of the men were away at market. In some cottages only the children were left. The river, draining as it does an immense tract of country, rose with frightful rapidity. The poor people returning from work or market, found themselves confronted by a raging flood where they had crossed dry-shod in the morning. Filling the entire width of the valley, the swollen waters rushed on to the sea, bearing with them trees, cattle, horses, sheep, chests of drawers and other articles of furniture. There was no room for doubt. The river had swept the valley clean. Even the very soil of the graveyard had been torn up, and the coffins, with their occupants, washed out by the water.

'Not to speak of the loss of life,' said the General in conclusion, 'I don't believe a hundred and twenty thousand pounds will cover the damage that has been done.'

Making our way back to the Police Barrack, we got our ponies and rode a short distance up the road towards the New-Castle military road. Here it was the same story of ruin and devastation. The Post-office, the posting-stables, everything had been carried away by the furious torrent that rushed by, and in some places over the road, even though it had fallen considerably within the last few hours.

At the picket-house, where a small detachment from New-Castle is always stationed, we found Martin sitting on his pony among a crowd of blacks, and in a towering rage. A lazy-looking half-caste, one of the army contractors, was explaining to him how utterly impossible it was to forward the meat supplies to New-Castle. He had offered a dollar—two dollars; but the men would not go, the roads were so bad. He could do no more.

'All right,' broke in Martin sharply; 'then I must try.—Simpson!' (this to a smart corporal who stood by at 'attention'), 'I want twenty men. A pound each a day. We will charge it to Mr —, who has contracted to forward supplies, rain or no rain.'

The corporal saluted, produced a pocket-book; and in less than five minutes had twenty names down, to the dismay of the contractor.

'Start them at once, Simpson,' said Martin. 'There is a path billed through Craigton, which Major Edgeware allows us to use.—Rather a sell for our commissariat friend,' he observed to us as we rode away. 'He could have got those fellows easily for ten shillings a head, but was too lazy to try. Now he will have to pay a pound.'

There being nothing more to see in this direction, we turned homeward; and after the usual amount of stumbling and slipping and sliding, found ourselves at Craigton about one P.M., very wet, but with an awful appetite for lunch.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE OF THE BAR.

SOME little time ago we published in this *Journal* an account of the preliminary formalities required by the Inns of Court of students desirous of being called to the Bar. In the present article we propose to furnish our readers with some information as to the unwritten law known as Professional Etiquette by the practising members of the profession. We may premise that to very few of such members is this law in its entirety even approximately known—indeed many of the customs which have acquired the force of law are of merely local application, some of them obtaining within the limits of one circuit and not of another, while others are peculiar to the Chancery as distinguished from the Common-law Bar.

Most people are aware that England is divided into circuits or districts, to which the judges—Justices in Eyre, as they were formerly called—make periodical visits, for the purpose of hearing such civil causes as may originate in the district, and of trying those prisoners who may have been committed for trial within its limits. As a matter of fact the new Judicature Act has made it possible for civil causes originating in any part of England

to be tried within the boundaries of any circuit, or in London or Westminster at the option of the plaintiff. But this is not material to our present subject. Now, although in law there is no reason why any barrister should not attend any and every circuit, the unwritten code to which we have adverted limits his choice to one; nor is he permitted to change the circuit to which he may have first attached himself, after the lapse of three years. After a student is called, one of his first proceedings is to choose a circuit; and having fixed upon one, in which he has, or imagines he has, some influence or connection, he applies to the 'Junior' of such circuit for instructions as to the steps necessary in order to be elected to the Bar-mess. These steps vary in some slight particulars in different circuits; but as a rule, the candidate for admission has to get his name proposed by a Queen's Counsel and seconded by a Junior—that is, a member of the 'utter' Bar, both being members of the mess. He has then to put in an appearance at one of the assize towns, to give the electors an opportunity of seeing him in person; and is afterwards balloted for in the usual way. As we have before mentioned, if he have been a member of another circuit for more than three years, or if he have been called for more than three years without having been elected member of any circuit, the circumstance is generally considered fatal; and his election will not be proceeded with. But otherwise, if nothing is known against the candidate professionally or socially, his election is usually a matter of course. Members of the Chancery Bar do not go on circuit.

Once elected a member of the circuit, the barrister becomes amenable to the jurisdiction of 'Mr Junior' for the time being, who is as a rule the youngest or one of the youngest members of the circuit, and whose duty it is to collect the fees, to make arrangements for the mess-dinners, including the giving out to the mess-butler of the wine, which is usually the property of the mess, and kept at the various hotels on the circuit frequented by the Bar. Formerly, a barrister when on circuit was obliged to take up his abode in lodgings; and it was a professional misdemeanour, only expiable by a fine, to enter an hotel when it was thought that he might come in contact with solicitors, and so gain an unfair advantage over his brethren. This rule has, however, been of late years relaxed; but the laws against 'hugging a solicitor' are still in force; and it is an indictable offence for a barrister to be seen in the coffee-room of the hotel at which he is staying, or to occupy any other than a private room. A solicitor may be 'hugged' in various ways; but any approach to so reprehensible a practice, should it come to the knowledge of the Attorney or Solicitor General of the circuit, is pretty sure to result in the prosecution of the offender at the Bar of Mr Junior. These prosecutions are conducted after dinner on what is called 'Grand-night,' when one of the officers in question, a member of the junior Bar of longer standing than the Junior, rises and calls the attention of Mr Junior and Mr Senior—the latter the senior Queen's Counsel present—to the misdemeanour complained of, mentioning the offender by name, who has the right of being heard in vindication of his conduct. Mr Junior then takes the opinion of the mess, and pronounces sentence by fining the delinquent, sometimes

in money, but usually in wine, varying from a single bottle to one, two, or even three dozen.

The offences cognizable by the court are numerous. Entering an assize town before commission-day—the day, namely, when the judges enter the town and ‘open the commission’—visiting or walking with a solicitor; attending another circuit without a special fee—fifty guineas for a ‘silk,’ and twenty for a ‘stuff gown’—travelling by railway in other than a first-class carriage; being seen in any other part of the assize court than that set apart for counsel; even a mispronounced word ignorantly or accidentally let fall in the course of a speech—we once knew an eminent Queen’s Counsel fined for calling a bicycle a *bi-cycle*—are all indictable. Mr Junior is also a stern censor in minor matters of etiquette, and will when necessary call the attention of some unconscious neophyte to the fact that the coat worn by him in court is not of the authorised and conventional black, or that he has forgotten to put on his bands or to take off his necktie.

At the expiration of the assize, Mr Junior’s duties terminate *pro tem.*; but there are still sundry rules and regulations which the unwritten code compels members of the Bar to comply with. For instance, it is a thing not for a moment to be thought of that a Queen’s Counsel should open—as it is termed—the pleadings; and hence the necessity that every ‘silk,’ at anyrate when briefed for the plaintiff, should have a junior ‘with him,’ in order that the latter may at the commencement of the proceedings state to the judge and jury the names of the parties, the allegations and contentions raised by each, and the issue which is sought to be tried. These pleadings also which consist in the statement of claim of the plaintiff, the statement of defence of the defendant, the reply, rejoinder, surrejoinder, rebutter, and sur-rebutter—the forms subsequent to the reply being seldom needed in ordinary actions—must be drawn by a junior, it being quite beneath the dignity of a Queen’s Counsel to intermeddle in such matters, except when specially called in on consultation. Attendances in judges’ chambers with reference to preliminary or, as they are called in legal parlance, interlocutory questions are confined to ‘stuff gownsmen,’ the duty of the ‘silks’ being discharged in court only.

The important matter of fees is also regulated by the same code. No counsel, however newly called, can, excepting in one almost obsolete matter, take a fee of less than one guinea, nor is he permitted to take that without an additional fee of half-a-crown for his clerk, whether he be provided with such a functionary or not; to do so would be to undersell his brethren. Up to five guineas, it should be observed, the clerk’s fee is half-a-crown; when the barrister’s fee is over five guineas, the clerk’s fee is usually five per cent. on his master’s, unless when the client seeks a ‘conference,’ in which case the clerk is entitled to five shillings, although his master may get only one guinea. This extra honorarium is supposed to be necessitated by the extra trouble incurred by the clerk in ushering the client into his master’s presence. The practice of paying a conference fee is now almost invariable when a brief is delivered for argument in court, and that whether such conference ever takes place or not; and so when a barrister receives a brief in court

with so small a fee even as two guineas, he usually gets an extra guinea for ‘conference.’ Where two barristers are employed on the same side, the leader gets in addition to the fee on his brief, two guineas for ‘consultation’ with his junior, who gets one, and in this case the conference is omitted. The fee is marked on the outside of the brief; and it is worthy of note that whilst a Queen’s Counsel notifies the receipt by putting his initials against the sum paid, the junior must write his full name, or the taxing-master will hesitate to allow it to the solicitor, on taxing the costs.

Frequenterers of the law-courts will have noticed that while some barristers, or their clerks for them, carry red bags, others carry blue ones. The latter colour is the original one. But when the rank of Queen’s, or rather King’s Counsel was first instituted in the time of King Charles II.—or as some say, later still—to each holder of the dignity three red bags were given, in which to carry His Majesty’s briefs, and also the privilege of granting one in each year to a stuff gownsman presumably his junior in his official work. Now, as is well known, any member of the Bar in large practice will on application to the Lord Chancellor be granted sooner or later this titular honour, which carries with it the right of precedence over all members of the ‘utter’ Bar as well as over all sergeants-at-law not possessed of a patent of precedence. The practice of giving away a red bag annually to some member of the junior Bar, is still continued. In the Common-law courts, although red bags are permitted, the bringing a blue bag into court is looked upon as a grave breach of professional etiquette; but the custom does not obtain in the Chancery division, where the introduction of blue bags is of common occurrence. It is not generally known or, rather perhaps we should say, remembered, that one of the best known and indeed the *only* distinguishing feature in the garb of a barrister, namely his wig, is but a remnant of a bygone fashion; and that until the time of Charles II., when every gentleman wore false hair, counsel learned in the law were in no way distinguishable from their fellow-subjects in this particular. The much older degree of sergeants-at-law it is true wore the coif; and this covering for the head is still typified by the little black patch on the top of a sergeant’s wig, and of those of such of the judges as were admitted to Sergeants’ Inn on their elevation to the Bench. This ancient legal dignity is, however, now apparently doomed to extinction; but so conservative is the law—or rather the law’s wig-makers—that a circular patch, but of the same colour and material as the wig itself, is still shewn on the wigs of those judges who have been made since the Judicature Act rendered their admission to the grade of Sergeant no longer necessary. Purely matter of custom, however, as is the wearing of the wig, there is little doubt that no judge of the High Court of Judicature would for a moment allow himself to be addressed by a barrister devoid of that decoration; and we think it more than possible that no habitual criminal would consider himself to be legally sentenced except by a judge similarly adorned.

We might extend this paper almost indefinitely were we to enumerate all the laws and customs of more or less perfect obligation which obtain in

the profession; such as the proper proportion which a junior's fee should bear to that of his leader, the still vexed question of 'refreshers,' and half a hundred others of a similar nature; but we think we have said enough to give our readers some idea of the species of trades-unionism which characterises the higher branch of the profession. There is, however, one rule which does honour to the guild of Barristers, and which we are glad to believe is seldom or never broken—namely, never to state in court as a fact, that which the speaker knows to be untrue. The judges implicitly recognise this rule, and never hesitate for a moment to rely on any statement made by counsel which he alleges to be within his own knowledge.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

My first quest next morning on leaving the apartment where I had slept, was for the purpose of ascertaining whether my bedroom had been again entered after I had left it on the previous evening. I unlocked the door, and cautiously looked in. Enough light came through between the drawn curtains to shew me that the room was apparently as I left it. I advanced to the window and found the thread there, unbroken, and evidently untouched. I must confess I felt somewhat disappointed. My fears had probably exaggerated my conceptions of the danger, and I had anticipated a second visit as more than probable. After thinking, however, I came to the conclusion that it was better as it was. Had my strange visitor for any purpose entered my room a second time, and found that I had quitted it, the effect might have been the reverse of favourable to a discovery of the trickery, which discovery could best be forwarded by my making as little change in my usual habits as possible. It was not improbable, seeing that no suspicion had been aroused by the knowledge that I had changed my sleeping apartment, that the 'ghost' might be emboldened to pay me a visit on the following night; and by that time I hoped to be able to arrange for the interception of my strange visitor, and the detection of the trick.

In the course of the morning, I had made up my mind how I should proceed. Mrs Weevil generally left after breakfast on her errands to the neighbouring village or elsewhere, not generally returning for a few hours; and I thought this a good time to obtain an interview with Andrew the old gardener, who, I saw, was engaged trimming the walks in front of the door. I had no doubt now that what I had seen had been also appearing to the servants who had so suddenly departed on the previous evening; and I had no doubt also that Andrew knew the whole story about the ghost having been again seen in the house. I opened the parlour window, and spoke with him over the balcony. 'Will you come up-stairs, Andrew? I should like to speak to you.'

He stood for a moment in hesitation, scratching his head. I think he would have preferred anything to entering my house at that moment; but evidently he did not see his way to refusing. A few moments later, he was in the drawing-room.

'Andrew,' I began, with some intentional solemnity of manner, 'you see the position I am in.'—His expression indicated that he considered the position an exceedingly unpleasant one.—'The story has got about,' I went on, 'that this house is haunted.'—He turned pale.—'You think it is haunted?' I asked, looking at him fixedly.

He hesitated for a few moments, shook his head slowly, and succeeded finally in saying: 'What is folks to think, ma'am?'

'I acknowledge,' I answered, 'that the thing has a queer look. When people appear, and vanish as suddenly as they came, it is difficult to think of them as creatures of flesh and blood like ourselves.'

'Tain't possible-like,' was Andrew's comment; and I observed that with the words, his face took a more healthy hue. The quiet tone I had assumed reassured him. Ghosts, when they can be reasoned about, lose half their terrors.

'No,' I answered him; 'it is not possible. But Andrew, if we look at these things from another point of view'—

'Be there another?' he eagerly asked, as I paused to allow him time for expression of opinion.

'Yes,' I said; 'there is another. Before I believe in your interpretation, Andrew—before I believe it possible that spirits can wander about the world for no other reason than to frighten people, I must test mine.'

His eyes, awakened to new interest, were looking at mine inquiringly.

I explained at once. 'What I mean is this. I suspect a trick. Somebody has a spite against the owner of this house—somebody has an interest in keeping it empty.'

Andrew was naturally shrewd. As I spoke, there came into his face a new look of keenness. He smiled. 'There has been queer things done,' he observed, with a cautious impartiality.

'You have been here some weeks,' I said. 'Have you heard anything during that time about this house, about the people who own it? I am told they lived here once.'

Thus stimulated, Andrew told me that the house and grounds had originally belonged to Lord B—, father of the present lord, whose Park was commanded by our front-windows. On the marriage of a favourite sister with Mr Roupel, a man somewhat beneath her in position, he gave her the house. Here the married pair lived, in much unhappiness it was said; and here their only child, a daughter, was born. After running through his wife's money, the husband died. When left alone, the widow, and her now grown-up daughter, determined to let their house, and live abroad. The rent of the furnished house, with its excellent garden, would bring them in an income sufficient to enable them to live quietly in some foreign town. But while this project was being discussed, the widow died, suddenly and mysteriously. An inquest was held over her; for strange suspicions were circulated abroad. The verdict was, that she had died of the family complaint, heart-disease. But there were those who still spoke mysteriously about the circumstances of the death, and declared that the poor lady had met with foul-play.

Now, this was the germ of the ghost-story; for

it was said far and near, that Mrs Roupel, if she had really been murdered—and murdered by her own child, as some dared to whisper—would never rest in her grave. And when singular appearances came and went, and strange sounds were heard in the house, now empty save for an ancient housekeeper, the suspicion, scarcely spoken of at first above the breath, so dark it was and monstrous, was by-and-by openly discussed.

On this part of the story old Andrew was very ready to dilate. He warmed to the theme indeed, and would willingly have given me, had I desired it, a full and particular account of the various people who from time to time had been driven from the premises. But I, holding still to my point, that *trick* had to do with it, restrained his flow of language, and endeavoured, by close questioning, to find out what he knew about the daughter of Mrs Roupel, who, if his story were true, was the present owner of the haunted house.

I elicited the following facts. Miss Roupel was nineteen years of age about the period of her mother's death. She was then a young lady of high spirit and cheerful temper; she was accomplished, witty, and unusually attractive in appearance. Thus, in spite of the drawbacks entailed by poverty, and a sad melancholy mother, the young lady was not without suitors. The suit of one of these was, according to her mother and herself—they remembered their old antecedents and were proud—little short of an impertinence; for the man was neither more nor less than Lord B——'s house-steward. The old housekeeper, to whom, before he bestowed the house upon his sister, the old lord had apportioned two rooms, was Mrs Weevil, the steward's mother.

It was natural that Miss Roupel, niece of his former employer, should reject his suit with disdain. It was perhaps no less natural that the rejection, imbibed by contempt, should sink deeply into the steward's soul. The fact was that from the day when he was forbidden the house where his mother lived, the young man changed. People spoke of his black looks, of his hard ways, of his cruel cynical speeches, and some predicted a bad end for him.

Meanwhile, Miss Roupel, now left alone by her mother's death, married Mr Egerton, a man, from a monetary point of view, scarcely more eligible than the steward. He was a Lieutenant in the navy; but as he had nothing in the world but his pay, they carried out Mrs Roupel's plan of letting their house furnished, believing it would bring them in a sufficient income to enable the young wife to live in comfort while her husband was away from her. But, as Andrew remarked, if this was her belief, she must have been often 'sore pinched,' for the house could have brought in very little.

I thanked him for his story. 'Now,' I said, 'you must do something more for me. Go to the village at once. Find the carpenter and blacksmith. Tell them I want them on important business. There must be no delay. I will pay them well for their work. Do you understand?' For the old man was staring at me as if he thought I had taken leave of my senses.

'I understand,' he answered slowly. 'But what will you be wanting with them, ma'am?'

'You will know all in good time. They must

bring their tools. Now go, Andrew—go quickly. And mind, Andrew,' I added, 'say nothing to any one of your errand; and bring the joiner and blacksmith in by the back entrance, for I do not wish them to be seen coming here to-day by everybody.'

Notwithstanding these bold words, I must confess that when Andrew started on his message, and I was left alone—for the ayah had gone down to the village—I felt a little uneasy. I did not believe in spiritual presences, but I did believe in wickedness driven to desperation. I was bidding defiance to a foe of whose resources I was utterly ignorant. What if my defiance should be taken up? Mentally, I felt strong enough; physically, I was conscious of being weak; but I set about the performance of my household duties, which occupied me fully till the return of Andrew.

I took him, as also the joiner and blacksmith, into the parlour, and told them my experiences of the previous evening. Andrew exhibited symptoms of alarm; but I found the joiner a sensible man, and inclined, after what I told him, to take a similar view with myself of the situation, namely, that we were being made the subjects of some diabolical trickery, in order to drive us out of the house. He asked about Mrs Weevil, and if I had ever been in her rooms. I said I had not. He proposed at once to visit them. The door of her apartments was, as usual, locked; but the blacksmith had little difficulty in successfully picking the lock, and effecting an entrance for us—Andrew being meanwhile sent to keep a look-out in the garden, that no one approached the house unawares.

There was nothing to attract attention in Mrs Weevil's apartments. The joiner carefully examined them; but no means of egress from either of the rooms could be discovered, save the door by which we had entered, the windows having iron gratings outside. We took the utmost care that nothing was disarranged; and any piece of furniture or apparel which we had occasion to disturb was replaced exactly as found. Previous to this, I should have mentioned, both the joiner and blacksmith had made a particular examination of the bow-window of my bedroom; but had failed to find anything to awaken suspicion in the slightest. Our search had so far been entirely fruitless; and I was beginning to feel more perplexed than ever, as, after what Andrew had told me of Mrs Weevil, and of her son's former relations to the owner of the house, I had somehow begun to connect her in my mind with the mysterious appearances which had given it such a bad fame.

We were in the act of quitting the housekeeper's sitting-room, afraid that she might return before we had had time to refasten the door, when I noticed the blacksmith kneel down on the floor of the inner apartment, and examine the foot of one of the bedposts. It was an ancient Elizabethan, with heavy faded hangings, and stood on a floor covered with a carpet, out of which long use had extracted almost all traces of its original pattern. At a signal, the joiner stooped down beside him; and I then observed that the caster at the foot of the bedpost was glistening with oil, as if it had but recently been lubricated; and we all three then noticed that there was a distinct dark oily

streak along the carpet, as if the bed had been moved forward obliquely for a few feet from where it stood, and then been moved back again. The joiner at once rose; and taking hold of the bed, he found that he could pull it forward easily and without making the slightest noise, till it was about a foot from the wall against which it stood. At this point, we noticed that the bed seemed to dip slightly to one side, as if something were yielding to its weight; and at the same moment we observed a panelling silently open in that part of the wall which had formerly been hid behind the hangings.

I was in a high state of excitement, and with difficulty could suppress my feelings, but stood silent as the two men went round and looked into the opening thus discovered. They asked for a candle, which I presently brought them; when we found that the recess was a small place, about five feet high and two deep, and that it was formed of solid mason-work on all sides but the front. A box, large enough to fill the whole space of the bottom, was attached to the wall by strong iron staples, as if to prevent its removal; but curiously enough, the box itself was not locked, though supplied with a hasp and padlock. The lid was at once lifted; when we saw stuffed into it, as if hurriedly, a mass of white garment, which we found to be an old chasuble or surplice, that must have formed at one time part of the ceremonial robes of a priest. We brought it forth to the light, and examined it; and there, in the skirt of the garment, we found that a piece had been torn out, which was exactly fitted by the bit of white embroidered cloth which I had picked up in my bedroom on the previous evening. This was evidence indisputable that, whoever or whatever my ghostly visitor was, here at least was the garment that had been worn on that occasion; the more so, that attached to the upper part of the garment was a kind of hood which, when drawn over the head and face, would give in a dim and uncertain light the grim aspect that I had seen on the previous evening. I felt within me a burning indignation that for years the peace and happiness of successive families in the house should have been destroyed by the wretched trickery of this depraved old woman, in her malicious desire to injure the young lady who owned the house, by depriving her of the income that would otherwise have been derived from it.

My first impulse was to leave things as they were in the apartment till the arrival of the old hag, and confront her at once with the evidences we had discovered of her malevolent practices; but on a second examination of the box, it was found that it contained a false bottom, easily removed, under which were found a pair of loaded pistols. This struck us as being scarcely in keeping with the idea that Mrs Weevil alone was cognisant of the mischievous operations which had been carried on here for so many years. These were rather the weapons of a person who was both able and willing to use them should an emergency offer. And what was still more puzzling, while we had thus far discovered the means by which the ghostly reputation of the house had been maintained, there was as yet no trace of the manner in which access was gained, either to the bedroom which I occupied, or to any other parts

of the house which had been so mysteriously visited. In these circumstances, it was agreed at once to replace everything as we had found them, except that the blacksmith took the precaution of drawing the charge out of both pistols, stuffing the barrels afterwards to the required depth with paper, so that, on being probed, they might still appear as if loaded. This done, the bed was moved back to its place, when the panelling of itself closed as before. We then left the apartment, the door of which was, though not without some difficulty, so fastened as not readily to excite the woman's suspicion that it had been tampered with.

It was now two hours after noon, and Mrs Weevil might return at any moment. The two men therefore departed, but first arranging with me that they should return after dusk, bringing the village constable along with them, to await with me the events of the evening; as I felt certain somehow that the 'ghost' would again appear, with the object of driving me from the house, as other tenants had been driven before.

Like his namesake in *Rob Roy*, the old gardener Andrew was not a very good keeper of secrets; hence it was proposed that the joiner and blacksmith should take him along with them to the village, and keep him under surveillance till the evening. I was glad when I saw them all out of the place, without, so far as I knew, being seen by any one; and still more glad when the ayah shortly afterwards returned with the children, as I could not help feeling timorous and alarmed in the house by myself, considering what we had discovered, and especially what we had failed to discover, namely, how the person playing the ghost could obtain access to different parts of the house so freely as report represented, and as I had myself in one instance painfully experienced.

THE LANDSLIP AT NYNEE TAL.

A CORRESPONDENT who has resided for many years at Nynce Tal, sends us the following interesting particulars of the locality, and endeavours to explain how the recent lamentable catastrophe occurred.

'Nynce Tal,' he proceeds to say, 'is the summer resort of the Lieutenant-governor of the North-western Provinces, as Simla is of the Viceroy. He is accompanied thither by his secretariat and the heads of departments. This, together with the great natural beauty of the place attracting other visitors, causes it to be thronged with people from May to October. During those months, there must be at least three thousand European residents there.

'With regard to its position, the points needful to state are, that it lies to the north of the province of Rohilkund, which it overlooks; and that it lies on the outer range of the Himalaya; owing to which, the first contact of the great masses of cloud rolling up from the plains, with the high cold mountain range, takes place near it and at it. It derives its name from the lake which is its characteristic and most beautiful feature. *Tal* means a lake, and *Nynce* is the name of the goddess whose temple stands at the head of the

lake. Its various points are from six thousand to eight thousand feet above sea-level. A horse-shoe lengthened out and the points brought close together, would give an idea of the general outline of the valley. Round the horse-shoe are lofty hills; lowest at the points, highest at the top curve. Within the horse-shoe lies the lake, following its form—round at the top, narrowing at the ends, through which is its escape-channel to the plains. The hills at the two sides are very near to the edge of the lake; but at the top of the lake the hills lie at some distance from it. The water horse-shoe coincides with the mountain horse-shoe at the end and at the sides; but there is a considerable interval between the rounded top curves.

'In mentioning the right or left side of the lake, the reader is supposed to be looking up from its lower end, the point of escape for the surplus water. From here, he sees the whole valley before him; and can note that the hills to the left are steep, and in places overhang the water, and are not so much built on as the hillside to the right, which is thickly studded with houses, rising one above another from the margin of the lake to the top of the hill. The steepness of the hills on the one side is due to the fact that their strata dip in a direction contrary to the slope of the hill, their outcrop thus presenting a bold escarpment to the valley; while on the other side, that on which the landslip took place, the more gentle slope of the hills is owing to their being composed of shale, the dip of which coincides with the slope of the hills towards the lake. This latter is a fact to be borne in mind.

'We come now to the head of the lake and the sloping plateau which lies between it and the foot of the hills that complete the barrier. These hills on the left are as before rocky; those on the right composed of a coating of soil with shale below. The drainage of the hills to the left passes into a small deep tarn, and thence into a rivulet which enters the lake at its head. This rivulet brings down a good deal of shingle, and has formed a long flat foreshore near the lake. The drainage from the hills to the right coming down their softer shaly sides, had deposited at the foot of the hills, and stretching up the slope of them to a height of eight hundred or a thousand feet, a great mass of earth and shaly debris, which, owing to previous disintegration, was known as "The Landslip." This is the landslip that has done the damage. The drainage-line referred to enters the lake at its very head. It brings down great masses of shale and shingle, and has formed a long flat foreshore at the head of the lake, which is here very narrow, not more than seven or eight hundred feet across. The foot of The Landslip is separated from the lake by an interval of six or seven hundred feet; at the end below the Victoria Hotel, not more than two hundred feet. The Landslip ascended at first with a gentle slope, which became sharper, as usual, as it got higher

up the hillside. It kept the width of six or seven hundred feet almost up to the top, where it was about two hundred feet. It did not run straight up the plateau mentioned as lying at the head of the lake, but bent round with a gradual curve to the hills to the right, noted as composed of shale, and ran to within a few hundred feet of a gap or dip in the top of them.

'The Landslip rests on a bed of small loose shale. Many springs appear along its sides; and there is one at the top which has cut a channel for itself down the broad flat slope to the lake. The course of this channel varies from year to year. The water is so heavily laden with silt, which is deposited on the slope, that the line of passage of any one year is marked at the end of the next by a mound, and not a hollow. The greater part of the water that falls on The Landslip does not run over it, but sinks into the loose shale-bed. The action that has formed The Landslip goes on every year. The cutting into the hillside above; the fall of the steep sides on each hand; the downward movement of the semi-fluid mass; its loss of velocity on the flat lower slope, and its deposit there in sheets or mounds, are increased with each rainy season—the amount of the action depending on the amount of the rainfall.

'The rainfall at Nynce Tal is very heavy, heavier from peculiar local conditions, than what would be due merely to its position on the outer range of the Himalaya. These conditions have to be noted. The lake is about a mile long and two and a half furlongs broad, with a shore or margin of about a furlong and a half along its right bank. The plateau at the head of the lake is about a mile long. The valley along its bottom lines may be taken, therefore, as two miles long and half a mile broad. The lake is about six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea; while the tops of the hills round it rise to eight thousand five hundred feet. The highest peak, known as Cheena, is above the head of the lake, beyond the plateau; and it is from its flank The Landslip comes down. At the other end of the lake, where is the opening into the valley, and from where the little river fed by the lake runs out, the descent of the hillside is very sharp. This gap opens at once on the sky region which overhangs the belt of forest-land at the foot of the hills, known from its extreme dampness as the Terai, and the well-watered many rivered plains of Rohilkund. The cloud-masses coming up from the plains pour in at this gap.

'Where the heavy cloud-masses of the monsoons coming up from the ocean strike against mountain ridges, not far from the edge of the sea, they descend in excessive rainfall, which sometimes amounts to three hundred inches, or twenty-five feet, in the year. Where the outer ranges of the Himalaya, bounding the plains of Northern India, rise to great heights, here too the heavy cloud-masses of the monsoons strike and descend in heavy rainfall.

'Nynce Tal is thus situated. Besides, we have here a long narrow deep valley, very damp, owing to its being so much sheltered from the sun, and to the evaporation from the lake, which constitutes the chief portion of its bed. The clouds rest in the valley. Heavy fogs and mists prevail in it for many months, and the rainfall is, for many months, long-continued and heavy. This long

continuance of rain, and prevalence of fogs and mists, have an important bearing on the matter; for they mean great saturation of the soil, unrelieved by the genial drying-power of the sun, the result being that the hillsides are easily moved by any unusual surface disturbance, and may at any moment slip. Thus, then, with long-continued moisture, heavy rainfall, steep hills whose sides are composed of shale, we have a combination that would lead to landslips, gigantic traces of many of which are to be seen on the outer slopes.

'To describe now the locality of the accident. At the head of the lake stood the Assembly Rooms, with their ballroom, reading-room, and library. They were built on the very margin of the lake, with a long veranda overhanging the water. On the flat near the head of the lake, cricket and polo were practised. Here also the band played of an evening. Round this end of the lake were the boathouses and landing-stages, the place gay with boats and canoes. Above, in the angle between the rivulet and The Landslip, was the Nynee Tal bazaar. The Mall, or riding-road that goes all round the lake, widened out here, and lay between the foot of The Landslip and the lake. Thus, then, this was the central meeting-place, the pleasure-ground of the European community. It was the focal point of the station. On the flat near the Assembly Rooms, a covered racket court had been built, useless on account of the damp—ominous sign! An enterprising and long resident tradesman of the place, Mr Bell by name, purchased it, however, and converted it into a two-storied shop, being tempted by the advantage of the position, so far as the passing to and fro and concourse of people was concerned. Behind this building, a small public garden was laid out some seven or eight years ago.

'Above the head of the lake, and by the side of The Landslip, to the right of it, was a piece of land, on which stood the Victoria Hotel. It stood about two hundred and fifty feet in height above the lake. The land on which it stood was not much higher than The Landslip by its side; and though The Landslip was by its side here, yet, owing to the bend to the right in its course, it soon got above it. There was, however, a point in its course from which the straight line down to the lake lay through the hotel. And, owing to the steep slope, not many hundred feet up its length, the bed of The Landslip would be on a level with the very roof of the hotel. The hotel undoubtedly stood in a risky position with reference to The Landslip; but no actual danger was anticipated from it so near its foot; while the advantages of the site, as being so near the Mall and the head of the lake, were very great.

'This Landslip is one of very old standing, and was probably in existence when we first began to settle there. For years it has been one of the marked natural features of the place. It has caused damage in years of heavy rainfall before, though its dangerous action has been chiefly confined to the upper parts of its course. Here it has been working its way steadily up the hillside. Houses that had been built above its influence it was thought, had to be taken down as the chasm gradually worked up to them. But down at the foot of it, the damage seemed confined to a deposit of shale and shingle over the road, which was easily

removed. About eight or ten years ago, however, when I was at Nynee Tal, the fall of debris was very great after heavy rains. The road was covered to a depth of five or six feet, and Mr Bell had to barricade heavily the doors and windows of the lower story of his shop on the side of The Landslip.

'Before coming to the consideration of the catastrophe itself, one or two things more have to be noted. There was no cliff overhanging the hotel, or the buildings by the side of the head of the lake. The Assembly Rooms would have been deemed perfectly safe against molestation, from the hillside up which ran The Landslip, though the distance between them was not more than a furlong or eight hundred feet at the most. Above the hotel stood a row of servants' houses, further up the slope and nearer to the hillside.

'What recently happened was this. These upper buildings were thrown over and buried by a movement of the land from above. They would of course be the first to suffer. Many natives and one European child were buried under the ruins of the houses and the mass of debris. The hotel itself stood unimpaired, and the occupants escaped in safety. Civil and police officers, and working parties of officers and men from the convalescent barrack at the other end of the lake, were soon at the spot, trying to dig out the buried natives. While engaged in this duty, came the sudden and great movement of the soft hillside which overwhelmed the hotel and those near it; and moving down to the head of the lake with irresistible force, buried the public garden and the road there and destroyed the buildings near it. Among those killed near the hotel were Mr Bell, the tradesman already mentioned, and three of his assistants.

'One of those extraordinarily heavy falls of rain of which mention has been made had just occurred. In forty hours altogether, mainly it would appear between Friday evening and that fatal Saturday afternoon, there fell twenty-five inches of rain; equal to the rainfall in England for a whole year. This great fall of rain came in the middle of September, after months of heavy rainfall, of clouds and mist and fog, when the soil had been thoroughly soaked and softened. Any overhanging and exposed portions of the hillside would now be ready to fall. The bed of the great Landslip, and the hillsides along it, would be full of water trying to make its way outwards and downwards; and the shale-bed of The Landslip would be already very near the semi-fluid state.

'There was, unhappily, no doubt another extraneous cause besides the rains for the slip at the moment that it took place. Great avalanches have been set in motion by very small causes—the removal of a stone, or even a sound. This great slip must have taken place from inherent causes. But its movement at such a fatal moment was due, doubtless, to the digging operations that were being carried on to extricate the buried natives. That gallant band of Englishmen brought about their death by their own exertions!

'That cold ghastly sentence in a recent telegram to the *Times*, that "it would cost twenty thousand pounds to exhume the bodies," brings before us a terrible aspect of the accident. It shows us not only how great was the forward-moved mound of shale and rock and shingle, but that there, in the

middle of the gay and pleasant settlement, under that horrid mound, now lie the bodies of so many members of the small community. It is not like a disaster at the bottom of a mine or at sea, away from sight; there stands the mound, with the men and women under it. This would be terrible anywhere; but more so in a place where people are drawn together in such close bonds of companionship and friendship.'

AN EXPENSIVE HOAX.

THE following account of a hoax played upon me many years ago, may teach a lesson to people who think practical joking capital fun, and make them think twice before they resort to such questionable expedients. I am as fond of a good joke as any one; but I detest hoaxes, which as a rule are 'past a joke,' seeing that in most cases they go far beyond what their perpetrators intended. In the case I am about to narrate, either from false shame or fear, the chief actors let things take their course, without trying or being able to stop them.

It will be within the recollection of residents in China ports some eighteen years ago, with how great an amount of anxiety and expectation the opening of the mighty Yang-tze (the 'river of golden sand') to the vessels of the Western barbarians was looked for by all foreigners living in the far East. After the last Anglo-French Chinese war, which had terminated with the capture of Pe-kin, the Chinese government had been compelled to come to terms with the Western powers; and had granted, however unwillingly, the opening of several northern ports, and the navigation of the Yang-tze above Shang-hae as far as Han-kow. Navigable to good-sized vessels for upwards of two thousand miles from its mouth, it was considered a great boon at the time that even this partial opening of eight hundred and forty miles of the mighty stream had been effected; and the expectations of the advantages to be reaped were raised to a very high pitch.

Shang-hae, the old treaty port at the mouth of the Yang-tze, was of course the most interested in this new state of things, as it was the starting-point of all up-river expeditions; and every mind was filled with the prospects of the large gains to be realised—prospects which unfortunately proved rather fallacious in most cases afterwards. There was, however, one serious drawback to the navigation of the river—its many shifting channels and rapid tides made the ascent a matter of great difficulty to sailing-vessels; and it was obvious that the lion-share of any profit to be made would fall to those fortunate few who either owned steamers or had one at their disposal. The number available was, however, very small, and the rates of freight rose to such an enormous height, that a few up and down trips paid the cost of any good-sized steamer. In anticipation of coming events, I had been lucky enough, in conjunction with a friendly Chinese firm, to secure the purchase of a small American-built river-steamer in Hong-kong, which was to run on the river Yang-tze. Drawing but very little water, it was deemed inexpedient to expose the small craft to the danger of crossing the boisterous China Sea, and though it took a much longer

time, it was determined to make her run up north as close as possible along the coast. All matters connected with the Yang-tze navigation were kept very dark at the time; but this had not prevented something about the purchase and the passage of the little steamer being whispered about—a fact of which I was to become aware soon after.

One evening, late—it was close upon midnight—I was busily engaged in my office in Shang-hae preparing for the outgoing mail, when the office-boy rushed into the room with a letter just delivered. This was a more than unusual proceeding—no foreign mails had arrived, and business communications are not generally made at midnight. I turned the letter rather suspiciously round, for its look was by no means inviting, it being very dirty and well thumbled. Inquiring who had delivered it, I was told that a coolie, apparently in a great hurry, had handed the same to the gatehouse-keeper a few minutes previously—that the man had stated he did not know from whom the letter came, and that no answer was required. There was nothing left but to see what the ominous missive contained; and I was not a little shocked upon reading the following:

Steamer Phoenix, 12th March 186—.

DEAR SIR—I regret to have to inform you that we have run upon the North Bank during the last gale, and find ourselves in great danger. We may possibly succeed in getting off, if it ceases to blow hard. Captain S—— is sick in bed, and he has asked me to write to you for assistance.—Your obedient servant,

JOHN S——.
(Chief-officer.)

Rather pretty news that! The whole of the letter, including the writer's signature, whose name, moreover, was unknown to me, was very illegibly written in pencil on a piece of paper, evidently torn from some memorandum book, bearing the marks of hurry and excitement. The dirty look of the outside cover was now somewhat explained—the steamer had probably hailed one of the Chinese junks passing by; and the letter had been forwarded by a Woosung runner—the only curious circumstance being, that this man should not even have waited for payment.

We had had very heavy north-easterly gales for two days past, and the steamer was due at any moment. So far everything seemed correct enough; and Captain S——, though known as one of the best men on the China coast, might as well have met with a mishap as any other. I hardly waited for the morning to take the necessary steps in the matter. It continued to blow very hard, and every moment's delay might render the vessel's position more precarious; so I was on my way before break of day to consult one of our best pilots, an American, whom I knew. The man had only returned during the night, I was told, and was still in bed; but I made him get up at once, shewed the letter to him, and asked his advice.

'That looks very bad,' he said, after perusing the letter, shrugging his shoulders. 'With the wind blowing as it does, the steamer may easily have been driven over the Bank. The only chance that remains is that she may have got into deep water between the North and South Banks. But if she has gone on the latter, I wouldn't give a cent for the hull and all that's in her! If we had

another steamer handy' [the only available tug was just out of port], 'I should ask you to send her down without a moment's delay. As it is, I'll go down there at once, and see what's to be done. My boat is ready; a few good men will soon be picked up, so I shall be off in half-an-hour's time. Meanwhile, you must hope for the best.'

Thanking the brave fellow with all my heart for his readiness, I left him to get ready; and after seeing him go down the river under full sail before the appointed time, I returned home, somewhat calmer.

Thirty-six hours of anxious waiting had gone by, when on the afternoon of the following day, Mr C—— the pilot entered my office. His face boded no good. 'Bad news, sir,' Mr C—— commenced. 'I could find no trace whatever of the *Phoenix*. Heaven knows what has become of her and her crew. We have searched the whole of the outer Bank, and got ourselves upon it; and we only left off when it was found that our boat had sprung a leak in striking, which compelled me to return. There is now but one possibility left—provided the vessel has not gone to pieces ere this—that she, as I told you yesterday, may have got between the two Banks, or is fast on the South Bank. You have now only one course to take. Try and get Captain F—— of the *Dragon*' [the tug before mentioned], 'who has just come into the harbour, to go down again without delay. I will go on board with you at once; and I am sure Captain F—— won't leave you in the lurch in such an emergency.'

This was no sooner said than done. Arriving on board the *Dragon*, we found Captain F—— just on the point of going ashore. A few words sufficed to inform him of the state of things. Although he himself and his crew had hardly had any rest for some days past, he did not hesitate a moment.

'We cannot leave Captain S—— without assistance, if help is still of any earthly use to him. He wouldn't think twice if he was in my place; and the sooner we are off the better. Luckily, we have still got steam, so we will start at once. But you must be prepared for a long bill. You know our charge is fifty tael's [seventeen pounds] 'per hour as long as I am under-weight; and I am not at liberty to reduce the owner's charges.'

Of course I told him that money was of no consideration where the lives of so many people were at stake; and I had the satisfaction to see the *Dragon* steam out of the harbour within a quarter of an hour. The news of the presumed dangerous position of the *Phoenix*, and of the steps taken to assist her, had meanwhile spread all over the foreign settlement; and I had to submit as best I could to the many inquiries and condolences about her probable fate from all sides. Captain S—— was a well-known person in all the China ports, and every one waited anxiously for further news, while his sad end was universally deplored.

In the afternoon of the day following, the *Dragon* was reported in sight; and I was on board before she had dropped anchor. Captain F——, who looked flushed and wearied, had evidently not taken a moment's rest since he had started. He came up to me with a sad face.

'We have not been more fortunate in this attempt than Mr C—— the pilot,' he said.

'There is no vestige of the *Phoenix* to be seen anywhere; if she has really struck there, she must have gone to pieces long ago, and not a soul of her crew has been saved. I have done all in my power, and left nothing undone. We have searched every nook and corner, and went as far as the South Bank; and the worst is, I nearly lost my own steamer, as she struck, and we had all the trouble in the world to get afloat again. I am rather surprised, though, that we have seen no spars or timbers floating about. And that makes me ask you—don't be vexed, but rather a queer thought struck me suddenly when returning—do you know the name of the chief-officer of the *Phoenix*?'

I told him I did not.

'And has it never come across your mind (now, just keep quiet), that some one, maybe without considering the consequences, may have written that letter for a hoax?'

'It would be too abominable, Captain F——,' I replied; 'nor can I believe any one would dare to do such a thing.'

'Well, we'll soon see about that. But for your sake and Captain S——'s, I could almost wish that to be the case. Not but that it would give me all the pleasure in the world to horse-whip the writer all round the settlement. You at all events have done your duty; the rest we must leave to the future.'

I left the honest Captain with rather conflicting feelings. Hitherto, I had never dreamt of giving way to any such suspicion, as he had done; but the more I thought of all the circumstances connected with the delivery of the mysterious letter, the more I felt inclined to admit there might be something in the view he took of the affair. The first thing I did on reaching home was to try and decipher the very illegibly written signature of the name, to which as yet I had paid but little attention. Now, with roused suspicions, I looked at it in a different light; and I succeeded at last, with a deal of trouble, in linking the single characters together. The result was *Snooks*—JOHN SNOOKS. Now, although the chief-officer's name, for all I knew to the contrary, really might have been Snooks—a very low one, it must be admitted—still this discovery could not but fail to increase any suspicions as to the genuineness of the letter itself. 'It *might* be Beelzebub, but it ain't,' was the short and smart repartee of a friend of mine, who, when travelling in the United States, was once accosted by a Yankee with the inevitable, 'What might your name be, stranger?' It *might* be Snooks; but I could not help being convinced that the officer's real name was *not* Snooks after all. However, I was not to remain very long in suspense on this point, and was still ruminating on this matter, when Mr A——, an old friend of mine, came into my room. We had known each other from the first day of his arrival, and had always been on the best of terms together. He commenced talking on several indifferent subjects—both of us avoiding any allusion to the steamer; but I could not fail in observing that A——, in general very quiet and collected, appeared unusually uncomfortable and absent. He shifted uneasily about on his seat, just like a man who has got something on his mind, and who wishes to unbosom himself, but does not know how to set about it. At last he seemed to have come to

some resolve, for suddenly he jumped up from his chair and paced the room several times.

'So the *Dragon* has come back, and brought no further news?' said he, turning round upon me.

I told him that was exactly the state of the case.

'Now, look here, H——,' he resumed. 'It's about time this business were put a stop to; and on that account I am here now. But, for mercy's sake, my dear fellow, be calm.' (I had started to my feet.) 'At all events, listen quietly first to what I have to tell you; afterwards, you are quite free to decide what course to take.' And then the whole of the edifying story came out.

Some evenings ago—according to A——'s account, he himself having been from home—his younger brother had had a few friends dining with him. After dinner, and while sitting over their wine, of which they had likely partaken a little more than was good for them, and while debating how to spend the rest of the evening, one of the guests, a Mr L——, had of a sudden proposed to indite the letter about the *Phœnix*, which he declared would be a 'splendid joke.' Neither L—— nor any of the others really meant any harm, for I was on good terms with all of them; but having nothing better on hand, the proposal was at once accepted as 'capital fun;' and the company joined together to concoct the epistle which had been sent to me—with what result, I have told. Next day, neither of them appeared to have thought any more about the affair; when, to their utmost consternation, on the return of the pilot-boat, they were roused by the report, rapidly spread about, of the loss of the *Phœnix*, and of the steps taken to save her. None had expected such serious consequences. But when the departure of the *Dragon*, and lastly the vain search of the latter for the lost vessel, became known, they got very much frightened; and it was decided that the chief culprit should disclose their misdeed to A——, begging him to interfere, and if possible, to get them out of the scrape by pleading their cause with me.

'Now that you know all about this stupid affair,' A—— continued, 'it is of course for you to say how you mean to act. I hardly dare ask you to pardon them, though by generously doing so, you will oblige me to the end of my life. If you decide otherwise, my interference is at an end. Consider, however, that you have, to a certain extent, their future fate in your hands. L—— himself will not have the courage to shew his face again, and the consequences will be most serious to him. As he did not venture to tell you himself, I could not well refuse his earnest request to beg for him and the others. In case you forgive them, L—— promises to come round after dark to tell you how deeply he regrets his foolish act. I am also commissioned to inform you, as a matter of course, that the four engaged in this affair are ready to refund all the expenses incurred; which I consider but a just punishment for what they have done.'

What was I to do? Making the names of the actors public, would certainly damage them seriously, but do little good to me now. On the other hand, angry and vexed as I was at the thought of the care and trouble I had undergone, it was a relief to find that the danger to the

vessel, and the consequent loss to me, had no real foundation. After a short consideration, I gave way to the earnest pleading of friend A——, and granted a free pardon upon the conditions proposed by him—at which happy result A—— left me, evidently much relieved.

There is little more to add to my story. The actors and amateurs of hoaxing had received a lesson they were not likely to forget as long as they lived, and which cured them radically of all further propensities in that line. I withstood all demands to make the names known, though I could not prevent the fact becoming public that I had been subjected to a hoax; which caused Mr C—— the pilot to 'salt' his bill rather severely for repairs to his craft, &c.; which otherwise, as he told me, he should not have done. Suffice it to say that the small bill for the *Dragon*, the pilot, &c. amounted in a round sum to close upon five hundred pounds, which the hoaxers had to pay with a grin, glad to get so cheaply out of the scrape.

Thus ended this very foolish but expensive hoax, the moral of which I trust will be taken to heart by those who are fond of practical joking. I may conclude my story by adding that the *Phœnix* arrived safe and sound only a few days later in the harbour.

WHERE IS YESTERDAY?

A little boy, Ernst H——, says to his Mother 'This is to-day—To-morrow is coming, but, Where is Yesterday?'

'MOTHER' some things I want to know,
Which puzzle and confuse me so.
To-day is present, as you say,
But tell me, Where is Yesterday?

'I did not see it as it went;
I only know how it was spent—
In play, and pleasure, though in rain;
Then why won't it come back again?

'To-day, the sun shines bright and clear;
But then, To-morrow's drawing near.
To-day—oh, do not go away!
And vanish like dear Yesterday.

'Tis when the sun and all the light
Has gone, and darkness brings the night,
It seems to me, you steal away,
And change your name to Yesterday.

'And will all Time be just the same?
To-day the only name remain?
And shall I always have to say,
To-morrow, you'll be Yesterday?

'I wonder, when we go to heaven,
If there a record will be given
Of all our thoughts and all our ways,
Writ on the face of Yesterdays?

'If so, I pray, God grant to me
That mine a noble life may be;
For then, I'll greet with joyous gaze
The dear, lost face of—Yesterdays.'

M. HOLDEN.

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OCEAN RELIEF DEPÔTS.

BY CAPTAIN W. PARKER SNOW.

FOR over twenty-five years have I endeavoured, both here and in America, to awaken an interest in the matter of saving life, property, and wreck at sea, and in dangerous localities at home and abroad. My ideas were embodied in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute in June 1870, and also in communications to the press, both before and since. The paper was entitled 'On the Colonisation and Utilising of certain Ocean Islands and Waste Spaces about the World; with Suggestions for Floating Telegraph Wires, and Stationary Relief Depôts, Coal Depôts, Harbours of Refuge, Lights, Beacons, Observatories, Postal and Telegraph Stations, Training Schools, Reformatories, &c.'

Now, it is this colonising or occupying waste spaces on certain ocean routes, that I propose as a means of establishing relief depôts and harbours of refuge about the globe.

I need not say how wedded we are as a people to all that is connected with the sea. Even those whose pursuits are of a contrary character, love the ocean and its life-bestowing powers. Indeed, our very existence is mainly sustained by a certain sort of supremacy we still hold upon it. Our ships sail in every clime, and our flag has for some centuries past been the pioneer everywhere of exploration and discovery. But it is also a well-known fact, that despite the superior qualities nowadays of ships, officers, and men, wrecks and loss of life are quite as great, if not greater, than ever. Of wrecks, no fewer than five hundred and fifty-nine were reported in four and a half months, and in some cases the sacrifice of life has been enormous. Yet I do not hesitate to say that if we would, as a people, study the cause of humanity more than the mere making of wealth, most of these wrecks could be avoided, and the major portion of the loss of life averted. Indeed it has appeared strange to me that so little away from our own coasts has been done in regard to this.

We have telegraphs over houses, beneath houses, and under oceans. We have railways here, there, and everywhere, in labyrinths and mazes that absolutely confuse the mind, and yet raise our admiration. We have a postal system that is truly marvellous; and as for our travel by ships with steam, the term of floating palaces may well be applied to the roomy and luxurious accommodation afforded. More have we that could be named as existing now which did not exist a generation ago.

Science has made rapid strides in the one direction of increasing wealth, and in some few things bearing upon humanity; but, as yet, we have hardly any practical and ready means of saving life and averting wreck at sea. Look at any nautical chart of the world, and perceive the many isolated and desolate spots upon it—some lone islands and rocks, such as St Pauls on the Atlantic Equator—St Pauls and Amsterdam in the South Indian Ocean—Tristan d'Acunha—the Aucklands—and many more I could name. What are they? See them, hither and thither about the ocean! Are they to be mere instruments of destruction to man and man's property? Assuredly not, if rightly used instead of being disregarded. Nearly all of them, even the most apparently barren, teem with wondrous life, and might be made the dwelling-places of happy people. Those isolated rocks and islands, and that especial archipelago around Cape Horn, at the extremity of South America, are admirably situated for purposes of benefit to man in the direction I have indicated. Even in their natural state they are not all unproductive. Coal is already discovered in the once dreaded Magellan Straits; and wealth, almost unbounded, is, I firmly believe, yet to be found in Tierra del Fuego. But the guano-beds, and the seal fishery—apart from mineral yield—are in themselves a source of lucrative return for investment. It is, however, the humane feature in connection with these places I now most draw attention to, and I ask: Can we not, then, turn them to good account? I feel assured that we can, and, to explain myself, let me take readers on an imaginary voyage with me.

Beginning with our own coasts, there we see lights and beacons, and everything to guide and to warn; consequently, when wrecks do occur, they are—with exceptions—too often produced by over-confidence, and a neglect of what the late Captain Maury well termed the three *L's*—namely, log, lead, and look-out. Still, even here something might be done. Our sea-channels are often enveloped in fog, and mariners from long voyages are not always so strong in mind or body as when they started. Thus, to relieve them, I, years ago, suggested that our extra naval ships, or reserve fleet might, instead of idling in harbour, be more usefully and indeed more educationally employed as a *cordon* at the mouth of each channel, with pilots, and relief stores on board, besides telegraphic wires to the mainland.

In 1849 an ocean telegraph was deemed a visionary idea, and I well remember in New York, how the actual originator and proposer of such a scheme was considered by many—even then by Mr Cyrus Field himself—as projecting an impracticability. For twenty years my plan of a *floating telegraph* over the ocean world has been similarly regarded; though I noticed lately that others, almost literally to details, have put forth the idea as their own.

Let us consider that if such plan were adopted as I propose of buoys up a duplicate cable at say three hundred miles apart by hulks, serving as relief store-ships, lightships (*numbered*, and thus shewing positions), what a valuable boon it would become. Ocean traffic would then be relieved of much of its danger, and suffering at sea greatly lessened. A wreck, a fire, or any other disaster could promptly be remedied by a knowledge of these relief hulks, and, as I also propose, of the many ocean rocks and islands serving in a similar way; while messages could be immediately flashed across the floating wires to call for aid, or give information. For the North Atlantic itself, twenty relief hulks, buoys a duplicate cable, attached to alternate hulks, kept in position by auxiliary steam-power, would almost bridge that part of the ocean world, and make the voyage across, nearly one of mathematical precision and safety. In like manner could such be applied to South America, and elsewhere. My plan embraces a postal system as well, and how many other islands and rocks—some 'barren,' such as St Pauls and the Rocas shoals; and some fertile, as I myself know from personal visits, such as Fernando-de-Noronha, could be made exceedingly available. Let me, then, carry my voyager with me to the once dreaded Cape Horn, and shew him the splendid harbours, safe and roomy, with the excellent wood and water, fish and birds, that there abound.

I first saw the Horn when passing it in March 1836. It was a beautiful evening, and being helmsman at the time, I had a good view. Six years later, I again passed it in the depth of winter, and so cold that our rigging was frozen, and a man had to be lowered frigid from the top-gallant yard, whither he had been sent on a job. A third time, in 1853, I saw the Cape, as a gale drove us rapidly past it. Two years afterwards I was exploring its neighbourhood, finding many excellent harbours, shelters, and safe channels, and running under the grim Horn itself to get a fair look at its form. Since then I have not

ceased, at every opportunity, to call public attention to the subject of a small settlement, or at least a harbour of refuge, being formed there. I have said, again and again, that the numbers of wrecks occurring at that place, and at the Falkland Islands, *could be avoided*; and despite its old terrors, I maintain there is no safer spot in the world than Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn. Were it an unbroken, abrupt, iron-bound coast, like parts of the Australian sea-board, I could not aver this. But an archipelago of islands, with numerous safe *running* channels, splendid harbours, and other advantages such as at the extreme of South America, cannot be, comparatively speaking, a dangerous locality. The harbours are easy of access, and a good *lee* can be obtained, outward and homeward, in almost any weather. In the appendix to my *Two Years' Cruise in the South*—now out of print—I have given full directions to mariners, and I need not recapitulate them here. Suffice it that, whether in the beautiful little Banner Cove at Picton Island (or Victoria Harbour, as I named it), in Wollaston Island, or Wigwam Cove, or some other places to be mentioned, I assert, good shelter and means to recuperate can be found. What more required is, as I have just stated, a small settlement and relief depôt for the crews of vessels disabled, or meeting with some unusual disaster, such as in some cases lately occurred, and in many other cases now before me.

That a settlement can be formed there without much difficulty is evidenced by the fact of a mission station existing at Ushawai, a spot I passed in 1855, at the head of Ponsonby Sound in the Beagle Channel, though such station can never be the refuge or of the service I point out. It is too far among the inner channels, and not very distant from Woolya, the scene of that fearful massacre by the enraged natives on the crew of the very ship I had previously commanded, and who retaliated upon the white missionaries for taking their children away—the which I had refused doing. Thus Ushawai, though named on Admiralty charts, to the ignoring of more useful places and harbours I had previously brought to Admiralty notice, cannot be available as a relief depôt or a means of refuge. Still, a settlement can be formed close to, but *easterly* of the Horn itself, at what precise spot I hope to be able some day to indicate with more certainty.

In February 1855 I selected the site, and founded a prosperous settlement at Keppel Island, belonging to the South American Missionary Society; consequently I have little doubt, humanly speaking, I can form an equally good settlement at Cape Horn, if sufficient aid be rendered me. Were it necessary, I could relate several interesting occurrences of solitary ocean islands being profitably settled; but must now confine myself to merely drawing attention to my project, which embraces boats, movable deck-houses, and other means for insuring more safety at sea. One effort I am making is to try and get the official recognition of Great Powers, and, should enough encouragement be given, take out a small vessel that shall serve both as pilot boat, and to carry relief to vessels in distress, having first formed a depôt of stores and provisions on shore. In reference to this I cannot help longing for at least a portion of the provisions, stores,

clothing, boats, &c., left in useless places at several depôts, by Admiralty orders, in the Arctic regions. Were these deposited in secure, and, to civilised persons, known places about Cape Horn and the Southern Ocean, they would be really useful.

Doubtless there are many noble and generous hearts ready to aid in conferring such a boon upon humanity as the establishing of Ocean Relief Depôts, in the way I have so long proposed, and to these I submit my ideas.

In this paper, however, I have given only an outline of those ideas. Details would occupy too much space at present, but they embody the formation of international, and politically-neutral establishments at suitable places on the great sea routes, particularly Tristan d'Acunha in the South Atlantic, and St Pauls and Amsterdam in the South Indian Ocean, with periodical visits to surrounding localities. At the Atlantic-equatorial St Pauls Rocks, a sort of Ocean Magdala could be formed, with a stationary hulk as a training-ship, and a year's depôt of provisions, water, &c., besides the ordinary supply required for those in charge. A Light, a Beacon, Telegraph Wires, Observatory, Post-Office, &c., would make it one of the most advantageous places in the world for scientific purposes, let alone the higher cause of humanity.

[Captain Snow's project of establishing hulks of refuge and for postal communication in *mid-ocean*, is ingenious, but we fear not very practicable, on account of want of soundings and anchorage, to say nothing of risks of safety and cost. His paper, however, is suggestive, and may usefully ventilate the subject. His address is Esher, Surrey.—ED.]

MY HOLIDAY IN JAMAICA.

CHAPTER V.—A GLORIOUS PANORAMA.

THE rains were now nearly over. Generally, about noon, heavy showers would fall; but the mornings and evenings were fine and deliciously cool. Our communications with the outward world were restored. Road-making in Jamaica is a simple affair. The roads being generally scarped out of the side of a hill, whenever one is carried away by rain or a landslip, it is simply a matter of cutting deeper into the hill. The surface is left to make itself; consequently, it is as soft as a bog or as hard as nails, according as the weather is wet or dry.

For days after the cessation of the rains, evil tidings were coming in. It was not merely that numbers of the poor people had their provision-grounds devastated and their cottages wrecked by the waters; all this admitted of remedy; but in nearly every instance where a cottage was swept away, the owner's savings for years—consisting generally of notes stored up in a bottle or tin box, and hidden in the thatch—were swept away also. Unfortunately, the people had some reason for adopting this foolish practice. Formerly, the only banks in the island were private savings-banks, and to these large sums of money had been intrusted. Shortly before Sir William Grey became Governor, numbers of these banks, at Falmouth, Montego Bay, and other places, failed under the most discreditable circumstances, spread-

ing disaster far and wide. Sir William, during his term of office, established savings-banks guaranteed by government. The measure was a wise and prudent one; but the confidence of the people had been rudely shaken; hence the habit of hoarding up had grown. In some cases, individuals had lost in this way sums varying from twenty to forty pounds.

My visit was now rapidly drawing to a close. I was to leave on the 25th; and on my last day we set out, all three, on our final expedition to Catherine's Peak and the Fern-walk. Starting about twelve, we lunched at New-Castle, and then rode on to the Fern-walks. About twenty minutes' ride above New-Castle, we came to a place called the Woodcutter's Gap, from which point the first view of the interior, north of the New-Castle ridge, is obtained. Here the road divides into two branches, both skirting, at different levels, the northern slope of Catherine's Peak, and forming the Upper and Lower Fern-walks. The lower of these roads, after skirting the Peak, turns northward, and is indeed the recognised route between New-Castle and the northern parts of the island. The upper road, running completely round the Peak, returns to the Woodcutter's Gap. Choosing the latter, we rode along it for a short distance; and then, giving our ponies to a black groom we had brought on from New-Castle, a roughish scramble of fifteen minutes brought us to the top of the Peak. At first we seemed destined to a disappointment, as a heavy mist was rolling up from the north, hiding the whole country. Here and there the mist would break, shewing for a few seconds above its fleecy surface some peak clothed with brushwood to its summit; then hiding it again with gauzy folds of vapour. However, we determined as we had time to spare, to wait a while and take our chance. And we had our reward. Scarcely ten minutes had passed, when we could see the tall heads of the tree-ferns in the Fern-walk below us bowing gently, as a light breeze from the north-west came stealing up, scattering the mist before it. Vague forms—blurred outlines of ridge and pinnacle—grew upon our sight as wave after wave of the vapoury curtain that had hidden them rolled away before the breeze. A few minutes more, and the vague forms took shape; the blurred outlines became sharply defined; and the whole glorious panorama lay before us, unblotted by a cloud. The spot we were standing on, five thousand and thirty-five feet above the sea, was almost midway between the north and south of the island. Looking due north, we could see the breakers rolling into Buff Bay, nearly five-and-twenty miles away; while to the south-east, Morant Bay and all the adjacent line of coast were clearly visible. New-Castle lay at our feet on one side, the little settlement of Cold-Spring on the other; while on our right hand, nearly due east of where we were standing, towered the huge mass of the Blue Mountain Peak, seven thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet high. All around and below us lay the lesser peaks of the chain, covered to the top with thick underwood, save where landslips or torrents had scored their sides. The breeze had died away; the intense silence seemed intensified by the faint chirp of some species of grasshopper from a neighbouring shrub; and over all hung the speckless dome of the blue tropical sky.

'Have a good look at it,' said Charley, philosophically, filling a pipe. 'You're in great luck to get the chance. See! it is changing already.'

Even as he spoke, the air grew colder, and a light tremor shook the tall tree-ferns. Down through each valley came sweeping dense masses of vapour, spreading in every direction. One huge cloud wrapped the Blue Mountain Peak, leaving only its summit visible, like an island in mid-air. A few seconds more and the whole mountain was blotted out. Up from every side rolled the mist, wreathing itself into a thousand fantastic shapes as it came, till in a few minutes we found ourselves on an island in a sea of cloud; earth and sky, everything invisible, except a few yards round the spot on which we were standing.

Scrambling down the rough path, we regained our ponies and rode round the Peak by the Upper Fern-walk. Unfortunately, I am densely ignorant on the subject of ferns; but still I was struck by the extraordinary beauty and luxuriance of those that clustered on every side of us as we rode on. Especially marvellous were the tree-ferns. In many cases, the twisted stems, perfectly bare, sprang up to a height of forty or fifty feet, and then spread out into magnificent canopies of branches some ten or fifteen feet in diameter. At each stage of the tree-fern's growth, a fresh canopy of branches bursts out around the top, and the one beneath withers and dies. The twisted or plaited appearance of the stems arises from the marks which each successive ring of branches leaves as it withers and falls off, when a fresh one comes out above.

It was now getting on in the afternoon; so, as we were engaged to dine at Ropley, we bade adieu to the Fern-walk, and turned homeward. There being no moon, it was excessively dark as we made our way over to Ropley at half-past seven. The Major and I walked; and Mrs Edgeware, with a gray skirt over her evening dress, preceded us on a pony. The boy in front carried a lantern. As we passed the turn to Strawberry Hill, we met the Judge in evening clothes, also carrying a lantern, and without a hat.

'Hat!' said the Judge, on my making some remark on the absence of his headgear. 'Hat! I never wear a hat at night. I wouldn't wear one by day, only the little boys would hoot me, and bring the bench into contempt. I maintain,' he continued, tramping along with vigorous strides, while the lantern flashed on his capacious white waistcoat and gold spectacles—'I maintain, sir, this is the finest climate in the world. There are no extremes. Look at our friends the Major and Mrs Edgeware! Are they ever ill? Look at their children! My boy grew up here, and never had a day's illness till I sent him to England, and there he got scarlatina! It is an English climate, without the English fogs and rains and east winds!'

And the Judge, whose vigorous frame and hale complexion shewed that a residence of nearly twenty years in Jamaica had not done him much harm, hurried forward to light Mrs Edgeware in through the gate of Ropley.

CHAPTER VI.—JAMAICA PAST—JAMAICA FUTURE.

The Dean and Mrs——; a Mr S——, an extensive pen-keeper (a person who breeds and sells stock) from the north side; a young lady who was

staying in the house; the Judge, Charley, and Mrs Edgeware and myself, made up the party. Some excellent clear turtle ushered in one of those cosy, pleasant, chatty dinners for which Ropley is famous in Jamaica, and which many an old Jamaican, if this happens to meet his eye, will recall with kindly remembrance. As usual in the hills, we dined practically in the open air, as all the venetians front and back, were wide open, and the cool evening air came straying in unchecked. I confess to being a sensualist in a small way, and to like a good dinner much; and to like it still more when its surroundings are pretty and bright. When I hear a man declaiming against the pleasures of the table, and boasting that it is a matter of indifference to him what he eats, I set that man down as an ass. A man might as well, in my mind, boast that he was insensible to the perfume of a rose. A good dinner elevates the moral tone. Under its benign influence, we glow with charity towards all mankind. We pronounce A's novel pleasant. We can see no harm in Mrs B's little flirtation with Gussy C., that most lamb-like of Lovelaces. We fancy—we wouldn't really, you know—but we fancy we would lend money to that poor fellow D., who has gone such an awful smasher.

On the other hand, under the influence of one of those dreadful meals which English middle-class society inflicts on its victims, what are our feelings? what our language? A's novel is balderdash; Mrs B. is a forward hussy, no better than she should be; and as for that rascal D., imprisonment for life is what he deserves. What London man is there who does not recall with a shudder those appalling banquets? We groan when we get the invitation. With gloomy irony, we write back that we accept it 'with much pleasure.' On the fatal day, we pack ourselves into a cab and drive off. We are received in the hall by Swipes, the greengrocer round the corner. In a confidential undertone, he inquires our name. He knows it perfectly, the old humbug; but it is part of his rôle as interim butler to pretend he does not. In point of fact, it was only a fortnight ago that he attended at our own little dinner, carrying off after that entertainment a cold fowl in his umbrella. We can see it—the umbrella, I mean—bulging in the corner behind the hat-stand. From the soup to the salmon—a bit of the soft side with long bones, like knitting-needles, sticking out of it, is what we always get; from the salmon, through the leathery cutlets and dubious patties, and on to the lukewarm mutton; from thence to the moment when a morsel of perspiring ice-pudding is dashed on our plate, preparatory to the introduction—by Swipes—of that rich old Château Margaux at forty shillings. Every detail of those dreadful dinners is familiar to us, their heat, discomfort, and general misery.

Here, on the contrary, everything was cool and fresh and pleasant. Gorgeous masses of roses, pink, yellow, and red, bordered by slender ferns or delicate lace-plant, bloomed amid the silver and glass on the table, and filled the room with their fragrance. Instead of that abominable Swipes and his greasy satellites, two smart young negroes, in white jackets and trousers, waited on us. Swift, noiseless, and attentive, they seemed all eyes and hands. Did you look round for the anchovy sauce? There was Joey at your elbow

with it. Were you thirsty? Sam had your favourite beverage, iced to a nicety, ready in a twinkling.

Meantime, the talk flowed on. Mrs Edgeware and Miss — were deeply interested about the marriage of a naval officer with a Jamaica belle, which was soon coming off, and at which the young lady was to assist as bride's-maid; also about a ball, to be given by the officers of the guard-ship. Mr S— and the Judge were discussing the prospects of sugar and some Jamaican question of land-reform; while our hostess, Edgeware, and myself were gossiping about the natives and their habits.

'It is a great point with them to imitate the whites,' Mrs — said, when we were sitting over our coffee; 'and sometimes the effect is rather absurd. For instance, a friend of ours, Mrs M—, made her housemaid a present of a cast-off riding habit and tall hat; and next Sunday the girl made her appearance in church with the tall hat stuck on the top of a red turban. It was too much for my husband's gravity; and he made me tell her that in England a hat and turban were never worn together.'

After coffee, we adjourned to the veranda, where we were permitted to smoke, while Miss — discoursed sweet music inside. Mr S— and I got into conversation as we leaned over the veranda railing, smoking our cigars, and looking out over the star-lit bay.

'I won't imitate our American neighbours,' he said, laughing, 'and ask you what you think of the country.'

'Thank you much,' I replied. 'In fact, I am quite puzzled; and would be only too glad to hear from you who have lived here so long, how the colony is getting on. Is it getting on at all?'

He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. 'Don't call me a pessimist,' he said, 'but really, I can't say it is.'

'Retrograding?' I inquired.

'Well,' he replied, 'it depends on what you call retrogression.'

'Because,' said I, 'the ordinary British idea of a West India colony is a place where planters of enormous wealth live surrounded by happy negroes, perpetually dancing and singing when they are not working.'

'My dear sir,' said Mr S—, 'the ideal planter is as extinct as the dodo. I know the island pretty well, having lived here upwards of forty years; and with the exception of—he mentioned two or three names—there are not a dozen sugar-planters in solvent circumstances on the island. The sugar industry, the staple of the island, is simply a thing of the past. I am sorry to say it, but it's true.'

'Indeed,' I replied. 'I thought the labour question, which I suppose is the great question' ('Only one of them,' said Mr S—), 'had been solved by the coolie importation.'

Mr S— laughed. 'You'll find plenty of people to say so,' he said; 'and perhaps they believe it. My answer is a very practical and prosaic one. If you were to come over on a visit to me to Trelawney, I'd shew you, in a morning's ride, districts extending for twenty or thirty miles, which were formerly valuable sugar estates, all abandoned by their owners.'

'Left absolutely derelict, do you mean?' I asked.

'Absolutely derelict,' he replied; 'and the same process is going on. Day by day, estate after estate is being abandoned, as not worth keeping.'

'And what becomes of the land?' I inquired.

'In some cases, it is squatted on; in others, it goes to bush; and in many cases the government is taking it up, and selling it out to the people at four or five pounds an acre. Indeed,' continued Mr S— 'this abandoning of estates by their owners has been attended by most disastrous consequences to the poor people.'

'How is that?' I asked.

'Well,' he replied, 'it happens this way. After an estate is abandoned, somebody assuming to be owner or attorney [land-agent] of the property, takes it, breaks it up into lots, and sells it to the poor people, putting the money in his pocket. Then, fifteen or sixteen years afterwards, the owner, or some purchaser from him, hearing the land has become worth something, comes back, and ejects all the people who have bought. But our friend the Judge can tell you more about this than I can.'

'I can,' said the Judge. 'What Mr S— has told you is perfectly true as to the scandals and hardships of the present state of affairs. And the reason of it is this, that the law regulating questions as to the possession of land in this island is three centuries old. This law—I'll avoid technicals, to spare our fair friends—but this law, in force here at the present moment, would in some cases allow an owner to stay away beyond seas for any time less than sixty years; and then, when he did come back, give him ten more years to bring his action of ejectment. In order to confer a prescriptive right in Jamaica, it is necessary to have had unchallenged possession of a piece of land for twenty years, and this possession must be what lawyers call "adverse."'

'That's a technical, I'm sure,' cried Mrs Edgeware.

'Come, come!' said the Judge, laughing. 'You are right, Mrs Edgeware; it is a technical, and a disastrous one for Jamaica peasants who become purchasers of land. It is enough to say, that under its operation, a man might formerly buy land, pay his money for it, remain twenty-five or thirty years in possession, and then be turned out by the absentee owner. It is needless to say that the common-sense of the British legislature has swept away the legislative cobweb.'

'You see,' resumed Mr S—, 'it was the sugar industry that was the foundation of the island's wealth. The collapse of that, consequent on emancipation; the abolition of protection; the production of beetroot sugar, and other things, have brought about the collapse of everything else. We have no manufactures—no trade, except a small trade in cattle and fruit; there is no immigration—no influx of capital, and no prospect of either.'

'A while ago,' I remarked, 'when I asked you was the island retrograding, you said it depended on what I called retrogression. Now the picture you paint seems very like what I call retrogression.'

'Still,' said Mr S—, smiling, 'we are progressing towards peasant-proprietorship, which a great many people think a very desirable state of things.'

'The fact is,' said the Judge, 'John Bull is taking a pull at his purse-strings. The sums of money spent in the island in former days were enormous. We had a Bishop, four Archdeacons, and a numerous clergy, paid by the state. We had a General commanding, a huge staff, and innumerable functionaries. All that is a thing of the past. We are dropping to our proper level accordingly.'

'The question is, what our proper level will be, and when we will reach it,' said Mr S—. 'It's a dangerous thing attempting to prophesy; but—given an island without trade, manufactures, or capital—with the white race decreasing and the black increasing—with no upper classes except a knot of salaried officials—lastly, with an immense extent of land in the hands of government, ready to be sold to the negroes at five pounds an acre—it's not difficult to guess what we are drifting to.'

'What?' I asked.

'Simply,' replied Mr S—, 'to the original state of the island before a white face was seen here. The island from end to end will be covered with a multitude of peasant proprietors, each cultivating his one or two acres. Emigration and climatic causes will thin out the few thousand whites in the country, and none will come here to replace them. It will be one of the quietest, most orderly, and most standstill communities on earth. When the last white is gone, and the last acre bought by a negro, why then'— Mr S— paused.

'What then?' said I.

'Why then,' said Mr S—, laughing, 'John Bull will begin to consider whether it is worth his while to keep up an army of officials, and to spend thousands of pounds in keeping troops at New-Castle to watch Quashee planting yams.'

'And then,' said the Judge, rising, 'John Bull will pension off liberally that "knot of salaried officials" you mentioned, Mr S—. And you and I, Dean, will learn whist, and betake ourselves to Bath or Cheltenham to end our days.—Good-night, good folks all. Good-night, Mr O. I am sorry you're leaving us. Let them know at home that we're not quite savages up here in our hills;' and the Judge departed.

CHAPTER VII.—FINAL REFLECTIONS—HOMEWARD BOUND.

I lay awake for a long time that night, thinking over what Mr S— had said. It only confirmed what I had heard before from various sources during my stay in Jamaica. All the evidence shewed me that any scheme of white immigration was out of the question. In several parts, and those the healthiest parts of the island, it had been tried, and failed. While the white man going to Jamaica, may with reasonable precautions preserve his health, there is a steady deterioration in his descendants. Nobody who has lived in the island can fail to notice the languor and listlessness and want of physique apparent in the Creoles even of the purest white blood. If, then, this white race were to die out, was there any chance of the blacks bettering their position? All that I had heard or seen led me to the conclusion there was none. I know no instance of any, even the smallest rum-shop, being owned by a black. They seem totally

devoid of the mercantile instinct. Go into any of the Kingston stores. The clerks behind the counters and at the desks are sometimes white, nearly always coloured, but never black. On the other hand, the heavier menial work is always done by blacks. There is nothing to prevent their rising in the world apparently. A good education is within the reach of all, and money in comparatively large sums they can and do save. Two generations almost have grown up since emancipation, so that its degrading associations have had time to pass away. Yet the Jamaica negro does nothing. Living on next to nothing—a negro can live easily on a couple of shillings a week—he saves and saves till he buys an acre of provision-ground. If he has a grown-up family, he saves and saves till he can buy another acre, on which he plants a son or daughter. The same process goes on repeating itself *ad infinitum*; but I never heard of any instance of a negro attempting anything more than this. The younger men having acquired this provision-ground, spend all their money on clothes.

It must be said in their favour that they are a quiet, orderly, sober race; I never, during several months' stay in Jamaica, saw a drunken negro. They are religious too; and their religious tendencies are sometimes a nuisance, inasmuch as a favourite spiritual exercise of theirs is to assemble together and keep roaring Messrs Moody and Sankey's hymns all night. But as to ideas of progress, they have none. Yet in some respects they are intelligent enough. Especially they have considerable dramatic powers. I saw a lot of urchins in the school near Craighton act some dramatic scenes with extraordinary spirit. On another occasion, Charley Edgeware's servants extemporised a theatre out of a half-ruined out-house, and played the opening scenes of the first part of *Henry IV*. They had posters stuck up on the trees about, and actually got tickets printed. We all went up for half an hour; and really, considering the difficulties they laboured under, the affair was a great success. The wild Prince was arrayed in red and white striped knickerbockers, an old scarlet tunic, and a French *képi* stuck on the back of his woolly head. But it was darkly hinted to me that they had not the faintest glimmering idea what the speeches meant which they recited so glibly. Their teachers will tell you that up to the age of thirteen or fourteen, they manifest very great quickness of apprehension; but after that, their mental growth seems to stop. They are as imitative as monkeys, and as vain as peacocks. They imitate the English in every way. A negro wedding is a sight to see. I am afraid, by the way, that it is the opportunity for display that it affords, rather than any regard for the sanctity of the tie, that induces them to marry at all. They have a regular swell breakfast, all sorts of joints, sweets, wine, fruit, &c. The funny part of this is, that the ordinary Jamaica negro rather dislikes meat, preferring a mess of split-peas, rice, and salt-fish. But as the whites have meat, so must they. Their dresses on such occasions, the women's especially, are sometimes irresistibly ludicrous, from the extraordinary jumble of colours and materials composing them. I saw the Major's cook going to a wedding. He had a black frock-coat, white waistcoat, patent boots, and an enormous bouquet. Over the waistcoat hung a

huge eyeglass, through which, I need hardly say, he could not see. So that all the difference apparently, between the negro of the past and the present is, that the latter can read and wears clothes. Having come to which conclusion, I fell asleep.

All my luggage being sent on early, I started down hill with Charley's groom next morning, at half-past six, having bid farewell—a long one I am afraid—to my kind host and hostess. For the last time I crawled down the rough bridle-paths, dismissing the groom at the bottom of the hill with a gratuity which will enable him to buy the most splendid waistcoat in Kingston. For the last time I bumped over the uneven road, and reached Kingston about an hour before the *Moselle*—for it was she—was to start. I had secured my berth beforehand, and Allen was there to welcome me to my old place. Shortly, the hawsers were cast off and the great screw began to throb, and I was on my way home again. As we passed Port-Royal, a voice from behind accosted me. 'Stranger,' it said, 'I reckon Jamaiker is a one-horse consarn.'

It was an American gentleman who made the observation, and—I am afraid I agreed with him.

CHRISTOPHER CORDUROY.

JOHN BALLANTYNE—one of the Ballantynes with whose affairs Sir Walter Scott was unfortunately mixed up—started a weekly periodical, under the name of 'The Saleroom,' in January 1817, which went only the length of twenty-eight numbers. The paper, says Lockhart, had slender success. It was, in fact, 'a dull and hopeless concern, though Scott wrote several things in it.' Mr James Stillie, a noted dealer in old books in Edinburgh, who, remembering the Scott-Ballantyne days, revives the recollection of the defunct periodical by discovering and copying into his catalogue one of Scott's forgotten contributions, entitled 'The Aspirations of Christopher Corduroy.' It is a gentle *jeu d'esprit*, worth recovering from oblivion, and we give it as follows.

'My uncle is the elder brother of my late father. My grandfather was a very respectable tailor in this town, and gave his sons a good education, by means of which they both met with considerable success in life. My uncle in particular arrived some years ago at the dignity of the magistracy, and has bought several substantial tenements in this neighbourhood, which have, in the main, turned out very good purchases. But all his education, as you will shortly perceive, has not been sufficient to hinder him from falling into one of the strangest delusions that ever entered into a man's head. It is now about six years since I left this country, being obliged to spend some time in the West Indies in the way of my business, so that it is only of late that, on my return home, I have been fully informed as to my uncle's real case. From all that I can hear, very shortly after I left Scotland he had, somehow or other, fallen in with a book called Nisbet's Heraldry; and the first strange symptom that appeared was the wonderful affection he soon began to entertain for this author, entirely giving up all other reading, and sitting in his back-shop studying coats of arms and crests, when he should have been attending to customers or balancing his accounts. This was

remarked by a neighbour of his, a hatter, from the Highlands, who, it seems, is the proper chief of his clan, although his great-grandfather was cheated out of his birthright by the management of his great-great-grandfather's second wife, who managed to get the estate settled on her own children, the marriage of his own great-great-grandmother, who was cook in the family, having been kept secret, and all the witnesses being dead.

'My uncle was at first contented with being a patient listener to all the puffing stories of this Highlander, whom he considered as one of the most nobly descended men in the world. But by degrees he began to lay claims to gentility for himself; and being, by the hatter's interest, admitted into a club of respectable tradesmen, who call themselves the Genealogical Society, and spend most of their evenings in adjusting questions of pedigree among themselves, he there got acquainted with a celebrated antiquarian, by name Moses M'Crae, a glover, who suggested to him an idea which has given a new colour to his existence ever since. Our family name of Corduroy had, as I always supposed, been bestowed on some of our forefathers on account of their being instrumental in introducing the use of that particular kind of stuff in the neighbourhood; but Mr M'Crae hinted that the name ought, in his opinion, to be written *Cœur du roy*, and that, in all probability, my uncle was the male representative of some ancient branch of the house of Douglas, as *Cœur du roy* means a king's heart, and the Douglasses wear a heart with a king's crown on it in their arms; instancing the clan of the Macgregors, who had all been obliged to change their names for the best part of a century. Mr M'Crae at the same time advised my uncle to employ an acquaintance of his in the Register Office in Edinburgh, to search all the old records for proofs of this connection between the Corduroys and the Douglasses. I have never heard that his fees to the Register Office produced anything very satisfactory; but by dint of constant talking about this matter over his punch with the hatter and Mr M'Crae, what at first appeared barely possible, began every evening to gain in his eyes a new degree of probability, till at length the delusion has gone to such an extremity, that he now no more doubts of it than he does of his own existence.

'The first hint that I had of all this was his giving up wafers and the old signet stamp with the initials of Corduroy & Co., and beginning to seal his letters with a crowned heart and the motto, *Tandem triumphans* on the top of it; which the first two or three times I took little notice of, thinking he had borrowed some gentleman's seal who was accidentally in the shop to have his measure taken; but at last I understood what had occurred from another quarter. There were several expressions in his letters about the same time which I could not well understand. In one letter he told me, that "whatever the world might say, he had no doubt he should live to see the day when nobody would venture to question the respectability of his house." I was afraid something had happened; but meeting with a friend newly from Scotland, he assured me he had never heard the firm called in question. He lost his only son shortly after, and wrote me: "I now look to my nephew to carry on our line." Now, I had been

bred to another trade, and knew nothing about being a tailor, so I thought the good man had his intellects affected by his affliction. But I now understand that by *his house* he meant the race of the Corduroys, and that by my *carrying on the line*, he only expresses his wish that I may not be the last of them.

'This frenzy, for I can give it no other name, grew every day more alarming. He began to brag to all his acquaintance what a great family he was come of, and could scarcely take a customer's measure for a pair of breeches without entertaining him with some old-fashioned stories about the good Sir James Douglas and Archibald Bell-the-Cat. He looked down on all his neighbours, although they were come of as respectable burgesses of the town as himself. He left the Antiburghers too, where his father and he had always been elders, and took a pew in the Episcopal Chapel, because he had a notion Episcopacy was the genteeler religion. In short, he became as proud as a peacock; and when he was made a bailie, one would have thought, as his friends tell me, he scarcely knew which hip to sit on. He had his arms taken out regularly in the heralds' book, which cost him the matter of ten pounds, and he had them painted and glazed, and hung up in his back-shop and his parlour. He made his daughters cut out fire-screens in the shape of hearts; and made his wife a present of a tea-chest which resembles a heart below, and has a crown for the lid. His common reading has long been either in Mr Nisbet before mentioned, or in some old papers from the Session-clerk's office, which he has great difficulty in deciphering; but if he can only meet with the death or marriage of a Corduroy or a Douglas, that is quite enough to make up for weeks of trouble. He once gave a dinner, I am informed, to a large party of friends, on hearing it mentioned by a lawyer on a circuit that three Corduroys were hanged at Jedburgh for *stouthrieff* and *sorqing*—which I believe means, after all, only robbery and sturdy begging—in the year 1500. He is always in this way making what he calls *family discoveries*, though I believe this of the three thieves is the greatest. He has got a large book like a ledger, bound in red leather, with brass clasps, where he has copied the first leaf of his father's Bible, and anything he has picked up about people of his name, and this he calls *his history*. He keeps this book and a few old papers, such as his grandmother's marriage-lines and the like, in an old trunk, which he has built into the wall, and this he calls *his charter-chest*. Before he took to these fancies, he had built a very snug cottage about two miles from the town; but he has since that time had all the windows taken out, and new ones put in, with panes of glass cut in the shape of diamonds, as if it were a church, not forgetting paintings of red hearts and royal crowns, of which there are at least a dozen, including the skylights. His fireplaces are also made with a pointed arch at the top; and his fenders have battlements on them like the top of a castle. His parlour is stuck full of pictures of old gentlemen in wigs and coats of mail, and young ladies very indecent about the bosom, whom he calls his ancestors; but his apprentice told me he had himself heard him bidding for some of them at an auction. When he shows his visitors the real portrait which he has of his father, he always

remarks that he was a wonderfully modest man, and *never spoke of his family*; "but," adds he, "he had no taste for research."

'The whole neighbourhood consider him as one out of his mind on this head, and call him Count Corduroy, by way of derision; and I am much afraid that, if I stay much longer among them, they will christen me the Young Count. What makes me write you at present, is more particularly this, that I hear him talking about getting his *lands*, as he calls them—although he has not above twenty acres altogether, including Craig-Corduroy Cottage—erected into a barony. I have also heard him hinting that supporters would not stand him above a hundred pounds. If he goes on at this rate, I do not see how anybody will employ him, as every one already says he has got a bee in his bonnet, and might easily be cognosed. I am in the hopes that this letter may put an end to his delusion, which will be a great obligation on CHRISTOPHER CORDUROY, Jun.'

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

UNLIKE her usual practice, Mrs Weevil did not return to the house that day till far on in the afternoon; and after she had entered her rooms, I could hear her bustling about with an activity and noise quite unprecedented in my experience of her habits. This rather alarmed me. I was afraid she had suspected, from the appearance of her rooms, notwithstanding our care in removing all traces of our presence, that some one had been there in her absence; and this might be sufficient to defeat my hopes of bringing to light the trickery that had been so long and so systematically practised. But I was still more astonished when, about an hour after her return, she sent a message to me by the ayah that she wished to speak with me, if I would grant her an interview. At first, I scarcely knew what answer to make. Were I to refuse to see her, this might complete the suspicion which she perhaps entertained; and if I did see her, I was afraid that I might by some word or look betray the knowledge of which I had become possessed. I thought upon the whole I had better see her, and answered accordingly.

As she entered the room with a basket over her arm, she dropped a courtesy; and from the flow of words with which she at once opened the conversation, she seemed to put on a frankness of manner which I had not before observed in any slight intercourse I had had with her.

'Yes, ma'am,' she went on, 'I were just a-comin', ma'am, to say as I would be goin' from the 'ouse for a few days; my son, as is steward to Lord B——, being took very badly last night, ma'am; and as he have no one to wait upon him, it holds as I, ma'am, as his mother, must do my dooty—yes, ma'am.'

All this she said without once stopping to take breath; and I could not help observing that she was slightly flurried in my presence, and seemed

to keep talking as much to hide her uneasiness as to enlighten me regarding her errand. I said I was very sorry to hear that her son was ill, and that it was very proper she should, in the circumstances, attend to him. 'But,' I asked, 'has he no servant in the house?'

"Not presently, ma'am," she answered; "leastways, the 'ousemaid have gone away over to Brookford for a few days to see her mother, who stays there, ma'am—yes, ma'am;" and she courtesied again in the excess of her civility.

After I had dismissed her, I did not know what to think. This was an interference with my plans on which I had not counted. I had no one to advise with me, and felt much perplexed. As evening approached, and the gloom of twilight, I had a strange nervous feeling, such as I had only once before experienced, and that was in India, during the terrible days when the Mutiny was at its height, and every footfall made us start, as if next moment were to be our last. As the dusk deepened, my anxiety increased; and when at length the ayah conducted the joiner, as I had before instructed her, to my room, I was almost too overpowered to speak. Andrew and the blacksmith were for the time detained in the kitchen, as I wished to talk the matter over with the joiner, as the most intelligent of the three.

As he entered my room, I was surprised to find a second person behind him, whom he introduced to me as Mr Burrowes, the district inspector of police, who had been on an official visit to the village that day, and who, when he heard the story, volunteered his services in place of the constable. His presence at once gave me great relief; and this was enhanced when I found he had had long experience in the London detective force, and was entering with the enthusiasm of his profession into our plans. He had heard already from the joiner what had passed that day; complimented me highly on the presence of mind I had displayed on the previous evening, and expressed his acquiescence in everything that we had since done.

When, however, I mentioned to him my unexpected interview that afternoon with Mrs Weevil, and that she had left the house, he was a good deal taken aback. He questioned me closely as to her manner and appearance when she was in my room, and as to whether she seemed much affected by her son's illness. I answered his several questions to the best of my ability; and he, after thinking awhile, pacing up and down the room, turned to me and said:

"Let everything be carried out as you formerly proposed. See that your family retire to rest at their usual time, and with as little appearance as possible of anything unusual going on. If the woman has taken alarm, nothing will be lost by waiting till to-morrow, when her rooms can be more carefully examined by daylight. In the first place, will you shew me the bedroom in which you were disturbed last night?"

I conducted him thither, the joiner following; and after he had ascertained where, to use his own expression, I had first seen the 'party,' and where and how the party had disappeared, he at once intimated his plans. He said I was to retire to my room as usual, seat myself in my chair by the fire as on the previous evening, and either sleep or appear to sleep, as was most agreeable to myself. Beyond the window stood a large wardrobe, in which, after the house was all quiet, he and the joiner would conceal themselves; the blacksmith and the gardener being set as a guard upon the door of the housekeeper's room below. The village constable, he had arranged, would keep watch on the outside of the house, but so as not to be readily discovered.

The duties of the household, in the absence of my servants, fell somewhat heavily on the ayah and myself; and the time passed quickly for me as I bustled about, seeing the children put to bed; after which the ayah also retired. During all this time, everything had been carried on in our customary way. Mr Burrowes and the rest of his helpers betook themselves for the time to a distant apartment up-stairs, and the house had resounded all the evening with the mingled sounds of laughter and noise inseparable from a large family of children such as ours. But now all was silent; the men had slipped quietly to their different posts; Mr Burrowes and the joiner were, I knew, in the wardrobe at the other end of my bedroom; and I was seated in my lounging-chair, as on the previous evening.

As I sat in this position thinking, I could not help observing to myself how near we were all making ourselves ridiculous. The old woman whom I had suspected, was out of the house; no one else but the ordinary members of the household and the watchers, could possibly be in it; and here was I, sitting at my bedroom fire, making-believe to sleep, with two men concealed in the wardrobe, all hoping to catch—we did not know what. The humour of the situation so strongly affected me at one time, that I could scarcely refrain from bursting into laughter. But the thought of Mr Burrowes having put himself to so much trouble on my account, combined with a remembrance of what I had experienced during the past twenty-four hours, gradually sobered my feelings; and I shortly found my thoughts floating away in dim remembrances to my life in India; to my distant husband; to our long separation; to the terrible nights and days of that fearful Mutiny, whose horrors still rose up before me; to—

There was a thud on the floor, and I started. I had been asleep, and in my slumber had knocked a book off the small table at my elbow. The fire was burning low, and I rose in a confused state to trim it, when my eyes fell upon what I had seen on the previous evening. In the imperfect light, it seemed taller and more ghastly-looking than before, and was approaching me from behind. As my eyes fell upon it, I gave a loud shriek, and caught hold of the chair to support me. As I did so, I saw the figure gradually recede from me, and the room seemed to grow suddenly darker. I am certain that, left to myself, I should at that moment have fainted right

away, for the whole thing had been so sudden, and found me so unprepared, that in my confusion I forgot all about the business of the night. But just as the white figure seemed to be approaching the curtained windows, I saw two dark figures dash quickly upon it from behind, then a sharp and violent struggle, in which all three rolled on the floor, as if locked together in a deadly embrace. The white figure had managed to wrench one arm loose, and in another moment there was the sharp click of a pistol. Thanks to our forethought, the weapon was harmless. By this time the noise of the struggle that was going on had brought the blacksmith and Andrew up to my apartment; and with their help, the white figure was in a few seconds manacled and led forward to the light, his white garment—an old surplice—hanging in tatters about him. He was at once known to the majority of the company—it was the steward! He turned his back on me with a stifled oath.

Leaving him, now helpless, with his hands fast behind his back, in charge of the blacksmith, Mr Burrowes led the way to the housekeeper's rooms below, the door of which was found to be locked. It was at once burst open, and taking a candle with us, we entered. The outer room was in the same condition as I had seen it during the day; but the inner room shewed the bed drawn forward, and the panelling of the recess which we had discovered, standing open. Nobody was there. Taking the candle forward, to examine the recess, Mr Burrowes found that the box had a movable bottom, in addition to that which we had discovered, and that by its removal an opening sufficient for one person at a time led down a trap-stair into the cellars below. Mr Burrowes and the joiner at once descended, taking the light with them, the rest of us waiting as directed in the outer apartment, or watching the lobbies that led to it. In a few minutes I heard sudden footsteps in my bedroom, and rushing thither, found that Mr Burrowes and the joiner had reached it from the cellars, into which the trap-door led, the whole of the woodwork of one side of the window of my room being ingeniously made to move back upon hinges like a door, yet so constructed that it could not be opened by any one in the room. When the steward was searched, there was found on him besides the pistols, a bunch of duplicate keys, which could open any chamber, or other lockfast place, in the house.

The constable having been called in from the garden, the steward, who had hitherto stood silent and sullen, with a dark expression of malice and revenge upon his face, was handed over to him, and he was instructed by his superior to convey him to the local police-office and place him in a cell. The blacksmith he ordered to accompany the constable, and see that the prisoner did not effect an escape.

Meantime, the gardener, who, since the 'ghost' had been discovered to be but flesh and blood like himself, had become as bold as a lion, volunteered to stay in the house with us all night and help me to soothe the fears of my poor terrified children; while Mr Burrowes, accompanied by the joiner, proceeded to the house of the steward. I need not burden the reader with details; but I may mention that in answer to a quiet tap at the

window, the door of the house was immediately opened, and old Mrs Weevil was at once in the grip of the officer. She was absolutely thunder-struck, and quite lost her presence of mind. Without telling her anything of what had happened, Mr Burrowes asked for her son, the steward. At first, she hesitated, then said he was ill in bed.

'No,' said Mr Burrowes; 'he is not in bed, but he is safe enough by this time in the police-office; so you had better just tell us all about it.'

At this, Mrs Weevil entirely broke down, and confessed all. It is unnecessary to repeat at length what the reader can guess in great measure for himself; but the sum of her story was this. The mother, equally with her son, hated Miss Roupel for despising his addresses, and took the means we have seen in order to drive each successive tenant out of her house. She also admitted that after the sudden death of Mrs Roupel, it was they who had spread the stories charging foul-play against the daughter. In answer to a question from Mr Burrowes, she confessed that it was she who had played the ghost on the previous evening; but she had never before shewn herself to any one who did not at once flee and quit the house. My attempt to get hold of her, therefore, had so alarmed her that she had great difficulty in escaping; and next morning had gone to her son, and told him she durst not play the part of ghost any longer, as the present tenant was likely to stand her ground, and they would in that way be found out. They were both enraged at thus being at last baffled in their long-cherished course of malicious practices against Miss Roupel; and her son determined to take out his revenge upon me that night by first frightening me and then robbing the house, after which they were resolved to take the first opportunity of quitting that part of the country. Their cupidity had been aroused by the sight of some trinkets in Indian jewellery which I possessed; hence the design to rob me. In order to cover their purpose, the old hag was sent to me with the story of her son being ill; and as he had a secret means of access to the house, he readily effected an entrance after he supposed the family asleep. It was her son who had first put her upon these evil practices—had brought the old surplice from Lord B——'s house, in which either of them, as occasion offered, was in the habit of terrifying the inmates, and thus depriving the innocent object of their hatred of her chief means of livelihood.

Mr Burrowes did not trouble to apprehend the old woman at that time; but he took care that she should not leave the country till after the trial of her son for housebreaking and felony, when she had to appear against him as a witness. He was found guilty, and sent to a penal settlement. Mrs Weevil, ashamed to shew face in the neighbourhood, departed no one knew whither.

As for the ghost-story, as soon as its salient points were known in the neighbourhood, the house not only lost its bad character, but I became for the time quite a kind of heroine, everybody praising my courage and sagacity. I had the pleasure, some weeks later, of entertaining in the house Mrs Richard Egerton, the former Miss Roupel, whom the neighbourhood, conscious of unjust condemnation, received with open arms.

After the term of my tenancy expired, the charming house let for a more suitable rent; and ever since, I believe it has formed an adequate source of income to its worthy owners.

REMARKABLE REMEDIES.

MAN is a physic-taking animal. Her Majesty's lieges alone dispose of a prodigious but unknown quantity, in obedience to the orders of orthodox practitioners; while their annual consumption of patent medicines is at the rate of half a box or bottle for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, at an expenditure of something very much more than a million pounds.

There are, however, plenty of real and fancied invalids who have no faith in the apothecary's wares. Some believe in hydropathy, of which Lamb wittily said: 'It is neither new nor wonderful; for it is as old as the Deluge, which killed more than it cured.' Others are of Burke's opinion, that hot water is a specific for every bodily ill; while others, again, loudly vaunt the triumphs of the hunger-cure, so called because the patient has to subsist upon two or three ounces of white bread and one wine-glass of water every twenty-four hours, so long as he remains uncured.

The hunger-cure is after all only a dangerous extension of Dr Rutty's prescription of a dinner of bread-and-water, as a sovereign remedy for indigestion. Dr Johnson's prescription for the same ailment was a pleasanter one. Learning that Miss Boothby was troubled that way, he wrote to his 'dear angel': 'Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigestion and stomach complaints. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered; divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time. The best way is perhaps to drink it in a glass of hot red port; or to eat it first, and drink the wine afterwards. Do not take too much in haste: a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a day, will be sufficient to begin; or less, if you find any aversion.' The remedy certainly is a simple one, and worthy a trial, being, as its propounder says, 'not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and if not found useful, easily left off.'

At an inquest held at Bradwell, Bucks, on the body of a five-year-old girl who died of hydrophobia, one of the witnesses deposed that two days after the child had been bitten, the buried dog was disinterred, its liver extracted, and a piece of it, weighing about an ounce and a half, frizzled on a fork before the fire until it was dried up, and then given to the child, who ate it freely; but nevertheless died.—A Chinaman, charged before a New York magistrate with stealing a duck in a stage of decomposition, explained that he took the bird for medicinal purposes. 'You savey,' said he, 'one duck, hal lotten; takee, boilee him; lub mattah on leg; him all light; cue plulicy.'—Not an overnice remedy for pleurisy, but hardly nastier than magpie-dust, which no less a personage than the Princess Bismarck apparently deems an infallible specific for epilepsy; since, no longer ago than January last, the President of the Eckenfoerder Shooting Club addressed the following circular to the members of that association: 'Her Highness Princess Bismarck wishes to receive, before the 18th inst, as many magpies as possible,

from the burned remains of which an anti-epileptic powder may be manipulated. I permit myself, therefore, High and Well-born Sir, to entreat that you will forthwith shoot as many magpies as you can in your preserves, and forward the same to the Chief Forester Lange, at Friedrichruhe or hither, without paying for their carriage, down to the 18th of this month.'

The winter of 1876-7 was exceptionally severe in Detroit, and marked, moreover, by a visitation of smallpox, proving especially virulent in the Polish quarter of the city, the denizens of which were obstinate anti-vaccinationists, whose only method of keeping the scourge at bay was to close their doors against all comers. About Christmas-time, a young Pole, fresh from Europe, found his way to Detroit, and naturally made for the quarter wherein dwelt his compatriots. One of them gave him friendly greeting, but had no sooner done so, than seeing unmistakable signs of the dreaded disease on the stranger's face, he hustled him into the street without any ceremony. Friendless and penniless, the poor fellow struck out at a venture for a place of refuge; and reaching a barnyard, made his bed on some straw at the end of a shed. There he lay sick and starving for three nights and two days, tormented by the itching of the pustules, until in desperation he plastered face, neck, and hands with the fresh cattle-manure about him. At last, hunger drove him to the farmhouse to beg a little food. There he was supplied with soap and water wherewith to cleanse himself; and his ablutions over, stood before the pitying family apparently free from any sign of smallpox. Next day, the farmer was down with the disease, through which his visitor nursed him, without apparently thinking of applying the remedy that had proved so efficacious in his own case; a case on which the chronicler commented thus: 'The stranger certainly had smallpox, for he gave it to another. He certainly recovered, for here he is, walking about. If the fresh manure did not absorb the disease from his system in the short time, what else did? If burying a patient up to his neck in the earth, as practised in some countries, has a beneficial effect on diseases, why should not fresh compost have double the strength as a healer? It is a straight plain case, and though not discovered by Jenner, the cure may one day rank with his preventive.'

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south-running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the recipe was infallible; but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again; upon learning which, the Highlander renounced all hope of completing the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder wrapped in a fragment of the *Saturday Review*. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the fine writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject for a Llama

doctor, who, if he does not happen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught.

These easy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of their method. Dr John Brown of Edinburgh once gave a labourer a prescription, saying: 'Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well.' Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfilment of his promise, Dr Brown said: 'Let me see what I gave you.' 'Oh,' answered the man, 'I took it, doctor.' 'Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?' 'I swallowed it,' was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in his physician's skill had done the rest. Faith is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveller into giving him a seidlitz-powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for twenty years.

A sea-captain, when one of his crew craved something for his stomach's good, on consulting his book found 'No. 15' was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bottle was empty. Not caring to send the man away uncomfortable, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifteen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the seaman took with startling effects, never contemplated by himself or the cribbage-loving captain. That worthy jumped too hastily at conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr Qscanyan tells the following story. Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), prescribed, and departed. Passing the house the next day, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead, and to his astonishment, heard he was much better. Indoors he went, to learn from the convalescent that being consumed with thirst, he had drunk a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Soon afterwards, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a pailful of pickled-cabbage juice. The man died next day; and the doctor set down this memorandum in his book for future guidance: 'Although in cases of typhus, pickled-cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer.'

Lady Barker's New Zealand shepherd found a somewhat similar potion of infinite use. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, Salter said: 'You see, mum, although we gets our health uncommon well in these salubrious mountings, still a drop of physic is often handy-like; and in a general way I always purchase myself a box of Holloway's Pills—of which you do get such a lot for your money—and also a bottle of Painkiller. But last shearing they was out o' Painkiller, so they put me up a bottle o' cain pepper, and likewise

that 'ere condiment; which was very efficacious, specially towards the end o' the bottle. It always took my mind off the loneliness, and cheered me up wonderful, especial if I added a little red pepper to it.'

One of the same lady's Kaffir servants suffering from a bad bilious attack, declined to be treated in a civilised way; and in a very short time reported himself perfectly well, a native doctor having bled his great toe. Still more extraordinary was the remedy concerning which Lady Barker writes: 'Tom had a frightful headache, which is not to be wondered at, considering how that boy smokes the strongest tobacco out of a cow's horn, morning, noon, and night, to say nothing of incessant snuff-taking. The first I heard of Tom's headache was when Charlie came to ask me for a remedy; which I thought very nice on his part, because he and Tom live in a chronic state of quarrelling, and half my time is taken up in keeping the peace between them. I told Charlie that I knew of no remedy for a bad headache except going to bed, and that was what I should advise Tom to do. Charlie smiled rather contemptuously, as if pitying my ignorance, and asked if I would give him a box of wooden matches. Now matches are a standing grievance in a Kaffir establishment; so I, failing to connect wooden matches and Tom's headache together, began a reproachful catalogue of how many boxes of matches he had asked for lately. Charlie hastily cut me short by saying: "But ma'm, it for make Tom well." Of course I produced a new box, and stood by to watch Charlie doctoring Tom. Match after match did Charlie strike, holding the flaming splinter up Tom's exceedingly wide nostrils, until the box was empty. Tom winced a good deal, but bore this singeing process with great fortitude. Every now and then he cried out when Charlie thrust a freshly lighted match up his nose, but on the whole he stood it bravely; and by the time the matches were all burned out, he declared his headache was quite cured, and that he was ready to go and chop wood. "It very good stuff to smell, ma'm," said Charlie; "burn de sickness away."

Whatever virtue there may be in any of the remedies of which we have written, not one among them all is so sure of effecting its end as this old 'cure for a love-fit':

Tye one end of a rope fast over a beam,
And make a slip-noose at the other extreme;
Then, just underneath, let a wicket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get.
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot.
The wicket kicked down, let him take a fair
swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string!

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE *Anthraxite*, a steam-yacht of seventy tons, has crossed the Atlantic from England to America in eighteen days on a consumption of nineteen tons of coal. This is the smallest steamer that has ever made the voyage under steam; and the satisfactory result is due to a persevering endeavour to construct an engine capable of working with high-pressure steam. There are, as in Colonel

Beaumont's compressed air-engine, three cylinders of different sizes, so arranged that the steam passes from one to the other with economy of power. The boiler will bear a pressure of two thousand five hundred pounds on the square inch, and contains when filled ninety gallons of water. The packing of the cylinders is 'Perkins' patent metal,' a compound of tin and copper, which requires no oil or other lubricant, and contributes importantly to the possibility of using high-pressure steam; for the boiler is thereby preserved from the injurious effect of grease and acids. None but distilled water enters the boiler; and this is used over and over again, the small quantity of waste being restored from an adjacent tank. Thus constructed, the *Anthracite* has proved that high-pressure steam may be employed with safety, and that a large economy of fuel, and consequently of space, may be effected. Ship-owners whose profits are made out of the space available for passengers or cargo, will not fail to recognise the value of these facts. And though the engine in the first instance cost more than an ordinary marine engine, a compensation may be found in the durability of the boilers and the disuse of lubricants. During three generations have the Perkins family been engaged in solving this problem; and it may be that the present generation will see high pressure become general in sea-going steamers. The results cannot as yet be foretold; but that trade and intercourse will be affected, cannot be doubted. And if the Czar's yacht *Livadia*, with her shallow draught and peculiarly shaped hull, should prove successful, will not shipbuilding undergo a wonderful change?

A few months ago, we gave a brief account of experiments made at Philadelphia with locomotives driven by compressed air. Similar experiments have been tried on trainways in the neighbourhood of Paris; but in neither case was the desired success achieved. The question, however, was not likely to be given up; for the advantage of compressed air over steam is great from the economical as well as the practical point of view. Colonel Beaumont, of the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, has for some time worked thereat, and trials of his air-engine have been made with satisfactory results. It weighs ten tons, has a reservoir in which one hundred cubic feet of air can be compressed to one thousand pounds on the square inch; and thus charged, it travelled from the Arsenal to Dartford and back, about thirty miles, in sixty-three minutes. The machinery and the wheels work in comparative silence: there is none of that noisy hiss and roar which accompanies the use of steam.

Colonel Beaumont has overcome some of the difficulties which beset former inventors, by placing three cylinders of graduated size on each side of his engine, and by applying warmth, to counteract the cold produced in the expansion of compressed air. At present, it will draw a load of sixteen tons, and is to be employed in the work of the Arsenal; and there is reason to believe that similar machinery is to be tried for propelling the torpedo boats. With a larger engine, heavier loads could be drawn: underground railways would then no longer be made stifling by the sulphurous smoke from steam locomotives, and horses would no longer be required on tramways.

It is known that attempts have been made to

propel vessels on rivers by ejecting a horizontal column of water from the stern. This column, by striking against the surrounding water, supplied the propelling power; but it was not sufficient. Mr Heathorn claims to have got over the difficulty by shewing that 'the force exerted by one fluid pouring into or against another depends on the contact of surfaces, and not on the sectional area of the flowing mass, after the flowing mass be once set in motion.' Instead, therefore, of tubes with large orifice, he makes use of tubes with narrow outlet, a mere slit, and thus obtains a large superficial contact, by ejecting water through a series of narrow openings.

The French in Algeria are continuing their experiments for the conversion of sunshine into mechanical work, by means of what is called a solar boiler; and it is now proved that, in countries where the sun does really shine, boilers may be heated and machinery kept going without the aid of fire. Whether it can be made use of for railway purposes, remains to be tried. Meanwhile, the distillation of alcohol from Barbary figs is to be carried on in a large solar boiler. There will be no expense for fuel; the figs cost next to nothing; the refuse serves as food for cattle, and alcohol will be produced at the rate of two hundred litres a day. Much advantage is anticipated; for at present, Algeria imports thirty thousand hectolitres of alcohol.

Dr Salvator Vinci, of Catania, has by 'proclamation' informed scientific societies that a great revolution is about to take place in the physical sciences, and that he will shortly demonstrate by indubitable proofs that the essence of heat, of light, of electricity, of magnetism, and of life is—Oxygen!

The audacity of American invention is proverbial: it disdains belief in the impossible. We now learn that fireproof houses can be built of cotton and straw. In preparing these materials, raw cotton of inferior quality, the scattered refuse of plantations and sweepings of factories, are mixed, and converted into a paste, which becomes as hard as stone, and is then called architectural cotton. It may be made in large slabs, whereby the building of a house would be rapid in comparison with the practice of laying brick after brick, and at about one-third of the cost.

For the other part, wheat-straw is treated in a way already known, and converted into paste-board. The sheets thus prepared are soaked in a solution which hardens the fibres, and are then compressed under enormous power into beams and boards of any required size; and the effect of the soaking is said to render them difficult of combustion. No information has reached us as regards the mode of operation, or the nature of the chemical preparations required: hence, to save trouble, we intimate that further particulars are not as yet forthcoming.

In chemical works where liquid preparations are manufactured on a large scale, wooden vessels are in certain cases made use of. But they soon rot, and to replace them is expensive. Experiments made in a manufactory of alizarine shew that if the wooden vessels are coated with a compound of paraffin and petroleum, they will last two years. The wood must be quite dry, and the coating is most effective when put on in warm weather. We are informed further, that iron

vessels may be protected by a coat of paraffin and linseed oil melted together in equal quantities. It is already known that paraffin preserves the hands from the action of alkalies, and is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

We learn from photographic journals that henceforth the multiplication of photographic pictures will depend more on the printing-press than on sunlight; for Mr Woodbury, a name well known among artists, has demonstrated that 'any photographer who possesses a rolling-press and a supply of tinfoil can prepare a properly engraved plate.' He 'takes a positive instead of a negative to begin with, and with this produces his gelatine mould; and when this is dry, covers it with a sheet of tinfoil, and passes it through an ordinary rolling-press. Thereby it becomes, so to speak, a plate from which photographic pictures may be printed.

During some years past, a self-registering instrument has recorded the quantity of sunshine visible at Greenwich Observatory; and Mr Ellis, one of the assistants there, has published a discussion of the record in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Meteorological Society. In 1876, he says the summer sunshine was evenly distributed, and large in amount; in 1877, the month of June was remarkable for abundant sunshine; in 1878, the summer distribution was even, but less in amount than in 1876; while in 1879, the amount was small, the month of July having been unusually deficient. Expressed in figures, the four years shew a total of four thousand eight hundred and eighty-four hours of sunshine. In the monthly totals (averaging the four years), July has the largest sum, four hundred and ninety-six hours; and December, two hundred and forty-two hours, the smallest. And here it is worth notice that, dividing the year into two portions, there is more sunshine during the half-year following the summer solstice than in the half-year preceding. 'Whether,' says Mr Ellis, 'this difference is in part accidental, or whether it be an indication of a real effect, will be more accurately determined when we have accumulated a longer series of observations.' So far, the fact of the difference is corroborated by observations on the heat of sunshine continued through twenty years. It must be borne in mind that in the paper here referred to, Mr Ellis discusses the duration only, not the heat of sunshine. In April last, he was of opinion that the first six months of the present year would be 'likely to yield a large amount of sunshine.' The quarterly Report published by the Meteorological Society shews that in the three months April-June, as observed at Croydon, there were four hundred and ninety-two hours of sunshine.

Greenwich is too near to the smoke and fogs of London to afford a perfectly fair test of quantity of sunshine. At the end of 1878, Mr Brand, Speaker of the House of Commons, had a recorder set up on his estate at Glynde, near Lewes, Sussex. The records, steadily taken from January 7, 1879 to the end of April 1880, shew that at Glynde there were in that period one hundred hours more of sunshine than at Greenwich.

Since the United States government established their admirable system of meteorological observations, now carried on under authority of the War Office at Washington, the notion that the Gulf Stream was the Father of Storms has been dissipated. For it is now known that the storms

which enrage the Atlantic and vex the shores of Europe, originate somewhere on the American continent, across which they travel at about twenty-six miles an hour. On the sea, their rate is from fourteen to fifteen miles, and their direction is so generally regular from west to east in the zone between the thirtieth and fiftieth parallels, that, as our readers know, their approach can be announced some days in advance with reasonable certainty.

At Zikawei, near Shanghai, there is an observatory conducted by members of the Society of Jesus, who, after three years of observation, find reason to believe that the storms of the North Pacific are similar to those of the North Atlantic and Europe. In the one case, as in the other, they are large aerial vortices travelling from west to east between the same parallels, but twice as fast. A similarity is also found between Atlantic hurricanes and the typhoons of the China seas: both range from south to north. In order to widen the sphere of observation, and test the conclusions already arrived at, an appeal has been addressed to ship-captains, harbour-masters, and all who may be willing to co-operate in the work; and a chart shewing the track of a storm will be published every month in the Zikawei Bulletin. These are interesting facts; and we wish success to this intelligent endeavour to increase our knowledge of the laws and operations of Nature in the domain of meteorology.

Medical men in the United States have found by years of experience that the climate of Florida is very favourable to the cure of consumption. The air is salubrious; not so damp as in some north-western territories which are thought to be dry and bracing; atmospheric changes are infrequent; rains and cloudy weather being the exception, and sunshine the rule. Moreover, there are in Florida varieties of climate—cool, semi-tropical, and tropical; and level, rolling, and hilly lands. Hence, a locality may be found suitable to the condition of the consumptive patient. At Key West, during the five cold months, when a polar winter afflicts the northern and eastern States, the mean temperature is seventy-two degrees; and at Jacksonville, fifty-eight degrees. Many patients who have resorted to Florida in the hope of cure, have made it their permanent dwelling-place; and instances have occurred in which 'hereditary transmission has died out; and practitioners long resident in the state testify that they are acquainted with families 'born of consumptive parents, who have passed the meridian of life, and exhibit no sign of pulmonary disease.'

Invalids who shrink from a long travel by sea and land, and desire a sanatorium less far from home, should read what Sir Joseph Hooker says, in his *Journal of a Tour in Morocco and the Great Atlas*, concerning the climate of Mogador, which, as is shewn by eight years' observations, is the most equable of 'any place within the temperate zone as to which we possess accurate information.' 'Phthisis,' we are told, 'is all but completely unknown among the inhabitants of that part of Africa.' The resident physician in the course of ten years, had not had more than five cases of consumption among his very numerous native patients; and had seen instances of the remarkable curative effect of the climate on Europeans

who arrived in Mogador in an advanced stage of the disease.

The mean temperature of the summer months, that is, as derived from the eight years' period, is—June, 70·8 degrees Fahrenheit; July, 71·1; August, 71·2; and the mean of the winter months is—December, 61·4; January, 61·2; February, 61·8. From which we see, that between the hottest and coldest months of the year, the difference of temperature is ten degrees only. Of rainy days, there are on the average not more than forty-five in a year; and taking a thousand observations on the state of the sky, the proportions are—clear, 785; clouded, 175; foggy, 40. Add to this that the desert wind blows but about two days in the year, and 'is scarcely felt,' and a fair idea may be formed of the climate of Mogador, and its probable influence on diseased lungs.

From observations carefully made, it appears that the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere is subject to considerable variations, from 20·47 per cent. to 21·01; the greatest quantity being found during north winds, and the smallest from the opposite quarter. Changes of wind commonly produce variations; but further observations must be made before the law by which they are governed will be discovered. It is thought too that they may 'shew that notwithstanding the richer vegetation of the tropics, the process of oxidation is more active than that of reduction, while the reverse is taking place in northern regions.' If the theory recently propounded by Professor Loomis be true—namely, that sudden lowerings of temperature are produced not by winds rushing from north to south, but by vertical descent of masses of cold air from upper regions of the atmosphere, then the difference in quantity of oxygen would be accounted for: there being more oxygen in the air at the sea-level than at high elevations.

Professor Rood, of Columbia College, United States, has tried the effects of mixing white light with coloured light, and has obtained results which may be interesting to artists as well as to physicists. He combines a white disk with coloured disks, and finds on rapid rotation that vermilion becomes somewhat purplish, orange becomes more red, yellow more orange, yellowish green more green, green becomes more blue green, ultramarine more violet, and purple less red, while greenish yellow remains unchanged.

In his anniversary address, the President of the Linnean Society, Dr Allman, described the aspects of vegetation as observed in certain localities on the shores of the Mediterranean, and instanced the *Eucalyptus globulus* as an important introduction from more southern latitudes. This tree, he stated, 'is planted round almost all the towns on the Riviera, and as it is of amazingly rapid growth, has already attained in many places a great size. Though destitute of the graceful form of many of our European trees, it is still a tree of striking and often picturesque aspect. The foliage is of a glaucous tint . . . and the leaves presenting their surfaces vertically to the wind, tremble like the leaf of the aspen in the gentlest breeze; and though casting but little shade, impress us, like the murmuring of running water, with a pleasant sense of coolness in the sultry summer air.'

Another Australian tree, also of rapid growth,

naturalised in the same district, is the *Casuarina*, remarkable 'by the graceful symmetry of its form, and singular pendulous ramification.' 'It has already attained,' says Dr Allman, 'a height of some thirty or forty feet; and when the wind rushes through its branches, the long melancholy sigh with which the tree responds, is unlike the sound called forth by the same cause in any other with which I am acquainted.'

In last month's issue, we made reference to Justice's Steam-Quitting Chambers, and the advantages of their use on steam-launches, &c. It may not be amiss to draw attention also to the advantages of their use on sea-going vessels. Steam is a very uproarious servant once its services are no longer required; and when a vessel is suddenly stopped in an emergency, and the valves of the boiler begin to blow off under the increasing pressure, the noise is generally so great, that it is next to impossible, if not generally altogether so, for the captain to make himself audible in giving his orders to the crew, and out of this spring disorder and cross-purposes, with the inevitable risk of loss both in lives and property. This risk might be avoided by the steam being quietly allowed to escape. These Quitting Chambers may therefore be looked upon as not only adding to the comfort of a sea-voyage, but to its percentage of safety.

POSTAGE-STAMP SAVINGS AND GOVERNMENT STOCKS.

Our publication for last month contained an article explanatory of the system under which the Post-Office Savings-Bank had begun to receive savings in postage-stamps—this system being then, however, extended to only ten counties, six in England, two in Scotland, and two in Ireland. This trial scheme having within these limits been found successful, the Government have, we are glad to see, issued an order extending it, on and after the 15th November current, to every Post-Office in the United Kingdom. By the recent Savings-Banks Act also, it is now open for any person to invest, at any Post-Office Savings-Bank, small sums in any one of the following Government Stocks—namely, Consols, Reduced, or New Three per Cents. The sums so invested must not be less than L.10, nor exceed L.100 in any one year; and the amounts charged for the purchase of stock are very small—up to L.25, 9d.; L.50, 1s. 3d.; L.75, 1s. 9d.; L.100, 2s. 3d., &c. The investment will be at the current price of the day on which it is made.

We have recently learned that the honour of originating Post-Office Savings-Banks belongs to Mr C. W. Sikes of the Huddersfield Banking Company, who drew the attention of the Government to the subject in a pamphlet as early as 1859.

THE SEA-SHELL MISSION.

Among the immense number and variety of Missions and Charities that exist in London, there are two that have regard in an especial degree to the enjoyments and desires of children. These are the Flower Mission and the Sea-shell Mission, the object of both of which is to supply the inmates of little sick-beds, in the densely packed city and in the hospitals, with two of the brightest pleasures in a child's life—flowers and shells. It is to the Sea-shell Mission that we would specially draw

attention at present. Its object is to give delight and amusement to the poor and, in many cases, sick children in the various Homes and Hospitals in London—few of which children have ever seen the sea—by distributing to each inmate a box of *sea-shells*, to be gathered by the more fortunate boys and girls who visit or reside at the sea-side. The Mission carries out its work in this way. If the young folks who gather shells at the sea-side, forward the same to the Sea-shell Mission, they will be placed in small wooden boxes, each holding from one hundred to five hundred shells, and sent to the various children's Homes and Hospitals. The name of each recipient is written on the box, so that each little boy or girl whose heart is made glad by the gift, will feel all the happier by the knowledge that it is his or her *own*.

This Mission was established in May 1879, and has already received over a quarter of a million of shells, contributed by one hundred and thirty-one persons, including one parcel from Spain, and a few shells from South Africa and also from the West Indies. Of this number, the Secretary states that he has yet in hand sufficient to fill five hundred boxes, which he is desirous of sending out before next Christmas. The boxes in which the shells are sent to the Homes and Hospitals cost threepence each; and he makes an appeal for one thousand threepenny-pieces to enable him to send one thousand boxes to one thousand poor and sick children in the Homes and Hospitals of London. With the assistance of two London City Missionaries, one hundred and forty boxes of shells were distributed during the month of October to one hundred and forty poor sick children in Southwark, Walworth, and Camberwell; four hundred and fifty boxes having been sent out altogether. If any of our readers would desire to assist in this unpretending yet philanthropic effort to gladden and brighten the hours of many a poor little city sufferer, full particulars can be obtained upon application to the Honorary Secretary of the Sea-shell Mission, 24 Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

ENGLISH PAY-HOSPITALS.

In June of this year, the Bishop of Winchester presided at the opening of a Pay-hospital in London; and in our last month's issue we took occasion to draw public attention to the obvious utility of this class of institutions. It may be mentioned, however, that while the above is the first public institution for the reception of paying patients on the 'hospital' system that has been opened, there have existed for some years in London various 'Homes' in which work of a similar kind was carried on. At No. 15 Fitzroy Square—in which Square also is situated the Hospital above alluded to—there has existed a Medical and Surgical Home since 1877, under the patronage of many of the first surgeons and physicians in London, and the superintendence of the Misses M'Laughlin and Pearson. This Home is strictly private and select; has twenty beds; is conducted under the rules or regulations of any well-ordered family; and ladies, gentlemen, and children are received into it under the care of any qualified practitioner. The fees paid by the patient depend on the size and nature of the room, on the accommodation that may be required for friends, and also on the severity of the case; but

the Home has never asked for, nor received, subscriptions from the public. It is entirely self-supporting. Since it was established in 1877, over three hundred patients and friends have been received; and the death-rate has been exceptionally low.—In addition to the above, there is, among other institutions of a similar kind in London, an Invalid Ladies' Home at 90 Harley Street, having an Incurable Home at 23 Fitzroy Square; and at 3 Manchester Street, Manchester Square, there is a Surgical and Medical Home, combined with a Trained Nurses' Institution. We learn also that at the Women's Hospital, Soho Square, there are a few beds for paying patients; and a Pay-hospital for sick persons at Bolingbroke House, Wandsworth Common; for particulars of which apply to Mr J. S. Wood, Woodville, Upper Tooting, London.

THE CEDAR TREE.

Lay her beneath the Cedar Tree,
Whose dark and dainty tracery
Shall cast its shadow on her bed,
While solemn choirs, far overhead,
Of cawing rooks shall to its boughs repair,
And mourn for her that was so young and fair.

Lay her beneath the Cedar Tree,
Where soft winds rustle fitfully;
Where oft the timid deer shall stray
To shelter from the noontide ray,
And tread the spot where, in the earth laid low,
Sleeps one who lived and suffered long ago.

Nor mark the place with graven stone,
Where now she lieth all alone:
But raise where she doth sleep, a mound,
And scatter lilies on the ground:
Enough to shew that one doth here abide
Who, like the flowers fading, drooped and died.

There flitting bats shall court the gloom,
And speed in circles round her tomb;
And oft the glow-worm, chaste and bright,
Shall for her honour trim his light,
For her whose life did, like his spark, appear
In darkness, dying when her day drew near.

Ah! lay her in the cool deep shade
By those o'erhanging branches made;
And when the summer heat is fierce,
No baleful shaft to her shall pierce.
Thus can she slumber on with tranquil breast,
Who wearied of her life, and longed for rest.

When Winter's icy hand shall tear
The leaves and strip the forest bare,
The Cedar, clothed in verdure warm,
Alone can shield her from the storm.
So lay her gently down with tender love,
Where the sad Cedar spreads its boughs above.

R. C. LEHMANN.

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POOR MADAME DESAINTE.

IN a recent article—'Population!'—we touched, as leniently as possible, on the demoralisation and misery caused in France by the absurd legal restrictions imposed on the freedom of marriage. Circumstances of a cruel nature have brought the subject under discussion in this country, and we return to it, with a view to putting all and sundry on their guard. It is proper to make known that, by an ancient law, extended and strengthened by modern enactments and decisions, the marriage of young persons in France without the formal consent of parents or relations is wholly impracticable, and that any marriage ceremonial without such consent is void and worthless. Obviously, inattention on these points must lead to very serious consequences.

The precise nature of these legal restrictions has been defined by an intelligent correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Paris, August 11, 1880. 'By French law,' he says, 'a man cannot marry till he has attained the age of eighteen, nor can a woman till she is fifteen. In certain cases, dispensation respecting age may be obtained from the government. The consent of both father and mother is required by a son under twenty-five years of age, and by a daughter under twenty-one. If the parents disagree as to the consent, that of the father suffices. If the father or mother is dead, or cannot give consent, the consent of one is sufficient. If both are dead, then the grandfather and grandmother take the place of the parents. If the grandfather and grandmother of the same line disagree, the consent of the grandfather suffices; dissent between the two lines carries consent. When a man has attained his twenty-fifth year, and the woman her twenty-first, both are still bound to ask, by a formal notification, the consent of their parents; and until the man has attained his thirtieth year, and the woman her twenty-fifth, this formal act must be repeated twice, from one month to another; and one month after the third application, it is lawful for the parties to marry with or without consent. After

the age of thirty, it is lawful to marry, in default of consent, a month after one formal notice has been given, which notice must be served upon the father and mother or grandfather by two notaries or by one notary and two witnesses. In the event of the parents or ancestors to whom this notification should be made being absent, a copy of the judgment declaring the absence must be produced; or in default of it, an *acte de notoriété* drawn up, on the declaration of four witnesses, by the justice of the peace.

'So rigid are the marriage laws in France, that if the rules are neglected, if the registrar neglects to state in the marriage certificate that the consent of the parents has been obtained, he is liable to a fine of three hundred francs and six months' imprisonment; and when the prescribed notices are not carried out, to a fine of three hundred francs and one month's imprisonment.'

We shall now see how this extraordinary French law may operate in cases where Englishwomen in their own country are so unfortunate as to marry Frenchmen. The case to point to is that of Gertrude Belgrave, a young English lady, who was married to Jules Alfred Desainte, a French teacher, aged twenty-two. The marriage took place at the parish church of St Matthias, Earls-court, Middlesex, 'on the 7th of June 1876, after the banns had been duly published. His father only became acquainted with his son's marriage about January 16, 1879, and telegraphed on the 19th that he would come over from Paris. He did so; acknowledged his son, his wife, and their children, and remained at their house, expressing a wish that his son might be naturalised in England, and thus avoid having to be drawn for in the conscription. The son, Alfred Desainte, then went to Paris to see his mother and sisters, returned in a few days to London, bringing various presents for his wife from his mother and sisters. Up to this period, there appears to have been no intention of questioning the legality of the marriage.

'On February 16, 1879, Alfred Desainte left for Paris, telling his wife that his father was arrang-

ing for them all to live in Paris together in his house, and that he would return in a day or two. She received two telegrams from him, naming different days for his return. Anxious, when the days passed without his appearing—all the more as he had left her with only seven shillings and sixpence—fearing that he must be ill, she borrowed money and started for Paris with her two children, expecting to be warmly welcomed at her father-in-law's house. She was first told that her husband was in England, and then, less ceremoniously, that she was not his wife. Wearied and exhausted with her long and anxious journey, she asked the meaning of the strange words, whereupon her father-in-law immediately sent for a *Commissaire de police* to remove her and her children from his house. They were taken without further explanation to the Bureau de Police, where M. Desainte followed, and formally stated his intention of annulling the marriage.'

Here was as heartless a case of repudiation as it is possible to imagine. It was first brought under notice in the London newspapers by Ada M. Leigh, Lady President of the Mission Homes in Paris, who states that the marriage had been annulled by the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, and that poor Madame Desainte had been left without redress, and thrown on the charity of strangers. The Lady President adds, that three similar cases had come to her knowledge; wherefore, it seems the practice of young Frenchmen marrying women in England, and deserting them on going to France, is by no means uncommon. We learn that for enormities of this kind there is in reality no redress. The French law is unyielding on the subject, and not likely to be changed by any representations made by British or any other foreign authorities. It is certainly a most discreditable state of affairs, and cannot fail to excite a lively indignation among all reflecting individuals. The subject having been alluded to in the House of Commons, we have no doubt the Secretary of State for the Home Department will do what is in his power to prevent the recurrence of these irregular marriages, by the issue of warnings to officials. Mr G. Meryon White, in a letter in *The Times*, would go further than this. He says: 'I feel confident that if the following suggestion was adopted it would be the means of preventing the recurrence of those sad cases where Englishwomen suddenly are compelled to realise the fact that they are married, and yet not legally married—namely, that until the law of France is amended in this respect, so as to declare such marriages to be valid and binding on both parties, it should be made compulsory upon English clergymen and registrars to require every foreigner who is not a naturalised English subject to produce previous to his marriage a stamped certificate signed by the legal authorities of his domicile to the effect that there is no legal impediment or circumstance by means of which his proposed marriage might hereafter be set aside and rendered invalid in

accordance with the law of the country of his domicile.'

Whatever be attempted, we feel it to be plainly our duty to make the foregoing facts known among the wide circle of readers whom we have the honour to address not only in the home countries but in every English-speaking community. Wherever these pages reach, let every young woman be on her guard against the addresses of young Frenchmen. Let them view every proposal of the kind with doubt—we should almost say with horror—until satisfactory evidence is given that there is no intention to repeat the wrongs inflicted on Poor Madame Desainte.

W. C.

THE CRUISE OF THE WASP.

CHAPTER I.—CHARLEY LUCAN AND I ARE APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND.

HER Britannic Majesty's corvette *Vesta* was lying at anchor in Sydney Cove, New South Wales. On the starboard quarter of the corvette, about three cables-lengths distant, lay another government ship, a schooner, or to speak more correctly, a brigantine, the vessel being square-rigged forward; but as this alteration in her fore-rigging had been recently made, she was always spoken of as 'the schooner.' This vessel was likewise at anchor; but from her tautened cable, and from her sails hanging loose in the brails, it was apparent that she was prepared to get under weigh at any moment. On the quarter-deck of the corvette stood a group of officers, gazing admiringly at the schooner, and praising her graceful proportions.

'A smarter little craft never sailed salt-water; and you may count yourself a lucky fellow, Charley, to get the command of her,' said the First Lieutenant of the corvette to a very youthful officer who stood by his side.

'I do think myself fortunate, sir,' the youngster modestly replied. 'I am sure, Mr Lonsdale,' he added, 'I did not expect to get the appointment.'

'Never mind, my dear boy; you have got it, at all events,' continued the Lieutenant. 'Mind and take good care both of the vessel and yourself. You have a long and difficult passage before you.'

'You may depend upon my doing my best, sir; I can do no more,' replied the youth.

'I suppose you'll be off directly, Charley?' said another officer. 'M—— goes with you, doesn't he?' nodding at the present writer, who formed one of the group of officers. 'I only wish it were my luck.'

'Yes, M—— goes with me as Second,' was the reply. 'I expect we shall be off as soon as we receive our sailing orders. Our traps were put on board the schooner last night.'

'Please, Mr Lucan, the Captain requests that you and Mr M—— will go to him in his cabin immediately,' said the Captain's steward, addressing the young officer of whom I have spoken.

Charles Lucan and I descended to the cabin, where the Captain was awaiting our appearance.

'Here, Mr Lucan, are your written instructions,' said he, handing a folded and sealed paper to the young officer. 'Follow them implicitly, so far as

you are able. Take care of the vessel; and I hope you will give me no cause to regret the trust and confidence I place in you.. Carry sail moderately,' he went on. 'I now address myself to both of you young gentlemen; for I am aware that you youngsters are too apt to crowd on canvas when you have a smart vessel beneath your feet; and in such case, if a squall catches you, you run the risk of losing your masts or sails, if nothing worse happens. There is no necessity for haste. You will arrive at Singapore long before the corvette can reach that port; and unless you receive fresh instructions from the Admiral, you will remain there until the ship does arrive. Keep a sharp look-out for squalls, my lads; for you will be in a part of the ocean where they are very frequent; and be particularly careful after you round Cape York, and during your passage through Torres' Strait.—And don't forget, Mr Lucan, to leave a letter at the Post-office. I shall touch at the island expressly to receive a letter, and shall be much disappointed if I don't find one awaiting me. In such case, I shall fear that you have met with some serious mishap.'

'You shall find a letter at the island, sir, unless the *Wasp* should come to grief in the Strait, and that shall not be the case through any neglect on my part,' Lucan replied.

'I hope not—I believe not,' said the Captain. 'And now, young gentlemen, help yourselves to a glass of wine. We'll drink success to the little *Wasp*.'

The wine was poured out, and the toast was drunk.

'You'll want to bid good-bye to your messmates,' the Captain presently resumed. 'Remember, that you will be off in a quarter of an hour, therefore you have no time to lose. I will be upon deck to see you off.'

We took the hint, and returned to the deck, where our brother-officers crowded round us while we awaited the appearance of the Captain.

Meanwhile, I will explain how it came about that Charles Lucan and I were about to part from our shipmates, and proceed on a voyage to Singapore, in charge of Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp*. At the period to which this narrative relates, the Malay pirates, who still have their haunts amongst the islands of the oriental archipelago, whence they pounce down upon defenceless merchant-traders, had been unusually bold and troublesome. Several ships had been boarded and plundered by the miscreants, who in each instance massacred every living creature they found on board. It had become perilous for any unarmed vessel to sail amongst the islands; and at length the Admiral of the station decided to purchase, on behalf of the government, a smart vessel, with a light draught of water, that would carry a crew and armament sufficient for the service for which she was intended, and would at the same time be able to follow the piratical proas into the shallow creeks and inlets with which the islands abound, where they were secure from the pursuit of large vessels.

The *Maria*—a schooner which had been built for a pleasure-yacht for the late Governor-general of New South Wales—was put up for sale at this period, and was thought to be excellently well adapted to the purpose. The Admiral therefore

wrote to Captain D—— of the *Vesta*, then lying in Sydney Cove, to request him to examine this vessel, and if she answered to the description he had heard of her, to purchase her into Her Majesty's service, and despatch her forthwith, with a sufficient crew and armament, to Singapore, whither the *Vesta* was to proceed as soon as she had undergone certain necessary repairs which would detain her for several weeks in the graving-dock at Port-Jackson.

The result was that the *Maria* was purchased, an alteration was made in her forward-rigging, and she was rechristened by the more appropriate appellation of the *Wasp*. She was a beautiful little vessel of one hundred and thirty tons burden; very roomy for her size, gracefully moulded, and possessed of an unusually broad beam. Excepting the change in the rig of her foremast, she needed very little alteration, having been originally fitted up expressly for the accommodation of the late Governor and his suite, and such of his friends as he honoured with an invitation to accompany him when he sailed on a pleasure trip along the east coast of Australia. Her entire 'tween-decks were now arranged for the accommodation of her new officers and crew, the officers' cabins extending from the gangway aft to the stern; and the whole of the forepart of the vessel being fitted up for the reception of the petty officers and seamen. Four eighteen-pound carronades were put on board, in addition to the two howitzers or boat-guns which she had formerly carried, and which could be used as bow or stern chasers as occasion might require. An abundant supply of small-arms of every description, including cutlasses, boarding-pikes, &c., was added to her armament; and she was considered to be perfectly well adapted for the novel service for which she was intended. Previous to her departure for Singapore, she made a trial trip in the magnificent and spacious Bay of Sydney, in which she acquitted herself to the complete satisfaction of the Captain and officers of the corvette. She was swift, staunch, easily handled, and as a poetically inclined Lieutenant of the *Vesta* said—quoting from Byron: 'She walked the waters like a thing of life,' as if proudly conscious of her queenly grace and beauty.

The projected passage to Singapore was looked upon by the crew of the *Vesta* as a delightful holiday trip, and there was hardly a man on board the corvette who had not wished that he might be chosen to form one of the schooner's crew; while each of the junior officers hoped that it would fall to his good fortune to be appointed to the command of the beautiful little vessel. Captain D——, however, selected for this duty the youngest of his Lieutenants, Charles Lucan, a stripling who had not yet completed his twentieth year, and who, having triumphantly passed his examination, a few months before, at the Cape of Good Hope, had received an acting appointment to do duty as Fourth Lieutenant on board the corvette, which acting appointment would certainly be confirmed on the return of the *Vesta* to England; for although he necessarily lacked the experience of an older officer, Charley was as capable in all other respects as any Lieutenant in the service of twice his years. With Captain D——, under whom he had served from the period when he entered the navy as a midshipman, he was an

especial favourite; and though it was but natural for his brother officers to envy his good fortune, there was not one who did not congratulate him and wish him success.

As has been already intimated, the present writer, then a passed-midshipman and master's mate, or as it is now termed, a sub-lieutenant, and just six months younger than Charley, was appointed as second in command on board the schooner.

In due course, the Captain appeared upon deck. He approached Lucan and me as we stood at the gangway of the corvette chatting with our brother-officers; and after giving us a few more words of friendly advice, and repeating his request that Lucan would deposit a letter at the Post-office (of which more anon), he shook hands with both of us and wished us a pleasant voyage. We then descended the ladder into the boat that was alongside waiting to convey us to the schooner, and in five minutes more we stood on the quarter-deck of the *Wasp*. The rest of the officers and crew of the little vessel—comprising the gunner's and the boatswain's mates of the *Vesta*, two old experienced seamen, who had several times made the passage through the Strait; thirty picked sailors; three marines, one of whom was deputed to act as steward on board the schooner; and two boys—had already been drafted on board from the corvette. The anchor, already apeak, was hove on board; the sails, hanging loose, were hoisted up and sheeted home; and in a few minutes, the *Wasp* was standing out to sea, heeling gently and gracefully over to the breeze, amidst the hearty cheers of the officers and crew of the corvette, whose plaudits were as heartily responded to from the decks of the schooner; and in less than a quarter of an hour we had taken our last look for many weeks of the gallant *Vesta* and the friendly messmates and shipmates with whom we had sailed for two years, and had rounded the lofty headland which concealed the corvette and the bay from our sight.

CHAPTER II.—WE COMMENCE THE VOYAGE.

The *Wasp* had commenced her cruise. We had a long and tedious passage before us, Charles Lucan and I—a passage of nearly five thousand miles; but we would have rejoiced had we been sent forth to circumnavigate the globe. None save those who have experienced the sensation, can conceive the delight with which a young officer enters upon his first independent command. We were as proud of the *Wasp* and of our position on board the little vessel, as if she were a crack frigate, and we were rear-admirals, or flag-captains at the least.

Of course Acting-Lieutenant Lucan was my superior officer; but we took charge of the watch upon deck in turn; and no young Captain could have been prouder than I, as I paced the weather-side of the quarter-deck at night, and felt that for the time being the little vessel was under my sole command.

By Captain D——'s especial order, one of the two old petty officers to whom I have alluded was appointed to each watch; and both Lucan and I were perfectly well aware that these experienced old seamen had been placed on board the schooner expressly to guide us by their advice; but we knew nevertheless, that we were their superior officers,

and that unless it were in a case of emergency, or unless their advice should be required, they would not venture to interfere with our authority.

The weather was fine and the sea smooth, and we sailed merrily along the two thousand miles of coast between Port Jackson and Cape York—the most northerly point of Australia—without meeting with any event worth recording. On doubling Cape York, we entered Torres' Strait, which as every schoolboy knows is the channel which separates the vast island of Papua or New Guinea from Australia. Torres' Strait is from sixty to seventy miles in width from the Australian to the Papuan shores, and is four or five hundred miles in length from its eastern to its western extremity—that is, taking into account the numerous islands and sandbanks and other obstacles to navigation that a vessel must pass amidst, before she gets fairly clear of the Strait and reaches open water. The islands and sandbanks, however, are not the only perils which beset the navigator in passing through this channel. The natives on either shore, as well as those who inhabit the larger islands, are amongst the most savage, brutal, and degraded specimens of humanity; and woe betide the unfortunate mariner whose vessel gets on shore while making the passage of the Strait.

The passage through the Strait is probably less dangerous now than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, to which period this story relates, by reason of the more frequent navigation between Australia and the East Indies; the better knowledge of the Strait that has been acquired; the greater number of steamships employed in this navigation; and the severe lessons which the natives have received, to punish them for their ill-treatment of the Europeans who have fallen into their power. But so full of peril was the passage at the period of which I write, that masters of merchant-ships who proposed to navigate the Strait, and were unable to obtain the convoy of a ship of war, were accustomed to wait until two or more vessels could make the passage in company, so that if one vessel should chance to meet with mishap, the other might be at hand to protect her from the attacks of the savages. At that period likewise, it was the custom among shipmasters who made the short-cut by sailing through this channel on their passage to the East Indies, to leave a letter or notice at a small island situated some sixty miles beyond the western extremity of the Strait, to acquaint those who might follow after them that they had made the passage in safety.

Post Office Island, as it was called, was really little better than a sandbank, some four or five miles in length by two miles in breadth at its broadest part, and rising to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the sea in its centre. It was entirely destitute of vegetation, with the exception of a few scrubby bushes, such as take root in a salt sandy soil; and was situated too far from Papua or any other inhabited island, for the natives to visit it in their miserable canoes, constructed of the roughly hollowed trunks of trees, even if there had been any inducement to them to visit such a dreary desolate spot. In the centre, and on the highest portion of this island, amidst a clump of the scrubby bushes above alluded to, and beneath a rude shed, erected by some shipmaster for the especial purpose, stood a large seaman's chest, the lid of which was

covered with several layers of tarpaulings; and inside this chest, which of course was always left unlocked and free to any one to open, shipmasters were accustomed to deposit the letter or notice announcing their safe passage thus far on their voyage, for the next shipmaster who touched at the island to read. He in his turn left an announcement to be read by those who might come after him; and the information thus derived was carried to whatever port the latest shipmaster was bound, and was there published; or was conveyed thence to whomsoever might be interested in the welfare of the vessel whose safe passage through the Strait it announced. Whether or not this custom is still observed, I am unable to say. It may be, or it may have been discontinued for the reasons I have mentioned. It was, however, to this sandbank in the Indian Ocean that Captain D—— alluded when he told Charles Lucan that he should expect to find a letter awaiting him at the Post-office during the passage of the corvette to Singapore, after the repairs she was undergoing at Port-Jackson were completed.

To return to my narrative. After the *Wasp* had doubled Cape York, the fresh easterly gale that had blown for several days died away to a gentle breeze; nevertheless, sail was shortened on board the schooner, and every precaution was taken to guard against the perils of the Strait. We kept under-weigh only during the hours of daylight, with just sufficient sail set to enable the little vessel to make good steerage-way, and allowed her to drift through the channel with the current, which usually sets westward, with more or less strength. Throughout the day, Lucan and I took our station in turn, and sometimes both together on the fore-topsail yard, whence we were able to 'con' the schooner by signs through the numerous tortuous channels, with as much ease as a steamboat is guided to and fro on the river Thames; and as soon as darkness began to set in, we brought up, with a kedge-anchor and stream-cable, again getting under-weigh with the earliest dawn of day. Thus the passage through the Strait occupied several days; yet though tedious and wearisome, it was in some respects delightful. Nothing could be more beautiful than the aspect of the Papuan shore, along which we often closely sailed. When the sun rose over the land on the first dawn of morning, gradually lighting up the dark forests and gilding the hill-tops, and chasing away the shadows from the level ground beneath; while the clear transparent waters of the Strait—through which we could distinctly discern the sandy bottom, with its winding channels, sometimes scarcely a fathom, sometimes many fathoms deep beneath the surface, and its beds of red and white and variegated coral imitating every form of vegetable growth, amidst which fishes of strange form and of gorgeous hues gambolled fearlessly, or chased each other swiftly to and fro, secure from the attacks of the prowling shark—glittered with a brilliancy that dazzled the eyes of the gazer. At that early hour, some of the islands looked like little earthly paradises; while others, with their hills and dales and copses, belted in the background with sombre woods, needed but the addition of a mansion embosomed amidst the trees to give them the appearance of the picturesque demesne of some English nobleman.

Until we had nearly completed the passage, we saw very few of the natives of the coast or islands. Occasionally, a rude canoe, roughly hewn, or burnt out of the trunk of a tree, and paddled by a couple of naked savages, would suddenly dart forth from some leafy covert along the shore; but though the occupants of the canoe would paddle round the schooner at a wide distance, and eagerly seize anything thrown to them that floated upon the water, no signs or persuasions could induce them to venture near—a sufficient proof of their crafty and treacherous nature; for savages who fear to place confidence in strangers who come amongst them, are never to be trusted. Of this fact, and likewise that the shore, apparently deserted by the inhabitants, was really densely peopled, we had abundant proof before we quitted the Strait.

Torres' Strait, like the adjacent seas, is liable to be visited by dangerous squalls, which though usually of brief duration, sometimes burst suddenly and without the slightest warning upon a vessel, and with such terrific fury as to dismast or capsize her, if she should not be prepared for them. Hitherto, however, the weather had been invariably fair, and we hoped to escape any such visitation; but at length our turn came.

One day, shortly before noon, when we were nearly through the Strait, and while I was on the fore-topsail yard conning the schooner through a shallow tortuous channel, old Harris, the gunner's mate, went aft to Lucan, who was pacing the quarter-deck of the little vessel, and pointing towards a white fleecy cloud that was rising over the land, said, as he touched his cap: 'Beg pardon, sir, but I thowt it my dooty to p'int out that 'ere cloud. 'Pears to me as there's wind in it, and I don't like the look on't. I shouldn't wonder if we have a squall down upon us in a jiffy.'

There was nothing very threatening in the aspect of the cloud, except that it was rising rapidly from to leeward—those squalls usually approaching in that manner, thus increasing the danger that attends them, by suddenly taking a vessel aback—and was spreading swiftly as it rose.

'We are pretty well prepared for anything, I think,' replied Lucan, glancing at the cloud, and then casting a look aloft at the scant sail that was spread.

The old sailor shook his head gravely. 'Tain't for me to offer advice as isn't asked for, sir,' he continued; 'but them as has never experienced none o' these squalls, ain't got no idea of their natur'. If 'twere left to me, sir, I'd brail up the spanker and take in the foresail.'

'And put the schooner under bare poles,' retorted Lucan, laughing. 'However, do as you think fit, Harris,' he added.

The old man blew his shrill whistle, and shouted the necessary orders; and then, while the young Lieutenant superintended the brailing up of the spanker, went forward to help the men to furl the foresail. By the time these tasks were completed, the light breeze that had been blowing had nearly died away. Then suddenly a puff of wind from to leeward blew across the deck.

'Look out! mind your helm!' cried Lucan, to the man at the wheel, 'or we shall be taken aback.'

Scarcely had he uttered the cry, when, before the men who were aloft passing the gasket round the bunt of the foresail, could lay off the yard,

the squall caught the schooner from the opposite quarter from which the wind had hitherto been blowing, with a force of which I previously had no conception. I had witnessed a hurricane in the West Indies, and a typhoon in the Chinese seas, but in neither instance did the wind possess the terrific force with which it now first struck the schooner. We were sailing midway between the New Guinea shore and a large sandbank, and within a very short distance of either. The vessel, with scarcely a rag of canvas upon her, heeled over till her decks stood at an angle of forty-five degrees; and in that position she was not driven through, but as it seemed, lifted bodily out of the water, and carried with inconceivable rapidity towards the sandbank, upon which she struck with a force that shook every timber in her frame, and threatened to unstep her masts. Every individual upon deck was thrown off his feet, while the vessel lay where she struck, fairly upon her beam-ends. I clung with hands and legs with all my might to the fore-top-mast. Had I loosened my hold of hand or foot for an instant, I should have been carried away by the wind as if I had been a mere feather-weight. The men aloft were pinned to the yard, unable to move. It was impossible to face the wind and draw a breath. The rain, which came in torrents, was blown horizontally through the air; and the water between the sandbank and the shore was in an instant lashed into one seething mass of foam, while the shore and sky were alike hidden from our sight by a dense white mist. The masts of the vessel, without any press of sail upon them, bent like whip-sticks, and the spars and rigging cracked and snapped in every direction.

In five minutes, however, the squall had passed away to leeward, leaving the schooner fast and dry on the sandbank. The sky cleared as rapidly as it had become overclouded, and the weather again became perfectly calm, the water alone remaining still covered with foam. I, with the others who were aloft, now descended to the deck, about which we were compelled to creep and crawl upon all-fours, by reason of the position in which the vessel lay. Happily, the schooner, though she was partially imbedded in the sand, had received no serious damage; though, had the squall risen from the opposite quarter, and carried her over to the Papuan shore, the probability is that she would have struck upon one of the reefs that line the coast, and gone to pieces.

HODGE AND HIS MASTERS.

To his succession of deservedly popular works on what is called Rural England, and which we have from time to time noticed in these pages, Mr Richard Jefferies has added another, entitled *Hodge and his Masters* (2 vols., London: Smith, Elder, & Co.). The charm of his former publications consisted in their exquisite sketches of natural scenery, and the delightful pictures which were drawn of animal life. In the volumes before us, the author deals for the most part with subjects of a different kind. We are taken less into the woods and wilds, and more into the cultivated fields and open pastures; and in place of the lower animal life which was before so vigorously and accurately portrayed, we are brought into contact with certain phases of the social life of man

himself. The book is ostensibly an account of the homes and habits, the whole social condition indeed of the English labourer, distinguished under what may be called his generic appellation of 'Hodge.' And not only have we Hodge described, but his masters also—the squire, the parson, the farmer, the solicitor, the banker, the publican, and last of all, his masters at the work-house. Of all these personages, the one which receives the fullest treatment, not even excepting Hodge himself, is the farmer. We have the farmer as he is seen in the market and at the ordinary; the farmer who is leaving his farm, and the farmer going downhill; the borrowing farmer, and the gambling farmer; the farmer who is an agricultural genius of the old style, and the farmer who figures as a 'man of progress;' the farmer who goes to market in a Whitechapel dogcart, with a groom behind, and the farmer who rides in a gig. We will endeavour to present a few of these pictures in miniature.

First of all, we have the farmer in the market and at the ordinary—or, as the author heads it, the 'Farmers' Parliament.' It is market-day in Woolbury. The narrow streets are thronged with passengers—farmers and shepherds and labourers jumbling, and squeezing along; the procession every now and then interrupted by a wagon-load of wool or straw, which requires the whole street to itself. The air is full of strange sounds rising from the mixed multitude, intermingled with the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep from the busy market-place. The centre of attraction for the afternoon is the Jason Inn, where the farmers' club is to meet, and where a Professor is to read a paper on 'Science, the Remedy for Agricultural Depression.' For a full hour behind time, the room is empty; but by-and-by farmers come dropping shyly in by twos and by threes, and the lecturer at length proceeds with his discourse. He is very hard on the poor farmers. The reason of the depression is that they neglect science. By calling in science to their aid, they would have no defective turnips in a dry season, no rotting hay in a wet one. Whatever was wrong was their own fault. 'Science,' he said, 'could supply the remedy, and science alone; if they would not call in the aid of science, they must suffer, and their privations must be upon their own heads. Science said Drain; use artificial manure; plough deeply; keep the best breed of stock; put capital into the soil. Call science to their aid, and they might defy the seasons.' The foil to the Professor is in the form of an elderly farmer who rises from one of the back-seats. He said the lecturer had made out a very good case, and proved to demonstration that farmers were fools. After some rather successful 'roasting' of the Professor, in a dry way, the farmer begged to draw his remarks to a close, as a thunder-storm was coming rapidly up, and he supposed science would not prevent him from getting a wet jacket. In conclusion, he should like to ask the lecturer if he could give the name of one single scientific farmer who had prospered. 'Having said this much, the old gentleman put on his overcoat and bustled out of the room, and several others followed him, for the rain was already splashing against the window-panes. Others looked at their watches, and seeing it was late, rose one by one and slipped off.'

Sketches are presented of the ignorant class of farmers who do not clear their land of weeds, and so go to the bad, also of the enterprising but reckless agriculturists who likewise finish themselves financially. But we must leave these and many other tempting pictures of Hodge's masters, and come to Hodge himself. We have him set before us in almost every aspect of his character; and in this there is abundant food for serious thought. The agricultural labourer in England would appear to stand in need of much improvement, both in himself and his surroundings. According to Mr Jefferies, the kind of simple fidelity and affection manifested by the elderly labourers to the persons and to the places with which they have been long associated, is not surviving in the younger class of them, who, as long as they have a few sixpences to jingle in their pockets, will work to any one who pays them, and care for no one master or place more than another. When Farmer Smith leaves his farm, old Hodge views the scene from a distance, with his chin on his hand. He is thinking of the days when he first went to plough, years ago, under Smith's father; and if Smith had been going to another farm, old Hodge would have girded up his loins, packed his worldly goods in a wagon, and followed his master's fortunes thither. As for young Hodge, he was down at the sale, 'lounging round, hands in pocket, whistling—for there was some beer going about. The excitement of the day was a pleasurable sensation; and as for his master, he might go to Kansas or Hong-kong.' On the part of the masters also, 'the kindly old habits are dying out before the hard-and-fast money system, and the abiding effects of unionism, which even when not prominently displayed, causes a silent, sullen estrangement.'

In such chapters as 'Hodge's Fields' and 'A Winter's Morning,' Mr Jefferies finds excellent scope for his descriptive powers, and we have him at his best. But it is not so much with the fields that we have now to do as with the labourer who works in them. We have him rising from his heavy sleep on a winter's morning, huddling on his things by the pale beams of the waning moon, clattering down the narrow steep stairs in the semi-darkness, taking a piece of bread-and-cheese, and stepping forth into the sharp air. 'The shadows of the trees on the frosted ground are dull. As the footpath winds by the hedge, the noise of his footsteps startles the blackbird roosting in the bushes, and he bustles out and flies across the field. There is more rime on the posts and rails around the rickyard, and the thatch on the haystack is white with it in places. He draws out the broad hay-knife, and then searches for the rubber or whetstone, stuck somewhere in the side of the rick. At the first sound of the stone upon the steel the cattle in the adjoining yard and sheds utter a few low "moos," and there is a stir among them.' While the 'fogger' proceeds to give his horned charge their morning meal, the milker has gone forth with his pail, plashing in the dark ankle-deep through mud and water, and if it be a wet morning, sitting on his stool in the midst of a thick puddle, the rain beating into his neck as he bends his head and stays himself against the ribs of the animal. Another man who has to be up 'while the moon casts a shadow,' is the carter, who must begin to feed his team very early, in

order to get them to eat sufficient. To manage a large team of horses and keep them in proper condition, requires both skill and attention, and therefore the carter is of more importance on the farm than the fogger and milker. Besides these, there is the shepherd, who visits his flock early in the morning, and in the lambing season may be said to be about both day and night. Then there are the hedger and the ditcher, working far afield. Young labourers are engaged in various minor operations, or in assisting their seniors; while the women carry on the indoor work of the farm, and in certain seasons also go into the fields.

So much for the labourer himself: now what of his children? In the coldest weather, says our author, one or more of these are sure to be found in the farmyard somewhere—probably standing at the stable-door, watching the harnessing of the great cart-horses. 'When the horses are gone, he visits the outhouse, where the steam-engine is driving the chaff-cutter, or peers in at the large doors of the barn, where with wide wooden shovel the grain is being moved. . . . His hat is an old one of his father's, a mile too big, coming down over his ears to his shoulders, well greased from ancient use—a thing not without its advantage, since it makes it impervious to rain. He wears what was a white jacket, but is now the colour of the prevailing soil of the place; a belt; and a pair of stumping boots, the very picture in miniature of his father's, heeled and tipped with iron. His naked legs are red with the cold, but thick and strong; his cheeks are plump and firm, his round blue eyes bright, his hair almost white, like bleached straw.' The education of these children is a most important thing; and we are glad to learn on the authority of Mr Jefferies that the schools which they attend are, the greater number of them, well filled, both the employers and the children's own parents getting them as much to school as possible. The labourer has even an exaggerated idea of the value of education, and the parents in some cases actually seek to educate themselves by questioning the children as to what they have been told. 'But, on the other hand, the labourer objects to paying for the teaching, and thinks the few coppers he is charged a terrible extortion.' The lads as they grow older and leave school find work readily on the farms; but the girls are inclined to shirk farmhouse and dairy work, and to take service in the neighbouring towns. Cottage girls are charged with having of recent years taken to themselves more airs than before, and of being fond of dressing showily; but along with this, it is also admitted that their self-respect has largely increased, thereby greatly diminishing the records of immorality. There are also said to be fewer purely agricultural marriages than formerly. A girl, going into service in town, comes in contact with a class of men—grooms, footmen, artisans, and workmen generally—not only receiving higher wages than the labourers in her native parish, but possessing a certain amount of comparative refinement. It is not surprising that she prefers, if possible, to marry among these.'

The most powerful chapter of the work on the social condition of the labourer, is that which describes the labourer's haunts—the 'low public.' Here it is that Hodge comes to spend his hard-

earned and scanty wages, drinking a coarse dark beer—a heady liquid, which if any one drinks, not being accustomed to it, will leave its effects upon him for hours afterwards.' 'The influence of the low public upon the agricultural labourer's life is incalculable—it is his club, almost his home. There he becomes brutalised; there he spends his all; and if he awakes to the wretched state of his own family at last, instead of remembering that it is his own act, he turns round, accuses the farmer of starvation wages, shouts for what is really Communism, and perhaps even in his sullen rage descends to crime.' A fearful picture follows of the rural dens in which these orgies are held.

A curious feature in the character of the English labourers, as compared with the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, is that the former have no myths, no heroes, no legends, no traditions. In short, they are devoid of sentiment, a result of want of education, want of culture; the neglect of them has been scandalous. But there is a prospect of mending. Through the recent Education Acts, schools are now being introduced, and the young will at least be taught to read. With this and some other agreeable anticipations, the condition of the English labourer is steadily improving. He is receiving higher wages, and has a better house to live in.

The last chapter of the work is a somewhat sad one. It is Hodge in the workhouse—where he has died, an old man verging on fourscore. The Board members have known him for many years, and they suspend their business a few minutes to talk about him. They argue that he must have been very old, as the elderly members at the table only recollect him as a man with a family while they were young. He had been born, and lived all his days till he came to the workhouse, in the thatched cottage beside the road, in the garden of which he loved to cultivate such vegetables and flowers as suited his humble tastes. At the back there were a ditch and mound with elm-trees, and green meadows beyond. As a child he had played in the ditch and hedge, or searched in the spring for violets to offer to the passers-by; or he had swung on the gate in the lane and held it open for the farmers in their gigs, in hope of a half-penny. In course of time his father died, and the cottage became his own; hither he brought his young wife; and here were their children born to them. These in turn grew up, and one by one went away, till at last he was left alone. He still continued to plough the same fields, and to dig and trim his garden as of old; crept up the same ladder at night, and slept in the bed where he had slept as an infant. But day by day he grew less able to help himself, till the neighbours, much against his will, had him conveyed away to the workhouse. Here he had better meals and a more comfortable bed; but he missed the old familiar sights and sounds of his cottage home—the sparrows chirping in the eaves, the green meadows beyond the hedge, and the bank where the violets and daisies grew. 'The end came very slowly; he ceased to exist by imperceptible degrees, like an oak-tree. He remained for days in a semi-unconscious state, neither moving nor speaking. It happened at last. In the gray of the winter dawn, as the stars paled, and the whitened grass was stiff with hoar-frost, and the rime coated every branch of the tall elms, as the milker came

from the pen, and the ploughboy whistled down the road to his work, the spirit of the aged man departed.'

'What amount of production,' suggestively asks Mr Jefferies (and with this quotation our notice of these most pleasant volumes must conclude)—'what amount of production did that old man's life of labour represent? What value must be put upon the service of the son that fought in India; of the son that worked in Australia; of the daughter in New Zealand, whose children will help to build up a new nation? These things surely have their value. Hodge died; and the very gravedigger grumbled as he delved through the earth hard-bound in the iron frost, for it jarred his hand, and might break his spade. The low mound will soon be level, and the place of his burial will not be known.'

A VIKING'S TOMB.

UPON the south-western coast of a Norwegian fiord which penetrates inland as far as Christiania, there has lain for centuries past between mountains and sea, a certain tumulus known in the country round as *Kongshaug*, or the King's Hill. In the Dark Ages, when kings were plentiful in Scandinavia, and every chief fought, like Hal o' the Wynd, 'for his own hand,' tradition tells that some mighty monarch was buried beneath that huge turf-covered mound, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and it has long been held sacred to his memory. But the other day, for the first time as it seemed, some inquisitive peasants ventured to explore those hidden recesses which their forefathers had revered. Their search was richly rewarded; for after a few months of patient labour, under the direction of a learned antiquary, there was revealed to human eyes a large and well-preserved Viking war-ship which had been hidden from the light of day for more than a thousand years! This characteristic tomb—his familiar home in life—the unknown Sea-king had evidently chosen for his last resting-place; and in it he wished to lie his horse and hounds near, his treasures around him, lulled by the lapping of the waves, which at that time must have daily washed the base of his strange sepulchre. But the restless chief even in death found no repose; the spoiler was spoiled in his turn, the tomb rifled of its ill-gotten wealth; and now in the funeral chamber upon deck, a few human bones, some shreds of brocade, and sundry equipments in silver, bronze, and lead, for both horse and man, are the sole remaining relics of the Viking and his buried treasures.

The ship, we are told, is the largest of its kind yet discovered. It measures seventy-four feet between stem and stern, and is sixteen feet broad amidships. The stiff clay, earth, and sand in which it was embedded have preserved it from destruction; and even the black and yellow colouring of the ship's bows and sides has survived the ravages of ten centuries. Two or three small boats of elegant shape were found in the stem of the vessel, and with them a quantity of oars,

carefully formed, and in a few cases ornamented with carvings. A hatchet dating from the earlier Iron Age, and a few cooking utensils in copper and iron, with some wooden drinking-cups, also remain in good preservation. The belt of shields which, according to Viking custom, once adorned the sides of the vessel, exists almost entire. It was formerly supposed that these shields served as a rampart to resist the shock of the waves; but the thinness of wooden surface in the specimens found has now convinced antiquaries that they were merely ornamental. This strange treasure-trove is an interesting and suggestive relic of a most interesting race, and links us oddly with the old days of daring and romance. While that ship rode upon the Northern seas more than a thousand years ago, Charlemagne with his paladins was probably struggling with the Saracens in Pyrenean passes, or fighting his way in Italy to his imperial crown. Our own wise Alfred may have been harping in the Danish camp, and absently watching the cakes of the cowherd's wife amid patriotic dreams for his country's welfare.

The history of the dead warrior once entombed in it is absolutely unknown. Did he swoop with chivalrous Rollo upon the sunny Neustrian coasts? or was he one of those who answered that call of Haestan's ivory horn, which Saxons named 'the Danish thunder?' The deserted sepulchre gives no answer to our questioning. The very name of its silent occupant has passed out of memory. But at least we may conclude that our unknown Viking was a gallant warrior, brought up in fleets and camps, amid storm, battle, and bloodshed, to a stern contempt of hardship and danger; one who perhaps, like many another Norse pirate of those days, 'had never slept under a house-roof, nor emptied a cup by the domestic hearth.' And when the Sea-king's last fight had been fought out, we can picture the mourning and lamentation among his followers on that gloomy day when the gallant ship was drawn up on to the level shore, a funeral chamber erected upon deck, the chief laid therein, with his slain horse and hounds beside him, and all slowly hidden from sight beneath the heaped-up earth and sand; on the shore, hard by the sea still, that when his call came, the sleeping warrior might start up and launch forth at once upon the well-loved waters, to seek his haven of endless happiness in the halls of Odin.

In very early times, the Norsemen, like other peoples descended from the old Teutonic or Gothic tribes, burned their dead, and hence that epoch was called *Burna Ollid*, or the Age of Burning. But the practice had been already given up before a Danish keel grated upon British coasts; and there followed a period distinguished as *Haugs Ollid*, or the Age of Hillocks. A tumulus, probably erected in the same century as the *Kongshaug* on the Christiania fiord, was once to be seen upon the strand of the Devonshire coast; and although the hillock itself has been swept away by the sea, the place which it occupied is still pointed out. Beneath it lay the fierce Berserker Hubba, who, after destroying and ravaging the beautiful Abbeys of Croyland and Peterborough—where it is said that he massacred eighty-four monks with his own hand—was slain in battle on English ground in 878.

The Norsemen, or Danes as the Saxons called them, made their first appearance in Britain upon the Wessex coast about the year 783 A.D., and again in Northumberland a little later, when the monastery of Holy Island fell a prey to their cruel violence. For four centuries these barbarians harried the coasts of Britain, France, Italy, Spain, and Ireland; and on every sea-board in those dreadful times a petition was added to the Litany and daily breathed by trembling lips: 'A furore Normannorum libera nos, Domine!' (From the fury of the Norsemen, Lord, deliver us.)

From out the dim obscurity of those blood-stained days a few figures flash into prominence. Rollo, the conqueror of Neustria, who fashioned out of his rude pagan followers one of the most chivalrous, polished, and refined peoples of Christendom; Haestan, the brave and unfortunate Dane so nobly treated by Alfred the Great; Ragnar Lodbrok, the gallant Viking who died chanting a wild song of defiance from his loathsome dungeon. 'We struck with our swords!' sang Ragnar; 'we chanted the mass of spears with the uprising sun. We struck with our swords! Oh! if the sons of Asluga but knew of my danger, they would draw their bright blades and rush to my rescue! . . . How the anger of my sons will swell when they know how their father was conquered! . . . Odin has sent for me. The hours of my life are gliding away, and laughing I will die!' And indeed the death of this brave chief brought down upon England a terrible vengeance. Swearing, Viking-fashion, upon their golden bracelets never to rest nor to sheathe their swords until it was avenged, the furious Norsemen swarmed from every creek and bay to join Ingwar and Hubba, the sons of Ragnar, in their raid against his murderers. They besought of Odin victory in the battle; they prayed Thor to avert his thunderbolts from themselves and to hurl them against his enemies. Then the swift ships—adorned at the prow with lions, or dragons, or bulls, whose savage nature rightly typified the savage hearts which guided them—were turned with one accord towards England; and soon the devastated kingdom of Northumbria and the destruction of nearly the whole Saxon army bore witness that the death of Ragnar was avenged.

Harold Hardrada, the 'gigantic ally of Tostig, was the last of the terrible pirate-kings who reigned upon the Northern seas. He was slain in 1066, pierced to the heart by a Saxon arrow, at the fight of Stamford Bridge; and when that grand head with its floating fair hair was laid low in the dust, and the waves of battle surged over it, there disappeared from sight for ever the last of the brave Vikings.

But something of them yet remains in this luxurious, over-civilised world so far removed from that barbarous one of a thousand years ago through which they flashed like bright and terrible meteors. 'Saxon, and Dane, and Norman we,' sings our Laureate, proud to own his descent by a twofold cord from the Norse settlers in England and Neustria. And indeed what is that spirit of enterprise by which Englishmen explore unknown continents and climb virgin mountain-peaks—that love of conquest which leads them to subdue great peoples and wide tracts of country

—what are the fortitude and endurance which never fail them amid Torrid heat or Polar cold, but a noble heritage handed down from their forefathers the old Vikings.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

LAST year I was in America, along with a cousin of mine, on a prospecting tour, and had got as far west as Colorado. After seeing something of the kind of life out there, we left Denver City on the 18th July with the intention of crossing the Rocky Mountains to see some silver mines of which we had heard a good deal. We started at an early hour in the morning, with four mules and two attendants, and by noon had reached a height of nearly seven thousand feet, without anything remarkable having occurred. The scenery was characteristic of the elevated and arid district through which we travelled. Far above us the mountains rose into sharp peaks covered with snow, while down in the great cañons or gorges we could trace sometimes a little stream, cheered by a scanty vegetation; at other times only a dry bed, covered with stones, and immense masses of debris from the sides of the mountains. The place where we now found ourselves was a sufficiently startling one. On our right the mountains rose high above us, now in the form of a precipitous cliff that overhung us and seemed to threaten our destruction, and now in the shape of a rugged slope, scarcely less steep than the precipice itself, covered with great boulders and projecting rocks, with here and there a shrub or stunted tree anchored in clefts. The path along which we moved was but a few feet in width, and beneath us the precipices descended almost vertically into the shadowy gorge hundreds of feet below. I durst not look down—the very sight made my brain swim.

The mules, with the caution peculiar to these useful animals, picked their way along with the utmost care, and I was just beginning to regain a little of the confidence which I had lost on entering this terrible defile, when we heard above us among the rocks the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a sudden shriek, and a noise as of thunder. We looked up, and saw that a little in front, but far enough away to be clear of us, a huge mass of rock had been dislodged from the precipice above, and was rushing downwards, crashing along amid a cloud of dust and an artillery of small stones that whistled about our ears like shot from a hill-battery. It was only a second, when we heard the mass strike our path some way in front of us, and then go careering down in one terrible plunge into the yawning depths of the gorge below. The rifle-shot and the shriek made us at first afraid that a human being had descended with that fearful avalanche of stone, and been dashed to pieces on the rocks. But as the dust cleared away we could see that the hunter had happily saved himself by clinging to a shrub, and was now making successful efforts to gain a kind of rocky plateau, which he no sooner reached than he disappeared, and we passed on our journey, a good deal startled by what had occurred.

But judge of our amazement and vexation when

on proceeding forward we found that the rolling mass of rock in its descent had struck the footpath on which we travelled, and carried a piece of it quite away, leaving a gap of about eight feet, above which the rock rose sheer like a wall, and beneath was one horrible precipice to which no mortal foot could cling. Here, indeed, was a fix. We could not possibly climb or scramble across, for the little strip of path that was left was so broken and shattered, that we durst not venture upon it. We had no planks or ropes, therefore our only way was to jump. Now, a jump of eight feet is not much to speak of in a gymnasium; but when you have to clear a chasm, where to miss your footing or lose your balance means almost certain death, it becomes a very different thing. Had time permitted, we would have turned back; but our mission was urgent, and we resolved to proceed, by first throwing our bags across the gulf, then leaping after them ourselves, sending one of the men back with our mules. My cousin first essayed the gap, and got over clear. Then came my turn, but I scarcely felt equal to it. Not that I was of a timid nature, or a bad jumper; but the events of the last few minutes had somewhat unnerved me, and the shriek of the terrified hunter, the thunder of the descending rock, and the far-away deadly boom of its landing in the chasm below, still hung about my ears with a confused and ominous buzz. I felt half-disposed to shew the white feather then and there, and decline the perilous venture. But my courage was partially restored, as I saw my cousin safely landed; and I leapt. My feet touched the opposite ledge, but I had lost my balance. My cousin made a clutch to save me, and, missing his hold, in another moment I had fallen back into the gulf below.

I did not at first know what happened. It was all so swift and terrible. I only remember giving myself up for lost, and anticipating my being dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Yet such was not my fate. About twenty feet down, I struck slightly upon a shelving rock, which diverted my course from the perpendicular, and miraculously threw me sideways in a sloping position into an open cleft or fissure of the rock, which caught and kept me wedge-like, leaving me hanging head outwards over the deadly gorge. It was an awful position to be in, but I did not at first realise it. I neither knew where nor how I was. At length, in answer to the repeated cries of my cousin above, I wakened up to a kind of consciousness, and clutched at some shrubs in order to help me into a position of less danger; for the sight of the open chasm below had a sickening effect on me, and I felt that unless I could strengthen my hold by means of the shrubs around me, I might at any moment slip out of the cleft and be hurled into the abyss.

My cousin saw there was not a moment to be lost. A little before we entered the defile, we had passed a large party of travelling merchants, and so he despatched one of the men back to overtake them, and borrow a rope. While this was taking place, I hung in a state of indescribable agony. I was afraid to look up, and still more afraid to look down. I could only clutch at the shrubs which every moment threatened to give way, and bury my face between my clenched hands as if to shut out the horrible sense of present danger.

It seemed to me hours before the man returned, though he could not have been away above fifteen minutes. He brought with him about twenty yards of rope, which was let down to me, and which I caught firm hold of, with the intention of tying myself in it. But unfortunately for me in this emergency, I fainted—the excitement and suspense proving too much for my overtaxed energies. This was a new difficulty to those who endeavoured to rescue me. My cousin had to jump back to the other side of the gap; and this, with the help of the rope, he successfully accomplished. When there, his first idea was to descend by means of the rope to my rescue; but one of the attendants would not allow him, on account of his weight, and himself volunteered to make the attempt. He was a light-made, agile man, and throwing a loop round his shoulders, he was able with the help of the others to swing himself down, and to fasten me securely to the rope. Consciousness began to return, and this was fortunate; otherwise, all the efforts of those above would hardly have sufficed without my assistance to relieve me from my perilous position, my foot having got jammed so tightly in the cleft of the rock, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could release it. At length, though not without much anxious labour, I was hoisted safely up to the pathway, and placed upon one of the mules; but in so exhausted and bruised a condition as to be unable to keep my seat on the animal's back without assistance. We retraced our steps; and when some days afterwards we renewed our journey, it was by a safe though more circuitous route, for I had no wish to repeat this, my first and only Rocky Mountain Adventure.

HINTS TO STAMMERERS.

THE following hints for stammerers, kindly forwarded to us by one who formerly suffered, appear to us so useful, that we gladly give them the publicity of our columns. Our correspondent writes as follows:

I claim to be, or to have been, a practical stammerer. None of my friends who knew me years ago would have ventured to dispute my just claim to this title; and my object in writing this paper is to shew, that a rigid observance for a few weeks of the simple directions contained herein, produced results perfectly astounding.

From childhood till about thirty years of age, my life was thoroughly embittered by this malady, when I met with an article on the subject by the late celebrated Dr Arnott—I think in one of your old magazines—in which he suggested, as an unfailing remedy, the prefixing of the sound of *e*, as in the French words *de, le, me, se, &c.* to all words commencing with a consonant, seeing that these are the stammerer's deadly enemies. As far as words standing at the beginning of a sentence were concerned, I found this answered pretty well; but something more was required for words with consonant initials occupying a place in the middle of a sentence, also for syllables with consonant initials occupying a place in the middle of a word; *w, y, and u*, as initials, presenting insuperable difficulties. This set me thinking.

I commenced operations by writing out a very large number of ordinary sentences, as they presented themselves. Having examined these sen-

tences one by one, and knowing well where I should fail in uttering them as they stood, I sought to devise some method by which these consonant initials might be got rid of, or, at all events, diminished. It struck me that if I could contrive, by any artificial division of the words composing each sentence, to bring the consonants at the end of a division, instead of at the commencement, a grand object would be thus achieved; for consonants at the end of a word present no special difficulty; the glottis having been already opened by the preceding vowel sound, the terminating consonant flows out almost as a matter of course. It is as when we pour liquid from a full bottle; at first it runs intermittently, with a 'gluk-gluk;' but when once enough of the liquid is out to admit the air freely, the obstruction ceases. In a similar way, the object of the stammerer is to prevent the glottis from closing when once it is opened.

To ascertain whether or not my idea was practicable, I wrote out in the ordinary way one sentence at a time. I then re-wrote this sentence, not divided into simple words, but making every initial consonant the final letter of the preceding word. Having so divided the words composing the sentence, I then read them over aloud many times, according to this artificial division, to try if they were pronounceable without any gross peculiarity. I practised this method incessantly, both in reading and colloquial speaking; and to my astonishment, I discovered within a few weeks that I was wielding an instrument which was almost invariably successful; and with this consciousness of increased power, my confidence daily increased, so that I could frequently speak on without regard to any method. All who had known me up to this time were perfectly astounded, and anxiously inquired by what means so remarkable a change had been effected; for mine, be it observed, was no mere occasional hesitation, but a most habitual, unmistakable, and inveterate stammering. Full examples of the method will be given in the sequel.

Shortly after this change, I had numerous transactions, which involved a large amount of talking, with a gentleman occupying a somewhat superior position; and, being anxious to know whether the working of my mental machinery was at all observable to outsiders, I asked him whether he had ever observed any peculiarity in my speaking. His reply was: 'No; only that you speak very distinctly.'

Without further desultory remarks, I will now endeavour to render as intelligible as I can the method which I adopted, and continue to observe, when necessary, to this day. Before so doing, there are a few points which it is most important should be distinctly understood.

1. That the chief difficulty with stammerers is to enunciate words or syllables that begin with a consonant; or, in other words, consonant initials.
2. That any violent effort to speak only increases the difficulty; therefore to facilitate this process, speak slowly, with an affected ease, in a style approaching to chanting as distinguished from staccato; in other words, let the words flow out rather than attempt to jerk them out.
3. When it is recommended to prefix the sound of *e*—as in the French words *le, de, me, se, &c.*—it is not intended that this sound should be conspicuous, but inwardly, and little more than

mentally, simply to open the glottis and make a free passage for the consonant initial succeeding. 4. The letters *w*, *y*, and *u*, as initials, present special difficulties, which may be obviated by close attention to what follows. 5. The statement sometimes made, that no stammerer ever experienced any difficulty in enunciating a vowel sound, is not true; all that can be said is that the chief difficulty is invariably found with the consonants.

Of course this constant observation of words about to be uttered is attended by some degree of mental strain; but the life of an inveterate stammerer is attended by incessant strain from January to December, and without hope of amelioration: in the one case the strain is productive of good, and increases confidence; in the other it is unproductive, and attended with an amount of mental misery inconceivable to all but the sufferer.

1. Commencing, then, with a word standing at the beginning of a sentence or phrase, and having a consonant initial; for instance, 'My friend who has just spoken,' &c. Here the *m* of *my* presents an insuperable difficulty; but prefix to *my* the sound of *e*, as in the French words *le*, *de*, *me*, *se*, &c.—inwardly and little more than mentally as already described—and the *my* will flow out, and with it, probably, the whole of the sentence that follows. Again: 'But there is a fatality which attends us,' &c. The above remarks apply equally to 'But' and the words following; and the same directions will apply equally to the following and all other sentences or phrases having consonant or compound consonant initials, such as *br*, *pr*, *dr*, *st*, *sl*, &c.: 'Down with tyranny,' &c.; 'From the beginning,' &c.; 'To infinity,' &c.; 'Now all that has to be changed,' &c.; 'There is one side of our political life,' &c.; 'That shewed the power,' &c.; 'During the existence,' &c.; 'Nor is that the only matter,' &c.; John, Charles, Samuel, Thomas, Genesis, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Scotland, Spain, &c. For this class of words, the directions for prefixing the sound of *e* as in the French *le*, &c., will prove amply sufficient.

2. Where one or more words, having consonant initials, stand, not at the beginning but in the body of a sentence, let the following plan be adopted: Write the sentence out first in the ordinary way, for instance, 'May he rest in peace.' Then divide it artificially, so as to bring every initial consonant at the end of a division, thus: 'Im-ay heer-est in-p-eace.' Practise the reading of this latter form aloud many times, studying to make it sound as much as possible like the original sentence.

After practice, I found that the difference in the two readings was, to outsiders, rarely perceptible; and that the amount of difficulty removed by the latter process was almost incredible. In the same way: Time discloses all things—Timed-is-closes all-th-ings. Laws are silent in the midst of arms—Laws ars-silent inth-um-idst of arms. Virtue alone is true nobility—Virtue alone istr-oon-ability. Every man has his own pleasures—Everyman has his ownpl-easures. I came, I saw, I conquered—Ic-ame, Is-aw, Ic-onquered. A rare bird in the earth, and very like a black swan—Ur-areb-ird inth-e earth andv-eryl-ike ubl-acksw-on.

Here it must be noted that every sentence, in speaking or reading, need not be so divided, but only where an obstacle presents itself; and this can mostly be anticipated by the stammerer with considerable certainty; and further it will be found, that where some formidable word is conquered in this way, a whole host of succeeding words will flow with comparative ease. The above examples will, I think, suffice to give a sufficiently intelligible idea of my mode of treating words with consonant initials in the body of a sentence.

3. Next among my deadliest enemies I recognise the letters *w*, *y*, and *u*, as initials. Whenever *w* stands as initial, substitute for it the sound of *oo*, as in moon. In this way write out and repeat aloud, so as to be able to apply it in colloquial speaking: What = oo-ot, when = ooen, why = ooy, where = ooare, whence = ooence, Watkins = oo-otkins, wheel = ooeeel, window = ooindow, wait = ooait, way = ooay, wine = ooine, will = ooil. If the speaker avoid hanging upon the *oo*, no peculiarity will be observed in his pronunciation, and he will astonish both himself and others by his enunciation of words of this class. It is a most difficult letter, and this substitution I found most effective.

Whenever *y* stands as initial, substitute for it the sound of *ee*, as in bee, see, &c. In this way write out and repeat aloud as before: Young = eeung, yea = eey, yet = ee-et, youth = eeooth, yonder = ceonder, Yates = ceates, yeast = ee-east, yesterday = ee-esterday, Yankee = ceanke, year = ee-car, yore = ceore, yacht = eeot.

Whenever *u*, having the long sound as in the alphabet, stands as initial, substitute for it the sound of *ee*, as in bee, followed by *oo*, as in moon. In this way write out and repeat aloud as before: Universe = eeooniverse, universal = eeooniversal, unity = eeoonity, unit = eeoonit, unanimous = eeoonanimous, unanimity = eeoonanimity, ubiquity = eeobiquity, uniform = eeooniform, uniformity = eeooniformity, unicorn = eeoonicorn, usage = eeosage, usual = eeosual, usurer = eeosurer, usury = eeosury, &c.

In each of the above cases, the substitution of the equivalent sounds for *w*, *y*, and *u* affords an amount of relief almost incredible; but care must be taken not to dwell on these substituted sounds, but to pronounce them nearly as one syllable. Practice is in every case indispensable. Any one so affected will not grudge the labour of adding to these examples, and practising the same; and my conviction is that he will find his labour well rewarded. By the adoption of these artifices, I was enabled to accomplish for myself what the most eminent professors of the day failed in effecting.

To a man who never in his life experienced any difficulty in saying what he wished to say, doubtless these directions may appear very superfluous; but to one whose daily bread is dependent on a tolerably distinct utterance, the matter will assume a perfectly different aspect.

I would not willingly overstate the efficacy of this method; but from the testimony of some to whom I communicated it at their request, I have reason to know that the benefit has not been absolutely confined to the writer. Among others, the late Canon Kingsley, in gratefully acknowledging my hints on the subject, shewed that his

view of the grievous character of the malady accorded pretty nearly with my own, as already stated. He said: 'For the torments I have suffered since I was six years old, God alone knows, or will know—still to me every stammerer is a friend at once, by unity of sorrow; after all, perhaps, the most sacred unity on earth.'

KLEPTOMANIA.

AMONG the various kinds of insanity which are pleaded in courts of justice as an excuse for the commission of crimes, is that irresistible propensity to pocket articles, or more correctly, to steal, which has been elegantly denominated Kleptomania. According to authentic testimony, this mental disease is far more prevalent than is generally supposed; and the recorded instances of various kinds and degrees of such are both numerous and peculiar. We propose to briefly mention a few noteworthy instances of various kinds of this derangement, and conclude by submitting a few observations as to the evidence upon which it can and cannot be established in judicial tribunals.

With regard to the intensity of the disposition to commit thefts, this is often so great as to become incurable. A case is related of a man who would not eat unless his food was stolen; in consequence of which his attendant humoured him by placing his food in a corner, where it appeared hidden, but could easily be—so to speak—purloined. A lady was also affected with this monomania so strongly that, upon her trial for theft, she stated that she had such a mad longing to possess herself of everything she saw, that if she were at church, she could not refrain from stealing from the altar. Dr Rush, the famous American physician, informs us that a woman who was exemplary in her obedience to the moral law except the eighth commandment, was so addicted to larceny that, when she could take nothing more valuable, she would often at the table of a friend secretly fill her pockets with bread. Lavater also states that a doctor of medicine could not leave his patients' rooms without taking something away unobserved; and his wife searched his pockets, and returned to their owners the knives, thimbles, scissors, &c. which her husband abstracted. The wife of another physician had so strong a propensity to steal, that on making purchases, she endeavoured to take something away that did not belong to her; and two German Countesses appear to have been guilty of the same vice. The almoner of a regiment of Prussian cuirassiers, a well-educated man, frequently on parade stole the handkerchiefs of the officers; and one unfortunate man was so far under the influence of kleptomania, that being nigh unto death, he actually secreted the snuff-box of his confessor!

As to modern instances of this species of insanity, we knew a parish clergyman who stole every article he could lay his hands on. If out at dinner, he pocketed scraps of bread, table-napkins, or anything. When lodging at hotels, he carried off pieces of soap and the ends of candles from his bedroom. His larcenies became so notorious that he was ultimately brought before the Church courts, and turned out of his living. The *Times*, a few years ago, in commenting upon the subject of a lady-kleptomaniac being prosecuted for stealing cambric handkerchiefs in

a draper's shop, stated, that 'every one who is acquainted with London society could at once furnish a dozen names of ladies who have been notorious for abstracting articles of trifling value from the shops where they habitually dealt. Their *modus operandi* was so well known, that on their return from their drives, their relatives took care to ascertain the nature of their paltry peculations; inquired from the coachman the houses at which he had been ordered to stop; and as a matter of course, reimbursed the tradesmen to the full value of the pilfered goods. In other cases, a hint was given to the various shopkeepers at whose establishments these monomaniacs made their purchases; and they were simply forewarned to notice what was taken away, and to furnish the bill; which was paid for as soon as furnished, and as a matter of course by the pilferer herself, without any feeling of shame or emotion of any kind.' It is also stated in the *Quarterly Review* in 1856, in an article upon the Metropolitan Police, that 'the extent of pilfering carried on even by ladies of rank and position is very great; there are persons possessing a mania of this kind so well known among the shop-keeping community, that their addresses and descriptions are passed from hand to hand for mutual security. The attendants allow them to secrete what they like without seeming to observe them; and afterwards send a bill with the prices of the goods purloined to their houses.'

With regard to the causes of this intellectual aberration, general insanity appears to be one. Thus it is a common observation, according to Pinel, that some maniacs who in their lucid intervals are properly considered models of probity, cannot avoid stealing and cheating during the paroxysm. Dr Gall mentions an instance of two citizens of Vienna who on becoming insane were well known in the hospital for an extraordinary propensity to steal, although they had before lived irreproachable lives. They wandered about from morning to night and picked up whatever they could lay their hands on, which they carefully hid in their rooms. It also appears that epileptics have an irresistible impulse to purloin whatever they can secretly lay their hands upon, valuable or not. Cases are also mentioned, on first-class medical authority, of women who when pregnant were violently impelled to steal, though they were quite adverse to theft at other times; and we are likewise told that a pregnant woman otherwise perfectly honest and respectable, suddenly had a violent longing for some apples from a particular orchard two or three miles away; and although she was entreated by her parents and husband not to risk her character and health in attempting to steal any, but that they would procure her the apples in the morning, she started off at nine o'clock in a cold September night; was detected by the owner in the act of stealing them; and after being tried and convicted of the theft, a medical commission was afterwards appointed to examine and report upon her case. The commissioners were of opinion that she was morally free; and therefore not legally responsible while under the influence of pregnancy.

Abnormal conformations of the head accompanied with an imbecile understanding are often the cause of kleptomania. Gall and Spurzheim saw in Bern prison a boy twelve years old, who is described as 'ill organised and rickety,' who

could never avoid stealing. An ex-commissary of police at Toulouse was condemned to eight years' imprisonment and hard labour and to the pillory for having stolen some plate while in office. He did not deny the crime, but persisted to the last in a singular kind of defence. He attributed the crime to a mental derangement caused by wounds he had received at Marseilles in 1815. Another case is related of a young man who after being severely wounded in the temple, for which he was trepanned, manifested an unconquerable propensity for theft, which was quite against his natural disposition. He was imprisoned for larceny, after having committed several robberies; and had not medical testimony been produced to shew that he was insane, and which attributed his kleptomania to a disorder of the brain, he would have been punished according to law.

We will now offer a few observations upon the rationale of judicial evidence concerning this monomania. In the first place, it appears that when a person commits a theft under the delusion that the article stolen is his property; or that he has been robbed of such, and in taking it he is merely exercising a lawful right of recaption; or that he has been directed by the Almighty to take possession of certain things, legal tribunals would not probably consider such a monomaniac responsible for the robbery; and would therefore exempt him from punishment; as they would probably do, if no ordinary circumstances could have restrained him from the commission of the larceny. Now, before concluding whether a person is a kleptomaniac, his pecuniary means, position, rank, and the circumstances under which he has stolen, and those under which he has committed previous thefts (if any), should be taken into consideration. If he has adopted precautions against being detected in the act of stealing; or has attempted to conceal the larceny; or fails to endeavour to restore the articles stolen; or has conspired or planned with another person to commit this theft; or was in a condition to be deterred from the commission of a robbery by the fear of punishment—then one or more of these circumstances are evidence against kleptomania.

Several ingenious but improper defences have been made by persons possessed of good pecuniary means, and holding a respectable social position, with the view of escaping imprisonment for thefts they have committed more from moral turpitude than a diseased mind. One of the most noteworthy of these is mentioned by Casper. Madame de X— had stolen articles in three goldsmiths' shops; and subsequently confessed to her husband that at a certain time she had an irresistible desire to possess herself of shining objects. She confessed to having taken objects from shops; and stated that on one occasion when she went to return the goods, she had been restrained from so doing from the belief that the articles were her own. Much evidence was given to prove that she suffered from mental disease; but on Casper's opinion being asked concerning her alleged kleptomania, he concluded that her propensity to steal was not irresistible; that she had not been compelled to commit the three thefts in spite of herself, and that she was responsible for them as criminal actions. His reasons for this opinion were, that, in the first place, although the accused had besought her husband

not to take her to those places where shining objects were to be seen, she went to goldsmiths' shops of her own accord, and without any necessity for doing so. Second, that she paid away silver. Third, that she broke up the objects she stole, in order that they might not be recognised, and in that way lead to her detection. Fourth, she had not gone to the same goldsmith's shop twice. Fifth, she had concealed her conduct from her husband. And last, when she was interrogated, had made many false and contradictory statements.

In conclusion, it may be fairly mentioned that although larceny is the commonest of crimes, still the great difficulty in proving kleptomania, and the danger which persons run of being imprisoned and ruined who are guilty of theft, not to mention the injury their relatives often suffer in consequence, act as a great check to this mental disease.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

LIGHT, whether obtained direct from the sun by day or from artificial sources by night, is generally accompanied by more or less heat. But there is one kind of light about which much has been written, and with regard to the nature of which little is known, which shines without giving the slightest indication of warmth. This strange light, which will not affect the most delicate thermometer, is known as Phosphorescence. The name has been given to it not because the substances which exhibit the phenomenon are in any way allied with phosphorus, but because the light emitted by them is apparently of the same nature as that given by the slow oxidation of phosphorus. The subject of phosphoric light has lately received attention from the circumstance that a luminous paint has recently been introduced, and is coming into practical use for various purposes, which depends for its action upon the phosphorescence of the chemicals composing it.

In tracing the history of this remarkable property of certain substances, we must look back to the year 1602. At this time, when the feverish search for what was termed the philosopher's stone, and the dream of transmuting the baser metals into gold, were at their height, there lived in Bologna a certain cobbler, by name Vincenzo Casciariolo, who found time to lay aside his last and his awl for a little occasional dabbling in alchemy. One day, whilst walking in the vicinity of the city, he picked up a stone, and was immediately struck with its unusual weight. Could this be the philosopher's stone? was his first thought. The prize was taken home, and speedily placed with some charcoal in a crucible, while Vincenzo eagerly watched for the gold to flow forth. In this he was of course disappointed; but his labours resulted in a discovery which surprised and puzzled him. The stone had become luminous; that is to say, after exposure to sunlight, it retained and emitted in the dark the light it had received. The mineral picked up by this poor cobbler was barium sulphate, which by his

operation in the crucible was changed to barium sulphide, one of the most phosphorescent bodies known. It is often called Bologna Stone, from the circumstances just detailed, and up to recent times was sold in the streets of that town, as a curiosity of the district.

Some years later, a German chemist named Margraaf found a more ready method of preparing barium sulphide; and also found that many other substances exhibited the same curious properties. In 1663, the great English chemist Boyle detected phosphorescence in certain specimens of the diamond; and a few years later, phosphorus itself was produced by Brandt. It is worthy of note that this discovery was also due to the unceasing search after the philosopher's stone.

The subject slept for nearly one hundred years, when Canton, by calcining oyster-shells with sulphur, obtained sulphide of calcium, known to this day as Canton's Phosphorus. A glass tube containing some of this compound prepared by Canton himself, and engraved with the date 1764, is still extant. It is a remarkable circumstance that this specimen, more than one hundred years old, is still as actively phosphorescent as compounds newly made. In 1792, Wedgwood experimented with various substances, and published the results in the Philosophical Transactions. He there gives a long list of different bodies which become luminous after insolation, or after exposure to sunlight.

M. Niépce, who was associated with Daguerre in the early days of photography, also contributed the results of some extraordinary observations to the subject of what may be called invisible phosphorescence. He found that if a key were laid upon a sheet of white paper and exposed to sunlight, and then taken into a dark chamber and the key removed, a spectral and gradually fading image of the key was observable upon the paper for some seconds afterwards. He found, moreover, that a sheet of paper so treated and laid aside for months, would again shew the image of the key when warmed upon a hot plate. Such an experiment as this can be more easily verified than explained. Another strange discovery due to Niépce was this—that an engraving exposed to sunlight, and afterwards placed in the dark in contact with photographic paper, will imprint its image upon the sensitive surface, although that surface has never itself seen the light. This strange and unaccountable phenomenon seems akin to one that modern photographers have constantly to guard against. It is found in more than one of the rapid dry-plate processes, that the exposure in the camera has to be lessened, if the plates have to be kept long before the completing operations of development and fixation; or the resulting pictures are rendered too dense by the continuing action of light upon the plates, although they are shut up in light-tight receptacles. These curious results will no doubt be investigated by competent minds. They may possibly explain some of those tricks in connection with photographic portraiture which have been attributed by charlatans to so-called spiritualistic agency.

The entire subject of phosphorescence has within recent years been closely investigated by M. Becquerel, who has done more than any one man to tabulate and arrange the known facts concerning it. He has not only immensely enlarged the list

of substances which can be called phosphorescent, but he has invented an instrument called the Phosphoscope, by which many more may yet be added to the category. The phosphoscope consists of a blackened metallic box with two openings, one for the illumination of the substance under examination, and the other for observation. By the action of a quickly rotating screen, these two orifices are never open at the same time. The observer can note only the appearance of the substance he is examining immediately after it has been submitted to light. By this means it is found that innumerable things, hitherto unsuspected of retaining light, such as paper, teeth, Iceland spar, &c. are unquestionably phosphorescent for a short time after insolation; whilst quartz, sulphur, and notably phosphorus, remain perfectly dark. There is no doubt that the luminous paint which is now attracting public attention is due to the researches of Edmond Becquerel.

There are many authentic records of luminous drops of rain seen in certain storms. This, and the well-known fire of St Elmo—seen on ships' masts and spars—are no doubt due to atmospheric electricity. To the same cause can be traced the luminosity apparent occasionally in waterspouts. Certain flowers too, and particularly those of an orange colour, such as the tiger-lily, nasturtium, and others, have been noticed to emit flashes of fire under peculiar conditions of the atmosphere. In Brazil, a plant is known, the juice of which applied to paper, will become phosphorescent in darkness. Many fungi exhibit the same property, and more particularly a species found in certain mines in Sweden, and also in Germany, where they are known as vegetable glow-worms.

In the animal kingdom we have many examples of phosphorescence, confined almost exclusively to lower organisms. The beautiful luminous appearance of the sea is in a great measure due to a tiny organism termed *Notiluca miliaris*. There are also decided examples to be met with among the annelids, mollusks, crustaceans, fish, &c., and many insects. The glow-worm itself has afforded a theme for poets ever since men knew how to transmit their thoughts to paper; but as far as its light-giving powers are concerned it still remains a mystery. It seems that it can emit light or not at will, and that this power is exercised at certain times. It is also proved that the light given is without heat.

Certain substances both animal and vegetable become luminous just before putrefaction; veal and lamb have been known to exhibit the property; and decaying potatoes will often become strongly luminous. To decaying vegetable matter may also be traced the well-known gas termed Will-o'-the-wisp.

About two years ago, some clocks were imported from France which possessed dials which, after exposure to sunlight, remained luminous in the dark, so that the time could be observed during the night without a lamp. This was the first introduction of the compound now known as Balmain's luminous paint. Mr Balmain, who has recently died, was a chemist, and a friend of Becquerel's. It occurred to him to mix the various phosphorescent compounds perfected by the latter with different media, such as oils and varnishes, so that they could be applied to diffe-

rent substances, like ordinary paint. The process has been patented; and the article itself is now a well-known marketable commodity. The exact composition of the paint is not known; but we may feel certain that it consists mainly of either the sulphides of calcium or barium, and that its great luminosity is due to some peculiarity in its preparation. Its original form is a powder, which can be mixed, according to the purpose for which it is intended, with water, varnish, or oil; or for solids, with papier-mâché, artificial ivory, and other compounds which are commonly used for fancy articles and decorative purposes.

Its proposed applications are of the most varied description; and we have seen many of these as specimens of what can be done, which promise valuable results. The names of streets painted in luminous characters would indeed be a boon to the belated traveller in one of our dimly lighted towns, who in vain tries to find his way to a friend's abode. Such notices as 'Lodgings to let,' 'Apartments,' &c. would also be the better for being visible after dusk. Inscriptions such as these are prepared and shewn by the patentees. Match-boxes with luminous sides will also be found desirable by those who by fractions infancy or by other causes are often led to exclaim: 'Where on earth are the matches?'

These are but trivial applications of the invention. Among its more important projected uses are the following. It has already been tried with success for the interior of railway carriages, to obviate the use of lamps during daylight, but which are at present indispensable on lines which run through tunnels. In gunpowder magazines, or in spirit vaults, where the use of ordinary lamps is risky, the luminous paint will be found most useful. It may be urged that as the new illuminant requires initial exposure to light, its use in such situations would be often rendered abortive. But this difficulty is obviated by movable screens covered with the phosphorescent material, which can be either exposed to the rays of the sun, or to the actinic light of burning magnesium wire. Such screens are aptly called Aladdin's lamps. Its use on shipboard in this manner has already been tested by the Admiralty authorities; with what success we do not know. A still more useful application of the invention is to buoys, and more especially to those life-buoys, or rings of cork, always carried by ships, on the sight of which on a dark night a man's life often depends. A buoy rendered luminous by the paint would afford quite a brilliant object on the dark water, and a swimmer would have no difficulty in finding his way to it. In the same way it would act as a guide to his friends in his ultimate rescue. On fixed buoys for the guidance of ships and boats at the entrance of a river or harbour, its use would also be invaluable. One more use for it in maritime concerns is as a covering for the ordinary diver's dress. In this particular work it has been tried in deep water, the diver asserting that by its aid he could easily see objects which without its aid would have been quite invisible. As a rule, the diver in deep water has to trust to feeling more than to his eyesight; and benumbed fingers in cold water must occasionally lead him astray in his conjectures as to the condition of things it is his duty to examine. The luminous paint will therefore prove of signal service to him. In the

case in question the diver descended into twenty-seven feet of dull water, and could distinguish the mussels and bolt-heads on a ship's bottom with great ease.

So far as experience at present goes, the new paint seems as durable as it is effective—a question of great importance where, in the case of diving operations and of buoys, it is likely to be exposed to all weathers and to constant exposure to water.

IN MEMORIAM.

A. W. E., AGED FIVE YEARS, WHO FELL WHEN AT PLAY, A DISTANCE OF FIFTY-FIVE FEET, AND WAS INSTANTLY KILLED.

In thy dear grave upon yon flower-decked hill
Thou'rt wrapped in sleep as silent as the tomb;
Yet one fond heart with love for thee doth thrill,
And snatcheth comfort from the deep'ning gloom.

My child, my darling child! arouse thee now;
Night casts her mantle o'er the slumbering land;
Awake! and let me kiss thy placid brow,
And smooth thy hair down with this trembling hand.

Come, let me clasp thee to this weary breast,
And for one rapturous moment rob the grave;
Ay! come and give my aching bosom rest;
And sing, as thou wert wont, the pretty stave—

Wherein 'tis told that Jesus loves His own,
And how to Him all little ones belong;
Yes, come, my darling, from thy heav'nly throne,
And cheer my heart again with thy sweet song.

Oh, cruel, cruel fate!—Yet, why so mourn?
Happier far art thou than we who weep;
Though fain would I have kept thee from that bourn
Whence mortals ne'er return—the land of Sleep.

But no more pain shall rack thy little frame,
Nor tears again o'erflow from those dear eyes;
No more can Death my own loved darling claim,
For thou hast fought the fight—and won a fadeless prize.

Oh, Jesu, Jesu! list a father's cry!
Shew me the path that leadeth unto God.
Teach me, O Lord, to bear this agony,
And tread the way my little one hath trod.

I see thee now:—Oh, come, my darling boy,
And lay thy wounded head upon my breast.
Oh, bless thee, bless thee, for this heav'nly joy!—
There, nestle here, as erst thou used to rest.

Ah, see! a glittering concourse now appears,
And to my angel boy a crown is given;
And while my face is bathed in useless tears
They bear him gently to God's highest heaven.

J. A. ELLIOTT.

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TRAMPISM.

TRAMPS are the pest of modern rural life. They are a kind of sequel to the gipsies of the olden time. They are a class of beings who, from depravity or natural imperfections, break away from a settled state of life, and depend on begging or vagrancy for a loose hap-hazard existence. Traveling about in ones or twos, they carry no baggage, nor, we suppose, do they care about lying in a bed. In their ragged, dirty apparel, they rest themselves as complacently by the wayside under a hedge, as if lolling on a sofa in a comfortable apartment. They stand considerably in awe of police-officers, whom they view as natural enemies, and they are generally on their good behaviour in the neighbourhood of gentlemen's mansions, for they know that pranks in that quarter might speedily have unpleasant consequences.

Trampism professedly rests on want of work, and good-natured folk imagine that it is a plain result of bad times. A more correct explanation of its origin is a distinct disinclination to work. Vast numbers of people, male and female, hate a regular course of living. They hate regular hours, regular work, regular meals. They hate to be ordered to do this or that by masters or mistresses. Punctuality is their detestation. A rollicking, easy sort of life, with liberty to do as they like, is their delight. Like the lower animals, they have little or no foresight. You might lecture them on idleness, and the probable misery it would entail. All your talk goes for nothing. Under irresistible impulses, they will take their chance. And so they lose their situations, and go to the bad, the men partly by drink, the women partly by love of dress and a hatred of regular work.

Tramps do not take the road all at once. In the outset of their vagabond career, they get a few days' work occasionally, but still keep moving about; and being thrown into bad company in lodging-houses and elsewhere, after a time they unconsciously assume unsettled habits, and probably end in becoming confirmed vagrants. The habitual tramp is well known by his ragged dirty

appearance; he is always on the outlook for work, while he does not in reality want it. If a farmer has the temerity to give a tramp decent quarters for the night, the chances are ten to one that the 'jolly beggar' has disappeared before next morning, carrying a stray overcoat or umbrella along with him. A few years ago, a young tramp in a woful plight presented himself at our house in the country. He said he was starving, and would gladly work in the garden for a shilling a day. We gave him the required work, and found him accommodation. He kept at work, and received his daily shilling for three days. He then disappeared, but not without cheating a tradesman in the neighbourhood, who had confidently given him credit for a pair of new shoes.

We have observed that tramps increase in number after any riot that has taken place in a populous city distant two days' journey on foot. They are in request by the police, and are airing themselves by a ramble in the country till the search blows over. They know the safe routes, where magistrates in small towns are soft, and instead of punishing with imprisonment, let misdemeanants off with a reprimand, which is of course laughed at. The worst class of tramps are always most forward, and generally most successful in getting alms. They have a plausible story ever ready, and with a tact almost like intuition, they suit it to the weak side of their auditors. All sorts of diseases possible and impossible are laid claim to by them; and the harder the name they give to their complaint, the better are their chances of getting something from simple people. We have heard of a certain tramp who, when asked what was his complaint, replied with an unpronounceable Welsh word meaning 'Sheer laziness,' and had made a small fortune by it before being found out. Children under such training grow up sly-eyed, dirty, and unkempt. They are very successful beggars, and are sent into houses for that purpose, while their 'parents' skulk a short distance off, but out of sight.

Many people, especially in country districts, while

they refuse to give money to tramps, give them food, which they think cannot, like money, be turned into drink. Such persons little know tramps, who when seen at night in low lodging-houses in our towns and villages, present a spectacle truly Bohemian in its character, and who often spend in drunkenness and debauchery the earnings of the day. The way in which a deaf and dumb man can pour out abuse, or a paralytic deliver a blow straight from the shoulder, in one of the skirmishes constantly occurring in lodging-houses, would considerably astonish those who have pitied and, as they thought, relieved misfortune in giving alms to such persons. The lodging-house keeper finds it to his interest to keep pigs; and those tramps who have brought in quantities of provisions, find in him a ready customer at about three-halfpence per pound. The gullibility of the public especially in respect of women and children is marvellous, considering that every week the newspapers contain instances of the grossest imposture being practised. Two cases of imposture have lately come under our notice, for the authenticity of which we can vouch. Two women stayed for some time in a lodging-house in a town in Banffshire. They went out to beg by turns, each taking with her a child belonging to one of them. As this was found profitable, they dressed up a bundle of rags, and wrapping it in a shawl, carried it in their arms, pretending it was a sleeping child, in order to excite the more sympathy by seeming to have two children. This went on for a considerable time till exposed by the lodging-house keeper. In the other case, a 'sailor,' who said he had lost one arm in fighting his country's battles, exhibited a mutilated stump, receiving tangible proofs of the sympathy he excited. Losing his discretion, however, one day, by getting the worse of drink, 'Jack' was taken to the police-office, and it was then discovered that the rogue was wearing an artificial stump, and that his arm was safe below his waistcoat, though a little shrunken in size from tight bandaging and want of exercise.

Two things have greatly helped to intensify Trampism. The first is the profuse establishment of public charities, and the second is the harbourage given in the dingy lanes not only in large but in small towns. Wherever dwellings are concealed from general observation, there the tramp finds a refuge. He resembles the animals who like to live in dark recesses, whence they issue to find a prey. Tramps are ordinarily well acquainted with plans for operating on charitable institutions. In England, they know all about workhouses and relieving officers in the districts in which they make their rounds. Just as tourists look out for certain hotels, tramps have a preference for certain towns and workhouses to which to give their patronage. Lancashire, with its teeming population, may be called the choice field of tramps. But so is it noted for artistic methods of counteracting imposture, and forcing vagrants to perform a piece of

work rather trying to the muscles. At a prodigiously large workhouse near Manchester, inmates of the Tramp order meet with their match. They are received in the evening, and as is customary in casual wards, are given some food and a night's lodging. In the morning, before departure, or receiving anything in the form of breakfast, they must break a certain quantity of stones into road-metal. There is no shirking the task. They are confined in a cell along with a hammer and a lot of stones. There is their work. The natural feeling would be to break the stones in a perfunctory fashion; but this is effectually prevented. The stones when broken must be shovelled out of a kind of window consisting of a strong iron grating, which will allow only of stones broken to small dimensions to pass. Until the last bit of stone gets through the grating, there is no breakfast and no permission to go forth on the day's excursion. A good scheme for circumventing the idly disposed, and said to be salutary in its effect. Perhaps it is adopted elsewhere.

In England, where the amount expended in the actual relief of the poor averages between seven and eight millions sterling annually, there are some eight hundred thousand persons in receipt of either indoor or outdoor relief. This number does not include those relieved by the police, who in many counties and boroughs are appointed assistant relieving-officers for vagrants. This plan works well, and we do not see why some modification of it should not be adopted in Scotland in regard to tramps requiring casual relief. From their visits to lodging-houses, courts of justice, and other places where tramps are wont to make their appearance, the police become familiar with the persons of numbers of these people, and therefore have a much better chance of detecting imposture than inspectors of poor; and the vagrant realising this, would become chary of making a false statement. The worst feature in the question is, that the children of vagrants—unless, by committing some petty theft, they are brought before a court, and sent to a Reformatory or Industrial School, where they may learn better habits—soon become accustomed to a wandering vagabond life, and grow up to be a tax upon the resources of the community, like their parents.

We do not wish to be understood as discouraging one of the purest pleasures—that of succouring the unfortunate. The honest but destitute wayfarer, out of employment from no fault of his own, is always deserving of assistance; but we think that such, on leaving the place where he has resided and is known, ought to have no difficulty in procuring some kind of guarantee from respectable persons, shewing that he was what he represented, and thus assuring people that their charity was not being abused. We wish, however, that givers would see so far as in them lies that it is genuine need they are relieving, and not by indiscriminate alms-giving—well named 'uncharitable charity'—throw away that which would relieve real distress,

and which only does harm to those who receive it. As to Trampism in its general features, we can only hope that by means of education, increased energy on the part of the police and magistracy, and above all, the eradication of slums in the principal towns, the evil may in time be abated.

THE CRUISE OF THE WASP.

CHAPTER III.—A BRUSH WITH THE SAVAGES —POST-OFFICE ISLAND.

OUR first concern was to get the vessel afloat again. A council was called, consisting of Lieutenant Lucan, myself, and the two old petty officers, and it was decided that our only plan was to cut a canal in the sand, and then tow the schooner into deep water. Fortunately, the sand in which she lay partially imbedded was soft and yielding. It was no very difficult matter to loosen it all around her, and then dig a canal to the water's edge. All hands, officers and men included, set to work forthwith with shovels. The labour was tedious; but in four hours, by dint of incessant work, we had cut a clear passage to the edge of the water of sufficient depth to enable us to tow the vessel the short distance through it. A kedge-anchor was then thrown out a cable's-length distant; and while some of the crew hove in at the capstan the stream-cable attached to the kedge, others manned the boats, and assisted to tow her off by means of ropes made fast to her bows.

Just at the moment, however, when we were putting the kedge-anchor into the launch, one of the men called the attention of Lieutenant Lucan to the opposite shore of New Guinea. During the whole of the morning, from daybreak until the squall burst upon us, we had sailed along close to the shore, which was in many places covered with dense forest down to the beach, without seeing a single native, or even a solitary hut; and had come to the natural conclusion that this portion of the Papuan coast, fertile as it seemed to be, was wholly uninhabited. But now, on looking in the direction pointed out by the sailor, we saw the natives swarming down to the beach, until some hundreds must have assembled, while others were still coming forth from the woods. All were armed with spears and clubs, and were shouting vociferously and gesticulating violently, while they brandished their spears and clubs over their heads. It was evident that we had been watched from the concealment of the forest by some of the natives throughout the day, until the squall carried us on to the sandbank, when those who had watched our progress, believing the vessel now to be in their power, had carried the news to the villages, and raised the entire male population. This, however, was not all. Scarcely had we become aware of this hostile demonstration, ere a canoe larger than any we had hitherto seen, and full of armed men, made its appearance from behind a bluff about a quarter

of a mile astern, and was immediately followed by others, until a fleet of ten or twelve of these double-canoes, each containing at least a dozen men, in addition to those who used the paddles, were bearing rapidly down upon us. The savages betrayed no timidity or hesitation now. Believing the schooner to be a merchant-vessel—for her guns were drawn inboard—and imagining that we were completely in their power, they advanced boldly and swiftly; and if they had once got alongside, they would have overpowered us by their overwhelming numbers.

There was no time to be lost. The natives on the opposite shore were launching small canoes from the beach; and in five minutes several hundred savages, eager for plunder, would have surrounded the schooner and crowded upon her decks. Since we had entered the Strait, we had kept the two boat-guns loaded with grape-shot and canister, as also a stand of muskets ready for immediate service, in anticipation of such an emergency as had now occurred. One of the boat-guns was brought to bear upon the advancing double-canoes. Its muzzle was elevated, for we did not wish to spill blood unless it should be absolutely necessary, and Lucan ordered the old gunner's mate to fire.

'I'd give it 'em smash right into 'em, sir,' said Gorman, the boatswain's mate, who was standing by, and who had once narrowly escaped with his life from the savages of Melville Island, not far distant, amongst whom he had landed to trade with a party of seamen from a coasting-vessel. 'They're warmints, and not hooman creeturs, and don't deserve no consideration.'

Harris appeared to enter into the feelings of his brother petty officer, and looked at Lucan as if to ask permission to depress the muzzle of the piece.

'No, no,' said Lucan. 'Do as I tell you. If they don't take the hint and disperse, we'll give them the contents of the other gun. Fire!'

The gun was discharged, the shot scattering widely as it flew over the canoes and fell plashing like a shower of hail into the water beyond them. The other gun was ready at hand to repeat the fire if it were necessary; but it was not needed. The savage shouts of defiance that had previously come from those on board the canoes were instantly changed to yells of terror, and as it seemed, cries of pain; and when the smoke lifted, the canoes were seen scattering wide apart, while the savages were paddling towards the shore they had lately quitted with all possible speed. They thought to have secured a prize, and discovered that they had caught a Tartar! Whether any were wounded, I cannot say. We fancied that such was the case, from the cries we heard; and possibly some of the shot fell short and dropped amidst the canoes, but it is not likely that any one was very seriously hurt.

Meanwhile, at Lucan's request, I had directed a sharp fire of musketry towards the opposite shore. It was impossible for the men to fire over the heads of the savages, who not only lined the beach, but were crowded in groups over the rising ground in the rear. I therefore ordered the men to keep up a continuous fire into the water at the

edge of the beach; and this perfectly well answered our purpose. Nearly all savages have a great dread of firearms; and scared by the first volley, the people on shore turned tail, and fled with all possible speed back to their coverts in the forest, knocking down and tumbling over one another in their haste and terror. In a few minutes, not a solitary individual of the hundreds who had lined the beach and swarmed over the adjacent ground, was to be seen.

Thus fortunately delivered from the peril that had threatened us, we resumed our efforts to get the schooner afloat again. It was a task of no little difficulty; but through the untiring exertions of the men in the boats, who tugged with all their might at the tow-ropes, aided by those at the capstan—the kedge being thrown out again and again, as soon as the cable attached thereto was wound inboard, we were enabled to get our vessel afloat shortly after nightfall; and were glad to find no more water than usual, on sounding the pumps.

It was too late to admit of our continuing our passage through the Strait that night; the night-watch was therefore set forthwith, and a sharper watch than usual was kept throughout the hours of darkness, few, if any, of the sailors quitting the deck to take their watch below; for though we did not think it probable, after the warning they had met with, it was at least possible that the baffled but wily savages would attempt to board the schooner under cover of the night. Nothing, however, occurred to cause alarm; and when day dawned, the shore was as deserted as it had appeared to be on the previous morning. We got under weigh immediately; and at two P.M. sailed past the north-west extremity of the island of New Guinea, and were once more in comparatively open water, though we still had a difficult and dangerous passage to make ere we should arrive at Singapore the Indian Ocean from New Guinea to Sumatra abounding with small islands, reefs, and sandbanks, many of which are scarcely perceptible above the surface of the sea.

'Now for Post Office Island,' said Lucan, as he and I stood together on the quarter-deck watching the receding shores of Papua.

'You have not written your letter?' said I.

'No,' replied Lucan. 'I hardly know what to write. I don't think I'll say anything about that confounded squall that lodged us upon the sandbank. The Captain of course will be sure to hear of it, and I shall tell him all about it when we meet. He can't blame us, M—. No foresight or precaution on our part could have prevented the mishap. But I can't explain everything in writing; and if I were to attempt to do so, most likely he'll fancy that it was more serious than was really the case; so I shall content myself by stating that we passed safely through the Strait, and shall leave the rest to be told when we meet at Singapore.'

'How does the island bear from here?' I inquired.

'West-nor'-west, half-west—sixty miles distant,' he replied. 'We need to be particular to half a point; for according to Hamilton-Moore, it lies so low that a vessel may easily run past it in broad daylight. Let us go below and overhaul the chart.'

We descended to the cabin together, and examined the chart. Lucan had already taken the bearings of the island correctly, and we soon returned to the deck. The schooner was making four knots an hour by the log; so that if the light breeze continued, we should be abreast of the island about four A.M. the next morning. If we kept on through the night, we might probably overrun the distance. When, therefore, the first watch was set at eight P.M., the schooner was hove-to for the night. At the first dawn of day, we resumed our passage. The breeze slightly freshened at eight A.M., and Lucan and I both went aloft with our spy-glasses. The men upon deck were ordered to keep a sharp look-out ahead and to leeward. At ten A.M. I fancied that I saw something that looked like low land, broad on the starboard bow; and almost at the same moment, one of the boys who had been sent aloft for some purpose, cried: 'Land ahead! land on the starboard bow!'

Lucan and I pointed our glasses towards the spot, and were soon satisfied that the island was really in sight, though it presented the appearance of a mere yellow streak upon the water. We were running directly down upon it; and in a quarter of an hour it was discernible from the deck—a long low sandbank, scarcely rising above the surface of the ocean, with some dark object, which we knew to be the post-office, discernible by the aid of our spy-glasses, in its centre. It was very near when first sighted, and in half an hour we were close inshore. A boat was lowered, into which Lucan and I entered, and were pulled to the shore by four seamen. On landing from the boat, we sank to our knees in the yielding sand; and it was not until we had toiled onward a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards, that the soil became sufficiently firm to support our weight. On arriving at the centre of the island, we entered the low shed, and raising the heavy lid of the sea-chest, beheld its contents.

There were but a few letters of very recent dates, and the contents of these were very similar. Each letter simply stated that at such a date, such a ship, whose name was mentioned, together with the name of her master, that of the port whence she had sailed, and of the port to which she was bound, had passed safely through the Strait; and a request was appended that any shipmaster who might at an early period visit the island, would report at the first port at which such shipmaster might subsequently touch—for the benefit of those concerned—the safe passage of the vessel thus far on her voyage.

Lucan and I noted these facts in our pocket-books, and then proceeded to examine several letters and notices of earlier dates. They contained, however, little to gratify our curiosity. With a few exceptions, when a passenger had landed, and left a letter for some relative or friend whom he expected would shortly follow him, there were similar dry records of facts and nothing more. The earliest legible date was eleven years back; but despite the precautions that had been taken to protect the contents of the chest from the effects of the weather, the damp salt atmosphere had penetrated through the well tarpaulined lid, and all letters and documents save those of very recent dates, were more or less mildewed, and rendered almost undecipherable. Many of the

oldest records had fallen to pieces; and of those which remained entire, the greater number required very careful handling. We carefully replaced in the chest the letters we had removed; and Lucan then deposited his letter for Captain D—, which of course he had written before he left the schooner; and we were about to return to the boat, when I saw lying on the ground beneath our feet, a letter, evidently very recently deposited, which one or other of us must have let slip through our fingers in removing the letters we had read from the chest. Lucan stooped to pick it up. It was much longer than any of the other letters, and he read it carefully, his countenance betraying his surprise.

'Hillo!' he exclaimed when he had completed its perusal, 'here is something worth attending to. I wouldn't have overlooked this for a trifle.'

'What is it?' I inquired.

He replied by handing me the letter, which I also read carefully. It was dated but four days back, and its contents were as follows:

'Barque *Roxburgh*, of and from Sydney, N.S.W., bound to Batavia—(GEORGE MARTIN, Master.

'To the Commander of any ship of war, and to the Masters of such merchant-vessels as may touch at this island.

'I hereby certify that the barque *Roxburgh*, under my command, completed the passage through Torres' Strait at five P.M. on the 6th inst. Weather soon afterwards fell calm, and remained so through the night. At daybreak on the 7th inst., weather still calm, with clouds rising, and other signs of a breeze from the westward. Shores of New Guinea still in sight, distant about three leagues. At eight A.M. sighted a vessel close under the land, likewise two vessels visible from aloft, rising from the westward, as if bringing a breeze with them. By aid of spy-glass, discovered vessel under the land to be a large three-masted Malay proa, bearing down towards us by means of her sweeps. Immediately made preparations to defend ourselves, though with scant hope of success—crew numbering but fifteen hands all told, and the only firearms on board being a few old muskets. Men determined to stand by me to the last. Resolved to sink the ship rather than let her fall into the hands of the Malays, who, we knew, would in such case murder every soul on board.

'Ten A.M. Proa less than a league distant; could see, through spy-glass, that her deck was crowded with men. Cat's-paws now and then ruffling the water. Ships now visible from the deck, steering east-by-north, evidently coming up before a spanking breeze. Soon felt the breeze ourselves. Hoisted signal of distress (ensign union down), and steered a nor-nor-west course, in the hope of intercepting ships before proa could come up with us.

'Ten-thirty A.M. Proa scarcely a mile distant; shipped her sweeps, and gave chase, under sail. In the course of half an hour—probably sighting the ships, not previously visible from her low deck—proa gave up the chase, wore round, and made for the land, before the breeze.

'Ships rapidly neared us; and perceiving our signal of distress, changed their course, and bore down to us, and by eleven-thirty were within

hail. Proved to be the *Bombay Castle*, an English East Indiaman, and the *Netherlander*, an armed Dutch trader, bound to Batavia, our own destined port. Went on board the English ship, and reported what had occurred. Dutch captain followed in his own boat; and on being informed of the vicinity of the proa, promised to keep company with the *Roxburgh* to Batavia. English ship parted company, and pursued her voyage to Canton. Post Office Island in sight, a league to leeward. Run down to it; and having written this letter, the Dutch captain and I shall land, and deposit the letter in the chest.

'The proa is a long vessel, sitting low on the water, painted black, with three tall, raking masts, and large brown lateen sails. She is very fast under canvas, and carries six long sweeps on each side, for use in calm weather. I judge that she has at least a hundred men on board; and there can be no doubt that she has ventured so far beyond her customary cruising-ground for the purpose of waylaying vessels coming through the Strait, or bound northward to ports in the East Indies. But for the opportune appearance of the two Indiamen, my crew and I would assuredly have fallen victims to the bloodthirsty miscreants on board of her. I advise all shipmasters to give the proa a wide berth, if possible.

(Signed) GEORGE MARTIN.'

'What do you intend to do?' I inquired of Lucan, as I handed him back the letter, after having perused it.

'Can you ask such a question?' he replied. 'For what purpose was the *Wasp* purchased into the service, armed and fitted out, but to hunt down and destroy these vile miscreants of Malays, as the honest skipper truly calls them? We can't begin our work too soon; and it will be a feather in our caps, my dear fellow, if we should succeed in trapping this vessel, which has ventured so far out of her usual cruising-ground to pursue her villainous trade.'

'If the letter should be a hoax?' said I.

'It bears the impress of truth,' Lucan replied. 'And surely no shipmaster would be such a scoundrel as to raise a false alarm, for the sake of a jest.'

'One would think not,' I continued. 'And now, I recollect that there was a vessel called the *Roxburgh* lying on the west side of Sydney Cove, a barque of three hundred tons, which sailed about ten days before the *Wasp* left the port.'

'I remember her, now that you speak of her,' said Lucan. 'It is the same vessel, I have no doubt.'

'The only difficulty is that if we cruise about this spot, we shall delay our passage to Singapore,' said I.

'What matters?' said Lucan. 'We are in no hurry. We shall arrive at Singapore long before the *Vesta*, anyway; and I must say that I should like to carry the proa into port, the prize of Her Britannic Majesty's schooner *Wasp*. I should not be doing my duty if I were to pay no regard to this letter.'

We deposited the shipmaster's letter in the chest, and returned on board the schooner. There we held a brief conference with the gunner's and boatswain's mates; the result of which was that Lieutenant Lucan resolved to cruise about off the

coast of New Guinea for eight or ten days at least, in the hope of capturing the pirates; or if we failed in that object, for the purpose of warning the masters of any merchant-vessels we might chance to fall in with, to keep a sharp look-out for the proa.

P U S S.

THE following feline gossip we have gathered from various sources, and now lay before our readers for their amusement.

While cats have been known, like the famished mothers in Jerusalem, to devour their own offspring, they have also been known, when deprived of their kittens, to adopt young hares, hedgehogs, rats, and even chickens. The unusual sight of a rat and five young ones in the same nest with a cat and three kittens, has been seen in Edinburgh. Tortoise-shell cats especially are clever at opening doors; others, deplorable poachers on week-days, become the very pink of propriety as soon as Sabbath-day comes round. Besides being capital hunters and mole-catchers, others can fish, ring door-bells, steal cream, and break eggs in a most systematic manner. But let the following anecdotes speak for themselves.

The cat that gravely laid a portion of its dinner in front of a mouse-hole and then retired to await the result, had surely something in common with the human speculator and quack, who does pretty nearly the same thing through a newspaper advertisement. While black cats are supposed by the superstitious to have some connection with the Evil One, others make capital ghosts. A farmhouse in the north country was haunted by an invisible ghost, which for a considerable time had been in the habit of ringing a certain bell; and the most lamentable results were about to follow, when the farmer with the family Bible, and a student with a bottle of whisky, sat up all night and effectually laid the ghost. It was discovered, very much to their satisfaction, that the bell had been rung by Puss in her efforts to seize the handle, which consisted of a hare's-foot. Many people have heard of the ploughman's wise and affectionate cat *Mysie*. A ploughman at the foot of the Ochils had been long ill—his home was in poverty—when the doctor said the poor man would die if his strength was not kept up by stimulants and animal food. Let the sequel be told in the words of the ploughman's wife. 'I put awa' my marriage gown and ring to get him wine; but we had naething in the house but milk and meal. Surely, sir, it was the Lord himself that put it into that cat's head; for that same night she brought in a fine young rabbit, and laid it on the verra bed; and the next night the same, and every night the same, for a month, whiles a rabbit and whiles a bird, till George was up and going to his work as usual. But she never brought anything hame after that.'

The ingenuity shewn by cats in opening doors is sometimes remarkable. A large cat in the country was in the habit of opening the door for himself in the following manner. The handle of the door was one of the old-fashioned hooped kind, which required to be grasped and the latch pressed with the thumb. 'He leapt on to the window-sill which was near the door, sprang from there and caught the hoop with his forepaw, and

hung on until he pressed down the latch with the other—this operation requiring considerable force—when the door swinging open, Puss dropped to the floor, and quietly walked in.' In a like ingenious manner a cat has been known to open a kitchen-dresser door by working the bar which acted as a fastener round from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and thus gaining ingress.

A correspondent sends us the following: 'A friend of mine has a cat which gives a double knock at the street-door when it wants to get in. The house has a side-door, which has the upper panels glass, and the knocker is placed below this; so that by standing on its hind-legs it can reach the knocker, which it takes hold of with both paws, and gives a regular double knock. Visitors who do not know Tom's knock do not notice anything in it different from that given by a human being, and find it very difficult to believe it is the cat, until waiting till the knock is repeated, the door is opened, and Master Tom walks in. They are obliged to look pretty sharp to see that he is in before the house is shut up, as he has several times returned home in the middle of a cold night, and knocked again and again until some one has been compelled to get up and let him in. Occasionally when the door is opened in answer to his summons, he will stand purring for a short time and then walk away, as if he enjoyed the fun of giving them the trouble for nothing.'

Another contributor writes: 'We had a horse which was kept in a stable not far from the house, and into the stable my man introduced a kitten, and a very close intimacy soon grew up between the kitten and the horse. I have often seen her on his back, which her equine friend quite seemed to understand, and she made her bed just under his manger, and we have frequently seen them having bits of fun together. The horse would advance his head towards her, when Puss would put up both her paws and pretend to scratch his nose, which he seemed rather to enjoy; and then he would seize grimal-kin by the skin of her neck in his teeth, and lift her up and quietly drop her, only to repeat the game, which both seemed to enjoy.'

'After a while we sold the horse, whereupon the cat seemed quite disconsolate. Previously the stable had been her home, where she always stayed except for an occasional run in the garden. But now she could not be induced to stay there, and for weeks she lamented the loss of her friend by fretting and mewling about the house.'

'I am tempted,' says a third correspondent, 'to inquire whether instances are common of cats shewing affection for strangers at first sight. Twice this has happened to me; once on return from India after eight years' absence, and the second time on Matheran Hill near Bombay.'

'On the former occasion, having reached home in the forenoon, I was taking a solitary walk in the garden after lunch, when a strange cat trotted up to me, rubbed itself against me, rolled on the path and frisked about in front of me, never ceasing its demonstrations until I re-entered the house and room, into which it accompanied me. I was on the point of expressing my surprise and gratification at the warm welcome their pet had given me,

when my father exclaimed: "What! a cat! you never saw a cat in this house;" and poor Puss, frightened at the tone of voice, flew out of the room, and was never seen again. Precisely the same extravagant tokens of regard were shewn me at Matheran on entering a house that had been closely shut up during the rains. In this instance the cat belonged to the Mallee who lived on the premises, but it was a recent acquisition, and had never seen me before. The attachment was also short-lived like the former one, and ended that morning by Puss being caught with its head in the butter-dish when breakfast was announced. Both animals were full grown.'

'An anecdote which has just reached me from America,' writes a fourth contributor, 'seems to outdo all former records. About a year ago, a cat, unheralded and unknown, came to the house of Mrs Leonard, a lively Irishwoman, living at 93 Fifteenth Street, South Brooklyn, United States; and the day after Pussy's arrival she was found on a nest of eggs which a hen had deserted. Madame Puss was driven off the eggs repeatedly, for fear she would break them, but persisted in returning and lying on them. At last, to the astonishment of the household, she appeared with four chicks, which she had succeeded in hatching! Since then, she has hatched four broods; and on November 8th, when my correspondent wrote to me, she was hatching a fifth! The writer says: "When I called to see this chicken-hatching cat, I found in one corner of the kitchen a large bird-cage, around which a dozen good-sized chickens were strutting and picking up a meal. Inside the cage, on some straw, was the cat, covering four eggs. In order to do this, she stretched herself full length over them, and so hid them from view." Mrs Leonard says: "She leaves them at intervals, but only for a short time; and the chickens she has brought into the world shew as much filial affection for her as is generally shewn by chicks for their natural mother." The cat has always evinced great kindness towards her offspring. When her first brood appeared, she carried one chicken up a stair, taking it cat-fashion by the back of the neck. The chicken's skin being tender, blood flowed from the young bled; but the cat applied her tongue to the wound daily until it healed, and now the chicken is a full-grown hen.'

'The following,' says a fifth correspondent, 'is a comical instance of a lost article turning up in a most unexpected place. Our handsome dark-gray cat had quite lately four kittens, which were all so pretty that we could not think of drowning them. They are now about a month or five weeks old, and are daily increasing in vivacity and beauty. Two are almost exactly alike, and are named *Castor* and *Pollux*. Another is black, and rejoices in the name of *Pluto*; the fourth being naturally denominated *Proserpine*. The mother-cat and her kittens were reposing the other day on a corner of the sofa, when a lady chanced to call. She sat some time; and after remarking on the beauty of the kittens which came creeping round her as she sat on the sofa, she rose to take her leave. Entering her carriage, she drove away to call at another friend's house not far off. Scarcely had she gone when it was discovered that *Pluto* was amissing. Search was made everywhere by the distracted

young lady to whom the kittens belonged. Poor little Kit could not be found, and as its powers of locomotion were but feeble, it was conjectured that it might have fallen from the sofa and crawled away into some distant corner. Anxious investigation was made, till the idea occurred to some one that possibly *Pluto* might have hooked his claws into the dress of the lady who had just gone, and been perhaps—dreadful thought!—crushed to death accidentally. Quickly and decidedly Pussy's mistress ran round to the house where the lady was making another call, and on the door being opened she heard poor *Pluto* mewing piteously in the lobby; the lady, we suppose, having dropped the little creature as she descended from her carriage! We have had no explanation of the comical circumstance, but fancy that from the beginning the lady must have been perfectly unaware of the presence of the kitten in her dress; and we can only wonder how it escaped uninjured from its perilous situation, as it seemed to have hooked its claws into the train of her gown. We may mention that *Pluto* arrived perfectly unhurt from his first "outing," and is rather more vivacious than usual this morning, his ideas having probably become considerably enlarged.'

In the course of an animated discussion in the columns of the *Scotsman* newspaper on the subject of animal intelligence, several good cat stories were related. We quote one or two of them here.

Some twenty-five years ago a young lady residing in the Crown and Anchor Lane, Carlisle, while alone reading a book at the fireside, fell asleep. She was suddenly awakened by the cat—which had mounted her back, and was violently tearing her hair—to discover that her clothes had caught fire to such an extent that she narrowly escaped being burned to death.

The affection of a certain cat for a pug-dog was great, and the following are two instances shewing its affection and intelligence: 'The cat was constantly observed to bring live mice to the pug, and we all were amused at the cat pushing the mouse before the pug, who was much more alarmed than pleased. Our pug became very fat, and we gave strict orders to our servants not to feed him; still, as pug continued fat, we watched him, and we found that he ate the scraps that were left for the pigs. This place was accordingly boarded over, so that pug could not get over the barricade. Nevertheless, to our astonishment, pug continued as fat as ever; when we discovered that the cat used to climb over the boards and bring over with her bones of chicken and fish for pug, who was waiting expectantly on the other side.'

The story which follows is a striking example of affection in one of the lower animals. '*Kevin* was not three years old when I came to Scotland on the visit which closed his career. He had from kittenhood shewn an extraordinary affection for me. When I went out, *Kevin* accompanied me to the hall-door, and as soon as it was closed, took up his station on the dining-room window-sill, to watch me out of sight. There too, I often found him awaiting my return, and the moment I appeared, he would leave his perch and rush to meet me at the door. *Kevin* did not approve of late morning hours, but generally came to awake me regularly at seven o'clock. Of the other mem-

bers of the family he was very fond, and as long as I was at home was always willing to take food or caresses from any one of them. On my departure, however, all was changed. No persuasion could induce him to touch his best-loved dainties. At first he took a little milk, but soon refused that as well; and he also gave up all care of his personal appearance, so that his usually spotless fur became unkempt and dirty. Every day Kevin went to my room, and seating himself on my bed, uttered a succession of most piteous howls, which wrung the hearts of the entire household; but they were unable to comfort him. This went on till poor Kevin was reduced to the skeleton of his former self, and was nearly dead for want of the food which his grief would not allow him to take. One day when his end was evidently near, he came feebly in from the garden and walked up to my room, as if with a lingering hope that I might have returned. He glanced round it, uttered a despairing howl, and fled from the house, which he never entered again. This was the last time my faithful cat was seen in life, and it is supposed he had dragged himself away to die in solitude.

The tenacity of life in the cat is well illustrated in the following story from *Land and Water*, given in the words of the narrator: 'Greatly to the sorrow of the children, our cat, a half-Persian, suddenly disappeared, and her accustomed place by the hearth "knew her no more." Search was made high and low, but no trace of Puss could be found. As time went on we conjectured either that our favourite had been stolen by a sailor and taken for a voyage, or killed, and so resigned ourselves to our loss. Great, then, was our surprise last Friday on seeing Puss quietly walk in, scarcely able to stand, a veritable skeleton covered with fur, and take her seat before the fire. I need not say she was fed and caressed *ad libitum*. The next day we learned her adventures. It seems on the 24th of February, Puss had strayed in to pay a neighbour a visit, and then finding a plank of the flooring up—a man was altering the gas-pipes—had retired into this hole to seek mice. In due course the plank was nailed down, and the cat made a prisoner. Here then, without food, drink, or air, Puss remained until the 20th of March, when her incessant scratching made the occupier of the house fancy a rat must have a nest there, and take up the flooring to lay poison. The poor creature was taken out considerably more dead than alive; but kindly nursed and fed with little drops of beef-tea, and the next day found strength to crawl home. After her twenty-six days fast, I think poor Puss fully entitled to a most absolute indulgence during the remainder of Lent.'

Another correspondent to the *Scotsman* gives a brief biographical account of several of his feline friends. 'No. 1 was a she-cat of the gray brindled kind, which I believe is the Scottish breed. She, like Nimrod, was a mighty hunter. Hares, rabbits, and partridges all fell victims to her sporting propensities. What is remarkable is, that whatever she killed she invariably brought home and laid at my mother's feet. If they were worth keeping, as they often were, they were appropriated, while Pussy sang her song of pleasure; if they were not worth keeping, they were given back to her, and she devoured them with relish. She ate none till they were lifted and then thrown

down to her again. She was fond of fish, but unlike other cats, she was willing to wet her feet for them. Often has she been watched sitting on the burn-bank until a trout came within reach, when down went her paw and out came the trout, almost without fail.

'No. 2 was a Tom-cat, red and white. Like No. 1, he was a mighty hunter. At first he brought the fruits of the chase home; but afterwards became more selfish, and devoured what he could on the spot. What was left, he kept hidden until it was required. Perhaps your readers may consider what follows about him as incredible, but it is a fact nevertheless. He seemed to become weary of the lying-in-wait process of catching game, and actually endeavoured to run down hares by speed of foot! Ever after that we considered him as having "a want." He was shot because, when a certain gardener was shooting partridges, *Gib* pounced upon a covey, and deprived the sportsman-gardener of his game. Out of revenge, he lodged the shot in poor *Gib*.'

A lady in Norfolk writes as follows: 'We had a cat that always came to family worship. She knew the bell, and would race from the garden or yard to reach the door ere it was closed, then take her place demurely on the hearthrug, and sit erect with tail curled gracefully round her paws. When her kitten was old enough to enjoy the privilege, the mother made her come too and sit by her side in precisely the same position, gravely reproving any inclination to play.'

We close our selection with the following extraordinary instance of a cat drowning itself, the facts being vouched for by a correspondent in Perthshire who writes as follows:

'I have never been able to find a proper solution for the pithy saying, "Care killed a cat;" but recently a circumstance occurred which may throw some light upon the matter, and prove an interesting addition to your anecdotes of animals.

'Some of us a few days ago were looking from a club window which commands a fine view of the North Inch of Perth, and were struck by the erratic movements of a large black cat. The creature was wandering about upon the Inch in a listless and it seemed an aimless fashion, sitting down now and then, and after a brief pause resuming its loiterings. Presently it moved down the river-side towards the bridge which spans the Tay, and we lost sight of the animal and also of our speculations. Next day, as I was crossing the bridge, an acquaintance laid hold of me, and told me that he had something curious to communicate in the way of natural history. During his constitutional, his attention was arrested by the figure of a black cat sitting upon a heap of stones, and wearing an aspect of the most strange dejection. Passing on, he turned round after a little, and perceived the cat following slowly in his track. Then it came close up to him, gazed piteously in his face, and gave utterance to a low wail of peculiar anguish. Holding out his hand to the distressed creature, he said: "Poor Pussy! what's the matter with you?" It looked at him steadily for a moment; and then descending to the river in silence, leapt in, and keeping its whole body resolutely under, was drowned in two minutes without one attempt to escape from its fate. Is it known to any one of your readers that animals

are addicted, like men and women, to the sin of suicide? We have all read of the scorpion putting an end to its agony by the keen poniard of its own sting; but we are in the habit of identifying suicide with those of the human species who cannot bear to face their own actions. Could it be that poor grimalkin was under mental aberration? Or had care really killed the cat? Were the cares of life too much for this unfortunate of the feline tribe? When we think of the proverbial dislike of cats even to wet their glossy paws, the act recorded evinces a deep determination of purpose and a fixed loathing of life.'

CO-OPERATIVE DAIRY-FARMING IN THE JURA MOUNTAINS.

THE Swiss district termed the Jura is, as our readers know, mountainous, the climate rigorous, and the soil very far from being as productive as it is in other and more favoured localities. In spite, however, of the difficulties they have had to contend with, the inhabitants have prospered, in so far as from time immemorial they have adopted the system of co-operative farming, which we are about to describe, and for the particulars of which we are indebted to a paper by M. Radianu, a pupil of the National Agricultural Institute of France, which appeared in the pages of the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* on the 11th December last. M. Radianu being desirous of studying agriculture in some mountainous district, made selection of the department of the Jura, where he spent some considerable time in prosecuting his inquiries.

What we have designated Co-operative Dairy-farming, is known both in the Jura and in the neighbouring country of Switzerland, where it also prevails, as *la Fruitière*, or more commonly, *l'Association Fromagère*. It owes its origin to private enterprise, and is the subject of no legislative enactments. This system is simplicity itself. The husbandmen in a commune unite together, and form among themselves a Society, with a view to sending their milk to one common establishment, where it is made into butter and cheese, under the direction of a paid manager, the proceeds being afterwards divided amongst the members in proportion to the quantity of milk each has contributed. The building or *châlet* is erected and fitted at the expense of the Society, or most frequently at that of the commune. Such is *la Fruitière* of the Jura, being neither more nor less than a happy application of the principle of co-operation to the remunerative cultivation of the soil, which has been attended with the most beneficial results. Indeed, having regard to the rigour of the climate and other circumstances, it has proved, if not the only, at all events the best, way of obtaining profit from the soil. Where beforetime existed poverty and improvidence, there will now be found order and comfort. Day by day the industry improves, the methods of manufacture are perfected, and the husbandmen diligently strive to increase the number of their cows. This is what the institution known as *la Fruitière* has done for the good people of the Jura.

Though the founder of these Associations is not known, M. Radianu has no doubt as to the anti-

quity of their origin. Man, he argues, began by being pastoral, and domesticated certain animals in order that he might derive a profit from their produce. Elsewhere and later on, he took to cultivating plants; but in the mountains he remained pastoral. Quite recently, particulars of the *Fruitières* of the Jura have been discovered at Besançon dating as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; while a glance at the works of different Roman authors will serve to shew that the cheese manufactured in the country of the Sequani—of which the department of the Jura was a part—and Helvetii (Switzerland) was known and highly esteemed in Rome. Hence, M. Radianu thinks it is reasonable to suppose that when the Romans conquered these countries they found this industry already in existence. Be this as it may, he considers it is beyond all doubt that these co-operative Associations have flourished in the Jura from time immemorial, necessity and the common-weal having obliged the inhabitants to adopt them.

As has been already pointed out, the societies are not subject to any kind of legal control. M. Radianu regards this as a mistake; and were it otherwise, discontent and even injustice would often be avoided. They are, however, governed by a code of regulations, which receives the assent of all the members. A Committee of the most influential of these constitutes the executive, from whose decisions there is no appeal. Thus, in a case of not infrequent occurrence, where the Committee excludes a member for, it may be, some trivial cause, he loses all the benefits of the Association; indeed, for the time being he is a ruined man. Yet the ordinary tribunals have no power to deal with this class of case. Now in these Associations, as elsewhere, there are men of probity and honour; but there are likewise those who are subject to caprice and passion. Hence, argues the writer, as these Associations confer such benefits on this part of France, they should be made the subject of special legislative inquiry, and the government should have the power to guarantee their safety and well-being. As it is now, the majority of them depend for their security on the principles of mutual confidence and reciprocal obligation. Among the other functions of the Committee are those of appointing and dismissing the manager, fixing his salary, selling the cheese, and distributing the proceeds among the members.

The system of accounts next claims attention. There are two in force, of which one—the old tally or score system—is very simple, and within the comprehension of everybody. Two pieces of wood are taken, on each of which are marked the member's number and the quantity of milk contributed by him. The other method of reckoning is a kind of system of book-keeping framed to meet the special requirements of the case. It is more exact than the other, is in force at the Cheese Dairy School of Champvaux and in different dairies throughout the department, and is also very generally adopted in Switzerland. The manager keeps the books, or sometimes a special accountant is employed.

Some particulars are furnished as to the manner in which cheese is made. From four and a half to five litres—that is, from eight to nine pints—of Danish rennet are put into a caldron con-

taining about one thousand pints of milk. The milk must be warmed to a temperature of fully eighty degrees Fahrenheit in order to make it curd. While on the fire, it must be stirred, on an average, five-and-twenty minutes. When the milk has attained a temperature of one hundred and thirty-one degrees, the caldron must be taken off the fire, the contents being stirred for a further period of forty minutes. The curd is then turned out, pressed, and having been first weighed, is consigned to the cellar. The churn used in making butter is that known as Chapellier's, and is described as being an excellent apparatus, from the fact that it can be so easily cleaned.

Having thus far described the character of these Associations, their constitution, and the methods of manufacture, M. Radianu turns his attention to figures, in order to illustrate more clearly the advantages they confer on the inhabitants of the department. His statistics, of which we give only the principal, have been obtained from official sources, and are on that account trustworthy. He takes in the first instance a cow belonging to a Dr Mousson, a member of the Champvaux Association, and the indefatigable Director of the Cheese Dairy School at that place. In 1878 the cow, which was entirely stall-fed, gave four thousand two hundred pints of milk; the proceeds of which in cheese, butter &c., together with a calf and the manure, are set down as representing in money value five hundred and seventy-seven francs, or twenty-three pounds sterling, in round figures. The cost of food, management &c., amounted to four hundred and ten francs; so there remained a profit to the owner of one hundred and sixty-seven francs, or about seven pounds sterling. But four thousand two hundred pints being an exceptional yield of milk, M. Radianu takes the quantity given at the Champvaux Association in the month of July 1878—namely, 48,942 pints by one hundred and forty cows. From this he obtains an average quantity per cow of nearly 350 pints; and comparing this with the results obtained at other establishments in the arrondissement of Poligny—one of the four into which the department of the Jura is divided—he comes to the conclusion that the average quantity per cow per annum is three thousand five hundred pints.

Next is considered the far more difficult problem—namely, the quantity of butter and cheese obtainable from a given quantity of milk. For this purpose he again takes the milk delivered at the Champvaux establishment in July 1878—namely, 48,942 pints. Of this, 20,072 pints were skimmed, yielding 1352 pints of cream, from which were churned 288 kilogrammes, or about 635 pounds of butter. Deducting the 1352 pints of cream from the total milk, there remained 47,590 pints of the latter for making cheese; and from this, about 5860 pounds were obtained. It follows from these facts that it takes on an average 14 pints of milk to yield one pint of cream, 2.13 pints of cream to make one pound of butter, and 9.45 pints of milk to make one pound of cheese. However, in order to insure accuracy as far as possible, M. Radianu takes as a further test the quantities of milk delivered during the six months from June to November 1878, both months inclusive; and the results thence obtained—as well as from the months of May, June, and July 1879—are compared with those ascertained at four of

the best conducted establishments situated on the second ridge or plateau of the Jura; the whole giving the following general averages for the first and second plateaux—namely, 14 pints of milk give one pint of cream; 2.22 pints of cream, one pound of butter; 9.14 pints of milk, one pound of cheese. One strange circumstance appears to have attracted the notice of M. Radianu in the course of his researches—namely, that while the second and third of the above averages varied but slightly at different places and in different months, the first average did so considerably, the limits of the range of variation being ten pints and sixteen pints of milk per pint of cream. This he considers should be made the subject of future investigation by the Champvaux School, which has already furnished such valuable data for the dairy industry of this district.

Then comes the question of cost, and on this head M. Radianu informs us that at the Champvaux School the cost of making cheese and butter gives an average of six centimes per kilogramme, or two shillings and sixpence per English hundredweight. This cost, however, is amply covered by the butter-milk and whey, which are consumed the one by the members' families, and the other, mixed with water, by the pigs and cows.

The paper concludes with a few statistics, shewing the progress this industry made in the arrondissement of Poligny between 1852 and 1878. In the former, there were in this part of the department one hundred and thirteen Associations and 20,715 cows. The cheese made amounted to 5,149,600 pounds, valued at L.87,300. In the latter year, there were one hundred and ninety-three Associations and 22,463 cows; 6,358,000 pounds of cheese, valued at L.186,000, being the result. As in 1878 there were 6450 proprietors of cows in this arrondissement, the price of the cheese realised gives each an average income for the year of about L.29. 'Hence it is,' concludes M. Radianu, 'that we see everywhere the inhabitants of these mountains full of life, well to do, well clothed, and well nourished. In France when bad seasons are apprehended for cereal crops, the husbandmen of the Jura are alone tranquil, having no other care than that of looking well after their cattle.'

HIGH SPIRITS.

'I HAVE been merry,' quoth Master Silence, 'twice and once, in my time.' And who has not? What individual so sombre-minded, so sluggish in thought, so unemotional, as not at times to have felt himself in what is called 'high spirits'—in that unaccountably delightful frame of mind when to laugh becomes as natural as to breathe, and as involuntary? This state of happiness does not always assume to itself boisterous forms of manifestation; it is as distinct from the wild mirth of revelry as it is from the simpering make-believe of enforced gaiety. It is a phase of feeling in which the pleasurable sensations are for the time-being predominant; when we require to put no force or pressure upon ourselves in order to appear happy; when our feelings of delight, like a mountain-spring, well as easily to the surface, and ripple as brightly there. But it is not every one who, when this full, pleasurable tide of feeling predominates, can, as it were, catch hold

of and crystallise its fleeting fancies, its evanescent airiness—can consolidate, so to speak, the dewdrop even while it sparkles. It is as difficult to do this with any adequacy, as to preserve to the rose its full aroma long after it is dead. And he who has the magic skill to give form and body to the thoughts of these brighter moments, is a kind of benefactor to his duller and less gifted fellow-creatures, his happiness thus acquiring the contagious property of Falstaff's wit, and becoming the cause of happiness in others.

In this connection we gladly welcome, from the pen of Mr James Payn, a book called *High Spirits: being Certain Stories written in them* (3 vols.; London: Chatto and Windus). Mr Payn, besides being a popular and successful novelist, is one of the best writers in our day of those short papers or sketches which may be said to form one of the principal charms of our periodical literature. In the collection of papers before us, Mr Payn has been exceptionally happy. There is not one we would wish out; in all of them he is bright, sparkling, witty. He seldom nods, and he never sleeps. There is a sustained dash and brilliancy, a happy-go-lucky manner of giving reins to the invention, a daringness of metaphor and persistence of jocularity, which, were they not, as in Mr Payn's case, controlled and chastened by good sense and good taste, would fairly run any writer off his feet. As it is, the volumes are eminently enjoyable, being such as one can scarcely lift without pleasure, or lay down without regret. We cannot present the reader with a full draught of the pleasing mental intoxicant here served out; but we hope to give him such tastes of its quality, as we go along, as shall not fail to convince him both of the rarity and the richness of its flavour.

There are certain sides of our poor human nature which lend themselves more temptingly than others to the shafts of a humorous yet well-directed sarcasm. It is not an uncommon thing for a man's 'pleasant vices' to be made the instrument of his own scourging; but it is a still more common thing for a man to suffer on the side of his foibles, vanities, and weaknesses, because these are frequently more patent to his neighbours than to himself. It is in the detection, and it must be added dissection, of these characteristics that Mr Payn operates, and much entertainment he succeeds in extracting from them. And upon the whole, the study is a wholesome one for the reader. He can scarcely glance at the features reflected for a moment in the mirror of these pages, without at the same time getting pretty considerable glimpses of himself. Men and women are in the main very much alike in the essential elements of character, and we can hardly see a long list of our neighbour's weaknesses and foibles set forth without being conscious that not a few of them find some parallel in ourselves. We need not make the confession aloud—loud confessions are in general suspicious; and in this case the effect will in all probability be equally salutary if we acknowledge the fact to ourselves, and say nothing about it. It will be better still if it leads to amendment.

Mr Payn's characters are passed before us, not in companies of a dozen abreast, but one by one, so that there is every opportunity given to have a good look at them. There is Mrs Patterini of Evelyn Lodge, whose husband is as powerful in

his way as Cæsar, and has probably as much money. She owns a splendid equipage; her powdered footmen are superb; whilst Mrs Marmaduke Eyre next door drives out in an unpretentious little brougham, and her footman wears not even a shoulder-knot. 'Yet Mrs Patterini would give her ears—or at least her diamond earrings—to get an inclination of the head from the other lady, who, unhappily, has no inclination for her.' How Mrs Patterini proceeded in order to get the *entrée* of Society with a large S, and with what success, must be learned from Mr Payn. Then there is Lord de Bracy of Donjon Towers, who has no taste for anything that is not mediæval. His floors are of polished oak; his walls are tapestried; his beds are several stories high, with canopies of black velvet; and his lackeys are draped in russet, with linen girdles. He eats peacock, served with verjuice—Chaucer, he informs you, has recommended it; affects tansy pudding as generally 'soverayne' against 'ill humours in the head'; chews mastic before going to bed, and always sleeps on his left side, because the 'wisdom of his ancestors' had recommended these. At his table are pea-soup and frumenty in great silver tureens, lampreys with onions, a baron of beef, and a cygnet served with liver sauce. As his old physician remarks: 'It is like a page out of *Ivanhoe* to dine with him.' He is always getting ill, of course; he could not in the nature of things be otherwise; and for the funny thing that happened on one occasion when his physician's assistant visited him instead, of the physician himself, we must again refer the reader to Mr Payn.

Coming to oddities of another kind, we have the adventures of the Frenchman who came to London during a fog, which so confounded his chronology, that he went away under the impression that the inhabitants of London kept their beds all day, and got up, and ate and drank and walked about while the rest of the world were asleep. There is that wonderfully clever fellow Dick Bedford, whom we first meet as a commercial traveller, but who afterwards plays 'many parts,' and one of whose schemes is to lay out a cemetery and 'perform' funerals. 'Here,' he informs his friend—'here's the prospectus. "Feelings of relatives consulted, and a gravelly soil," and "arrangements so combined" (this is important) "that mourners shall not accompany the remains of the wrong parties to their final resting-places, unhappily so common a mistake in crowded cemeteries." But perhaps the most racy of all the papers is that descriptive of a Christmas at Mellington Hall a hundred years hence, and which under the humour of looking at our present-day habits and customs as antiquities, as well as affecting to gauge the enormous refinements of science which may be supposed to exist in 1979, affords fine scope for the indulgence of the author's playful sarcasm. Money has ceased to be the current denomination of wealth, its place being taken by 'ideas.' Coal, for instance, which is superseded by a disc of splendour in the fireplace, reflecting sunshine during the day, and moonshine after dusk, has become so great a rarity, that every bit of it is worth its weight in ideas. But on this Christmas morning the lady of the house has gone to the extraordinary expense of having a coal-fire, so fond is she of imitating the Christmas customs

in the old England of the nineteenth century. Then every room has its own particular atmosphere, and the lord of the manor is very crusty this morning because the St Gothard air had been turned on into his bedroom in place of that of the Simplon. Isle of Wight air is in the breakfast parlour, and Brighton in the dining-room. Then it is not necessary, if the weather is bad, to go out to church or Christmas service—tubes with silver ear-pieces are laid on from all the leading ecclesiastical edifices in the kingdom. When, at the hour of service, the lady of the house puts on her gloves, that means they are in church, and when an hour afterwards she draws them off, it is a sign they are out of church. This they call going to and coming from ‘public worship.’ The lord and lady take their doctrine on wet days from St Paul’s or Westminster, the lady being very partial to the organ. An old gentleman on a visit to them, gets a Sandemanian tube down from the attic, and after an hour’s patient listening, expresses himself as highly gratified with his particular preacher—there was ‘not a word he could have wished unsaid from beginning to end.’ Unfortunately for the compliment, it was discovered that the old gentleman had omitted to take the stopper out of his tube, and must have listened a whole hour to nothing. These are but a tithe of the amusing pleasantries and sarcasms with which this paper abounds, some parts of it indeed being in no degree inferior to the whimsical satire of *Gulliver’s Travels*.

It is not a very satisfactory thing to clip away passages from their context in such a book as this, where the interlocutor is often an imaginary personage, and serve them up without explanation. But we shall make a few quotations, to indicate the general style of the book. Speaking of ‘White Elephants,’ he says: ‘It often happens that a present is a misfortune to one. For example, I am myself a poor man, and a rich friend sends me a haunch of venison. My larder is not big enough for it to hang in, my kitchen-range is not large enough to cook it; and it has to lodge and even to board out (for it requires flour and all sorts of applications daily); thus it costs as much as a leg of mutton to begin with. Then I am obliged to ask ten people to eat it, the expense of which entertainment reduces me to my last shilling. My rich friend has no wish to impoverish me; but the effect of his munificence is similar to that of the present of the white elephant which the king of Siam gives to those whom he intends to ruin; its meat, drink, and clothing (for they have to supply its trunk, of course) eat them out of house and home.’ Again: ‘There are some excellent persons who insist upon providing us with some specimens of their own particular productions; what they have themselves invented, concocted, or made captive to their own bow and spear; and which in nine cases out of ten, and independently of the obligation incurred, one would infinitely rather be without. Your friend the amateur author, for example, sends you a presentation copy of his first novel in three volumes. Now, what are you to do with that? Of course, if you are prepared to read it, I have nothing further to say; but suppose you shrink from proceeding to that dread extremity; you have in that case to sit down and write quickly that you have received his most thoughtful present, which will indeed be highly

prized, and that you are “looking forward with the greatest eagerness” to its perusal. But if you think that will satisfy him, except for the moment, you are very much mistaken. He will be sure to inquire your opinion, sooner or later, about that immortal work—and then be on your guard; for fatal to your friendship with him will be the moment when he elicits the truth. Above all things, cut the book—I mean, with the paper-knife—on the instant of its arrival; no eulogy, however vague or skilful, will avail you if he discovers that this precaution has not been taken.’

Here is a sly piece of badinage: ‘If you live in Downshire, and do not know the fiendells of fiendell Court, you are unknown indeed; the circumstance of their name being spelt with two little *fs*, and pronounced Fendall, stamps it with a peculiar aristocracy. Radicals, indeed—persons who interest themselves in roots—assert that at one time there was no such thing as a capital in our alphabet, and that it was indicated by the duplication of the small letters. As intelligence increased, capitals were invented, and the last persons to use them were of course the most illiterate; so that the retention of the two small *fs* is not—intellectually speaking—a feather in the fiendell cap. On the other hand, as a token of antiquity, it is invaluable. The possession of a name that nobody can pronounce without instruction, is also obviously a great inheritance; and in this case it was the more valuable, since there is no recording a fiendell of Downshire being distinguished in any other way. The family had “flourished” for centuries, in the sense that an old tree is said to flourish, and like it, most of it was underground.’

The different systems of education existing in this country, and the tenacity with which their respective supporters adhere to them, afford Mr Payn more than one opportunity for indulging his peculiar vein. The system in vogue in the higher schools receives in the course of these pages more than one satiric touch. The owner of Mellington Hall, to which we have already alluded, had, among other things, in the supposititious 1979 in which he lived, a museum, through which he is conducting his visitors. ‘Here,’ said he, ‘is a public schoolboy of the period, with a brass instrument beside him, whose use is uncertain; some say it is a Jewish harp, played with the teeth; but others are of opinion that from it was extracted that mysterious attribute called “the tone,” of which so much was heard and so little seen, and for which three or four great public schools had the patent. The possession of it, for each boy, was valued at two hundred pounds a year, and is supposed (perhaps because Etonians always wore tall hats) to be analogous to castoreum in the beaver. Let us remove the skull of this very gentlemanly youth, and see what was taught him for that money. The brain, you will remark, is in parallel lines, resulting from its almost exclusive application to Latin verse, which was performed mechanically by an instrument called a *gradus*. No allowance was made at any of those great seminaries for individual character; a boy of genius was made to grind at his Latin verses just as if he had been a fool; thus the great principle of that epoch, the repression of ideas, was maintained in its integrity.’

Making allowance for the little touches of exaggeration that necessarily accompany such humorous methods of criticism, a great substratum of solid truth will be found to lie at the bottom of Mr Payn's teaching. Much shrewdness of observation and knowledge of the world is displayed in the course of the work; and while it cannot be said he always does his scolding in a laughing way, yet his seriousness never hardens into pure cynicism or causticity. The book is an admirable blending of entertainment and instruction, and his 'wise saws' and 'modern instances' go very squarely abreast.

DOWN THE THAMES.

A BANK HOLIDAY SKETCH.

THE second day of August in the year 1880 dawned over the city of London as many a day in the same year had dawned before it—dark, wet, and miserable. The heavy black clouds, which, during the night had hovered like evil spirits over the silent streets, now hurried away seaward before the rising wind, stealing over the never-slumbering river, with its vast treasure of ships, barges, and boats. Let us try to depict the scene.

With the first gleam of daylight, the ever-flowing river, gliding past lawns and terraces, and rushing past warehouses, comes upon a fleet of unmoored barges, which waiting its powerful aid to reach some distant wharf, are borne along in right good earnest. Flowing on, it meets others, trying their puny strength against its powerful stream; and these, in mighty scorn, the river plays with, twisting them round, dashing them helplessly against smaller craft and bridges; till at length the wind comes to their assistance; and so on past the hulls of many steamboats, which, strange to say, shew at this early hour signs of life and activity; tossing the rowing-boats that ply hither and thither between ships and the shore, and flowing away past the Old Swan Pier, where again it finds the world already astir.

Rushing swiftly through London Bridge, the down-going flood comes upon wharfs and ships decked out in bunting, and in its hurry and excitement is caught by the paddle-wheels of moving steamboats, is lashed and whirled about, being sent on its way broken up into eddies and waves of white froth, from which condition it hardly recovers, ere it meets the good old Ocean, to whom it tells all these extraordinary things, and whom it prevails upon to come part of the way back, to see what is going on.

Now, one would naturally think that for its own honour, if not for the national honour, the river would endeavour to look its best upon such a day, and for that purpose obtain the favour and assistance of the weather; but evidently on this particular 2d August 1880, the river and the weather had been at loggerheads, and were neither of them at all inclined to make it up; so the sky continued to look black and gray by turns, and the river to flow as strongly and muddily as it possibly could, each doubtless thinking it would have it all its own way.

But never were the elements so utterly mistaken; for no sooner did the holiday-maker intent upon a river excursion discover what sort of day it was, than he made up his mind that it would

eventually clear up; that if it did, he should be sorry he had not gone; and accordingly went, and speedily discovered that a few other people had made up their minds to do the same thing. And so from north and south, east and west, by train, by 'bus, or by foot, they stormed the Old Swan Pier in thousands.

Down they came for the first boat, old and young—butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers, costers, navvies, and ne'er-do-wells; wives of the above innumerable; babies of the above ditto; pretty girls with sweethearts, pretty girls without; stout old parties armed with baskets of provisions and huge umbrellas, prepared to do and suffer all that the young people did, and more too; and every one in his or her Sunday best. Billycock hats, with floral decorations, check trousers in the latest East End cut, black coats with velvet collars, and the famous yellow handkerchief, were largely represented; whilst the dirty black frock-coat, covering a dirty yellow waistcoat, which covered in its turn a very dirty shirt and collar, the latter article of attire being entirely hidden by the freaks of the necktie, which would get over the top.

As to female costume, the variety was immense, if not charming, ranging downwards from the close-fitting Jersey, or the coloured hood, white hat, and red flowers, worn by Miss from the Post Office, to the East End lady's loose stuff gown of green, red, or blue, and hat crowned by a majestic feather of the same colour as the dress.

And so they came down to the Pier, like the celebrated waters at Lodore, laughing and chaffing, pushing and crushing, tumbling and stumbling; mingling cool and collected with the dense mass surrounding the ticket-office, to be suddenly shot out again, hot and exhausted, by the eager crowd behind; thence rushing wildly on to the first boat they see, no matter where it is going, utterly disregarding the shoutings of officials; and then being deeply offended when they find out their mistake. At last they get off—some up the stream, some down, as fast as ever the boats can take them. At ten A.M. appears a saloon-boat, which, in spite of the numbers that have gone before, is soon crowded from end to end, and departs down the river, to the melodious strains produced by the combined efforts of a harp, a fiddle, a flute, and a violoncello, leaving a black surging mass still struggling on the Pier.

Finding that the holiday-folk utterly scorn black looks, the weather determines they shall have another test, and those who chouse to be defiant shall be made uncomfortable. Consequently, as the saloon-boat passes the Tower, the rain begins to fall in the form of a drizzle, which elicits a few remarks not complimentary to the weather, but of which no further notice is taken. The people talk and laugh, cheer the competitors in a sculling-match, comment on the strange appearance of three Dutch barges, with their broad bows, large lee-boards, and generally quaint appearance; note the name and build of every vessel they pass; until, looking blacker than ever, the clouds pour down rain in right good earnest, compelling the luckless ones who have neither waterproofs nor umbrellas to crowd in the after-part of the boat, under an awning, where they sit and stand, an immovable good-tempered mass; or to retreat down below, where again, in spite of

oily smells, heat, and vibration, they succeed in keeping up their spirits by a plentiful supply of beer and an equal amount of noise. Those who, better prepared, or more hardily constituted, prefer to stay on deck, have one satisfaction in having it all to themselves; or, in looking at the view of flat shores, made more dreary through the rain; of far-off hills looming like spectres in the mist; besides seeing life and activity on board craft of all descriptions. Now, a ship at anchor, with the crew aloft upon the yards, stowing the sails, which have been loosed to dry; presently, a brig or schooner, the captain of which, anxious to clear the Thames ere nightfall, is making all the sail upon her that he can; and flitting here and there upon the deck are seen the crew, in oilskins and big boots, hoisting a yard, or out upon the bowsprit loosing jibs; anon it is a barge, whose mainsail seems a bit the worse for wear, a hole some three feet square betokening an accident or gale. And thus with every bend the river takes comes fresh variety, until as the steamer nears Gravesend, the weather, finding all its efforts to be miserable met by greater determination to be jolly, relents somewhat; the dark black clouds disperse, and leave but white ones, the rain ceases, and the sun makes a desperate effort to shine through the clouds.

Once more the decks are crowded by an eager throng, gazing in admiration at the tall ships and graceful yachts which lie anchored in mid-stream, and surmising which of the distant piers the steamer will stop at, till their curiosity is satisfied; and they troop ashore in hundreds, and amidst cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, she again moves off in the direction of Sheerness.

The day is far advanced before she reaches Gravesend on her homeward trip; but it is still too early for most of the good folk who thronged her decks in the morning, and so the homeward-bound party is neither too large nor too noisy. The weather is by no means set-fair, to judge from the manner in which it has rained at times; but for a while it ceases, and the scene upon the river transcends any that has gone before it. Large ships with the rays of the setting sun tinging their clean white canvas with a golden glow, tack backwards and forwards across the stream; even the lumbering collier, with black hull, patched and dirty sails, takes on a glow as she glides along under the afternoon sun; and so too the numberless barges, some laden far up the mast with hay and straw, others so deep in the water that it comes right over their lee bulwarks, and all with their dark-brown sails set to catch the breeze, each one forms a picture in itself.

Far over the fields and marshes hang masses of black angry-looking clouds which threaten rain, and which do rain; but only over the land, adding thereby to the glory of the scene; for the sun sinking red and fiery behind a mass of dense black clouds, casts its last beams upon the falling rain, making it appear like a rich and dreamy purple veil thrown over the distant hills, and bordered by the silver-winding river which reflects only the bright sky above it. Sol departed, the world is left once more to the gathering darkness. The steamboat glides swiftly on its way, and lights begin to twinkle on the water; some of them the riding lights of ships or

barges anchored in the stream, whilst every now and then the coloured lights of some moving vessel glide across the water. Passing quickly wharfs and warehouses, all dark and silent now, the far-off lights on London Bridge appear, and presently passing under the arches, through which can still be seen the dying twilight, the steamer stops; and to the strains of *God Save the Queen*, played upon a concertina, and sung by the united lungs of the passengers, the Bank Holiday Trip to Gravesend and back comes to a conclusion.

ODD TESTS.

TASTE and try before you buy, is a very wise rule, if it could only be followed; but in this world most things must be taken upon trust: infallible tests are as rare as infallible remedies.

It was the custom among the Nestorian Christians, immediately upon the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, to carry the newly-made wife to the house of her husband's parents, and place an infant in her arms, and three sets of baby clothes before her. If she succeeded in dressing and undressing baby three times to the satisfaction of the critical matrons there assembled, well and good; but if she failed, she was sent to her old home again, to stay there, a wife and no wife, until able to face and pass a second trial.

Sakti Kumara, the hero of a curious Hindustani story, preferred testing a damsel's capability before tying the knot. Master of a prosperous and profitable business, he came to the conclusion that a wife was wanted to complete his happiness, and determined to go in search of one. Adopting the guise of a fortune-teller, and carrying some rice bound up in his cloth, he started on his travels. Whenever he encountered a girl that pleased his eye, he asked her to cook his rice for him. Some laughed at him, some reviled him, none seemed inclined to comply with his modest demand, and it seemed as if he would have to take his rice home uncooked. At last he reached Swira, where he beheld a beautiful girl, who, instead of ridiculing or abusing the strange traveller, relieved him of the rice, and bade him be rested.

Then the kindly maiden set about preparing the rice. First, she steeped it in water, then dried it in the sun, and that accomplished, rubbed the grains gently on the ground, removing the awn without breaking the rice. Calling her nurse, she despatched that worthy to sell the bran, and with the proceeds purchase an earthen boiler, two platters, and some fuel. By the time this commission was executed, the rice had been brayed in a mortar, winnowed and washed, and was ready to be put in the boiler with five times its bulk of water. As soon as it had swollen sufficiently, the boiler was taken from the fire, the water cleared of the scum, and the boiler put back, and the rice constantly stirred by the pretty cook until she was satisfied it was properly done.

By turning the boiler mouth downwards she extinguished the fire, and collecting the unconsumed fuel, despatched the old woman to convert it into butter, curds, oil, and tamarinds. This achieved, she told the enraptured Sakti Kumara

to go and bathe, and not to omit rubbing himself with oil.

Having obeyed orders, the wife-seeker was directed to seat himself upon a plank on the well-swept floor, on which were already laid a large plantain leaf and two platters. His charming hostess then brought him water in a perfumed jug, and administered two spoonfuls of well-seasoned rice and ghee, preparatory to serving up the remainder of the rice mixed with spices, curds, butter, and milk; of which Sakti Kumara ate his fill, and then indulged in a siesta with a mind at ease, knowing his quest was ended.

As soon as he woke he asked the girl to become his wife, and she being willing, the necessary ceremony was gone through without delay; and the supposed fortune-teller took his bride home, to astonish her as the Lord of Burleigh astonished his rustic love; but the Hindu lass was luckier than Tennyson's heroine, for we are assured that she lived long to worship her husband as a god, to pay the most assiduous attention to his household affairs, to superintend the regulation of the family coming in due course, and made her house such an abode of bliss, that Sakti Kumara was well repaid for the trouble he had taken to get a good wife, and tasted in his well-ordered home the joys of Paradise.

Some people are never satisfied, however fortunate they may be. A nursemaid in the service of an English family in Russia, left her place to get married, but had not been long wedded ere she complained to the Natchalaish of the district in which she was domiciled, that her husband did not love her as he should do; and on the official inquiring how she knew it, replied: 'Because he never whips me.' Doubtless the disappointed one meant what she said, but she might have changed her note had her desire been gratified; like the young wife suddenly bereaved of a rich old husband, who refused to believe her dear partner could be so cruel as to leave her, crying out: 'He's alive, doctor; I'm sure he's alive; tell me, don't you think so?' This piteous appeal the physician met by suggesting the application of a galvanic shock, and offering to apply the apparatus. 'Oh, no, no!' exclaimed the grief-stricken widow; 'hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiments against the law of Nature; let him rest in peace!'

When it is desirable to put any one to the test, there is nothing like doing so without warning. An actor fond of playing practical jokes at the expense of 'utility' men, heard that one of them—his particular aversion—had boasted that if any trick was played upon him he would turn the tables in a way that would astonish the actor. The latter, of course, resolved to test the boaster's readiness on the first opportunity. He did not have to wait long for the chance. One night, when the house was crowded, the carpenters failed to get a set scene ready in time, and a 'dead stick' ensued. Knowing his man, the stage-manager entreated the joke-loving actor to go on and 'gag' for a few minutes. 'Certainly,' replied he; and seeing the utility man at the wing, he seized him by the wrist and, spite of resistance, dragged him to the centre of the stage, and said: 'Your sister, then, has been betrayed. Tell me the story!' The frightened fellow had no story to tell, to the crafty joker's delight. Whether the audience in

front and the manager behind were equally pleased, the record saith not.

In olden days the burgesses of Grimsby were wont to decide which among them should be mayor, by a very odd process. Having chosen three of their number as eligible for the position, they blindfolded them, tied bunches of hay at their backs, and conducted them to the common pound where a calf awaited their coming. He whose bunch of hay was first eaten by the calf was pronounced most worthy of the mayoralty, and installed into office accordingly.

William Thompson, the once famous Maori chief, adopted a shrewd method of deciding which of his two sons should succeed him. As they stood before him as he lay sick unto death, he suddenly addressed himself to the elder, saying: 'Shortland, take down that gun and shoot the white man standing outside the hut.' The youth was about to obey the order, readily enough, when his brother intervened with: 'Why should you kill the man? what harm has he done to us?' Then said the old chief: 'Yes, that is right. You have what is wanted—sense and discretion. You will take my place when I am gone.' And so the succession was settled.

When the American Colonel Elsworth wanted a chaplain for his Zouaves, he sent word to the applicants for the office to meet him at the Astor House at a certain hour. The room was full of aspirants to the chaplainship long before the appointed time. At last the clock struck the hour, and while it was striking, in walked another candidate. The colonel rose from his seat, held out his hand to the last comer, and said: 'You are my man; I can depend upon you, for you come at the appointed time.'

The colonel's reasoning was as inconsequential as that of the stage-carpenter whom Edmund Kean heard thus settle the pretensions of impersonators of Hamlet: 'You may talk of Henderson and Kemble and this new man,' said the carpenter; 'but give me Bannister's Hamlet. He was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em!' Self-interest is a sad warper of the judgment, and devises very strange tests. Going over the graveyard of the 'Old Meeting' at Birmingham, with the clerk, Joshua Vernal asked him who was the greatest man lying buried there. 'This is he,' answered Mackay, pointing to a grave; 'I get five shillings a year to keep it in order.' 'But what was he? what did he do?' inquired the incredulous Joshua. 'Why,' said the clerk, 'he invented the holding of thimbles!' Vernal thereupon pointed to the grave of a distinguished scholar as being that of the greatest man there; but the clerk pooh-poohed the preposterous suggestion, saying: 'No such thing; I only get a paltry shilling for that grave.' His test of greatness was a purely professional one, like that of the Norwich barber who confidentially told the Mayor he did not think much of 'this British Association; nine out of ten of them don't shave at all, and the others shave themselves.'

'Humboldt,' said a Middlesex militia-captain—'Humboldt is an overrated man; there is very little in him, and he knows no more of geography than my terrier there. I met him once at the Russian Ambassador's at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking of the Andes, and the Cordilleras, and places which

none but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way; but the moment I put a straightforward question to him, which any school-boy might have answered, he was floored. "Now, Baron," said I, "can you tell me where Turnham Green is?" Upon my honour, he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho.' The conclusion was as inevitable as that drawn by the English carpenter working at the Vienna Exhibition, who complained to a newspaper correspondent: 'Only fancy, sir, here's Friday—two days after the race—and we don't know what was second and third for the Derby yet; and they call this here country civilised!'

Mr Sala says that a blind man might tell the different denominations of Russian notes by using his nose to determine their value; the rule being, the lower the value the 'louder' the smell. A hundred-rouble note will be redolent of patchouli, jockey-club, or some equally fashionable perfume; while the single rouble-note usually reeks of tallow or coarse tobacco.

An Englishman travelling in the East, not being quite satisfied with the appearance of the mare he rode, asked his Arab servant if he was sure she got her allowance. 'O yes,' he replied; 'my countrymen often steal from one another, and rob their friends' horses; but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated. I put seven or eight pebbles in with the barley, counting the number exactly. The mare never eats the pebbles; and if any one steals from the barley, he is sure to take two or three pebbles with it. If I find the pebbles short in the morning, I have hard words, and they cannot tell how I know, and so they give up cheating her.'

A speaker at an American 'convention,' on being addressed by a gentleman as 'Colonel,' repudiated the military title, declaring he was not even a captain. 'Don't you live in Missouri?' queried his new acquaintance. He owned he did live in Missouri, and in a house with chimneys. 'How many?' was the next question. 'Two.' 'Then I was right at first,' exclaimed the interlocutor. 'You see, I've lived in Missouri, and know how it is. Over there, if a man has three chimneys on his house, he's a general; if two, he's a colonel; if only one, he's a major; and if he lives in a dug-out and has no chimney, he's a captain anyhow; so I was right after all.'

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

IN a time of great educational activity like the present, it is not surprising to find agencies of various kinds springing into existence, and aiming, with more or less precision and success, at meeting specific needs. One of the most interesting of these is the system of instruction known as 'Teaching by Correspondence,' a subject which is not altogether new to our pages, and a system which we may remind our readers is intended to benefit those *who live in remote parts of the country*. Amongst other organisations of this kind is that under the management of the St George's Hall Committee, Edinburgh. Correspondence classes were started in connection with this establishment in 1877, and we are told that the number of students has rapidly grown since, and now embraces several hundreds. By far the most satisfactory criterion of success, how-

ever, is found in the fact that for the last two years corresponding students of St George's Hall have taken the first places in Honours at the University examinations, besides otherwise distinguishing themselves. These results are due mainly, no doubt, to the enthusiasm of the students themselves; but they must partly be attributed to the efficiency of the method of instruction. The main points in an examination are accurate knowledge and skilful arrangement; and students who take part in written examinations weekly or fortnightly, and have their mistakes carefully corrected by competent tutors, are the more likely to stand a favourable chance at the University examinations.

The number of subjects taught at St George's Hall is yearly increasing, and now includes English Literature, French, German, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Logic, Harmony, Drawing and Painting. The last-mentioned subject was commenced last session, and the class promises to be a popular and eminently successful one.

From a prospectus which has just been issued by the Secretary, it appears that the Committee are at present considerably extending their scheme, and are to undertake the preparation of students for the L.A. of St Andrews, and similar examinations. The tutors for the new classes have been selected from the most distinguished Honours-men at the University.

There can be no doubt that there is ample room for work of this kind. There are thousands of men and women in all parts of the country, who, although they were never inside the walls of a University, are as anxious to advance the culture of their own minds as the most earnest students. To these, a system like the St George's Hall Correspondence Classes, might do incalculable good. Application may be made for further information to Miss Sarah Mair, 5 Chester Street, Edinburgh.

SOCIETY SATIRES.

THE LOCAL MAGNATE.

He climbs the ladder towards the highest place
With swift activity, if not with grace;
Then poised upon the topmost step, he finds
It ticklish work to fight with all the winds
Of opposition, that blow free and strong,
And would lay bare his failings to the throng.
But fling the gold out to the needy crowd,
Nor do it secretly, but shout aloud,
For gold shall gild the hollowness within,
And hide away each loved and secret sin.
Thus does the local magnate win his way;
And all ungrudging for his honours pay.
He entertains (not unawares) the great,
And is most loyal to the Queen's Estate.
He lays, on a 'foundation stone,' the chance
To ask a Prince to greet him with a glance;
Or finds an 'opening' of some civic hall
A splendid opening for a royal call;
Then he receives a knighthood with surprise,
Or sneers at honours which his lips despise!

H. W. K.

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MONEY-MAKERS.

MANKIND may be divided roughly into two classes—those who understand money, and those who do not. The first of these possess all the real power in the world; the second are subordinates, servants, slaves. The ability to make money, to keep money, and employ it to the owner's advantage, is a very remarkable gift, and is displayed more by the Teutonic-Celtic races than by the other families of the earth. It is an ability too which is largely increasing. It is the secret of the masterful influence of Europe upon the other continents, and the basis of an ever-widening civilisation. The English have long been the money-makers *par excellence*. Yet so far, a comparatively few have made wealth and kept it. The majority have passed through existence without winning more than a small share, and the lot of others has been hopeless poverty. The common state now is that in which people just manage to discharge their financial obligations to society. Expenditure devours income as night follows day. These good folks neither live beyond their means, nor under their means, but fully up to them. They are too honest or too proud to be in debt; but they lack the money-keeping faculty.

There is another class whose characteristics are alien to the dominant type. They are financial imbeciles. Whatever be their circumstances, they will live beyond them. The bitterest lessons leave them uncorrected. While they have money, they must spend; while they can get credit, they will avail themselves of it. Nay, many of them are only happy when in debt, and continue to be embarrassed under all precautions. Were all mankind like them, harvests would be unknown, for they would devour the seed-corn. Left to themselves, a life of vagabond savagery must be their inevitable fate. These are the people who bring ancient families to degradation and extinction, who scatter the hoards of millionaires, who imbitter the lives of relatives and friends, and who are shipped to the colonies by droves. Those of

them who are born among the poorer classes sink to the lowest depths. When they work, it is at the rudest employments, and by fits and starts. Even under the inexorable constraints of our triumphant industrialism, the financial imbeciles contrive to lounge through life, and often enjoy it more than the toilers and savers. But their numbers are perceptibly dwindling; public opinion has banned them. The multiplication of machines for doing the rough work of mankind is continually taking away their means of subsistence; the recruiting-sergeant is beginning to disdain them; the policeman gives them no rest; the relieving-officer is their mortal enemy; and the School Board makes captives of their children. The money-makers have made up their minds to get something out of the financial imbeciles, or to abolish them altogether.

During the past fifty years, the money-makers have been so marvellously busy, and so successful, that they may almost be pardoned for the indignation they feel towards those who see the golden river running through the land, and yet will not take the trouble to catch a pailful. The money-makers have built the railways; for without their capital and their cupidity, the locomotive must have remained an inventor's dream. They have brought the telegraph out of the savant's study to make Time a laggard and Space a negation. Their steam-fleets circumnavigate the world. The roar of their factories and foundries and the myriad new industries they have organised in all parts of the earth, booms like a hymn of conquest day and night. They have metamorphosed old Britain, and they are busy in re-shaping the whole earth and the destinies of mankind. Already the tide of wealth has swept away many of the old social landmarks; and as it rises into higher waves, it portends such changes that the shrewdest thinkers cannot grasp their full significance. It is said that the annual income of Great Britain amounts to two thousand millions sterling, and that two hundred millions are yearly added to the already stupendous mass of British capital. Such figures declare what is

being done by the 'nation of shopkeepers.' There is no people like us in money-making and money-keeping. We hear much of French thrift, of German frugality, of Swiss economising. But notwithstanding much wastefulness and ignorance, our race surpasses all others in money-matters.

The national aptitude becomes more marked from year to year. Good times and bad times make it equally more pronounced. When a period of depressed trade occurs, there is a general outcry against unthriftiness and foolish spending. The tendency for money-getting becomes feverishly acute; and the knowledge that less is being made, and consequently less stored, rouses the preservative social forces into high activity. The sin of spending unduly is denounced on every side; the duty of taking care of what we have is sternly insisted upon; and clamorous multitudes of unemployed work-people are told that they deserve the privations they are enduring, because they did not lay by for the rainy day which has come upon them. And the working-class from pondering these words are beginning to see *their* interests in a new and strange light. With each period of hard times, the national proclivity increases; and some think that if Old England continue to maintain her integrity for a few generations longer, spendthrifts and impecunious blunderers may be almost eliminated from her society.

Although the money-making and money-keeping class is as yet the least numerous amongst us, it is rapidly increasing. This is proved by the seventy-six millions deposited in the savings-banks, a sum which is fifty per cent. greater than it was ten years ago. But this by no means represents the invested savings of the humble classes. It is impossible to say how many millions sterling are sunk in the Building Societies of the country, but the aggregate must be immense. Almost every large village has one of these societies, and in great towns they exist in dozens. Besides these, there is a constant increase of Co-operative institutions, in which large sums of capital are employed to the mental and material advantage of the owners. Lately, there has been a notable growth of industrial undertakings, whose shareholders are composed of operatives and small-shopkeepers. By some of the great manufacturing firms, the work-people are invited to place their savings in the concern; and for these they receive a *pro-rata* profit.

One of the most remarkable symptoms of a general advance in prudence and thrift is the enormous number of Insurance associations which have arisen in the past twenty-five years. A man of the middle-class is now looked upon as in a degree selfish if he does not provide for the wants of his family even beyond the grave. All heads of families are expected to insure their lives, and for substantial amounts. The superior artisans are alive to their duty in this matter; and the lower ranks of labour have created some of the strongest and most skilfully planned Assurance

corporations that are to be found. So profound is this tendency to prepare for the inevitable catastrophes of life, that it has penetrated to the very depths of our social system. By means of Burial Societies, the poorest assure themselves and the members of their household for the few pounds which will place them decently in the grave. The Sick Clubs, and other prudential and saving associations, are in their way further evidences that the people are becoming money-savers, and that time is only needed to make them money-makers. Assurance against calamity in any form is merely sparing from the abundance of to-day, that it may be enjoyed to-morrow, should it be needed.

The total thrift of the humbler classes and lower middle-class, could it be known, would do much to reassure those who take a despondent view of the British future. From what is going on before our eyes, it is evident that the preservative instincts of our race are developing, and they imply a growth of intelligence and self-mastery. So long as this continues, we need not fear foreign competition in trade, nor the hostile combinations of warlike states. The energy, the foresight, the financial understanding of the masses seem to be greater than at any previous period. Their stake in the country is always increasing. Though this is pre-eminently the age of millionaires, and though for some time to come the drift of business will aggregate great wealth round a limited number of individuals, yet the number of modest fortune-holders is ever greater. There is now an immense public of independent people with incomes ranging from one hundred to a thousand pounds a year. They have risen from the ranks of labour, from the professions, and from the adventurers who find fortune beyond the seas.

Turning from these cheering facts to what may be termed the dark side of things, many will doubtless exclaim: 'But what about British pauperism! Can a country which is burdened with a million of destitute people, be really prospering? Do not the lucky ones thrive at the expense of the others?' In reply to these questions, it must be admitted that pauperism is truly gigantic. The existence of a million of beggars is both a disgrace and a danger, which must be combated as the first of national duties. And pauperism is being combated as it never was before. In the past ten years it has declined nineteen per cent. Thus, at the end of 1869, the number of paupers was 1,281,000; while at the end of 1879, the number had fallen to 1,037,000, and this during a period of industrial retardation. Pauperism is one of the heirlooms of the old Feudal period. Then society comprised two classes, the Patrons and the Patronised. There was then no disgrace in being dependent. Under our industrial régime, patrons have disappeared; but the habit of dependence still exists in certain sections of society; hence the hereditary pauper. With the ceaseless removal of the peasantry into the towns; with emigration to other lands; with the constant increase of mechanical apparatus for cultivating the soil, the dependent class diminishes; and its extinction is as sure as that of the old type of feudal barons or the monastery almoners. But one of the effects of rustic immigration into the great centres of industry has been to swell the volume of pauperism whenever trade was depressed.

Directly the ex-peasant was out of work, he threw himself and family on the parish with as little shame as he threw off his coat. Then the demoralising influences of courts and alleys tended to degrade him and his children; he could not always resist the public-house; and the gutter was the only playground. With the changes now going on, it is to be hoped that pauperism will be reduced much both in quantity and in degree. As yet, however, the abject condition, the drunkenness, the vice and squalor to be seen in the large, and also in some small towns, are most disheartening. Fortunately, the nation is alive to the supreme importance of sanitary law. It recognises the necessity of providing the working-class with resorts for obtaining wholesome refreshments and amusement. It has decreed that education shall be universal. These are all direct aids to thrift, and therefore must diminish pauperism.

But the working-class has come to recognise that it can be dependent no longer. The reproaches it has listened to during hard times, have sunk deep into the minds of its leaders. They now clearly perceive that the age of Patronage is gone utterly; and that for the future, workmen must rely wholly upon themselves. From this have sprung the Trades-unions. Labour, in recognising its true position in the world, has found that it has rights to defend. Independence is forced upon its acceptance, and it must adjust itself to it. The first fruits of this are the accumulations in the Savings-banks; the second, the Building Societies; the third, the Industrial corporations, whose shareholders are likewise the operatives. These exhibit the progress of the working-class in financial intelligence. The Savings-banks give a small return upon capital; but the principal is absolutely safe, a matter of supreme importance to the poor. The Building Societies pay interest from five to six and a half per cent.; and where the management is sound, their capital is beyond peril. Industrial corporations pay dividends of from ten to even twenty per cent., and employ the shareholders.

But that which accrues from these enterprises is not altogether a money advantage; there is besides, among the working-classes, a broadening of the knowledge of the science of trade. By the fluctuations that affect their own investments, they are coming to understand that masters and capitalists are not arbitrary despots who make things cheap or dear as they please. Prices fall and rise in building investments and in industrial corporation shares. Profits increase and diminish, and no skill or sacrifice can avert the latter when a great wave of depression sweeps over the world of trade. The knowledge of economical law will elevate the workmen into a calmer region of thought, and make trades-unions less despotic. For the conduct of many has been as arbitrary as ever capitalists themselves were supposed to be. Useless strikes will cease; and the result will be a further gain to masters men and the commonwealth, in prosperity and social ease.

The fevered competition of our time is a conspicuous symptom that the middle-class are alive to the importance of money-matters. Strife for wealth is not a new mode of civil war, as pessimists allege. Nor is it caused by a brutish indifference to everything external to our selfish interests. It springs from modern conceptions of the philosophy

of life. Parents toil to make a comfortable provision for old age. And it is well to call attention to this, as being one of the new ideas of the time. Formerly, parents found an asylum in the home of certain of their children, often with the eldest son or daughter. Filial piety accepted the duty with a kindly reverence. But now the spirit of independence is so paramount amongst us, that parents cannot endure the thought of living upon their children. At the same time they are not less considerate for their children's future. They not only seek fortune for themselves; they seek to place their sons on the road to opulence, and to dower their daughters. Money-grubbing, as it is called, is not always indulged in from a desire of accumulation, to minister to sensual pleasures, to make a dash in the world of fashion. In the majority of cases, wealth is sought by the middle-class to secure its possessor against the agonies and despairs of a mean estate. The dread of poverty and patronage makes fathers plod, makes mothers economise, makes sons exercise self-restraint, and daughters become useful in the kitchen and sewing-room. The wish for easy circumstances does more to foster the return of old English home-life, with its attendant virtues, simplicities, and tranquillities, than all the other 'aids to improvement' that are operating upon the middle-classes. The ideals now are monetary independence, frugality, and industry. Those who witness the arrival of the twentieth century will find what these ideals have accomplished.

Its clear understanding of money-matters has made Britain the mightiest nation the world has known. From this have sprung our empire and our diffusive civilisation. We have the wit to find wealth in all places and in all things. We have found it in these stormy islands, above ground and under ground and beyond the seas that tumble round us. Intellect directing our toil, has turned all we have touched into gold. Intellect has taught us how to make our possessions secure by law at home and by valour abroad. Our liberties, our kindnesses, our sympathetic humanity are largely due to skill in money-finding and money-keeping. And this skill is Nature's gift to our race, by which we penetrate her secrets and turn them to beneficent ends.

THE CRUISE OF THE WASP.

CHAPTER IV.—DISCOVERY OF THE WRECK— SEARCH FOR THE PROA.

THE schooner's guns were drawn inboard, her ports closed, her hammock-nettings removed; and by means of various devices, we endeavoured to make her resemble as much as possible one of the ordinary coasting-vessels which trade amongst the islands; while in order to check her speed, if we should be fortunate enough to fall in with the proa, and lure her to give us chase, an old sail was sewn up like a bag, so that it would hold water, and placed ready to be thrown over the quarter at any moment, and towed astern. These preparations completed, we put the vessel about, and steered towards the land we had lately left behind us. For three days we sailed along the

shore of the island of Papua, from the western entrance of Torres' Strait to its most northerly point, narrowly examining every bay and creek as we passed them by, without perceiving any signs of the object of our search, or even seeing a single vessel of any description. Then we stretched out to sea to a distance of fifty or sixty miles, spoke three or four merchantmen, none of whom had seen anything of the proa; and having acquainted them with the information we had derived from Post Office Island, left them to pursue their course. Thus ten days passed away; and feeling satisfied that no such vessel was on the west coast of the island of Papua, we rounded its north-western cape, and sailed along the entire length of the north coast to Dampier's Strait—a distance of nine hundred miles; still to no purpose. By this time we had made up our minds that the proa had either returned to her haunt amidst the islands of the archipelago, or that we had been the victims of a silly, heartless hoax. Nearly three weeks had been thus wasted; and vexed and disappointed, Lucan determined to give up the apparently useless search, and proceed on his voyage to Singapore. Scarcely, however, had he come to this determination, when the man on the lookout aloft hailed the quarter-deck, and reported a vessel close inshore, under the high land.

'What does she look like?' asked the young Lieutenant.

'So far as I can make out, she is a full-rigged ship, sir,' replied the sailor; 'and if I ain't mistaken, she's aground on the beach.'

The schooner was steered closer inshore; and Lucan and I hastened aloft with our spy-glasses, and soon perceived that the report was correct. This was a disappointment; for we made sure that we had caught the proa at last. It was now seven bells—half-past seven o'clock A.M.—and the crew had just been piped to breakfast; but when the order was given to run down towards the disabled ship, the breakfast was forgotten, and all hands were astir in an instant. As the schooner drew near the shore, we saw that the vessel was a small barque of about three hundred tons burden. She lay on her beam-ends on the beach, with her masts inclining shoreward, and with her keel actually out of the water. That she had been deserted by her crew, or that they had been massacred, or carried off by the barbarous natives of the coast, was evident; and after taking every precaution against surprise, by bringing the schooner's guns to bear upon the beach, Lucan ordered two boats to be lowered, and each manned by six armed seamen. The boats then pulled for the shore, the Lieutenant taking command of one, and I of the other. Not a living creature was to be seen when we landed on the beach; and no response being made to our hail, we clambered on board the ship, and discovered at a glance the nature of the mishap that had befallen her. She was a French vessel, the *Marguerite*, of Marseilles, which had been attacked and plundered by pirates, and whose crew had been ruthlessly murdered. The sight that met our eyes when we gazed around was indescribably horrible; and though no corpses were to be seen—the pirates, as is customary with them, having thrown their hapless victims overboard—the decks were smeared with blood. That the attack had been very recently made was manifest from the fact that in

those places where the struggle had been most fierce, the blood-stains were not yet dry upon the deck.

On our descending into the cabin—a difficult task, as indeed it was to move about the decks, by reason of the inclined position of the ship—one of the sailors who preceded Lucan and me, uttered a cry of horror as he stumbled and fell over a body—that of the Captain of the vessel, or of a passenger, to judge from his dress, or rather from that portion of his attire which had not been removed, for he was in his shirt-sleeves; and his neckcloth had evidently been violently torn off, thus rendering it more easy for his murderer to inflict the frightful wound that had deprived him of life. The body was still warm; and being that of a tall, stout, heavy man, the pirates probably had not cared to take the trouble to carry him upon deck and throw him over the ship's side. In his right hand he still grasped the hilt of a sword, the blade of which was broken off; thus shewing that he had fought desperately to the last. But never shall I forget the fearful sight that we were now compelled to look upon! Here, below, as upon deck, there had been a dreadful struggle for life; but in the cabin, the confined space rendered the sight more terrible. The floor, the walls, the furniture, and even the ceiling bore marks of the dreadful fray; the chairs, the tables, the mirrors, and the lamps which had swung from the ceiling, had been thrown down and broken; and almost every article that was portable had been carried off. A writing-desk, and a cash-box with the lid wrenched off, lay in one corner—the contents of both having been abstracted, though one of the sailors picked up a Spanish doubloon, two French louis, and a Mexican dollar, which had rolled away and escaped the notice of the plunderers. But the most pitiable sight of all to our eyes were the numerous articles of female attire, which together with some long dark-brown hair, evidently torn from a woman's head, lay torn and strewn about the floor. Some of these articles and remnants were those of a grown woman; whilst others had belonged to a child, a pair of whose purple-morocco slippers—apparently those of a little girl of ten or twelve years of age—were found in one of the state-rooms.

'Who and what were these hapless females, and where are they now?' we asked ourselves. 'Were they the wife and child of the unfortunate Captain of the ship, or of one of the male passengers?' of whom, as we judged from various articles of male attire that were scattered about the beds in the state-rooms, as well as from other tokens, there had been three or four on board the vessel. It was impossible for us to say; but it was terrible to surmise what had been—or what might be—the fate of these helpless females.

The chronometers, sextants, barometers, everything of value that could be easily removed, had been carried off, and evidently so recently, that it was impossible that the perpetrators of this ruthless act of piracy could be far away. We no longer doubted whether the dreadful deed had been the work of the savages of the coast or of pirates. It was manifest that the plunderers had known the value of the articles they had carried off. Moreover, they had destroyed or thrown overboard the log-book, as well as every paper or

record from which we might have been able to ascertain the name of the port to which the vessel was bound, as well as the names of her Captain, passengers, and crew. The name of the ship and that of the port to which she belonged, were painted across her stern; and this was all that we were able to ascertain concerning her, except that she was ballast-laden; and, as we surmised in consequence of finding scattered over the ballast a few articles of cheap jewellery, cutlery, glass beads, and other such-like nick-nacks, which had evidently fallen from some broken package, she had carried above her ballast a few packages of French fancy goods, wherewith to trade with the natives of the islands. The wholesale slaughter might have been equally the work of pirates, or of the savage Papuan islanders, supposing the ship to have gone on shore through accident or stress of weather; but the systematic plunder of articles of the value and use of which ignorant savages would be quite unacquainted, and the wholesale destruction of all books and paper, were beyond doubt the work of pirates, and as we believed, of the crew of the proa of which we had been in search.

There is nothing on earth that a true sailor hates with such deadly hatred as a pirate, or a shark. To catch the latter, a sailor will any day cheerfully forego his hammock, or give up his ration of fat salt pork, wherewith to bait the hook. To wreak vengeance upon a pirate, a man-of-war's-man will willingly go upon short allowance of food and water for a month, and risk his life into the bargain. The sailors who accompanied Lucan and me on board the barque, were horror-struck at the sight they beheld; but when, on his return to the schooner, Lucan displayed upon the capstan-head, to the assembled crew, the torn and blood-stained articles and remnants of articles of female raiment, which, together with the handful of long dark silky hair, evidently that of a female, he had brought on board, the fierce yell of execration that burst forth simultaneously from all hands was fearful to hear! With one voice they instantly besought their youthful commander to renew his search after the perpetrators of the brutal atrocities of which these relics were the shocking memorials.

Whoever these might be; whether or not they were—as we believed—the crew of the proa, of whose presence off the coast of New Guinea we had received information at Post Office Island, it was certain that they could not be far away. But a few hours could have elapsed since the cruel act of piracy was committed; and though we had no doubt that all the men on board the hapless vessel had been murdered, we thought it probable that the females had been carried off by the pirates, and might still be living. We could render no service by remaining longer by the French vessel, which we had overhauled from stem to stern without finding any record of the name of her Captain, or of any one else who had been on board, or that of the port to which she was bound. Not only had the contents of the desks, drawers, and other receptacles in the cabin been abstracted or destroyed, but the chests of the petty officers and seamen in the orlop-deck and fore-castle had likewise been rifled of everything of the slightest value they had contained. The work of plunder and destruction had been terrible

and complete. The name of the vessel and of the French port to which she belonged, were all that we had been able to discover, except that, on a closer examination of the articles of female apparel—an examination which long afterwards led to strange disclosures—we perceived the letters 'M. F. L.' marked in scarlet silk on the skirts of two of them.

Five minutes after our return to the schooner, we were again sailing along the shore, searching narrowly into every nook and creek, but still in vain; and four more days passed away without our having made any fresh discovery. We had carefully concealed the schooner's ports by means of a rough coat of paint. Our guns, already loaded, were covered over with tarpaulings; the crew were never allowed to be all upon deck at the same time; the yards and sails were less carefully trimmed than is usual on board a vessel of war, and every conceivable device was employed to disguise our real character—but all, apparently, to no purpose. At length, early in the morning of the fifth day, we again doubled the north-west Cape of New Guinea—Lucan feeling undecided whether to continue the search, or to proceed without further delay to Singapore, and report what had occurred to the Admiral of the station. While he was still consulting with me, the lookout aloft hailed the quarter-deck and reported a vessel close in-shore, under the land.

'What like is she?' asked the Lieutenant.

'I can't make her out under the shadow of the land, sir,' the sailor replied, 'but she looks suspicious-like.'

Lucan hastened aloft with his spy-glass. In a few minutes he hailed the deck. 'Brace sharp up, M—, and stand in along-shore,' he cried to me.

I gave the necessary orders; and in another minute the schooner was standing southward along shore, close-hauled to the wind.

Lucan remained aloft five minutes longer, and then descended to the deck. 'Tis she—the proa! We've trapped her at last,' he exclaimed excitedly as he came aft.

'Are you sure?' I eagerly inquired.

'Certain,' he replied. 'She lies in there'—pointing out the direction—'deep in the shadow, under yon high land; just such a craft as the skipper's letter described. We ought to make her out from the deck.'

We both looked through our spy-glasses; but the shore was indented at this spot, and the shadow cast upon the water was so dark that for some moments we could see nothing. At length I fancied I discerned the outlines of a vessel's low hull, and at this moment the man aloft cried: 'She's moving out, sir!' And in a minute or two, as she crept forth from the shadow, we saw her distinctly bearing down towards us, with her sweeps out.

'Heave the log!' shouted Lucan.

A light breeze—just enough wind to set the sails to sleep, as sailors say—was blowing dead off the land, which was about two miles distant, and the sea was smooth as glass; yet when the log was hove, we found that our smart little craft was making good two knots an hour.

'Ah!' exclaimed Lucan, 'when the little *Wasp* has her wings spread, I believe she'd make headway in a dead calm. We must check her speed somehow. Heave the sail overboard.'

The sail, sewed up in the form of a bag, to which I have already alluded, was thrown over the quarter, and left towing astern. The log was again hove, and we found that the vessel's speed was reduced to a single knot an hour.

'That's better,' said the young Lieutenant.—'What are they doing on board the proa now?' he shouted to the man aloft.

'They 'pear to be resting on their sweeps, sir,' the sailor replied.

'The cowardly scoundrels!' muttered Lucan. 'We must leave them to come out after us.—Brace her up a bit closer if you can, Harris.'

A fresh pull was given to the sheets, and the vessel's prow was brought a point further round towards the shore. Then—as if we had but that moment espied the proa—the foreyards were squared, men were sent aloft to loose the foretop-gallant-sail and royal, which had hitherto been furled; and under a press of canvas, we bore away before the wind. The ruse was successful. Believing that we were striving to escape from them by running out to sea, the Malays again tugged at their sweeps, and bore down towards us.

'Deck ahoy!' shouted the man on the look-out aloft.

'What is it, my man?' asked Lucan.

'There's two on 'em, sir,' was the reply.

'Two what? Two proas?'

'Ay, sir; t'other one's just come out from the shadder.'

'All right. The more the merrier,' cried Lucan. 'Though'—addressing himself to me—'two at a time is more than we bargained for.'

'We can manage them both,' said I.

'Yes,' replied Lucan. 'But the fellows fight desperately when brought to bay. One of them may escape. I'd rather have fallen in with them singly.'

The schooner's crew were in such a state of excitement, that it was only with great difficulty they could be prevented from shewing themselves upon deck all together; and we knew that the least thing calculated to awaken suspicion, would cause the pirates to relinquish their chase.

As we got farther out from the land, the breeze freshened, and the water began to grow rough. The sweeps were hauled in on board the foremost proa, and she continued her chase under sail; the second proa, likewise under sail, being now visible from the schooner's decks. There could be no mistake about them. There were the long, low, black hulls, the tall raking masts, and the huge lateen sails, just as described by the master of the *Roxburgh*. One was nearly a mile astern of the other; but though they gained upon us rapidly, so swift was the little *Wasp* that, had we not taken measures to check her speed, she could easily have distanced the proverbially swift-sailing proas, now that we had got into rough water. In another hour, the foremost proa was, we believed, within range of our guns. But anxious to capture both vessels if it were possible, we allowed her to approach still nearer, until her consort was likewise within range of our shot. The decks of both vessels were crowded with men. I estimated that there were at least two hundred men on board the two proas.

At length we judged that the right moment had arrived. The signal was given for all hands to appear upon deck, and was eagerly answered.

The ports were thrown open, the guns were run out, the schooner's upper sails were furled, her foretop-sail was hauled up, and she rounded to, upon her pursuers. These manœuvres were so quickly effected that the pirates were evidently taken by surprise. The hindermost proa was instantly hove-to; but the foremost still approached until Lucan gave the order to fire the port bow gun. The shot was fired over the proa, as a sign for her to surrender; and falling into the sea far astern of her, it ricocheted over the water for a considerable distance before it finally disappeared. The rascals, however, refused to take the hint; but having discovered their mistake, and knowing that they could hope for no mercy if captured, they endeavoured to run alongside the schooner, with the intention of boarding her and overpowering us by numbers. We, however, had no notion of allowing a hundred or more murderous desperadoes to approach too near us. A second and a third shot were fired point-blank at the proa, and both took effect. The yells of her crew were audible above the reports of the guns; and when the smoke lifted, we saw that one shot had struck the vessel amidships, just below the water-line; and the other had carried away her foremast, which had fallen across her deck, burying several of her crew beneath the heavy lateen sail.

The Malay proas never carried heavy guns. In fact, the concussion caused by the fire of a large gun would have torn open their bamboo decks. The pirates trusted mainly to the chance of boarding the vessel which they hoped to make their prize, and using their keen-edged, sharp-pointed creeses with deadly effect upon the crew. However, while the men who had been borne down by the weight of the foresail struggled to free themselves, several muskets were fired at us from the afterpart of the vessel, but without effect, the shot all falling short into the water. Meanwhile, the proa—evidently settling down—was drifting nearer and nearer to us; but a third well-directed shot from the little *Wasp* struck her on the bow, raking her fore and aft, and starting both her after-masts, which fell over her side. She now lay completely at our mercy; for her cowardly consort, seeing how matters were going, had borne away northward under all sail, escaping us completely at this time.

Several of the crew of the sinking proa had jumped or had fallen overboard, and were swimming towards us; and we on board the *Wasp* were in the act of lowering our boats, that we might be prepared for any emergency, when suddenly the whole of the forepart of the proa burst into flames. She had either been purposely set on fire by some of her desperate crew, or probably some lamp or cooking-stove had been broken or capsized, and in falling had set fire to the dry, inflammable materials of which she was constructed. In a few moments she was enveloped fore and aft in one wide sheet of flame, and ere long, nothing remained save the charred and blackened portions of her bamboo deck, to which some of her crew were clinging, while others were seen swimming around in every direction.

Having seen to the safety of our own vessel, the boats were now pulled towards the struggling Malays and Chinamen—for the crew of the proa was composed of villains of both races—with the

object of saving as many lives as possible for the present, in order that the wretches might meet their well-merited doom elsewhere. The two old petty officers, however, raised their voices against any such attempt.

'They won't thank us for savin' on 'em,' said the boatswain's mate. 'And why should they? They knows as how they'll be hanged, if so be they're took ashore.'

'And th' it's just how I'd like to see 'em sarved out, Mr Gorman,' said one of the sailors. 'Drownin's too easy for the likes o' them.'

'Look out that they don't drive their creeses into yer, my lads,' put in the gunner's mate. 'I've heerd of their doin' that afore now. Maybe that's the thanks ye'll get for draggin' 'em out of the water.'

But Lucan was not to be turned from what he regarded as his duty, by the warnings of either Harris or Gorman, and the men were ordered to save as many as they could of the struggling wretches. The pirates, however, refused to accept our assistance. They struggled and fought with the sailors who attempted to save them, or dived under the boats and swam away. Many of them had already sunk beneath the water, and others were sinking all around—probably those who had been wounded by the shot fired from the schooner, or by the splinters which the shot sent flying in every direction. One miserable wretch whose cheek had been laid open by a splinter, proved that the gunner's mate had not given his warning without reason. The poor wretch, who was making a last desperate struggle to keep himself afloat, was dragged on board the pinnace by a young sailor, who placed him in the stern-sheets of the boat, apparently in a state of unconsciousness, and was then turning away. 'Look out, Joe! look out, lad!' cried one of the men on board another of the boats. The young sailor heard the warning, and started aside; but he was too late. The dying Malay raised himself up with a last effort of his strength, and drawing his creese from his belt, stabbed the sailor in the side, and then flung himself over the boat's stern, and sank to rise no more. The young fellow was immediately taken on board the schooner, where the wound was bound up. Fortunately, the Malay had not sufficient strength left to inflict a very deep wound, or the poor youth would surely have lost his life. As it was, several weeks elapsed ere he was able to return to his duty. Several others received slight wounds and scratches while endeavouring to lift the drowning Malays into the boats, and at length we were compelled to leave the desperate wretches to their fate. The boats were recalled to the schooner; but before they could be hoisted on board, every one of the proa's crew had disappeared beneath the waves. Nothing save a few charred spars and pieces of bamboo remained floating on the water.

One of the boys belonging to the *Wasp*, who was aloft when the second proa bore away and left her consort to her fate, declared that he saw the flutter of a woman's dress on board the vessel. The lad was positive in his assertion; but it received little credence from any one on board the schooner; though, from what came to light many months afterwards, it is probable that he spoke the truth.

We now made the best of our way to Singapore

without further delay, and arrived at that port at the end of seventeen days, without having met with any fresh incident worth recording. As we entered the roads, we saw a large ship lying at anchor off the fort, with the Admiral's flag flying at the fore; and while Lucan and I were seeing to the clewing up of the schooner's sails, and making other preparations for bringing her to an anchor, one of the men shouted from aloft: 'Boat coming off from the Admiral's ship, sir!'

Lucan looked through his glass at the advancing boat, which was pulled by six oarsmen, and steered by a coxswain. 'As I live! the old chap himself,' he irreverently exclaimed. 'What can bring him aboard in such haste? I hope the old fellow hasn't heard at what date we sailed from Sydney!'

THOMAS CARLYLE.

It is one of the disadvantages of those who are the contemporaries of any great man, that they are not so favourably situated as are subsequent generations for knowing him, and forming a true estimate of his character and his work. For example, we actually know less of Tennyson and Froude and Sala, than we do of Swift and Addison and Pope. Of Thomas Carlyle, we are equally ill-informed; and Mr Froude, we daresay, has no fear of his prophetic reputation when he says regarding the 'Sage of Chelsea,' that 'a hundred years hence perhaps people at large will begin to understand how great a man has been amongst them.'

Not much is known of Carlyle's parents, but what is known of them is highly favourable. He himself calls his father the 'remarkablest man he ever knew.' He rented a small farm, and afterwards a larger, at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire. He had great energy and decision of character, and was more than ordinarily intelligent; possessing, it is said, an extensive vocabulary of words, which, as we see in the case of his distinguished son, has not been lost in the family. He was an elder in the Kirk, on good terms with the minister, and hoped at one time to have seen his son Thomas in the high places of the Kirk too. His end was somewhat unexpected, he having died suddenly while Thomas was in London negotiating for the issue of *Sartor Resartus*. His mother, like the mothers of many great men, was a woman of more than ordinary sagacity and penetration; and to this it is said is to be attributed much of that shrewd instinct, and caustic insight into character, which marks the writings of her son.

Carlyle, who was born on the 4th December 1795, received his education partly at the parish school of Ecclefechan and partly at Annan, entering Edinburgh University before he had completed his fifteenth year. Here he studied hard in classics and mathematics, and read extensively and assiduously in all kinds of literature. Through too close attention to study he injured his naturally robust health: and speaking to the Edinburgh students in 1866, he sounded a very serious warning to them on this point. Designed by his parents for the Church, a change of views when he was twenty-one made this impracticable. We next find him teaching mathematics in the burgh school of Annan; and thereafter classics and mathematics at Kirkcaldy. Towards

the end of 1818 he again appeared in Edinburgh, with no definite prospects before him, but with decided leanings towards literature. He executed translations, wrote for the reviews and magazines, and fairly began his literary career. In 1826 he married Jane, daughter of Dr John Welsh, Haddington, and a lineal descendant of John Knox. She was a remarkable woman; taught herself Latin while but a girl; and was in the habit when a child of secreting herself under her father's table, so that she might listen to the philosophic and learned conversation that passed between him and his friends. Settling in 1828 at Craigenputtoch, Dumfriesshire—a property belonging to his wife—Carlyle devoted his whole time to literature; *Sartor Resartus* and the remarkable essay on Robert Burns, being part of the fruit of this solitude.

A letter written to Goethe in 1828, from Craigenputtoch, revealed the simple life which he led in that region, with its lonely surroundings. The neat substantial dwelling stood far away from any populous neighbourhood, being fifteen miles north-west from Dumfries; but two ponies which they possessed carried the author and his wife whither they would. Here he had come to simplify his mode of life and remain true to himself. 'This bit of earth is our own,' he remarks; 'here we can live, write, and think as best pleases ourselves.' On his library table was piled a cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals. Writing to De Quincey in December of the same year, he remarks: 'Such a quantity of German periodicals and mystic speculation embosomed in plain Scottish peat-moor being nowhere else that I know of to be met with. . . . We have no society, but who has, in the strict sense of that word? I have never had any worth speaking much about since I came into this world. . . . My wife and I are busy learning Spanish; far advanced in *Don Quixote* already. I purpose writing mystical reviews for somewhat more than a twelvemonth to come; have Greek to read, and the whole universe to study (for I understand less and less of it).'

During the visit which Carlyle made to Scotland to discharge the duty in connection with his appointment as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1866, the sad intelligence reached him of the sudden death of his wife in London; and few things of the kind are finer than the epitaph, which he caused to be placed on her tombstone in the family burying-ground at Haddington: 'Here likewise now rests JANE WELSH CARLYLE, spouse of THOMAS CARLYLE, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July 1801, only child of the above JOHN WELSH and of GRACE WELSH, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft amiability, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving help-mate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out.'

Ralph Waldo Emerson found him at Craigenputtoch in 1833, and described him as 'tall and gaunt, with cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and

holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour, which floated everything he looked upon.' They discoursed pleasantly of books and philosophy, and Emerson accidentally discovered that his aspirations were directed towards London, whither he removed to Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in the following year.

Between the years 1837-40, Carlyle delivered four sets of lectures, only one of which—*Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History*—has been published. These lectures created a great sensation in literary circles, and were delivered to crowded and select audiences. Charles Sumner, who heard him, declared that 'he seemed like an inspired boy; truth and thoughts that made one move on the benches came from his apparently unconscious mind, couched in the most grotesque style, and yet condensed to a degree of intensity.' Harriet Martineau, who had something to do with the arrangements for these lectures, did not consider them very successfully delivered, owing to his unconcealed nervousness, and the fact that he did not seem to enjoy his own efforts. These public appearances he termed in a sportive vein 'my day of execution.' As utterances, however, they are probably among the most notable of these times; but except in 1866, when he addressed the Edinburgh students, he has not again appeared in this capacity.

It was some time before Carlyle became certain of having caught the ear of the public to any adequate extent. Even so late as 1837, he was not without his doubts; perhaps not at all times free from despondency. In his *Life of Sterling*, he mentions a visit which he made to the latter in the autumn of that year, when 'from a shelf, I remember,' he says, 'the good soul took down a book modestly enough bound in three volumes, lettered on the back *Carlyle's French Revolution*, which had been published lately; this he with friendly banter bade me look at as a first symptom, small but insignificant, that the book was not to die all at once. 'One copy of it at least might hope to last the date of sheep-leather,' I admitted; and in my then mood the little fact was welcome.' In July of that same year, John Stuart Mill had reviewed *The French Revolution*. 'This is not so much a history,' he began, 'as an epic poem; and notwithstanding, or even in consequence of this, the truest of histories.' Mill, in his *Autobiography*, expresses his belief that the early success of this work of Carlyle's was much accelerated by what he said of it in the *Westminster Review*. 'Immediately on its publication,' he explains, 'and before the commonplace critics, all whose rules and moods of judgment it set at defiance, had time to preoccupy the public with their disapproval of it, I wrote and published a review of the book, hailing it as one of those productions of genius which are above all rules, and are a law to themselves.' In 1839, yet another tribute of high praise, mingled with clear and candid criticism, appeared in the same magazine, this time from the pen of John Sterling. 'What its effect on the public was,' says Carlyle, 'I knew not, and know not; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and

situation; as it well might.' Upon his publication of *The Letters of Cromwell* later on, he discovered that he had at last found due recognition, and was surprised at the swiftness with which the first edition was bought up. And these historical works deserved to succeed; for, apart from all other literary excellences, they were the honest productions of a diligent hand. No one who examines and compares them with other histories bearing on the same period and events, but must acknowledge the careful sifting of facts, the minute attention to accuracy of detail, which everywhere distinguish these writings of Carlyle.

In passing his *French Revolution* through the press, his patience was sorely tried, a misfortune having befallen him similar to that which befell Isaac Newton. Carlyle had lent the manuscript of the first volume to John Stuart Mill, who carried it to Mrs Taylor, the lady whom he afterwards married. By some strange accident, it was left exposed, and a stupid servant lighted the fires with it. When the author heard of this misfortune, he was like a man beside himself, as there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. Sitting down at the table, he strove to collect his thoughts, and began to rewrite, but only to run his pen through each page as it was finished. Doggedly persevering, however, Carlyle finished the volume at last, after five months' labour. To Thomas Aird, who met him in Dumfriesshire afterwards, he said that in his opinion the second effort was better than the first.

In 1844, we printed in this *Journal* an admirable letter addressed to a young man by Carlyle, on a proper choice of reading. Wise letters of his are continually coming to light, weighted with thought, experience, and kindly sympathy. As a rule, he has not been afraid to tell the truth, and make a plain statement of facts to his correspondents. In many respects, in quality if not in quantity, he stands alone as one of the most notable correspondents of this generation. In answer to Dr Carlyle of Toronto, who had been seeking advice as to improving himself in his profession of school-teacher, he wrote a letter, in which he enforced diligence and patient energy in the acquirement of any subject; knowledge gained by personal exertion being far more productive than if a teacher had helped. He quoted the instance of Cobbett learning French while his fellow-soldiers were drinking and idling; and of his own brother John who learned Latin with little outside help. The books read in the hours of relaxation must not be fools' books. 'A very small lot of books will serve to nourish a man's mind, if he handle them well; and I have known innumerable people whose minds had gone all to ruin by reading carelessly too many books. . . . The wisest men I have known in this world were by no means great readers—good readers, I should rather say, of a few books that were wise, having an abhorrence of all books they found to be foolish. A man gathers wisdom only from his own sincere exertions and reflections, and in this it is really not very much that other men can do for him.' Carlyle's reading, apart from the immediate subject of his investigations or studies, is said to be confined to a few good books, the newspaper holding a very subordinate place. His library is one of the smallest that ever belonged to a great man of letters, which is explained by the fact of his

magnificent memory; a book once read is to him as a sucked orange, to be thrown aside.

Carlyle has not only made his mark on his own times as an essayist and historian, but also as a conversationalist of the first rank. His talk, like his books, throws a lurid if somewhat one-sided light on a subject. His tongue has still the 'sough' of Annandale about it—a keen, sharp, singing voice, in the genuine Border key, and tranquil and sedate withal, neighbourly and frank, and always in unison with what is uttered.' Harriet Martineau thought his sympathetic mood the finest, and that excess of sympathy had been the master-pain of his life. Margaret Fuller declared that he 'sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroic, critical poem, with regular cadences.' In conversation, he allows his mind to follow its own impulses as the hawk follows its prey; and he generally bears down all opposition.

There is some humour in the story related by Miss Martineau, that Carlyle, dissatisfied with his house at Cheyne Row, went forth one morning on a black horse, with three maps of Great Britain and two of the world in his pocket, to explore the area within twenty miles of London, for a more suitable residence, yet stuck to his old house after all. The same authority indicates that his health has improved under growing public recognition, although whether this has anything to do with the improvement, may be questioned. In the correction of proofs he is exceedingly fastidious, revise following revise. Owing to this weakness, Miss Martineau offered to see the first reprint of his *Miscellanies* through the press, and thus save unnecessary expense. He declined, however; and coming in one day from his printer's in Charing Cross, he was laughing prodigiously, having enjoyed the following joke all the way from the printing-office. In urging on the printer, that worthy had replied: 'Why, sir, you really are so very hard upon us with your corrections! They take so much time, you see!' The author urged the plea that he must be accustomed to that sort of thing, and that he had got such work done in Scotland. 'Yes, indeed, sir,' interrupted the printer. 'We are aware of that. We have a man here from Edinburgh; and when he took up a bit of your copy, he dropped it as if it had burnt his fingers, and cried out: "Mercy on us! have you got that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done—with all his corrections!"'

Carlyle doubtless owes his healthy longevity to the strict habits of temperance and exercise maintained throughout his career. Besides walking, he was at one time fond of omnibus riding. While his *Life of Friedrich II.* was in progress, he declared that he rode in this way twice round the world. A walk before breakfast is part of his daily programme. Work commences after breakfast; his working hours are short, generally from half-past ten or eleven till two. The afternoon is devoted to exercise, either that of a walk with an old friend or an omnibus ride. The interesting commemoration of his eightieth birthday in the shape of a gold medal and an address presented to him by a wide circle of admirers, and by a gathering of friends in Germany, will be fresh in the memory of most readers. A remarkable old man, both in his physical

vitality and his intellectual vigour, still looking abroad upon the world out of those cavern-like eyes, regretting our follies, pitying our misfortunes, and deeply sympathetic with all forms of sorrow. May he in those latter days enjoy the rest which his life of laborious industry has so amply earned for him!

SOME CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

PLAYING with language, experimenting on the meanings of words, punning on duplicate or triplicate significations, giving a sarcastic rub to those who are no longer in a position to return the favour, displaying ignorance in attempts to manifest wit—are more abundant in the preparation of *Epitaphs* than the world generally supposes. All is not solemnity and sorrow in the thoughts of the concocters of these effusions.

Sometimes a pun or play on the name is introduced: such as in the epitaph on John White:

Here lies JOHN, a shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all were White.

The following was rather epigrammatic than epigraphic, in regard to the Rev. John Chest:

Beneath this spot lies buried
One Chest within another;
The outer chest was all that's good:
Who says so of the other?

William Wilton, buried in Lambeth, certainly did not write the epitaph which bears relation to him:

Here lyeth W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

Nor, we may safely assert, did Owen Moore himself pen the following:

OWEN MOORE is gone away,
Owin' more than he could pay.

More likely to be genuine are those epitaphs which involve a bit of bad logic, syntax, or grammar in their composition. In a graveyard at Montrose is said to be the following:

Here lyes the bodies of GEORGE
YOUNG and all their posterity
For fifty years backwards.

And in Wrexham churchyard as follows:

Here lies five babies and children dear,
Three at Oswestry, and two here.

Akin to this in logical blundering is:

Here lies the remains of
THOMAS MILSOM, who died in
Philadelphia, March 1753;
Had he lived he would have
Been buried here.

And another at Nettlebed in Oxfordshire:

Here lies Father and Mother and Sister and I;
We all died within the space of one short year;
We be all buried at Wimble, except I;
And I be buried here.

Others, again, are delightfully circumstantial, such as that on John Adams:

Here lies JOHN ADAMS, who received a thump,
Right on the forehead, from the parish pump.

Or a touch of jollity in them, as this from Newbury churchyard:

Here lays JOHN, with MARY his bride—
They lived and they laughed while they was able,
And at last was obliged to knock under the table.

Or suggestively laconic, as in the following from Saint Michael's, Crooked Lane:

Here lies, wrapped in clay,
The body of WILLIAM WRAY;
I have no more to say.

Sarcastic epitaphs, not necessarily involving a pun on the name are, we suspect, seldom to be found really engraved on tombstones; and only in some cases written by relations of the deceased. If Dryden really wrote the epitaph on his wife, attributed to him, and which he intended for her tombstone, had he outlived her, he must indeed have felt and owed her but little affection:

Here lies my wife; here let her lie;
She's now at rest, and so am I.

One Mrs Shute gave occasion, we are told, for the following:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of DEACON AMOS SHUTE;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

James Wyatt of course took no part in the concoction of this effusion:

At rest beneath this churchyard stone
Lies stingy JEMMY WYATT;
He died one morning just at ten,
And saved a dinner by it.

The occupation of a dyer has suggested many epitaphs of an obvious character, such as:

He dyed to live, and lived to dye.

Also:

He died himself, and dyed no more.

So many jokes were fired off at the late Sir William Curtis—an alderman distinguished for defective education and bad grammar—that we need not feel surprised at an epitaph couched thus:

Here lies WILLIAM CURTIS,
Our late Lord Mayor,
Who has left this here world,
And gone to that there.

A useful hint is wrapped up in the following:

Died of thin shoes, January 1839.

Many epitaphs seem to be intended to enlighten the public on some point which the friends

of the deceased deem of importance. An epitaph on Ann Jennings of Wolstanton, tells us that

Some have children, some have none ;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

A double epitaph records the mournful tale thus :

Here lies two brothers by misfortune surrounded ;
One died of his wounds, the other was drowned.

A fatal disaster could hardly be recorded in briefer form than the following :

Here lies JOHN ROSS,
Kicked by a boss.

Nor could a religious sentiment have been more curtly and sarcastically expressed than as under :

Here lies the body of GABRIEL JOHN,
Who died in seventeen hundred and one ;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John—
If you don't like it, you can let it alone ;
'Tis all the same to Gabriel John,
Who died in seventeen hundred and one.

Many mechanical trades give rise to the use of technical terms which, by a little manipulation, may be made applicable to human life, states of health, disease and decline, death and its surroundings. When such is the case, epitaph-makers are strongly tempted to make use of the verbal materials thus placed at their disposal. Any one can see, for example, how the trade of a brewer gives rise to the words—ale (hale), stout, beer (bier), bitter, porter, cooper, and in what manner they can be worked up for gravestone purposes. A playing-card-maker suggests cut, shuffled, game, dealt, honours, counting, tricks, &c. The brick-maker supplies the epitaph-compiler with clay, fire, half-burned, remoulded. A mechanical engineer employs technical terms which may be easily transferred to some of the conditions and events of human life : set up, valves, engine, stopped, boiler, hot-water, coked, flame, guiding-wheels, whistle, clock, steam. To the blacksmith we are indebted for hot, cool, cold, ashes, forging, vice, blowing, hiss, anvil, hammer, sparks, bellows, temper, and the phrase 'strike while the iron's hot.' From the weaver can be borrowed thread, web, warp, woof, weft, pattern, check, crossed, fustian, garments. The cobbler tells of his all (awl), sole (soul), stall, last, welt, elastic ; while the tailor is equally ready with suit, skein, thread, twist, shears, sur-tout, staytape, pressed, remnant.

The trade of a printer is very prolific in terms which can in this way be utilised for epitaphic purposes. Such for example as volume, book, page, print, delivered, press, author, founder, leaf, title, augmented, corrected, contents, cover, lettering, binding, gilding, form, imposing, bed, matter, copy, type, distributed, imprint, impression, pye, worn-out character, recast, mould. Nor is that of a watchmaker much less so : as witness the technical terms and phrases vertical, horizontal, wound up, regulated, set going, hours, moments, time, maker, key, period, go wrong, mainspring, outer case, works, pivot, pinions, jewelled, stopped.

If we are to accept as genuine all the epitaphs copied into the printed collections, many examples exist of these applications of trade technicalities

to gravestone purposes. One is attributed to Benjamin Franklin, relating to himself, but with a blank left for the date of death : 'The body of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, printer—like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding—lies here, food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost ; for it will appear once more in a new Edition, corrected and amended by its Author.' Another, said to have been suggested for but not by this famous printer-philosopher-statesman, depends for such merit as it possesses on an ingenious use of some of the types or characters employed by printers : 'BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the * of his profession ; the type of honesty ; the ! of all ; and although the ☞ of Death has put a . to his existence, each § of his life has been without ¶.'

The epitaph on the driver of one of the Aylesbury coaches was so managed as to bring in the coaching terms journey, whip-hand, way-bill, account, drive, stage, and 'shew you the way.' Lord Byron is credited with an epitaph on an old neighbour of his near Newstead :

JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier, who carried his can to his mouth well ;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more, so was carried at last.
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.

When the celebrated General Wolfe died, a premium was offered for the best written epitaph on that brave officer. A number of poets of all descriptions entered the competition, and among the rest was one who addressed his communication to the editor of the *Public Ledger*, as follows :

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers ;
And what was more remarkable—nay, very particular,
He climbed up rocks that were quite perpendicular.

Perhaps the most unexpected of all epitaphs are those in which the mourning relatives of the deceased endeavour to make a little money out of their grief, or to convert their sorrow into a little bit of trading or shopkeeping. We must acquit the dead man of any participation in the manoeuvre ; the epitaph is written when he is no longer in a condition to criticise it ; and his poor bones are made ancillary to a trade advertisement.

Take the following as an example : 'Here lies the body of JAMES HAMBRICK, who was accidentally shot in the Pacus River by a young man ; with one of Colt's large revolvers, with no stopper for the hammer to rest on. It was one of the old-fashioned sort, brass mounted ; and of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Or the following : In one of the cemeteries near Paris, a small lamp some years ago was kept burning under an urn over a grave ; and an inscription on the gravestone ran thus when translated into English : 'Here lies PIERRE VICTOR FOURNIER, inventor of the 'Everlasting Lamp, which consumes only one centime's worth of oil in one hour. He was a good father, son, and husband. His inconsolable widow continues his business in the Rue aux Trois. Goods sent to all parts of the city. Do not mistake the opposite shop for this.'

A tapster at Upton-on-Severn certainly had an

eye to the main chance, if he really inscribed the following epitaph on his father's gravestone :

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion ;
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the Heavenly will.

And not less so an American stonemason, who made the same tombstone serve the double purpose of a mortuary memorial and a trade advertisement : ' Here lies JANE SMITH, wife of THOMAS SMITH, marble-cutter. This Monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory, and as a specimen of his work. Monuments in this style, two hundred and fifty dollars.'

The lady to whom is attributed one graveyard effusion, had her thoughts unquestionably directed, if not to trade and shopkeeping, at least to matrimonial possibilities : ' Sacred to the Memory of JAMES H. R——, who died August 6th, 1800. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged twenty-four, and possessing every quality for a good wife, lives at ——.'

We have in an earlier paragraph ventured on a surmise that some epitaphs have never gone beyond the limits of pen and ink, and cannot be trusted as veritable examples of graveyard literature. Mr Shirley Hibberd, an industrious collector of epitaphs, corroborates this view. He says : ' Are there not hundreds of epitaphs in print which have no existence except as printers' paragraphs ? I have collected epitaphs for years past ; and it is surprising how many (and those some of the best in a literary sense) defy every attempt to trace them to sepulchral sources.'

The French are more prone than ourselves to indulge in these imaginary gravestone compositions ; owing perhaps to the great epigrammatic power of their language. One of their epitaphs gives a rub at the Academie Française, evidently out of favour with the concocter : ' Here lies PIRON, who was nothing, not even an Academician.' Fontaine, in one part of an epitaph attributed to him, described himself as having disposed of his time very easily ; seeing that he divided it into two portions, one for sleeping, and one for doing nothing. An epitaph on a prodigal declares that he delighted in *not* paying his creditors ; the only debt he ever paid was the debt of Nature. One reason assigned for a husband honouring his deceased wife with a tombstone was because ' the last day of her life was the first of his happiness.' An epitaph on Cardinal Richelieu declared that ' Here lies a famous Cardinal, who did more harm than good ; the good he did he did badly ; the bad he did he did well.' An epitaph on Rousseau pronounced that his life had been too long by just one half : ' for thirty years an object of admiration, for the other thirty an object of commiseration.' Of a humpback or *bossu* we are told that ' as he had carried a burden on his back all his life, he deserved now to have a rest.'

Notwithstanding these literary wits, there can be no question of the genuineness of numberless epitaphs. They for the most part belong to the weak side of human nature. The display of small vanities ; the unconscious manifestation of ignorance ; the thirst for strokes of humour, regardless of the contingencies of time and place ; the tendency to punning and displays of wit ; the yearning to ' push' for trade and

profit even at the side of the grave ; the flattering conceit of seeing one's own literary productions permanently graven on stone—all enter into the account.

ICE-BOATING IN CANADA.

FROM A CANADIAN CONTRIBUTOR.

THE comparative mildness and shortness of the winter in Great Britain precludes us from enjoying many sports which might otherwise be indulged in on our lakes and rivers. We have to a limited extent, skating and curling, but have never been able to achieve the delightful sensation of sailing on the ice. In America and Canada, where the winters are long and severe, things are different. There, sleighing is an exceedingly common mode of transit by land ; while ice-boating is an exhilarating recreation on the frozen lakes and rivers. Furnished with a sail of formidable dimensions, and running on skates several feet in length, the American ice-boat as it is now constructed, is capable of attaining a velocity of more than a mile a minute ! And further, it can by an arrangement of the sail and the skilful handling of the rudder, be made to glide in any direction that is not directly or almost directly in the teeth of the wind.

From a Canadian contributor, who claims to have been one of the first to make ice-boating a special study, we have the following interesting notes. He says :

Ice-boating is one of the most exciting and exhilarating amusements that Canada can boast of ; and I trust I may be excused from the charge of egotism if I say that I was the first person who about forty-eight years since made it a special study. Since that time, the Americans have given equal if not greater attention to this sport, and have attained perhaps fully the same speed. My object was to reduce to a minimum the resistance on the ice, consistent with insuring a proper grip for the steel skates on which the boats run. The result was that having secured a minimum of leeway, I finally attained a speed of sixty-five miles an hour when sailing with the wind on the quarter.

In Canada we have abundance of ice and cold weather. Snow, however, while it remains on the ice destroys the power of attaining great speed, and we are obliged to wait the intervals of thaws before we can again use the boats to the best advantage. I do not mean to assert that the boats always travel at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour ; but thirty or forty miles is not at all above the average. After a thaw has removed the snow, or before snow falls, numerous ice-boats are to be seen dashing over the surface of the frozen water with wonderful velocity ; ' on a wind' close hauled within four points ; or with the ' wind abeam ;' or before it ' round and round in circles,' ' backwards and forwards,' they are running in all directions. I have myself sailed continuously round and round in a large circle,

each time in turn coming in stays, and off on the other tack, jibing as the boat got before the wind. There are but few serious accidents to record, and the wonder is there are not many more. No one is afraid, and if sufficient watchfulness is exercised, no mishap need occur, the boats are so perfectly manageable, and are under the complete control of the helmsman. When two boats on different tacks meet, moving at the rate of even thirty miles an hour, they seem to approach each other with wonderful speed. The least turn of the rudder, and in an instant the course of one or both is altered, and they fly past one another like birds.

Ice-boats are constructed in the form of a triangle, formed by placing one plank lengthwise and a second across one end; the two angles thus formed being filled up with light lattice-work to accommodate passengers. At each end of the cross plank large blocks of oak are firmly bolted. The skates, which are nearly three feet long by perhaps eight inches deep, are inserted in a groove about two and a half inches deep, cut lengthwise in the oak block, and parallel with the centre of the longitudinal plank. These ice-boats always sail the broad end foremost. Near the end of the longitudinally placed plank, a hole about two and a half inches in diameter is bored. This hole is strengthened above and below by other transverse pieces, also perforated in a similar manner. These holes receive the rudder-post. To the upper end of the post is attached an ordinary boat's tiller; and to the lower end an oak block similar to the others, is firmly morticed. Lengthwise in this block is cut a groove, like that in the skate blocks, into which a third skate, between two and three feet in length, is fastened. And now comes the last great improvement, by means of which I found myself placed at an advantage against all competitors, other points being equal. The three skates are all supported sideways by the grooved block of oak, and are kept in their places by one bolt; the use of this single bolt being to allow the skate to oscillate on this one centre, so as to accommodate itself to any inequalities in the ice. It will be seen, therefore, that when one skate may be surmounting a small excrescence on the ice, the moment the sloping bow of the skate touches it, a slight rise takes place in the front part, which thus readily glides over the obstacle; whereas, if the skate were rigid and could not rise, it would be compelled to cut itself through the first opposing edge of the obstruction.

To cause the skates to hold in the ice without slipping to leeward, each skate is bevelled towards the inside; whereas the rudder skate is similarly slightly bevelled from both sides towards the centre, thus affording sufficient hold to steer the boat, by cutting a very small groove in the ice. Each skate and also the rudder are a little rounded on the lower edge, perhaps a quarter or three-eighths of an inch in three feet. The plates are a quarter inch thick, and burnished and polished at the edge as smoothly as possible.

The sail that I invariably found to be the best

was large and triangular, similar to that used by the flying proas of the Indian seas. It is well known these sails lie nearer the wind than any other. I added a boom to the long pliant yard, and attached the two firmly together at the bows. As the sail was lashed to both boom and yard, and the yard hauled up and the boom hauled down, the sail was as flat as a board. There is never more than one sail on each boat; but sometimes the boom is as much as thirty feet long, and the yard a few feet longer. These large boats, however, would never do on thin English ice, as the pressure would be too great; though a much smaller boat could sail wherever a man could skate, and would form an amusing novelty for English yachtsmen.

I recollect one day, many years since, myself and two friends had invited the then Governor-general, his wife, and some of her friends, as well as His Excellency's staff, to enjoy an ice-boat sail on Toronto Bay. At that time, but few citizens thoroughly understood the management of these boats; but fortunately I was perfectly conversant with it, having, as before said, made ice-boating a study. I had lent a friend—a Mr Munro—one of my boats, giving him strict injunctions how to manage her. He was a good yachtsman; but the speed of these boats so far exceeds that of ordinary sailing-vessels, that the greatest care is requisite, especially when two boats are approaching on different tacks; and having ladies and the representative of royalty on board, we were extra careful to guard against accident. On the day alluded to the ice was in splendid order. There had been steady hard frost without snow, and the ice was about six inches thick, and perfectly 'glare' and free from cracks. The whole bay—about two by four miles—was completely frozen over. All the care required was to avoid collision with other boats and occasional skaters. We had taken our passengers on board; I taking the Governor, his wife, and one of her female friends; and the rest of the party being distributed between other two boats. At first we went slowly, confining our speed to about thirty or forty miles an hour. I led the fleet, and had previously desired that the others should attend to the course I sailed, so as to avoid confusion, and also to enable us to sail side by side and tack or wear simultaneously. We continued to perform all sorts of evolutions for about an hour. The sun was shining brightly, and the wind rose to half a gale. It was intensely cold; but the excitement, besides an abundance of furs and buffalo robes, kept us all warm. As our passengers became less nervous, and saw how completely manageable the boats were, even when sailing at a high rate of speed, they begged me to go as fast as possible. I shook out a reef, and away we went, more like birds flying than boats sailing. We came in stays again and again, went round and round, and jibed our sail with perfect safety, all moving together as if by one impetus. To amuse ourselves, we threw walking-sticks and other small articles to windward; and after tacking, we picked them up as we passed them when going at our utmost rate of speed. This sport continued until it was time to go home; so returning to the city, we landed our party, who after courteously thanking us for one of the most delightful days

sailing they had ever enjoyed, wished us good-morning, entered their carriages, and returned to Government House.

On another occasion, the ice happening to be in remarkably fine order, I determined to test the speed of my ice-boat against time. The day was bright and not very cold; so I took my wife and little one on board with me, as well as the clergyman of the parish, who expressed a wish to be present during the trial, proffering his assistance in timing our speed by his watch during each run backward and forward. I should have mentioned that we were sailing with the wind nearly abeam, our course being north and south alternately, and the wind being about west two points north. At first we went slowly, as I wished to test the quality of the track on which to sail. The first two miles were sailed in three and a quarter minutes; and the ice being found perfect, I shook out another reef, and we sailed our very best. We crossed the bay many times, the distance being about two miles. Our time varied somewhat, though not so much as one would suppose. When sailing with the wind on the quarter, we made the distance in a little less than two minutes; shewing a speed of about sixty-five miles an hour. When sailing with the wind a little forward of our beam, the time made averaged two and a half minutes; or forty-five miles and upward an hour. I think we sailed at times as fast when *on* a wind as we did when sailing with the wind more on our quarter, especially during heavy gusts. We put our boat away before the wind, to shew how nearly we sailed as fast as the wind travelled; and although it blew equally hard, when before the wind as formerly, our sail was sometimes quite flaccid, and between gusts the sheet was hardly taut at all; shewing that the momentum of the boat after a gust was at least equal to the speed of the wind.

It is astonishing how use reconciles persons, otherwise quite nervous, to this great speed. I have had ladies on board my boat who were at first frightened at the ordinary rate of sailing, and begged me to go more slowly. After a while, however, they were the first to entreat for more speed, 'Faster, faster still!' until we nearly flew. The only danger in going so fast is running the leeward skate into a longitudinal crack. We can cross any number of cracks without a chance of injury; but if the lee-runner should get into a crack running in the same direction as the boat, it is ten to one something is carried away; or the sudden stopping of the boat causes all the passengers to slide away forward and on to the ice. But unless some one comes in contact with the mast, there is little danger of severe injury under ordinary circumstances. There are no seats, and as every one is reclining at length on the bottom of the boat—which is only about ten inches above the ice—they have not far to fall. I have sometimes sailed in heavy winds when, owing to the heeling of the boat, the ice was too weak to bear the great pressure of the lee skate; a cut through and sudden stoppage was the consequence, whereupon we all slid away forward over the bows. In such a case it becomes a matter of some difficulty to extricate the lee runner without breaking in a large portion of the thin ice; and great skill and caution are required to prevent boat, crew, and all going through into the water.

I recollect once I had been giving a sail to the governor of the Lunatic Asylum, a learned and gentlemanly M.D., but one of the old school. We had been arguing in a heated manner about the probable influence of phrenological development of an exaggerated kind on some of his lunatic patients. The Doctor stoutly denied all such influence as being quite unworthy of consideration. I opposed him, on the grounds only that where such development did exist of an exaggerated type, there were reasons to believe it should be taken into consideration. My opponent became very demonstrative and somewhat angry, and leaping from the boat as she rounded to near the shore, he fairly danced with excitement. We thought the ice would bear a team of elephants, it being nearly two feet in thickness; but unfortunately the spot the Doctor had chosen as the scene of his evolutions was near to a water-hole that had been cut the day before, and was covered over with a thin coating of ice. One step too far, and down he went to the bottom. Fortunately the water only took him up to the armpits; and a most ridiculous sight he was, continuing to rave and gesticulate, getting deeper and deeper every moment. At last he begged me to help him out; but this I declined to do unless he acknowledged the soundness of my phrenological statement. This he refused to do; and the argument waxed hotter than before, the Doctor affirming that 'in the water or out of it, wet or dry,' he could and would confound me and all such new-fangled ideas. However, the chilliness of the position proved too great for the heat of the Doctor's argument, and he finally gave in, shewing clearly that plenty of cold water thrown on a discussion did more to settle it than any quantity of heat and wordy warfare. I helped the good old Doctor out, and forced him to go to our house, where he drank a considerable modicum of excellent whisky, to keep out the cold and correct the dampness of his garments. A cab having been sent for in the meantime, I put him into it, and sent him home, a wetter and, I trust, a wiser man.

Poor old gentleman! he was highly educated, and a most agreeable companion. He is long since dead; but occasionally during that winter when I met him, I offered to get out the ice-boat and renew the controversy; but he always declined any such semi-aquatic disputes, and rarely ventured again on the ice.

GENTLENESS VERSUS FORCE.

THE seeming paradox, that gentleness is the greatest force in the moral world—a half truth to be accepted under limitations—has received numerous illustrations; chiefly, however, in the direction of unmerited suffering, calmly meekly patiently endured, ultimately achieving its own victory. The following incidents are of a somewhat different character, and may have their interest, as rather unique illustrations of the subject.

A gentleman in the west of England who kept a first-class boarding-school, became so imbued with the obligations of primitive Christianity, which he conceived to consist, not in any accommodation of their principles, but in following out to the letter the precepts delivered in the New Testament, that he had been known, amongst other things, to take off his coat on the highway

to clothe the naked; and never under any circumstances whatever did he turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the needy, if it lay in his power to satisfy their want. In the opinion of his neighbours and friends, all this led him into various extraordinary aberrations of personal behaviour; but nevertheless he was a gentleman and a scholar, beloved and respected by all, and against whom, save for his 'peculiarities,' not a word could be said. It is, however, in regard to the conduct of his school that we find the illustration of gentleness *versus* force. Following out the strict sequence of his ideas, he came to the conclusion that not only 'bearing one another's burdens,' but suffering for others—the innocent for the guilty—was the great Christian law. This took a peculiar form in the discipline of his school. The usual delinquencies arose, and the usual punishments seemed demanded. To pass these by was not his idea at all, but to mark them with all the demerit they deserved, and to meet out the due punishment to each offence. But, in pursuance of his belief, these punishments were not allowed to fall upon the offenders. He himself undertook every task imposed, and endured every punishment ordered throughout all the varied grades of discipline needed in the school! The most peculiar and forcible manner in which this took effect was in regard to corporal punishment, which became occasionally necessary, to mark the greater heinousness of some offence. This also he underwent, by insisting that the offender, or the boys generally, instead of being punished by him, should inflict the punishment on him! Strange results might have been expected from such strange modes of procedure; but the singular effect was, that it became the one anxious concern of the boys neither by any act of commission nor of omission to place themselves in such a position that a punishment merited by themselves should have to fall on their beloved preceptor, for this he had become to them in the highest sense. So far from such a course producing a vitiated set of pupils, the school acquired well-deserved renown for the moral style of the boys and for their excellent attainments; so much so, that it was rather sought after by the distinguished and wealthy; and many a man, not unknown to fame, would own that he owed much to the good foundation laid for him in heart and mind at the school thus referred to.

Our second illustration is also from school-life—this time in the east of England, offering a melancholy contrast to the preceding. The head master of the school had been specially trained for the work at a collegiate institution. After varied experiences as to different modes of discipline, he had come to the belief that the shortest, most decisive, and effectual form of correction, under all circumstances, was the cane, as a speedy method of solving the difficulty, and a punishment capable of being graduated by the occasion. Accordingly, as he entered the school each morning, the cane as the emblem of authority and punishment was ostentatiously brought forth and placed in a conspicuous position; and it would not be long before it was brought into requisition, either for lessons not learned or for personal ill-conduct. Thus the whole school-hours were generally varied with more or less infliction of corporal punishment—often, too often, not

only with needless, but brutal severity. This gentleman had an usher, whose principles and notions of discipline were the direct contrary of summary or undue severity; and if not amounting to those of our preceding illustration of vicarious punishment, were so permeated with the belief that love, mercy, and forbearance could do more than severity, that the daily scene in the school became a source of almost torture to him, so that he could scarcely resist the temptation at times of rushing upon the principal and wresting the cane from him, if not, in the heat of the moment, of paying him out with his own weapon.

Now what was the effect upon the boys of the system of prompt severity thus adopted? Nothing but entire demoralisation, and that to a degree scarcely credible. Though the sons of well-to-do parents, mostly of gentleman-farmers and the like, in the neighbourhood, with a sprinkling of boys from towns, they had become so lost to truth and honour, that to lie under all circumstances had become the habit of the school. Had anything gone wrong, the first boy interrogated would start some unblushing lie, and the whole school would adhere to it with the utmost pertinacity and ingenuity. Nor was there any particular in which they did not exhibit a callous indifference to all that was honourable and right. No appeal to any high motive seemed possible. It was the express desire of the principal that no minor or secondary punishments should be resorted to; whatever was wrong was to be reported to him, to be dealt with in the usual way, namely, the cane. With what soreness of heart, disgust, and reluctance this rule was observed by the assistant master can well be imagined. The situation at length became intolerable. Being bound to remain for the term, he resolved to break through the system at all hazards. Calling the boys about him, he told them with what grief and disapprobation he had witnessed the constant canings, &c., and informed them that henceforth he should entirely disregard the order to deliver them up to the tender mercies of the head master for any and every offence, and should look to them for such proper behaviour as would obviate all need of punishment. He pointed out to them the degrading condition to which they were brought, the superior honour of truth to falsehood, of noble, right acting under all circumstances, and impressed upon them that he sought to be their friend and helper, instead of a petty exactor and fault-finder. Whenever the too ready lie or feigned excuse for misconduct was apparent, he would appeal to them to be outspoken and true; that instead of anything being thus lost to them, they would rather be the gainers in additional self-respect and satisfaction.

And here comes in the further illustration of gentleness *versus* force. This willing relinquishment of the latter, instead of striking from under him all power of authority and discipline, and leading to anarchy, produced an absolutely opposite result, the effect of which was soon apparent in a nobler tone, almost a new life, throughout the school. To the complete astonishment of the head master, the discipline of the school became so vastly improved, lessons so well prepared, and all kinds of misconduct so decreased, that, apparently to his disgust, the occasion for the cane

almost ceased. The contrast of the condition of the school when under his own regime and that of the usher was a constant puzzle to him. At length an explanation became necessary at the close of the term, and here again gentleness as opposed to force received a further illustration. When the time came for the usher's departure, the head master—naturally an irascible man—exhibited meekness and patience, and begged his recalcitrant *sub* to remain with him upon any terms he liked to name; and yet, as he declined to promise a relinquishment of his own system, a parting was reluctantly agreed to. To add to the force of our illustration, it was remarkable that the most stout-hearted boys who had shewn most disposition to take advantage of the contrasted regime under which they had been placed, were the most affected on learning the result.

The instances we have given must perhaps be regarded as crucial experiments, not to be ventured on save under very special conditions, but nevertheless as illustrating our theme in a forcible, if singular manner.

THE WAY IN WHICH LIGHTNING DESCENDS.

SOME months ago, the well-known French Professor, M. Colladon, suggested a new theory as to the manner in which lightning descends. Instead of a perpendicular flash, as has been generally supposed, the Professor contended that it came down in a shower, driving along in multitudinous currents like a torrent of rain. Hence it is that trees are so liable to be injured, and persons who thoughtlessly shelter beneath them. The lightning, falling in detached streams, runs along the branches of the tree until it is all gathered in the trunk, which it bursts or tears open in its efforts to reach the ground.

Various correspondents have recently sent to the public journals instances illustrative of this theory. The *Times* Geneva correspondent describes a remarkable electric phenomenon which occurred at Clarens in June last. On that occasion heavy masses of rain-cloud hid from view the mountains which separate Fribourg from Montreux; but their summits were from time to time lit up by vivid flashes of lightning, and a heavy thunder-storm seemed to be raging in the valleys of the Avants and the Alliaz. No rain was falling near the lake, and the storm still appeared far off, when a tremendous peal of thunder shook the houses of Clarens and Tavel to their foundations. At the same instant, a magnificent cherry-tree near the cemetery, measuring about forty inches in circumference, was struck by lightning. The lightning was seen to play about a little girl who was gathering cherries within thirty paces of the tree, and literally fold her in a sheet of fire. Those beholding it, fled in terror from the spot. In the cemetery six persons, separated into three groups, none of them within two hundred and fifty paces of the tree, were enveloped in a luminous cloud. They felt as if they were being struck in the face with

hailstones or fine gravel; and when they touched each other, sparks of electricity passed from their finger-ends; at the same time the lightning could be distinctly heard as it ran from point to point of the iron railing of a neighbouring vault. Strangely enough, neither the little girl nor any one of the other persons concerned was hurt; the only inconvenience complained of being an unpleasant sensation in the joints, as if they had been violently twisted. The trunk of the cherry-tree was, however, as completely shivered as if it had been exploded by a charge of dynamite.

A gentleman in Rugby, writing to *Nature* shortly after the above, mentions the case of a tree struck by lightning in Stoneleigh Park. It was a fine oak, about forty feet high; and the lightning seemed to have struck, not at the top, but about two-thirds of the way up the main trunk, just where several of the larger branches came off from the stem. From this point to the ground the bark had been rent off along a strip about three inches wide; and through the whole length, the wood beneath the bark had been gouged out as if by a carpenter's tool, the groove made being about an inch wide and deep. The curious fact of the tree being struck apparently among the branches, at once suggested the theory of M. Colladon, that the electric fluid must have travelled, without visible effect, through the upper branches, and only produced disruption of the wood when the current was strengthened by the combination of a great number of separate streams. If this theory of the descent of lightning should eventually be proved beyond reasonable doubt, it would be of importance that, in affixing lightning-rods to buildings, their tops should be branched, each branch being smooth and pointed at its extremity, the better to conduct the subtle current into the main stem of the rod, and thus avert danger. It has lately been pointed out that it is not uncommon for the tops of lightning-rods to be ornamented with metal balls, and even to be tipped with a cap of glass. This, as Professor Tait recently explained, is as absurd as it is futile, and goes far wholly to neutralise the advantages sought by the adoption of lightning-rods. These, as above stated, should be smooth and pointed at top, and present as many separate points as possible to the descending fluid.

SONNET.

O NOBLE maid! When daylight sinks to sleep,
And weary waiting bids me close my eyes,
I fear lest gloomy visions may arise,
And drag me down to that unhappy deep
Where Love despairs, and Hopes and Longings weep;
But, ere they come, I reach a land of sighs,
Where sights and sounds are clad in quaintest guise,
And where I hear soft strains of music sweep
Among the shadows to my open ears,
When, out of loving lips I cannot see,
Float tender harmonies to dry my tears
With wondrous melody which comforts me,
Destroying all the ruins of my fears,
And lulling me to happy dreams of thee.

W. L. C.

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NINE DAYS ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SHASTA.

THE vast plains of Northern California are penetrated by a transverse range of the Rocky Mountains, connecting the Sierra Nevada with the mountains on the coast of the Pacific. Towards the most northerly point of this transverse range stands the magnificent peak of Shasta. It rises to fourteen thousand four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea—being within fourteen hundred feet of the altitude of Mont Blanc. It differs, however, very largely from the latter mountain in its superficial appearance and formation. The monarch of the Alps is remarkable for its vast glaciers, ever creeping down towards the valley, yet ever being renewed in the lofty region of snow and ice from which they descend. Glacial action is there in perpetual and active operation, rending the sides of the mountain into great chasms of ice, which in their turn are filled up by the descending avalanches of snow, to be transmuted in time into the substance of the glacier itself. And so on the process goes from year to year and age to age. Moreover, the traveller who dares ascend these Alpine cliffs has a thousand dangers to contend with—now of slipping into one of those dark-blue crevices which yawn below and around him, now of being caught in the rush of the coming avalanche and buried deep in its deadly embrace.

But Mount Shasta, while covered in great part by snow and ice, does not present such manifestations of glacial action; and it is only within these few years that it has been ascertained that there are glaciers on the mountain at all. And such glaciers as do exist towards its summit seem, in the opinion of scientific observers, as much the relics of a past condition of things as the formation of the present. Yet the ascent of its shining slopes of frozen snow is not unaccompanied with such elements of danger as give to it the zest of adventure. The face of the mountain is thickly strewn with immense boulders of rock, detached

from the summit and its fringe of precipices, and which the slightest touch brings crashing down across the track of the traveller. This constant movement downward of fresh boulders may be due to the singular and interesting fact, that on the top of this mighty cone, nearly three miles above the level of the sea, its sides encased in a coating of perpetual snow and ice, are a great number of hot springs, continually welling up, and puffing jets of steam and heated spray into the thin chill atmosphere which there prevails; thus exercising a solvent influence upon the surrounding accumulations of frozen materials, and covering the shining slopes below with the dislodged masses of rock and ice.

Of this little-known and interesting mountain, a very graphic and intelligent account is given in the March issue of *The Californian*—a new and promising magazine whose name has not yet perhaps penetrated far into the Old World. The account is from the pen of Mr B. A. Colonna, who in the summer of 1878 made a journey to the summit of Shasta, and remained there for nine days for the purpose of scientific observation. In that year, Mr Carlisle P. Patterson, Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, authorised Professor Davidson to place a theodolite and heliograph on Mount Shasta, in connection with the work of survey then going on under the Professor's direction. The heliograph, also known as the heliotrope, is an instrument for signalling messages from one point to another by flashing the sun's rays from a mirror. The apparatus consists simply of a square or round mirror fixed on an ordinary tripod stand, and is of various sizes according to distance and atmosphere. It can only be used in a clear sky and in bright sunshine, and while in Great Britain it has been of especial service in the Ordnance Survey, and is now in general use for military purposes, the apparatus is especially useful in India and eastern countries generally. A very small instrument is capable of sending a flash a long distance. A ten-inch mirror will reflect the sun's rays in the

form of a bright spot, or flare, to a distance of fifty miles, the signal at this interval being recognisable without a telescope. In signalling, a kind of Morse alphabet, consisting as it were of long and short 'dashes,' is used, the dash being formed by holding an obscuring screen in front of the mirror for the length of time previously arranged. The heliograph is thus of great value as a means of communication between two distant divisions of an army, as no one can see the flash but those at the point to which the signal is directed; and the line of communication neither requires to be kept open, nor can it be interfered with by an enemy. Another use of the heliograph is in the measurement of long intervals of space, required in making extensive surveys, such as the measurement of an arc of the meridian.

It was for the purposes of survey rather than of signalling, that the United States Survey Department were desirous to erect a heliograph on Mount Shasta, so as if possible to connect that mountain directly with the summit of Mount Helena, standing one hundred and ninety-two miles distant.

The duty of erecting the heliograph on Mount Shasta was assigned by Professor Davidson to Mr Colonna, who on the 24th July began the ascent. Another member of the same Survey had been the first, three years before, to ascend Shasta and remain over-night; he on a second ascent remaining on the summit for three days. Mr Colonna was desirous, if necessary, to remain there for a still longer period, and made his arrangements accordingly. The day on which he began his journey was a delightful one, and the party were in fine spirits. Instead of the three or four guides, with alpenstocks and axes, which the Alpine climber employs, Mr Colonna's outfit, of seven hundred and fifty pounds-weight, had to be packed from the snow-line to the summit on the backs of twenty stout Indians—curious people, one would think, to associate with a progress amid eternal snow and ice. And not only so, but these Indians were accompanied with their usual complement of wives or squaws, papooses (babies), and lean dogs; the 'Indian bucks,' as he calls the men, being gaily dressed in linen 'dusters' reaching to within six inches of the ground, and jaunty straw-hats adorned with broad bands of red or blue ribbon. 'Nearly every one in the party was mounted; and it was a somewhat noisy company, in which the voices of the bucks and squaws were mingled with the crying of papooses and the barking of dogs, so that no one sound was clearly distinguishable.' The route was over a beautiful smooth mountain-trail, of a gentle ascent, the distance to the top from the starting-point being about twelve miles, or a vertical elevation of ten thousand four hundred and forty feet. At first the path wound about in splendid forests of sugar-pine; but after a two hours' ride, the sugar-pine became much smaller, and was interspersed with red fir; and at the end of three hours the

sugar-pine had disappeared entirely, and there was red fir only. 'One hour later,' he says, 'and we passed through the most beautiful forest of these trees that I have ever seen. It was entirely free from underbrush. The trees were young and vigorous; and their symmetrical and beautifully tapering trunks and branches, towering many feet above our heads, were decorated with very delicate and pretty yellow mosses. There were tracks of deer in and across the trail everywhere, and occasionally a bear's track could be seen; but our noise frightened them, and they hid away.'

At three P.M. they had reached the upper edge of the timber, where they were to spend the night, and above them towered the beautiful snow-clad peak of Shasta. While the squaws picketed the ponies where they could obtain a scanty meal from the grass, which was just beginning to spring up among the rocks, the guide sent some of the bucks forward to walk over the snow while it was still soft from the noonday sun, in order that they might save cutting places in it for their feet when they began the ascent in the morning. After their evening meal, skin-blankets were spread on the ground, and they went to sleep, but not till the Indians, under their medicine-man, had performed such ceremonies as are customary with them before undertaking any important affair, accompanied with a monotonous chant, under the influence of which Mr Colonna fell asleep, and did not awake till the first streak of light was visible in the east. Comparatively few Indians, he says, have ever been to the summit of Mount Shasta, as with them it seems a sacred place, its snowy mantle being regarded with reverence as the emblem of purity, nor will they defile it even with tobacco-juice.

When the party began the ascent on the second day, the morning was clear, and the atmosphere sharp and bracing, the thermometer standing at thirty-two degrees. The trail which the Indians had previously tramped in the snow was followed step by step, thus saving much time that would otherwise have been expended in chopping a way in the frozen snow. Red snow was reached at an elevation of about ten thousand feet, the microscopic fungi which constitute the colouring-matter being very abundant. The surface of the snow was white as usual, the fungi lying at the depth of two inches, which when the foot penetrated so far, left a stain as of blood round the print of it. The fungi has a decidedly fruity taste, one comparing it to the flavour of ripe pears, another to that of the water-melon. A handful of it melted on a newspaper, left, after the water was evaporated, a red, powdery substance, feeling on the hands much like fine Indian meal. This stratum of red matter in the snow was three inches thick.

Their path now became very steep, and so hard, that were one to lose his footing, he might slide down over three or four thousand feet of snow without being able to stop. There was little danger beyond skin abrasions to be feared from such an accident—the worst part of it being the necessity of climbing back again.

At about thirteen thousand feet above sea-level,

the travellers passed over a snow-drift under a steep wall of pumice called the Red Bluff, seen from the valley below. The drift had been formed against a perpendicular wall; but it had melted away on the side next the rock, and left a deep, narrow chasm, the bottom of which was imperceptible. On the outside, the ice-like concretion fell off in a great precipice of three or four hundred feet. It was a dangerous place; and as it is about this elevation that tourists generally begin to feel the effects of the light atmosphere, the party was necessarily less able to cope with the difficulty. The medicine-man gave out here, and the strongest of them advanced but slowly, having to stop every fifty or sixty yards to get breath. They were scarcely all over the drift when a dense cold fog surrounded and enveloped them, and frost formed rapidly on their beards and clothing. Although only about thirteen hundred feet remained to climb, it proved by far the most fatiguing part of the journey; the rarefied atmosphere making frequent halts necessary. By noon, the party had got the last pound of outfit deposited near the Shasta Hot Springs, two hundred and fifteen feet below the summit, where they proposed to camp. 'As each Indian threw down his pack, he vowed in good plain English that he would never come up again, and anathematised white men in general for doing such work.' Of all the twenty packers who reached this elevation, not one—strange to say—had the courage or desire to scale the remaining two hundred feet, but began their descent almost immediately, leaving Mr Colonna, with two attendants, to prepare their camp for the night. Their first care was to melt snow in a large tin vessel at the Hot Springs, so as to provide water; but during this operation, one of the attendants turned ill, and had to descend next morning. After dark, the thermometer was standing at thirty degrees, the sky was clear, and the stars shone with extraordinary brilliancy.

The summit of Mount Shasta consists of two conical peaks about two hundred yards apart, the north-east one about fifty feet higher than the other. It is in the valley between these peaks that the Hot Springs are situated. They are dotted about over an area of nearly twenty yards square, and constantly send up steam strongly impregnated with light sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, the odour of which is offensive and very oppressive, so much so, that in making examinations of them, it is impossible to hold one's head in the fumes near the ground, and breathe. The temperature of these springs was found to be one hundred and eighty-four degrees, which at that elevation would be about equal to the normal boiling-point. The place is crusted over with a concretion of loose earth and small stones cemented together with sulphur, alum, and other minerals. When this crust was on one occasion broken through, it disclosed the mouth of quite a cavern, from which the steam rolled out in great volumes. Another opening sent out the steam in a small jet that caused a hissing noise much like that made by the steam escaping from a locomotive. They were all more active on some days than others, though Mr Colonna was unable to discover any change of temperature on these occasions. He was very much disappointed with the view from Mount Shasta; for though thousands of square miles of beautiful country were spread out before him, he

was so high above what was near, and so far from the rest, that the whole landscape was flattened.

Here Mr Colonna remained continuously for nine days and nights—a wonderful proof of his physical adaptability to such work as he had undertaken. His remaining attendant had to descend after continuing with him four days; and though he had various visitors while on the top, none, with one exception, was able to remain more than two nights. 'One lives fast,' he says, 'at a great elevation. I weighed two hundred pounds when I went up, and lost fifteen pounds in the nine days that I remained. My pulse in repose ranged from one hundred to one hundred and five per minute, and very little exertion would send it up to one hundred and twenty. My head was clear, and I had no difficulty in breathing. My appetite was fair; but as my food was all cold, except coffee and a little toasted cheese, I soon tired of it, and craved hot bread and soup.' The pulse of his attendant who stayed over the first four days, was lower than his, and his appetite first-rate. The summit of the hill is composed of a dark-brown igneous rock, broken into immense boulders. He mentions one glacier only, which has its origin about one thousand feet below the summit. Many of the stones lower down have beautiful lichens on them, but on Shasta Peak there is none. One day he found some snow-birds and sparrows dead in the snow, which he conjectured had been caught on the mountain in a cold fog and perished. There were also a few of the ordinary blue-flies, that crawled about 'sluggishly inside the tent during the warmer hours of the day; but they were quite torpid by three o'clock. There are many ice-caverns and crevasses, some of them hundreds of feet deep, and very beautiful. When the thermometer stood in the valley at one hundred degrees in the shade, the highest temperature ever he had on the summit was sixty-seven degrees. By four o'clock in the afternoon, ice would form in the sun, and generally by sundown the thermometer was at twenty-five degrees. The coldest that he had it was eighteen degrees. Curiously enough, it was warmest when the wind blew hardest; which he accounts for by suggesting that the warm air from the valleys was blown up the sides of the mountain. It was, however, most comfortable when there was no wind and the thermometer stood lowest.

It was not till Friday, 1st August, that the weather proved favourable for the chief purpose of his ascent—namely, the placing of the heliograph. At sunrise that day the country was clear all round; and turning his telescope in the direction of Mount Lola, one hundred and sixty-nine miles distant, where a portion of his coadjutors were situated, he could see their heliograph, shining like a star of the first magnitude. He gave a few flashes with his own, which were at once answered by flashes from Lola. Then turning his telescope to Mount Helena, still further away, there, too, was the heliograph of the party at that place. This was one hundred and ninety-two miles off; 'the longest line,' he says, 'ever observed over, in the world.' The longest line of the French geodesists is one hundred and sixty-nine miles, which is exceeded by that between Mounts Shasta and Helena by twenty-three miles.

What is specially notable in Mr Colonna's expedition is, that almost single-handed he accomplished the 'observing' of a distance much exceeding that ever before achieved.

His work on Mount Shasta being successfully accomplished, he descended on the 3d of August, pleased with his trip, yet glad that it was over.

THE CRUISE OF THE *WASP*.

CHAPTER V.—OUR INTERVIEW WITH THE ADMIRAL.

A MORE fussy, irritable, kind-hearted, benevolent old gentleman, or a braver or better officer than Rear-Admiral Sir George F—— never trod a vessel's deck. To his young officers, he was especially kind, though he sometimes scolded them terribly; but they loved and respected the old man much more than they feared him. If any thing, as he fancied, had gone amiss, he never asked for an explanation until he had given the supposed offender a good 'wiggling.' 'But then,' as the younger officers used to say of him, 'after he has knocked a fellow down, he is the first to pick him up again and set him on his feet.'

The gangway ladder was quickly thrown over the side of the schooner; a pair of new white man-ropes were rove; and Lucan and I, having put on our uniform jackets, hastened to the gangway—where one of our three marines was already posted—to receive the chief.

As soon as he got within hail, the Admiral bawled out at the top of his voice: 'What schooner's that?'

'Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp*, from Port-Jackson, sir.'

'Ay, ay; I thought so,' replied the old officer. 'And pray, where has Her Majesty's schooner *Wasp* been all this time? You sailed from Port-Jackson seven weeks ago, sir.—Pull alongside!' he bawled to the men in the boat—who had lain on their oars while he was questioning us—without waiting for Lucan's reply.

The boat came alongside; the man-ropes were handed to him; and he ascended the ladder, and presently stood upon the schooner's deck. He scowled around him as Lucan and I stood cap in hand before him; and then turning towards us: said: 'Pray, which of you two youngsters has command of this vessel?'

'I have, Sir George,' replied Lucan.

'And a pretty sort of commander you are!' the old gentleman continued. 'What have you been doing these seven weeks past, sir? The Sydney mail-packet that sailed from Port-Jackson a week after the *Wasp* left the port, arrived three weeks ago, sir! We thought you were lost! Will you answer me, sir? What the mischief have you been about all this while? Why don't you speak?'

'I will explain, if you will give me time, Sir George,' replied Lucan. And then he briefly told how, having been informed by Captain D—— that there was no need to hurry, he had thought it his duty to search after a piratical Malay proa that had been seen off the coast of New Guinea, in the vicinity of Torres' Strait'—

'A piratical Will-o'-the-wisp, I presume, sir,' interrupted the Admiral. 'Where is the proa?'

Did you see anything of her? What have you done with her?'

'We hunted her down and sunk her, Sir George,' continued Lucan; 'but not before her crew had plundered a French vessel and murdered all hands on board. The proa had a consort with her, which instead of coming to her assistance when we attacked her, stood away northward before the wind, and got clear off.'

'Eh! what?' exclaimed the Admiral. 'You sunk the wretched villains? That was well, my lad. And it's a great pity the others got away. But we'll go below, as soon as you come to an anchor—can't anchor in a better spot than where you are now—and then you must tell me all about this matter.—A pretty craft this! A nice little vessel,' he went on, his good temper quite restored. 'A swift sailer too, I should judge. Does credit to Captain D——. I shall tell him so when I see him. Just the kind of vessel I wanted.'

In a few minutes the anchor was let go, the sails were furled; and then the Admiral, Lieutenant Lucan, and I descended to the cabin. Lucan spread a chart upon the table, and related to the old officer the details with which the reader is already acquainted, traced upon the chart the course we had steered while in search of the proa, and pointed out the part of the coast upon which the French barque had gone on shore, and the spot whereat we fell in with and sunk the pirate vessel.

The Admiral listened attentively, frequently praising our conduct; and when Lucan concluded, he asked to see the remnants of female wearing apparel, and the lock of hair—the only relics of the fearful atrocity that we had brought away from the stranded vessel. These he examined closely, taking a note of the letters M. F. L. marked on two of the articles of apparel. He then walked round the schooner upon deck, and between decks, expressing his satisfaction with everything he beheld; and having invited Lucan and me to dine with him on board the frigate, he re-entered his boat and returned to his ship.

Three weeks later, the *Vesta* arrived at Singapore; and Captain D—— was informed of the adventures of the *Wasp* during her passage from Port-Jackson. Meanwhile, an inquiry was set on foot relative to the unfortunate French barque; and after the lapse of three months, we learned that a French vessel—the *Marguerite*, of Marseilles—commanded by M. Laroque, had sailed from France on a trading voyage to the East Indies. This vessel had touched at Manilla, and had there received on board a passenger of the name of Legrand, with his wife and daughter, the latter a child of ten years of age—together with three other male passengers, whose names I have forgotten. It is probable that I should have likewise forgotten the name of Legrand, but that it was subsequently forcibly recalled to my memory in a singular manner, as will afterwards be related. The *Marguerite* had sailed from Manilla for St Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon, but had never arrived at that port.

Shortly after the arrival of the *Vesta* at Singapore, the *Wasp* was despatched on a cruise amongst the islands of the archipelago—Lucan being permitted to retain his command until the *Vesta* should sail for England; but as the corvette was sent to cruise meanwhile off the coasts of China

and Japan, I, much to my disappointment, was ordered to return to my duty on board of her.

CHAPTER VI. —WHAMPOA—LUCAN'S DISCOVERY IN
CHANG-LIN'S BAZAAR.

Everybody who visited Singapore twenty-five years ago, or during many years previous and subsequent to that period, knew Whampoa, the rich, polite, intelligent Chinese merchant; the purveyor; the purchaser of old or damaged stores; the seller of fresh stores and provisions; the general dealer in everything that was to be bought or sold. Not a ship—man-of-war or merchantman—ever entered the port without receiving a visit from Whampoa, who came on board almost before the anchor was down, with his budget of news, and the latest journals from England, to offer his services in any way to the captain, officers, or passengers. In Whampoa's bazaar—which was a favourite lounge with the officers of the garrison, and the naval officers whose ships lay in the roads—every description of Indian or Chinese nick-nacks, or curiosities, was to be found, together with more substantial merchandise of every variety; and without ever intruding, or urging his visitors to purchase what they did not require, the urbane proprietor appeared to take delight in shewing them round, and pointing out to their notice anything that he fancied it would please them to look upon and examine—offering refreshments free of cost, and striving in every way to make them comfortable. Whampoa, who spoke English with remarkable fluency and correctness for a Chinaman, and who often acted as an interpreter to his visitors, had, moreover, a happy knack—even when suddenly questioned—of turning a rude or contemptuous remark into a flattering expression. The worthy merchant's subordinates, though outwardly civil and attentive, were more prejudiced against foreigners than he; and sometimes, when conversing together, they would make use of contemptuous expressions in relation to the visitors, such as Celestials generally consider themselves entitled to use when speaking of the 'inferior races' of Europe. One day a party of ladies and gentlemen, lately arrived from England, visited the bazaar. Whampoa as usual was polite and attentive; but his subordinates, looking at the ladies, frequently made use of the word *fanqui*—a term meaning 'wandering demons,' which the Chinese are accustomed to employ when alluding to the English. One of the ladies, who had remarked the frequency of this expression, suddenly addressing the merchant, said: 'Oh, Mr Whampoa, pray, what is the meaning of the word *fanqui*, which these people so often use when looking at us?'

'*Fanqui*, dear madam,' replied the merchant—for the moment taken aback, but quickly recovering himself—'*fanqui* is an expressive term, meaning lovely, elegant, fascinating, frequently employed by the Chinese when speaking of the grace and beauty of English ladies.'

As may well be imagined, Whampoa had from time to time to contend against competitors of his own race, who, envious of his good fortune, sought to establish themselves in business in Singapore in opposition to himself. He generally made short-work of these persons, who had neither his wealth nor his tact, nor his knowledge

of the English language, nor of the character of the English people, acquired during his long residence on the island. One of these merchants, however, named Chang-lin, who was possessed of greater wealth than those who had preceded him, established a bazaar in opposition to Whampoa, and seemed for a while in a fair way to establish himself firmly in the town. There were rumours afloat that Chang-lin, as was the case with many of his class, had secret dealings with the crews of the Malay and Chinese proas which were making such havoc amongst the traders to the islands at this period; and it was said furthermore, that Chang-lin had been compelled to quit Pulo-Penang, on which island he had previously endeavoured to establish himself, by reason of the suspicions that were rife of his complicity with the pirates; but some persons believed that these rumours were set afloat by Whampoa and his friends, in order to create an ill-feeling against his competitor. At all events, Chang-lin established a bazaar in opposition to Whampoa, and for a while seemed likely to prosper. Whampoa was a tall slender man, of grave and dignified aspect, and about thirty-five years of age—though it is always difficult and almost impossible to guess the age of a Chinaman. But it was known that he had come a young man to Singapore, and had lived there for at least twenty years. Chang-lin was a little, fat, oily Chinaman, always grinning and grimacing, whose prototype may be seen in the windows of many tea-shops, and whose age might have been anything between forty and seventy years.

Thus matters stood when the *Vesta*, after cruising for sixteen months off the coasts of China and Japan, returned to Singapore, previously to sailing for England. The little *Wasp* had also just returned from her cruise amongst the islands, after having hunted down and destroyed several proas, and having completely broken up and laid waste a haunt of the pirates on one of the islands. Lucan had resigned his command, and returned on board the corvette, he being anxious to get to England, and have his acting rank as Lieutenant confirmed. One day, while strolling about the town with other officers belonging to the corvette, he turned in to Chang-lin's bazaar, and amused himself, with his companions, in examining the variety of nick-nacks exposed for sale, and in making some trifling purchases. At length he entered a compartment of the bazaar in which China-crape and Cashmere shawls and other articles of costly feminine attire were exhibited for sale. A pair of child's morocco slippers presently caught his eye, precisely resembling those which he had brought from the cabin of the plundered and stranded French barque, and which he had carefully preserved. He took them up, and examined them narrowly. They were similar in every respect, and might have been made for the same child. Still, he thought, two pair of slippers might be alike anywhere; yet for some reason, perhaps hardly known to himself, he was induced to examine more closely the other articles in the compartment; and while thus engaged, he came across a China-crape shawl with the letters M. F. L. marked in red silk in one corner of the shawl—the same letters, worked with the same material, as those on the remnants of female apparel found on the cabin floor of the French

barque. He started with surprise as he thought to himself: 'Can it be that this shawl once belonged to the unfortunate lady who was a passenger on board the plundered vessel?'

At this moment, Chang-lin entered the compartment, and seeing a young English officer thus occupied, began to press him to purchase the article he was examining; and shewed others, among which was a Cashmere shawl or tippet, similarly marked; and seeing that Lucan still hesitated—for he was so taken by surprise that he scarcely knew how to act—Chang-lin still urged him to purchase some of the articles. 'Officer wantee make 'ansome present to young lady?' he said. (Chang-lin was far from being so proficient in the English language as was his brother Celestial whom he sought to rival.) 'Waitee one piecey minute. I shew Sa'ib officer someting—oh, very mosch fine.' He drew forth a key from some secret receptacle in his voluminous garments, and unlocked a drawer containing several articles of jewellery; and producing a lady's bracelet, set with magnificent pearls and turquoise, handed it to the young Lieutenant, who, however, intimated that he had no notion of making any such expensive purchase. Nevertheless, struck by the beauty of the costly trinket, he examined it closely, and to his astonishment, perceived engraved, in very minute Roman characters, on the inside of the bracelet, the name 'Marie Felicie Legrand!'

'Marie Felicie Legrand!' he thought to himself. 'The name of one of the female passengers who was on board the *Marguerite*, and the name that answers to the initials M. F. L., marked alike on the torn raiment found in the cabin of the French barque, and on the shawls I have just looked at! It was a very remarkable coincidence, as he had found a clue that might lead to the discovery of the pirates who had escaped when their comrades were fired upon by the *Wasp*. 'Some people would say,' he thought, 'that I have been directed by Providence—and perhaps it may be so—to the receiver of at least a portion of the spoil plundered from the French vessel.'

Perceiving the young officer's astonishment, and taking it for indecision, Chang-lin continued to press him to become a purchaser. There was a variety of apparently costly articles of jewellery in the drawer—earrings, bracelets, lockets, necklaces, &c.; and to these, one after another, Chang-lin called the attention of the young officer; but though Lucan, under the pretext of admiring these articles, examined them narrowly, he could discover no particular mark upon any one of them.

'Me sell mosch sheap, Sa'ib officer,' said the merchant. 'Me poor man. Wantee get money. Whampoa reech man, plente too mosch money got. Makee officer pay too mosch. No care for makee sell sheap like me. Whampoa no got such fine piecey goods in him bazaar.'

Lucan declined to purchase such costly wares; but he was determined, if it were possible, to find out how and when Chang-lin had become the possessor of the marked articles. Even if the merchant were innocent of complicity with the pirates, he thought he must know from whom he had purchased such costly goods.

'Wait,' said he; 'I will speak to my friends, and bring them to look at these trinkets;' and rejoining his brother-officers, he acquainted them with the startling discovery he had made.

'Come with me, and look at the name and the initials, so that you may be able to swear—should it be necessary—that you have seen them,' he said; 'but be secret. Don't let the old fellow suspect that there is anything amiss, or he may conceal or get rid of the goods.'

'Purchase them, Charley, and make sure of them,' said one of the young men.

'Find me the money, and I will,' replied Lucan. 'But my finances are not in a flourishing condition just now, at the fag-end of a three years' cruise; and then, the discovery may come to nothing after all.'

The party, however, followed Lucan into the compartment, where Chang-lin awaited them; and in the hope of making a profitable trade, the merchant eagerly displayed the various articles, while Lucan secretly directed his friends' attention to the name and initials. Then, after making a few trifling purchases—Lucan possessing himself of the duplicate pair of child's slippers—the officers promised to look in again, and quitted the bazaar.

Captain D—— happened to be on shore; and Lucan found him out, and acquainting him with the discovery he had made, asked his advice. 'We had better see Whampoa,' said the Captain. 'I believe him to be an honest man; and though he would no doubt be glad to compel Chang-lin to quit Singapore, I don't think he would willingly do him any wrong. At all events, he is conversant with the habits of his countrymen, and is acquainted with every merchant, Chinese or European, in the different islands. He corresponds with them frequently; and through his knowledge, and his influence over the affairs of many amongst them, we may perhaps be enabled to sift this matter to the bottom.'

Whampoa, like everybody else in Singapore, had heard the history of the plundered barque *Marguerite*, now almost forgotten. He listened attentively to Lucan's story; but shook his head gravely when it was ended. 'It looks bad, gentlemen,' he said. 'Chang-lin, I have no doubt has dealings with the Malays, but chiefly in the purchase of contraband goods. This is a more serious affair; and great caution and much inquiry are necessary before you can charge him with having obtained the goods of which you speak knowing them to be a portion of the plunder taken from the French ship, now many months ago. It is possible indeed that the goods may have come into his possession through other hands. He may be perfectly innocent in the matter. But if you please, gentlemen, to leave this business to me, I will do my best to fathom the mystery. But be silent meanwhile. Whisper not a word, even amongst yourselves. Trust me when I say that I will do Chang-lin no wrong, though he has spoken evil of me; and in a few days, if you are secret, I will learn all that can be learned of the affair.'

Captain D—— consented to follow the merchant's advice. We on board the corvette were told to be silent in relation to the matter; and a week passed away, during which we hardly spoke a word about it to one another. We went on shore as usual, and occasionally visited Chang-lin's bazaar, though Whampoa's was our favourite lounging-place; but though one or another of us met Whampoa daily, he never opened his lips

relative to the inquiries he had promised to set on foot, with so much confidence of success; and Captain D—— began to suspect—as did we all—that he had failed in his endeavour, and was unwilling, after the confidence he had manifested, to confess to his failure.

‘I’ll give him another week,’ said the Captain, when a fortnight had expired; ‘and then, if he can give us no information, we’ll do the best we can for ourselves; for I am determined not to let the matter drop until I am convinced that nothing more respecting the atrocious affair can be discovered.’

CHAPTER VII.—WHAMPOA FERRETS OUT THE PIRATES.

Singapore derives its importance solely from its peculiar position, which has rendered it the emporium of the commerce of the adjacent islands and countries. It is therefore constantly visited by a great number of native craft, from all parts of India and China, as well as from Borneo, Celebes, Manilla, and numberless large and small islands, which bring cargoes of rice, silk, sapan-wood, spices, and oriental products of every conceivable variety; these cargoes being afterwards re-shipped to all parts of Europe, but chiefly to England. Among these vessels are many junks and proas which come laden with legitimate cargoes, and are honest traders enough—so long as they have no opportunity to be otherwise than honest, though it is unwise to place too much trust and confidence in them.

We on board the corvette had often admired, on account of the beautiful mould of her long low black hull and her tall raking masts, one large three-masted proa, which evidently came from some island near by, inasmuch as she was seldom absent from Singapore for more than three weeks. She always came to an anchor about a quarter of a mile astern of the *Vesta*; and one morning immediately after gun-fire, when she had been absent about her usual time, we saw her entering the harbour, and watched her until she brought up in her customary position. Her crew were still employed in lowering and furling her sails, when a boat—or rather I should say a canoe—in which two men were seated, besides the two who used the paddles, put off from her to the shore. An hour later, Whampoa’s well-known boat was seen approaching the corvette, with the merchant himself seated in her stern-sheets. It was early to receive a visit from him, though he was accustomed to send a boat alongside every morning with a supply of fruit and vegetables for the day. In a few minutes he stood on the deck of the corvette, and asked to see Captain D——. He was requested by the Captain’s servant to descend to the cabin.

‘The old chap has brought some news, I’ll bet,’ said Lucan. ‘Did you see his face? A Chinaman seldom betrays any excitement or agitation; but I’m sure, from his look and his coming on board so early, that there is something astir.’

‘Please to go to the Captain in his cabin, gentlemen,’ said the Captain’s steward, saluting us as he approached.

‘I told you so,’ said Lucan to me; and he and I went together into the Captain’s cabin, where we found Whampoa quietly seated on the sofa-locker, while the Captain paced to and fro.

‘These gentlemen had charge of the *Wasp* at the time of the occurrence,’ said the Captain to the merchant as we entered the cabin. Then addressing Lucan, he went on: ‘You still have possession of the articles you brought away from the *Marguerite*, Mr Lucan?’

‘Yes, sir,’ replied Lucan.

‘Then get ready to go on shore with me immediately, both of you,’ continued the Captain. ‘You will take the articles with you, Mr Lucan,’ he added. ‘Whampoa brings strange news,’ he went on, as we were leaving the cabin. ‘He tells me that the female passengers on board the *Marguerite* were carried off by the pirates, and that the child still lives, and may be rescued from the villains.’

In a few minutes, Captain D——, Lucan, and I were on our way to the shore in the Captain’s gig, Whampoa following in his own boat.

On landing at the wharf, we proceeded—Whampoa still accompanying us—to Chang-lin’s bazaar, where we found a small party of *peons* (native policemen) apparently having charge of Chang-lin and two truculent, ill-looking Malays; and shortly afterwards, one of the magistrates of the town made his appearance. A brief conversation in the Malay language—unintelligible to us—ensued between the magistrate, the two Malays, and Whampoa and Chang-lin—the latter gesticulating violently, and nodding his head like a mandarin image in a tea-shop. After a while, Chang-lin was requested by the magistrate, in English, to produce the articles which had attracted the notice of Lucan three weeks before. This he did with apparent readiness, producing not only the bracelet and the two shawls, but likewise throwing open for our inspection all the drawers and cabinets in the compartment, and waving his hands as if to invite us to examine everything they contained. The marks on the shawls were compared with those on the articles of female raiment that Lucan had brought with him, and found to be similar in every respect; the bracelet was examined, and the two pairs of child’s slippers were compared and measured and found to be precisely alike; but as on the previous occasion, when Lucan examined the various articles, no other marks, names, or initials could be discovered.

While this was going on, Captain D——, Lucan, and I were still almost in the dark as to what had really occurred to give cause for this search. We supposed the two villainous-looking Malays to have formed a portion of the crew of the proa that had made off when her consort was fired into by the guns of the *Wasp*; but we were not sure of this; for though the men were closely watched by the *peons*, they moved about freely, and neither they nor Chang-lin appeared to be actually in custody of the police.

Whampoa, however, proceeded to explain matters to us; but even now he was extremely reticent. It appeared from his story, that he had long suspected the proa to which the Malays belonged, and which ostensibly traded regularly between Singapore and the adjacent shores of Malacca, to be occasionally employed in a less honest manner; in a word, he suspected her to be a pirate vessel in disguise; and he believed that her crew found a ready purchaser of such valuable plunder as they could not easily dispose of without bringing suspicion upon themselves, in Chang-lin. Moreover, for reasons that he did not explain, he had for

some time past suspected that the two females—the mother and daughter—who were known to have been on board the *Marguerite* when that vessel sailed from Manilla, were held in durance by the Malays on one of the islands of the archipelago. He had long wished to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct; and when he heard from Captain D—that various articles which the Captain believed had once been the property of the female passengers on board the *Marguerite*, were stored in Chang-lin's bazaar, he resolved forthwith to institute inquiries, which led to a corroboration of his suspicions. His widely extended business connections with the merchants, native as well as European, in the different islands, enabled him to obtain information that could be obtained by few others; and to produce witnesses—in the two Malays—who, on condition of being exempted from punishment themselves, were prepared to swear that their chief and others—with whom it appeared they had quarrelled—had assisted in the plunder of the French ship and in the massacre of her crew, and had carried off the female passengers on board—one of whom had since died, while the other, the child, was still living. Whampoa furthermore stated, that having satisfied himself as to the truth of the evidence of the two Malays, he had sought an interview with the magistrate then present, who had taken measures to arrest the captain and the chief owner of the proa, on their return to Singapore, when as usual they would come on shore with the two men who had betrayed them. (It was these four men whom we on board the *Vesta* had seen put off from the proa an hour or so previous to Whampoa's visit to the corvette.) On landing at the wharf, the traitors pointed out the captain and the owner of the proa to the *peons* who were in attendance, who arrested them, and conveyed them to jail, while their betrayers were taken to Chang-lin's bazaar, and placed—together with Chang-lin himself—under the surveillance of the police, until our arrival at the bazaar.

This was the story told by Whampoa, who, however, declined to mention the names of the merchants and others who had aided him to accomplish his object. Lieutenant Lucan and I, and the sailors who boarded the French barque with us, were subpoenaed to appear as witnesses at the trial of the captain and the owner of the proa; and until the trial should come off, Chang-lin and the two traitor Malays were separately confined in prison, as likewise were the rest of the proa's crew, the vessel itself being meanwhile placed in charge of the police.

ABOUT MONEY ORDERS.

It is probably not generally known that the Money Order Office dates as far back as 1792. In that year three enterprising Post-office officials drew up a scheme which was approved of by the authorities, and permission granted to them to carry it on. It was at first a purely private undertaking, the business being conducted under the title of 'Stow & Co.,' and was, even with the high rate of eightpence per pound, successful from the first. It was carried on in this way till 1838, by which time the experiment was sufficient to prove the usefulness of the system. In that year, therefore, the government approved of the recommendation of the Postmaster-general,

Lord Lichfield, that the system should henceforth be incorporated as a branch of the Post-office. On the 6th December of the same year, the Crown formally took over the business of the firm 'Stow & Co.,' commencing it in two rooms in the north end of the old General Post-office, St Martin's-le-Grand, London.

With the transfer, some very material benefits at once accrued to the public. The rates of commission were reduced from eightpence to sixpence for orders of two pounds and under; and to one shilling and sixpence on sums from two to five pounds; while the orders themselves were printed on sheets of paper, upon which the letter might be written, so as to avoid the charge of double postage. These concessions naturally increased the business; and the first year after the government took over the money order service, 188,921 orders amounting to L.313,124 were issued, upon which commission amounting to L.6652 was charged; and 188,635 orders amounting to L.311,727 were paid.

The introduction of penny postage in 1840, and the great reduction of the postage rates generally, had so considerable an effect on the money order business that it was more than trebled. In that year too, further reductions in the rates were made, the commission being threepence instead of sixpence, and sixpence where it had previously been one shilling and sixpence; a concession made, we are told, with a view to remove all inducement to send coin by post; the result of which was that, during the first complete year after these changes, the business again trebled itself. Under government management, and with the liberal reductions made in the charges, and the great facilities offered to the public for the transmission of small sums of money by this means, it was but natural that the money order system should take rapid strides in its success, and should quickly develop into an institution of immense proportions.

We will now briefly trace the progress of the system up to the present year of grace.

The removal, in 1854, of certain precautionary measures that had hitherto been deemed requisite, but which experience proved to be unnecessary, was the means of greatly increasing the money order business; while further relaxations in 1857 met with a like result. In the previous year (1856), money order business was begun with the colonies, and in 1860 with foreign countries. On the 1st January 1862, the maximum limit for which money orders could be drawn was raised to ten pounds; which had the effect of increasing the amount of money that passed through the Post-office in this respect to the extent of more than a million sterling, and this notwithstanding the distress prevailing at the time in the cotton districts, as well as a reduction in the fee for registering letters.

On the 1st May 1871, important alterations took place in the scale of money order commission. In fact, a new scale was introduced, which appears to have been based upon the postage rates. Under it, orders for sums under ten shillings were issued for a penny; and for sums of ten shillings and under one pound at twopence; one penny being charged for every pound up to the maximum limit of ten pounds. As may be imagined, such greatly reduced rates were followed by a marked

increase of business, being estimated in the first year at eighteen per cent., which has rapidly progressed in each succeeding year up to the present time. But notwithstanding this circumstance, the new scale proved a mistake; for although the number of money orders issued continues to be enormous, yet surprising as it may appear, there is not a corresponding financial success. The fact of the matter is that the annual increases have arisen mainly in orders for the lesser amounts—namely, those of two pounds and under; and as we are told that the cost, to government, of each money order transaction is as nearly as possible threepence, the inevitable consequence has been a loss upon the greater part of the business, which, before the increase of rates, was estimated at the rate of ten thousand pounds per annum. In short, the profits derived from the larger amounts have not been found sufficient to cover the loss; and consequently, had it not been for the foreign and colonial money order business, an actual deficit must have ensued in this most important state department.

The government have by no means been blind to these untoward circumstances; on the contrary, they have been the subject of serious attention for some years past; and it was with the view of obviating the consequences of a deficit that the initial money order rate was raised from a penny to twopence on the 1st of January 1878. But as will be obvious, this was only partially meeting the case; for all orders issued at twopence are still creative of a loss; while those issued at threepence, if they involve no loss, are at the same time not productive of any gain. Bearing this in view, the government had in mind a scheme of Post-office Notes which was calculated to meet the difficulty, and they would no doubt have developed it concurrently with the raising of the money order rates, had it not been necessary to obtain first of all parliamentary sanction; and this was only obtained during the recent session, under Mr Fawcett's Post-office (Money Orders) Bill. We shall now proceed to explain the chief objects of the measure.

It is designed to issue ten classes of Notes for fixed amounts—namely, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., and 20s., at a halfpenny for each of the first three; a penny for each of the next three; and twopence for each of the remaining amounts. The note when issued is to be signed and stamped by the issuing postmaster, and will thus be payable to bearer at any savings-bank or Money Order Office in the country; but if cautiously disposed, the remitter can (1) insert the name of the person to whose signature only it is to be paid; or (2) he can also insert the name of the particular post-office at which it is to be cashed; or (3) he can cross it so as to make it in all respects like a cheque similarly dealt with. Mr Chetwynd, Receiver and Accountant General to the Post-office, whose name is so favourably known in connection with postal work generally, and more particularly as the originator and joint organiser of the present admirable system of government savings-banks, is the author of this ingenious scheme. So carefully has he elaborated the proposition in all its details, that not only did it gain the unanimous approbation and recommendation of a Treasury Committee—presided over by the late Mr George Moore—

appointed to inquire into its merits, but it has also met with the approval of that eminent body of financial and commercial representatives the Associated Chambers of Commerce, who resolved by a large majority at one of their meetings to support the movement. There can be no doubt that it will prove a great boon to the poorer classes, which was the original intention of the money order system, as we have shewn; while to commercial men it will also be most useful, especially as it is proposed by Mr Chetwynd that the new notes should be sold in books for use as required, as well as singly.

To return, however, to money orders proper; the whole of the advantages and benefits derived from the money order system may be attributed to the agency of the little document called the 'advice,' which is really the counterfoil of the money order itself. It may be regarded as the mainspring of the whole service; its usefulness to the system being incalculable; its most important function to prevent fraud. No order is paid until compared with its duplicate or 'advice,' with the exception only of such orders as are paid through bankers; and as it bears particulars regarding the payee which are not shewn on the order itself, it would not always be easy for an individual who had fraudulently obtained the latter to get it cashed; while the slightest attempt to alter in any way the amount on the order can at once be detected by means of the aforesaid 'advice.' Mr Chetwynd, in evidence before the Treasury Committee already referred to, described the further uses of the 'advice' as follows: 'It localises the payment, and thus enables the Post-office to provide money to meet the payment at the right place. The postmaster who receives "advices" knows that the corresponding orders will be presented in a day or two. If he did not know that these money orders were to be presented, he would remit the money to London, and the presenters of the orders might have to wait two or three days before obtaining payment. Another advantage is, that the postmaster is very distinctly informed how much was paid in by the remitter at the office of issue; and thus he is enabled to protect himself and the department against fraudulent alteration of the amounts.'

At the chief money order office in London, where the amount of business daily transacted is very great, many instances come under notice of the usefulness of the 'advice;' and it may be worth while to quote one here. Two or three years ago, a woman presented an order payable to the well-known minister Mr Spurgeon, the initials of whose Christian name are C. H., the order being signed 'Charles Haddon' on one line and 'Spurgeon' on the next; but as the signature did not correspond with the name given in the 'advice,' payment was refused, and the applicant was asked from whom it had been received, to which she replied: 'A customer—Mr Spurgeon.' Not feeling satisfied, however, the clerk retained the order, took the woman's name and address, and desired her to tell Mr Spurgeon to come himself and sign it. The result was the discovery that the money order had been fraudulently obtained; and although the woman had given a false name and address, she was afterwards apprehended, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment. This is only one

case out of many, we believe; but it is sufficient to demonstrate the security given by the 'advice' to the money order system; and were it to be abolished, as has been absurdly suggested by some, for the purpose of reducing the costs of the service, the system would at once be robbed of a feature on which rests its chief claim to popularity.

According to the last Report of the Postmaster-general, there are now six thousand and sixty offices open throughout the United Kingdom at which money order business may be transacted; and the total number of inland transactions reached nearly seventeen millions; while the total value amounted to nearly twenty-five million pounds; shewing that on the average for every hundred persons of the population, over forty-nine orders were issued. This, however, we are told, is a decrease of three per cent. on the number issued in the previous year; which is partly accounted for by the raising of the initial rate from one penny to twopence, and the reduction of the registered letter fee from fourpence to twopence; partly by the depression in trade; and to a great extent by the discontinuance of the use of money orders for the payment of the salaries of national school teachers in Ireland. Fortunately, however, the foreign and colonial money order business continues to increase.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of persons employed in the money order service as a whole; but it may suffice that the staff engaged in the chief office, London, on this business alone numbers one hundred and twenty-nine, of whom one is Controller, and fifty-nine persons otherwise employed as paper-keepers, &c. The work performed by this staff is of a varied character, consisting mainly in the examination and checking of accounts, &c.; together with a considerable amount of correspondence and other miscellaneous duties necessarily incident to a business which issues and pays nearly seventeen million money orders, and deals with an annual sum of nearly twenty-five million pounds, as already shewn.

To enter into details as regards all the work done at the chief money order office, and to the duties attaching to what is termed the 'paid issue check,' would only weary the general reader. Suffice it to say that this check is designed as a complete test of the accuracy of the amounts charged to postmasters for orders issued, and of the amount credited for orders paid. The various postmasters account to the chief office in London for the orders they issue, and the castings of their accounts are checked and posted daily to the relative ledgers. When the orders are paid, they are claimed by the paying postmasters; the amounts claimed are checked by the orders; the castings are checked; and the totals claimed and allowed are also posted into the ledgers.

The value of the 'paid issue' check is exhibited in a remarkable way by the result of the comparison of the yearly balances, made up respectively of issues and 'paid issues,' and issues and payments; by which it appears that the balance of deficiency on eleven years amounted to the marvellously small sum of five hundred and sixty-seven pounds! Considering that this is on a turnover of three hundred and sixty-two million pounds, the result must be regarded as extremely satisfactory.

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the facts and figures laid before the reader demonstrate the wonderful results which frequently arise from the smallest beginnings.

In another paper we shall attempt to shew what the public may now do by depositing its 'saved pennies' in Post-office Banks.

MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'LOOK here, my dear boy; I am going to give you a piece of advice. When you cashed that cheque in the Bank just now, you scarcely looked at the notes before thrusting them in a bundle into your breast-pocket. Now, I daresay you think it looks very fine to shove away a lot of bank-notes into your pocket as if you were accustomed to carry about large sums. But listen to me. I am an old man, and I daresay I have had as much to do with the handling of money as you are likely ever to have; and I strongly recommend you never to put away any note, cheque, draft, or in fact any paper equivalent for cash, without entering the number in your pocket-book, with the date of its reception, and the name of the person from whom you took it. Ever since I began business, I made it a fixed rule always to do so; and I could now, by referring to a ledger, tell you what notes passed through my hands, and the exact dates they did so. It gives very little trouble; and you never can tell when the record may be of use to yourself or to others.'

Mr Renshaw was an old and esteemed friend of my father's. He had come into Bosanquet's Bank as I was cashing a small cheque; and as we walked down Lombard Street, he administered this little reproof; not, however, with the least sharpness or sarcasm, but with a kind fatherly manner which could not offend the most touchy, especially as proceeding from an old to a young man. I had known him as long as I could remember, he having been connected with my father in many business transactions, and thus entertaining for each other a feeling of mutual esteem. He was a man of good standing in the 'City,' and had been always remarkable for his great punctuality and correctness in business matters. For fifty years he had worked in the firm, from which he had lately retired, having been chief partner for more than half that period. His motto in business had always been Method; and he certainly carried out his principle in every action; not, however, like some methodical people, who think that every one else should go out of the way that their regulated routine may not be interrupted. On the contrary, in his ordinary life—although every hour of the day had its appointed purpose—he readily lent himself to aid in the pleasures or business of his friends; nor did he look harshly on those whose habits were not just so exact as his own. His mind was large enough to see that it would be impossible, indeed not desirable, that all men should think like him; and that a sound intellect and good moral worth are to be found amongst the apparently light and careless, as well as amongst the methodical and steady. At the same time, in his own immediate business concerns, he insisted on a methodical system being strictly adhered to. 'Gentlemen,'

he was wont to say to his clerks, 'out of the office you may be sky-rockets if you please; in the office, chronometers.'

'I daresay, John,' he continued to me, 'you think that I am a sort of old moral parallel-ruler, and that I never can get beyond making one line run straight alongside of another; but believe me, as your father's old friend, and yours too, my boy, that there is nothing like method. From the smallest to the greatest transaction, do everything as if you were casting up accounts—for you know how soon a little error multiplies—and beware of trusting to your memory anything that should be put down in black and white. There now; I have given you a lecture, and I hope you are not vexed?'

'Not a bit, sir,' I replied. 'I daresay—I'm sure you are right; and indeed I never looked on you in the light of a parallel-ruler; though I should not object bearing a little resemblance myself to that respectable instrument. And yet, I fear I should never be able to bring myself to keep account of the numbers of every note I received.'

'And yet,' my companion replied, 'they think it worth while to do so at the Bank you get them from. How about if you lost them?'

'That's true,' said I; 'but it's not very likely. I always keep my wits about me.'

'Just like you—just like you young men: you're all so sharp. Never mind, my dear boy. Come up this evening—I dine at six—and I'll tell you a story in which the honour and credit of a young man—all that he was worth to society and himself, depended on the number of a bank-note.'

Six o'clock with Mr Renshaw meant six o'clock; and I am sure, by his hearty welcome, he felt a little flattered at my remembrance of his hobby, as I entered the drawing-room just five minutes before the hour. The dinner-party was quite a family one, comprising besides ourselves, Mrs Renshaw and their two daughters. I could not help observing during dinner how quietly regular everything was conducted, yet without the slightest stiffness. Everything that was needed was at hand; and the courses were noiselessly removed or replaced without any ringing of bells or other interruption to the cheerful conversation which was being carried on.

'Now, John,' said my host, when the ladies had left the room, and we had drawn up our chairs near the fire and had placed the decanters within reach, 'fill your glass; and don't mind me—old method, you see—whilst I tell you my story. But I must first fetch the documents from my study.'

Following my friend's advice, I filled my glass and cracked a few filberts; and in a few minutes Mr Renshaw returned, bringing with him three newspapers, which he laid beside him on the table. He then drew from his coat a pocket-book of the usual shape that 'City'-men carry about with them, but differing from those in ordinary use in being of a bright blue colour. 'Another of my whips, John. I had my memorandum-book made of an unusual colour, that it might be more easily traced if lost; and now,' he continued, placing the book beside the papers, 'my memoranda are all in order, and I only ask your attention.

'I daresay you have heard your father speak

of a Mr Brierly—though perhaps not, as I now remember he must have died when you were quite a child. However, your father knew him well, and I also knew him, but not very intimately, although I have at different times transacted business for him. He knew little about such matters himself, and always left everything connected with his property in the hands of an agent—not that I ever acted as such, my connection with him being casual. He was possessed of a little landed property; but the bulk of his money was invested in stock of different kinds. He dabbled, however, very little in the share-market; for though his man of business was willing enough to speculate, yet old Mr Brierly said that he had enough and to spare; and whenever he knew his money was safely invested, then he let it stay; so that his agent had little to do, and his pickings were proportionably small.

'Little or nothing was known of Mr Brierly before he came to settle near Hanwell, where he bought himself a pretty place, and lived in strict retirement with his only daughter and sole companion, a child about ten or eleven years old. Different stories were of course in circulation as to who he was and where he came from. Some hinted at a deserted wife; others, that he was a widower. The latter I have reason to believe was correct. But as far as he was concerned, he never satisfied the curiosity of his neighbours, but lived quietly on, having apparently no thought or pleasure beyond his child. As I told you, he was nothing of a business man; and like many such, he placed entire trust in his agent, or more correctly agents; for the management of his estate was confided to the hands of Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, solicitors and conveyancers of Bell-yard, Doctors' Commons. The firm used to be Dibden & Knollys, until Dibden's only son Stephen joined it, when his name was added; shortly after which event, Knollys died; but the name was retained by the firm; so that at the time I speak of, the whole business belonged to the two Dibdens, father and son. Why Mr Brierly should have ever selected such agents, or how he met them, I never found out; but he placed in them the most implicit confidence, and used constantly to send for the elder Dibden to his house, especially during the last two years before his death, when his health was failing, and he disliked the trouble and fatigue of going up to town.

'Whether it was Dibden's cleverness as a man of business that he was taken with, or whether he was managed by cunning, I know not, but he certainly let him obtain a great deal of influence over him; and at his death, which took place when his child was only fifteen years of age, his will directed that she should be under the guardianship of Dibden; who, during her minority, or as long as she remained with him, was to receive five hundred pounds a year for his charge. It, moreover, directed that she was not to marry before she was legally of age, and then only with Dibden's consent, until after her twenty-fifth birthday, when she was free to do as she liked. The most curious part of the will—and it evidently shews that whatever influence Dibden exerted over the old man was not sufficient to induce him to attach a permanent penalty on his child if she disobeyed his wishes—was that, in the event of her not comply-

ing with the terms of the will, she should have only an allowance of five hundred pounds a year during her life; but that the property should be settled on her children, to be enjoyed by them after her death. Hard, as this arrangement was, for a loved and only child to be excluded from being mistress of her property for four years after she became of age, unless she married with her guardian's consent in the meantime, I am certain myself that it would have been harder if Dibden could have managed it; but he was evidently not able to convince the father that after twenty-five years of age a woman's fortune might not be safely left to her own discretion. Everybody was of course surprised at the will; but as there were no relatives to interfere, no question was raised; and as soon as the funeral was over, Dibden took the child home with him.

'I must now pass over a space of five years. The child of fifteen had grown into a beautiful girl of twenty, and a sweeter and kinder never breathed. Now John, if you won't laugh at an old man getting enthusiastic about a girl young enough to be his grandchild, I will describe her to you. She had a clear frank open face—a face that to look at once, was sufficient to read truth and trust written on it. Her fair golden hair sometimes seemed like a glory round it, as the rays of the sun danced on its luxuriant folds; and the pleasant smile that she greeted one with, made one feel that if the term angel could be applied to mortal, it might be to her. Her nose was straight and small; and her eyes—John, I never saw such coloured eyes on a fair person—they were dark violet, with long lashes.—There! you're laughing at me; I shall tell you no more about her, except to say she was as good as she was beautiful. To do Dibden justice, he dealt very fairly with her as far as education went. No expense was spared; she had the best masters for everything. But she was never permitted to go into society. To be sure, he used to have some female relatives of his own or of Mrs Dibden's from time to time to stay at his little villa in Brixton; but as neither he nor his wife was very well connected, it is doubtful whether their society was any advantage to his ward. One of the few young men she ever saw was Dibden's son, now about thirty years of age, and as ill-favoured a fellow as one might meet between Charing Cross and the Bank, and as rude and coarse in manner as he was unpleasant in countenance. Nor had he even the cleverness of his father to make up for his moral and personal deficiencies. When I say he was about the only acquaintance of the male sex that she had, I mean he was the only one openly acknowledged; for she had—wonderful how Nature asserts her prerogative—another that no one knew of but herself and him, to whom she had surrendered all the affection of a pure and loving heart—and no blame to her, poor girl. As she grew from childhood to womanhood, she began to feel the irksomeness of her position, and she naturally enough attached herself to the first friend she met who had tastes and feelings in common with her.

'Year after year, she felt a growing dislike to her guardian and his family, who continually reminded her of the legal authority he possessed. However, she remained very passive until the twenty-first anniversary of her birthday, when

she surprised her guardian by demanding to hear the contents of her father's will. At first he refused; but she insisted: "I am of age to-day, Mr Dibden," she said, "and my own mistress. You are now only guardian of my money. I require to hear the contents of my father's will; I know you have a copy."

'On hearing it, she only said: "Four years more," and walked out of the room.

'About this time, young Dibden commenced annoying her with his attentions, proving to her, what she had already suspected, that to secure her hand and fortune for Stephen, had been the plot of the worthy pair. She did not, however, feel any uneasiness; but from time to time she was subjected to much that was trying and vexatious; until at last matters were brought to a crisis by Stephen Dibden offering marriage—telling her at the same time he hoped to be able to get his father's consent. She stared at him some seconds before she replied, and then said: "Marry you! Get your father's consent! Are you mad, Mr Dibden? You forget your place;" and she walked calmly out of the room.

'At this time, she had not actually engaged herself, but doubtless the circumstance precipitated matters; for, the first time after this that she met George Hamilton, she told him of her annoyance, and then burst into tears.—Now, John, if a nice girl to whom you had paid a little regular attention, but of whose mind you were not quite certain, suddenly bursts into tears as she tells you of her troubles, and, so to speak, throws herself on your protection, what do you think you would do? Why, ten to one, I'll be bound you would do exactly what George Hamilton did—offer her your hand and heart on the spot; and the same odds that, like him, you would be accepted. So George Hamilton went back to his lodgings that evening as happy as a king, the affianced husband of Clara Brierly.

'But I have not told you who George Hamilton was. Well, he was Dibden's head-clerk; and a first-rate one he was. He had been bound as an articled pupil in another house; but just as his apprenticeship was up, his father died; and he had not the means to prosecute his profession, and was indeed thrown on his own resources. London is not, as you know, a place for an honest man to live without the means of paying his way; and so Hamilton found; and accordingly he took the first clerkship that offered, which was in the office of Dibden, Knollys, and Dibden, at the munificent salary of ninety pounds a year. However, they soon found that they had a man above the common; and in order that they might not lose him, they gave him a progressive salary, which at this time had reached one hundred and twenty pounds a year. George Hamilton was a gentleman in every sense of the word—the son of a retired officer, who had nothing to leave him but gentle blood, an honourable name, and his blessing. At the time of his engagement, he was about twenty-five years of age, and a fine handsome young fellow. It was by the merest chance that he had ever met Clara Brierly, as the Dibdens naturally took good care that such a formidable rival to Stephen should be kept out of the way. However, his introduction to the girl happened in this wise. One day old Dibden was unwell, and Stephen had gone out of town, when a letter was brought to

the office requiring immediate attention—the contents of which Hamilton did not feel justified in dealing with without seeing his principal; and for this purpose, he repaired to Dibden's private residence. He was about to ring the bell, when the door was opened by Miss Brierly, who was just going out. Hamilton drew back, to let her pass, at first supposing she was a visitor leaving the house, wondering at the same time that the Dibdens should have an acquaintance of so elegant and aristocratic an appearance. He was not, therefore, a little surprised when he was asked by a soft sweet voice, if he was being attended to; which was in nowise abated when she asked him in, and said she would send a servant to attend to him.

"Charming girl!" he said to himself as she went away. And then a sudden thought struck him. The ward!

'Now, if George had been a commonplace young man, she would have passed through the hall and gone out without minding him; such, however, was by no means the case; and as the girl gave range to her thoughts, she was fain to admit that she had never seen any one who impressed her so much at first sight. Yes; Clara Brierly was in love—had fallen in love at a glance. Not that she acknowledged such a state of things to herself; she only kept thinking and thinking about him day after day—he was such a contrast to Stephen Dibden.

'As for George Hamilton, he did not wait to analyse his feelings; that first slight rencontre did it; and before he got back to the office, he had built himself a castle, wherein he had worked himself into Dibden's favour, and become a partner, and won the hand of his lovely charge.

'Now, John, I am not going to enter into the details of a romantic love-affair—you know what love can do—they met and met again, and learned each other's history; and at last, as I told you before, exchanged vows of eternal love.'

ON THE POWER OF EXPRESSION.

MRS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE says of her father, Dr Lyman Beecher, that he had in a very high degree the power of expression; by which she means, the power of letting those who had done him a favour know that he was grateful to them for it. Perhaps to this is partly due the fact, that most of the children of that remarkable man have also this power.

Many, however, are lamentably deficient in this respect, and are like poor Barkis in *David Copperfield*, who when he wished to tell his intended that he wanted to marry her, concentrated all his power of expression in the words, 'Barkis is willin'.' The well-known French *littérateur*, M. Taine, writing in the English papers a few years ago, on English manners and customs, tells of a coachman, whose horses becoming unmanageable, bolted up one street and down another, till at last they went galloping down a mews, when a stableman came out, caught hold of the horses, completely quieted them, turned their heads round, and saw them and the carriage safely out into the street again, only uttering a grunt or two during the whole time; and the coachman who had received this great kindness at the hands of his countryman, simply nodded his head in recognition of it, and drove away without a word.

We English are certainly a remarkable people; a stranger, for instance, may go in and out of a place of worship for many months, and not have a word spoken to him by any single individual. It is the same in our public conveyances. What a luxury it is to find any one in a railway carriage who will genially respond to any remark one may venture to make. As a rule, you are looked upon almost as an intruder, in 'bus, train, or tram, especially if the conveyance happen to be nearly full. Even at a Christmas party, during the early part of the evening every one seems frozen, until some pleasant individual, who has cultivated the power of expression, thaws the ice, and sets the waters of conversation flowing.

In all this, we are very like our German neighbours, but strikingly unlike our nearer neighbours across the Channel, who have the charming faculty of being able to set people at their ease, without an effort, and of acknowledging a favour so politely, that one longs for an opportunity of shewing them another. At a religious Convention, held at Brighton a few years ago, many German and French clergymen were present. At one of the meetings, a gentleman connected with the press sat during the singing of one of the hymns, with a copy of the hymns and tunes before him. One of the German pastors sat beside him, and asked if he might use the book. It was handed to him. He used it throughout the service, without once offering it to the owner, and when all was over, laid it down without a word or sign of thanks. At the next meeting, a French pastor sat in the same place, when the very same thing occurred, with this difference, that the Frenchman politely insisted on the owner of the book sharing it with him, thanked him with a warm shake of the hand when the meeting was over, and always politely bowed when they afterwards met in the grounds.

There are people in the world with very kind hearts, who yet hurt others, just as that German pastor did, simply from not using that power of expression, which surely all have, in more or less degree. Others are troubled with a painful reserve, which prevents them from giving expression to their feelings, although they may be very warm and very deep, and they are often wofully misunderstood by those about them. Tennyson tells of a certain shy Ellen Adair, who, though dying for her lover, caused herself to be so misunderstood by him, that he left her, uttering such stinging words, that they broke the poor girl's heart; and when upon his return he found how grievously they had misconceived each other, he wrote upon her tombstone:

Here lies the body of Ellen Adair,
And here the heart of Edward Gray.

It is terrible to think what mischief has been wrought among children and young people by this want of the power of expression on the part of parents and teachers. How many a sensitive child has been almost ruined, by parents who never saw that he was trying his very utmost to please; or if they saw it, never did as Lyman Beecher did with his children, let them know that he saw and appreciated the act, however slight it might appear to be. A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after

racking his brains to think how he too can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers, and take his boots away and put them in the proper place. Without saying a word to anybody, when evening comes he does it; but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed, his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered; and the boy goes up to bed with a choking feeling in his throat, and says his prayer by the bedside, with a sadness very real in his heart. Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be; the fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored.

A little girl has battled bravely with herself, and got up early on a Sunday morning, done many little things for her mother, hurried over her breakfast, and got to her school in time. There has been her teacher, stiff and cold, with just a nod of recognition for the child and nothing more. Without knowing exactly why, the little scholar has felt very sad. How delighted she would have been, if the teacher had, with ungloved hand, kindly drawn her to her side, and said with a beaming face, how pleased she was to see her at school so early.

If parents and teachers would but cultivate this grace of expression, how good it would be! Many alas! exercise the grace in a way which makes one wish they were bereft of the power altogether, for they are for ever finding fault. They are troubled with a conscientious conviction that they must look for defects in those about them. Of course they find them, and then they are pointed out in a way that cruelly wounds a highly conscientious and sensitive nature, and incalculable harm is done. The governess of a large school, forgetting that her assistants are possibly harassed with little cares as well as she is, and are also as desirous of doing their duty, comes into the class-room of one who has done all she can think of for the benefit of her charge; and instead of uttering a few words of appreciation, and then kindly hinting that some little thing she sees might be better managed, passes over the good altogether, and fastens on some little remissness which scarcely deserved mention. What wonder if such a one fails to evoke that enthusiasm in work which it is so charming to see. Blessed are they who look for 'good points' in people—they will be sure to find them; and a pleasant acknowledgment is exceedingly refreshing and helpful, especially to those who are honestly striving to do what they feel to be right. Dr Arnold was one of these, and the result is seen in such scholars as Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, and many others.

Hearts are always drawn out in love and admiration towards those who possess the gift of saying wise strong words at the right time. It is said of Mohammed, that once, when he was all unknown to fame, he addressed a little knot of his acquaintances, asking who would join him, and so spoke, that a boy of sixteen rushed into his arms, and in fierce passionate language declared he would. All know what happened when the First Napoleon, having escaped from Elba, came with a handful of men to the first garrison-town on the continent. The soldiers of the town had

sworn allegiance to the new government. At the sight of Napoleon, they wavered, but yet seemed preparing to fire upon him. He bared his breast, crying, 'Fire, my children!' They dropped their arms, fell at his feet, and cried, 'Vive l'Empereur!'

It is quite remarkable what results have followed from even one simple expression of loving approval. When John Gibson was a little boy, he is said to have sat at the cottage window sketching some geese that were passing. He shewed the sketch to his mother. 'Well done!' she said; 'that's very nice; I should try again if I were you.' He tried again, and became the world-renowned sculptor. Benjamin West when about five years old, was left one summer day in the garden with a baby cousin. He made a rude sketch of the child. 'Why,' said the delighted mother, 'he has sketched little Sally!' He made other sketches after that, and became the favourite painter of George III. and President of the Royal Academy. Years ago, a fond aunt said to a boy who had written out a piece of poetry in shorthand: 'Why, you'll be a shorthand writer in the House of Commons some day!' and the prediction has been fulfilled.

Pleasant, helpful, and never forgotten are all such words of approval. In a large family, there have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one, she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house. What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concealed, says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: 'I don't know what we should do without you, darling.'

Music is sweet, and will often heal a wounded heart; but the winsome words of approval uttered by one we love, are sweeter still, for they are as balm when they are spoken; and in after-days—days of darkness and of sorrow, they return upon the soul with healing on their wings.

HOW TO IDENTIFY LIGHTHOUSE LIGHTS.

THE readers of this *Journal* are more or less familiar with the main features of our grand and important *lighthouse* system—how that the lighthouses themselves are built upon lonely cliffs, dangerous shores, and half-submerged rocks out at sea; how that some of the finest engineering has been called for in their planning and construction, to enable them to bear age after age the fury of raging storms and cyclones; how that, for illuminating them at night, open cressets or fire-pots gave way to large candles, these again to oil lamps, until now oil is competing with gas and the electric light for approval; how that focalising lenses and reflecting mirrors are employed to intensify the light in some particular directions; and how that coloured glass, revolving lanterns, and screens or shutters are in many instances used to modify the flashing and general appearance of the light.

This latter point is constantly receiving close attention; and a recent Official Correspondence shews that more and more improvements are suggested as being fitted for adoption. To distin-

guish one lighthouse from another during daylight is easy to the practised mariner or pilot; but not so at night if the lights are white and similar. Hence the use of distinguishing characteristics. Some of the lights are white, some red, some green; some are fixed and uniform; some revolve once in a minute or less, and are obscured or hidden part of the time by self-acting screens or shutters, presenting alternations of illumination and darkness to a ship out at sea.

But many scientific men are now of opinion that something is still wanted to enable mariners to distinguish one lighthouse from another in all kinds of weather at night. They suggest the adoption of other characteristics as means of identification. The most active among these advisers is Sir William Thomson, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Glasgow, and one of the most able and accomplished scientific men in Europe.

Sir William first publicly broached the subject about six years ago, at the Brighton meeting of the British Association. He has never since lost sight of it. He has been in correspondence with the Committee of Lloyd's, the Trinity House (the owners and managers of nearly all the lighthouses on the English and Welsh coasts), the Commissioners of Northern Lights (who bear a similar relation to the Scottish system), the Conservators of Irish Lights, and the Board of Trade—all in their several ways interested in this important subject. The Committee of Lloyd's, towards the close of 1879, invited the special attention of the Trinity House; and this has led to much additional correspondence in 1880.

Sir William advocates the application to lighthouse illumination of the code or alphabet invented by Professor Morse, and employed with so much success in practical telegraphy. It is called the *dot-and-dash* system; one dot or short dash on a ribbon of paper being easily distinguishable from a longer dash. In regard to lighthouses, the idea is to make long and short flashes of light succeed one another in a certain routine or alternation. One routine only is to be used in any one lighthouse, to distinguish it from all neighbouring lights. He dwelt earnestly on the known facts of the case: 'When the Bishop or the Eddystone (the names of two of our celebrated lighthouses) is first descried in hazy weather, how can either be known to be what it is, and not to be a steamer's mast-head light? Every one who has the slightest experience of the sea knows that the doubt in such cases very frequently lasts for many precious minutes. Considering the danger all round of steam and sailing navigation on our coasts in foggy weather, uncertainties of even a few minutes' duration are a fertile source of disaster, either by collision or by running on rocks.'

In working out the details, one system is the dot-dash or short-long, with an eclipse of a quarter of a minute or so before the recurrence of another pair; the double-dash or long-long is another system, with a similar eclipse of measurable brevity between the pairs; the dot-dash-dot-dash or short-long-short-long is another, marked by its own characteristics. All these and other routines are recommended for adoption in different lighthouses, each establishing and maintaining its own identity.

The Irish Lighthouse Board has adopted this ingenious Morse code in some of the lighthouses on the coast of Ireland; and the results are accepted by Sir William Thomson as furnishing testimony in support of his views: 'The perfect success of the dot-dash system in the Holywood Bank Light, the first to which it was applied, and the equally satisfactory results in the cases of the Camel Point, Greenock (dot-dot) and Craigmore (dot-dash-dot-dash) Lights, shew that there is no good foundation for the contention of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House that long and short occultations could only be accurately understood in circumstances of easy navigation, and on the comfortable deck of a well-found and highly disciplined ship.' The Harbour Master of Belfast, when applied to for any evidence bearing on the point, stated that 'The masters of vessels frequenting this port consider that the light (dot-dash system) is a very useful one for vessels making the harbour, not at all likely to be mistaken for any other light, and is easily and clearly distinguished even in somewhat thick weather.' This report certainly tends in favour of Sir William Thomson's views.

He recommends that the occulting lights—that is, intervals of darkness between flashes of light—should not be coloured with red or green or any other tinted glass; except in special circumstances they should be perfectly white. Nothing, he believes, would better discriminate a cliff or rock light from a ship's light than an occulting appearance presented by the former. He also entertains an opinion that in our present revolving lights the period of alternation between darkness and illumination is too long; it should range somewhere between five seconds and twenty seconds, instead of between half a minute and a minute or more.

It is not surprising that the Trinity Board—or, to use the majestic designation, Elder Brethren of the Trinity House—should hesitate about the suggested new system, to which they—as well as certain mariners whose opinions have been taken—have raised some objections. Large sums have been expended in bringing the present arrangements into regular working order, and it would be rather costly to introduce anything new. Nevertheless the public, especially the mercantile marine, have a right to expect that the best should be done that can be done; for the annual revenues derived from tolls and dues are large and ample.

THE PROPOSED ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A PETITION has lately been presented by the Prince of Wales to the Queen, praying her to grant a Charter of Incorporation to the Royal College of Music. It sets forth that in 1875 a school for music called the National Training School for Music was established at Kensington Gore (South Kensington) under a Committee of management, of which the Queen's dutiful and loving son Alfred Duke of Edinburgh is President. The School has for its object the education of persons evincing special aptitude for music, but unable to bear the whole expense of their education. The School has, by the liberality of various donors, been endowed with considerable annual grants—the Queen, some of her sons and daughters, the Society of Arts, and many of

the city Companies being among the donors. The Training School has had a fair measure of success, considering the shortness of time during which it has been in operation. 'In the judgment of your Petitioner,' the Prince proceeds to say, 'it is expedient that a Royal College of Music should be formed on a more permanent and extended basis than any existing institution, with the inclusion as part thereof of the National Training School at South Kensington. Such a College would have a capacity to exercise a powerful influence on the cultivation, practice, and regulation of the art and science of music, and further might officially aid in the promotion and supervision of musical instruction in elementary schools and elsewhere.' Therefore a charter of incorporation is prayed for at the hands of Her Majesty, for a Royal College of Music, 'or such other title as to Your Majesty may seem fit.'

The Duke of Edinburgh is known to be an accomplished musician; but a more exalted rank has led to the placing of the Prince of Wales in the position of President, whether or not he is skilled in music. The Petition is in the name of the Prince, but most likely other hands prepared the proposed draft of a charter appended to it.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, and Sir Richard Wallace are the only three persons named as recipients of the charter and representatives of the College; but others may be appointed at the royal will and pleasure, with the usual common seal of a corporate body. The first President is the Prince of Wales; on his demise or resignation the sovereign will nominate his successor. The Vice-presidents, nominated by the President, must not be less in number than four nor more than fifteen. The Principal and Vice-principal must be professional musicians; the President appoints the former, who then appoints the latter, subject to the approval of the Council. This Council is to consist of thirty members—three official, namely, the President, Principal, and Vice-principal; and the rest ordinary, to be nominated in the first instance by the Prince President; afterwards, the members will be elected for three years each by the whole corporate body of the College.

So much for the governing body, and next for the musical staff. The teachers will consist of Masters and Assistant-masters, appointed by the Principal, subject to the approval of the Council. A Board of studies, comprising six musical experts, will superintend the actual studies on a systematic basis. The pupils will comprise (1) scholars whose education and maintenance are wholly or in part defrayed gratuitously; (2) government pupils, whose education is conducted on terms agreed upon between the College and the government; and (3) pupils who pay for the whole of their education. Those learners who pass successfully through the prescribed examinations are entitled to a certificate, and may call themselves Graduates. The most competent of these Graduates may become Fellows; and donors are invited to found Fellowships, to be awarded by competition.

The range of powers possessed by the Council, in regard to the spread of musical education, is considerable—making engagements with the government in regard to governmental and elementary

schools, in inspection, examinations, aiding to supply musical teachers, and bestowal of scholarships; negotiating with musical societies and other bodies in various ways to further their aims; and providing houses for the entire or partial maintenance of scholars and government pupils.

Stripped of tedious technicalities of detail, this brief sketch will give a general idea of the proposed Royal College of Music—a scheme which has our hearty good wishes.

The Scottish Musical Society, of which the Duke of Buccleuch is president, and the Earl of Rosebery chairman of Council, has, we are pleased to observe, been formed in Scotland with a similar object to that of the Royal College of Music.

A LUMP OF CARBON.

TELL me, lump of Carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
While thy flames rise twisting, turning,
Quench in me this curious yearning,
Ages past elucidate.

Tell me of the time when, waving
High above the primal world,
Thou, a giant palm-tree, lifting
Thy proud head above the shifting
Of the storm-cloud's lightning hurled,
While the tropic sea, hot laving,
Round thy roots its billows curled.

Tell me, did the Mammoth, straying
Near that mighty trunk of yours,
On the verdure stop and graze,
Which thy ample base displays,
Or his weary limbs down laying,
Sleep away the tardy hours?

Perchance some monstrous Saurian, sliding,
Waddled up the neighbouring strand,
Or leapt into its native sea
With something of agility,
Though all ungainly on the land;
While near your roots, in blood-stained fray,
Maybe two Ichthyc beasts colliding,
Bit and fought their lives away.

Tell me, Ancient Palm-corpse, was there
In that world of yours primeval
Aught of man in perfect shape?
Was there good? and was there evil?
Was it man? or was it ape?

Tell me, lump of Carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
Lies there in each human face
Something of the monkey's trace?
Tell me, have we lost a link?
Stir thy coaly brain and think,
While thy red flames rise and sink,
Ages past elucidate.

W. B. T.

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THE STORY OF PIERSON OF THE 95TH.

VERY close upon one hundred years ago, Francis Pierson, a Major of the old Ninety-fifth Regiment—now the Rifle Brigade—saved with his life's blood the island of Jersey from falling into the hands of its former masters the French. Though the story of this heroic deed lives in history, yet, strange to say, few of us beyond those who reside in or study the records of that little land, know much about it; we venture, therefore, to re-tell the tale, as we have gathered its particulars from the pages of well-known local writers.

In the year 1780, England was at war with France—no unusual state of things between the two countries long before and long after that period. How often, during this chronic hostile condition, our Gallic adversaries had tried to have and to hold the Channel Islands, as coigns of vantage from which to threaten our shores, it is unnecessary to dwell upon; but it may as well be mentioned, as a sort of prelude to our narrative, that in May 1779 the Prince of Nassau, with an army of five or six thousand men, had again attempted a descent on Jersey, and been driven off. Disappointed with the failure of this expedition, France soon organised another against the much-coveted islet, this time under the Baron de Rullecourt, and with a smaller and more easily handled force. On the morning after Christmas Day 1780, two thousand French troops embarked at Granville in Brittany, intending leisurely to cross the few miles of sea between that port and Jersey, land under cover of the night, and take the place by a *coup de main*. The Baron, according to the quaint writers, hoped to find the inhabitants under the lethargic influence of the good fare in meats and drinks common to the season—heavy, in fact, with *rosbif* and *portare biere*, and so less capable of resisting his attack.

The transports duly weighed anchor and started for their destination; but in those ante-steam days, starting from a port was one thing, but arriving at the journey's end was another. A

couple of hours or so after leaving Granville, a heavy storm arose; many of the small ships were driven hither and thither; and those that did manage to keep together, were forced to seek shelter, such as it was, under the lee of the rocky Chaussey Isles, but eight or nine miles away from where they had just sailed. There they remained, in no safe anchorage, until the 5th January 1781, the commander of the expedition fretting and fuming, and venting his spleen in acts of the most ferocious barbarity.

On the day just mentioned, Rullecourt again made for Jersey, his force, however, diminished by no less than eight hundred men, who were aboard the dispersed vessels, none of which had turned up. He had with him a pilot, a native of Jersey, who for some criminal act had fled the country and taken refuge in France; and who, for a consideration, had agreed to guide the fleet to a secure landing-place on the east of the—to him—well-known island. Without the aid of a skilful pilot, no near approach to the shore could possibly be effected; for as some of us may be aware, a far extending chain of reefs and rocks encircles the coast; and between these, the tides and currents race with maelstrom-like velocity. True to his traitorous bond, the pilot brought the ships in sight of the bay he had selected for the debarkation; but a 'set' of the strong currents just mentioned drove them away to a flat reef of rocks on the south-east corner of the island, called Le Banc de Violet, where, unsuitable as it was for a landing, the impatient Rullecourt ordered such to be carried out. Some of the boats got to shore; others were grounded or wrecked; while others were drifted out to sea; so that at about midnight there stood on the strand only seven hundred of the twelve hundred soldiers that had left Chaussey that same day.

With this crippled force, the French commander crept slowly and cautiously towards St Helier, distant but four miles, and before daybreak entered its streets and marched upon the market-place—nowadays the Royal Square. No hinderance had opposed him *en route*; one old man named Pierre

Arrivé, who was found standing in his doorway, was slain; a few others, out betimes that winter's morning, were sorely wounded, to prevent them giving the alarm; an 'obstructionist' in the shape of a sentry was put out of the way with a bayonet; a weak guard was quietly surprised and overpowered; and so it came to pass that without the discharge of a single firearm, without noise or hubbub, the Baron found himself occupying and master of a tenable position in the centre of the town. Then, to use military phraseology, he 'stood at ease,' awaiting the dawn, which, when it came, shewed to the inhabitants of the good city that their usual chaffering and gossip-loving locality was filled with French soldiery, instead of its ordinary buyers and sellers and talkers.

Giving but small heed to their consternation, Rullecourt proceeded to get the Lieutenant-governor of the island into his power, and to make him his tool. This officer, we are told, was one Major Moses Corbet; clearly a weak sort of man, wanting in British pluck, and easily cajoled. He was in bed and asleep when the French surrounded his house and made him their prisoner; and having apparently no other alternative, he yielded himself into their hands.

The English Commandant, together with the Attorney-general and Mayor, having also been captured, and safely placed under lock and key in the town-hall, the French general began to develop his mode of procedure. All is fair, says the adage, in love and war; and Rullecourt must have considered unblushing mendacity to have been comprised in the category. He told Corbet that any show of resistance would be worse than useless; that he had made a descent on St Roque and other places; that he had four thousand picked troops in the island; that the English regiments in garrison had already given in (lancy the Ross-shire Buffs, the Eighty-third, and the old fighting Ninety-fifth, the corps alluded to, laying down their arms without a shot!); and that close under the Governor's nose were two strong battalions, ready to carry everything before them. Then he drew from his pocket articles of capitulation for Major Corbet to sign, saying that, in default of compliance, he had instructions to burn the town and shipping; to put the inhabitants one and all to the sword; and moreover, that the space of thirty short minutes was all the time he should allow ere these conditions would be carried into effect. Completely hoodwinked, and, as he assigned as his excuse, to prevent the destruction of the town and the flow of human blood, Corbet and his Brigade-major affixed their names to the paper, and instructed the troops under their command to bow down, so to speak, to their conquerors.

And now, M'sieu le Baron chuckled to think how so much easier than he had dreamed of, Jersey was the property of Louis XVI., and he its General and Governor. He issued a proclamation to that

effect, desiring that all the shops should be opened and everything gone on with as usual. We may picture him standing at an open window of the Court-house and addressing the scared populace thus: 'Gentlemen—my friends,' says he, 'by my skill and the fortune of war, I am your chief, but under a new régime, *ma foi!* Carry on your affairs as if nothing had occurred out of the common; entertain me and mine hospitably; wine and tobacco my soldiers must be amply supplied with. Obey my commands implicitly, and I will not make your burden too hard to bear. But one act of mutiny, one word of discussion or denial, and there are my children with their firelocks and swords, ready and willing to enforce obedience.' And then, as is really told of him, he invited Corbet and the heads of departments to dine with him that evening!

Meantime, the insular militia—to whom, as well as to the troops of the line, information of the state of things had been sent, and who, far from obeying Major Corbet's order to surrender, were burning to drive the enemy out of their land—were mustering in all directions. Some joined the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, encamped on a height to the westward of the town, and others reinforced the little garrison stationed in Elizabeth Castle. This fortress, as perhaps may be known, is built on a rocky promontory close to St Helier, and at low-water may be reached on foot over a reef called 'The Bridge.' To get possession of this stronghold, and if necessary to turn its guns upon the town, was now Rullecourt's strategy; and so at the head of his troops, and holding Major Corbet, whom he made to accompany him, by the arm, he set forth to traverse the said 'Bridge' to the castle's gate. But bang! whiz, whiz! a couple of cannon-shots from the batteries, one of which wounded an officer and several men, stayed his progress, and shewed him as plainly as gunpowder and iron could, that here at least he should not unresistingly get possession. He sounded a halt, and sent an officer with a copy of the capitulation, and with a written order besides from his prisoner, to the Commandant of the castle, Captain Mulcaster, to give it up; but a distinct refusal, couched in the following words, was the reply: 'Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn; if you dispute it, come on and try.' But Rullecourt, much too wise to run his head against stone walls bristling with ordnance, turned tail, and re-entered the town, vowing vengeance against it.

It was at this turn of the tide in the Baron's proceedings that Major Francis Pierson, a young officer of the Ninety-fifth Regiment, the next senior in rank to Corbet, and the hero of our story, arrived on the scene. He had taken command of the regulars and militia, and was moving them towards the town; he had refused to lend himself to the terms of the capitulation; he had questioned the military authority of the Governor while a prisoner to issue orders; and he had scorned conditions sent him by Rullecourt to march with his battalions

to the Court-house, there to lay down their arms, and save the city from inevitable plunder, and slaughter and fire. 'Tell your General,' said he to the bearer of the message, 'that we will carry our arms to the Court-house, as he wants us; but—it will be with bayonets fixed on our muskets, and in the hands of men sworn to use them.' Moreover, he had infused so much confidence and determination into his troops, that he is said to have experienced some difficulty in restraining their impetuosity until certain strategic disposals of his were complete. Then he advanced in two columns on the enemy, ignorant of their strength, which, as we have seen, was greatly exaggerated, and unaware also but that they held Elizabeth Castle, which piece of false information Rullecourt had conveyed to him. He was pinning his faith on the pluck and prowess of the British soldier, and on the loyalty and spirit of his comrades the local militia. Into the market-place the troops pressed, one column on the right, the other, led by Pierson, on the left, and a furious action began, the right column engaging first. The small square was crammed with combatants: it echoed to volleys of musketry; it resounded with the cries of the wounded; it was strewn with the dead. In the midst of this dreadful scene, Corbet, accompanied by a French officer, suddenly appeared, anxious, it is supposed, to stop hostilities, and to induce our men to accede to the capitulation; but a shower of bullets greeted his coming, and he was forced to make a precipitous retreat.

But scarcely had the gallant Pierson brought his small division into action, entering the market-place from a narrow street just opposite to where the Royal Court now stands, when the French levelled and discharged their muskets in that direction, and the brave young commander fell dead in the arms of his men. Discouraged at his death, his troops for an instant wavered and gave way. Rullecourt again thought that his star was in the ascendant, and fought desperately; but it was of no avail; the British officers soon rallied their soldiers; they charged with redoubled vigour, and drove the enemy on all sides before them. Just at this crisis, the French General seeing that all was lost, once again brought the unfortunate Major Corbet upon the arena of the fight—some writers assert, with the view of procuring his destruction, others, to stop the wholesale slaughter. Be this as it may, no sooner were the two officials discovered arm-in-arm, than firelocks were aimed against them both, for the indignation of the people against their pusillanimous Governor was unbounded. Corbet a second time escaped unhurt; but Rullecourt fell mortally wounded—tradition says, by Pierson's own servant—and died that night. The Governor now resumed office, secured his prisoners, and restored order in the disturbed city; but shortly after the news reached England, he was superseded, tried by court-martial, and placed on half-pay.

In the National Gallery of London may be seen a picture by Sir David Copley, R.A., representing the battle of Jersey, as the engagement is called, with Pierson's death; and in the hall of the Royal Court of the island there is an excellent copy of this painting, by a native artist. The parish church of St Helier has a plain slab and an unostentatious monument to the memory of this

young hero; and just as you pass into the Royal Square there is inscribed on a wall in large letters: 'Here Pierson fell, January 1781.' Rullecourt's remains were buried with military honours in the cemetery of St Helier, and a record of his attempt and its failure graven on the stone that covered him. The stone has long since disappeared.

THE CRUISE OF THE WASP.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRIAL OF THE PIRATES —CONCLUSION.

THE *Wasp* was immediately despatched to Pahang—the small port in Malacca whereat it was said the child was detained—to demand her instant liberation. The little girl was found, and promptly delivered up to Lieutenant Lucan who, for this occasion, again took command of the schooner. She seemed to have been kindly treated by her captors; and so readily does childhood adapt itself to circumstances, that though she wept when questioned about her mother—who, it appeared, had died on board the proa before it arrived at Pahang—she was afraid of the sailors who came to take her away, and was unwilling to leave her new friends; while the woman to whose especial care she was confided, and the little Malay girls who for nearly eighteen months had been her playmates and companions, parted from her with grief and regret.

The trial, which took place immediately after the return of the *Wasp* to Singapore, created so much interest, that the court was thronged with spectators, and several ladies and gentlemen were accommodated with seats upon the bench. Until the opening of the court, I had never set eyes upon either of the accused Malays, who now stood in the dock, in charge of two armed *peons*; while a strong force of native police guarded the proa's crew, who were confined in a room in the rear of the court, together with Chang-lin, who was seated a short distance apart from them. As the two prisoners now stood confronting me, I thought it hardly possible that any two men could present a more marked contrast. The captain of the proa was a tall, elegantly formed young man, with handsome regular features, and a clear olive complexion. He was unusually light-coloured for a Malay, and there was nothing brutal or savage in the expression of his countenance, which was, in fact, remarkably prepossessing. He wore no beard; but a small, carefully trimmed, jet-black moustache graced his short curved upper lip. He was attired in a smart short blue jacket, and wide petticoat trousers, tightly belted round his slender waist, though the weapons usually carried stuck into the belt, had been removed. A large shawl, one end of which was thrown over the left shoulder so as to leave his right arm free, and a small gaily coloured turban, completed his attire. As he stood in the dock, proudly erect, with arms folded across his broad chest, boldly facing his accusers, it was difficult to imagine that he could be guilty of baseness or cruelty. The owner of the proa, who stood by his side, was a short corpulent man, far advanced in years, of very dark complexion, with a lowering brow, and a brutal, truculent visage. He was clothed in the same fashion as his companion, but his garments were soiled and carelessly worn. As he stood

with bent body and downcast eyes, as if he were afraid to meet the gaze of anybody in court, he looked the very personification of avarice, cruelty, and treachery.

An interpreter was sworn; and one of the pair of traitorous scoundrels who had betrayed their accomplices in crime, having been removed from the court, the other was told to look the prisoners in the face and make his statement. The rascal shuffled uneasily. It was impossible for him to meet the stern gaze of his young captain, and the judge was obliged to let him give his evidence without undergoing that ordeal. Then he told his story glibly enough. His evidence, as translated by the interpreter, was to the following effect. The proa now in port, to which he belonged, had at different times been employed as a piratical cruiser. Some eighteen months ago—he could not remember the exact date—she, in company with another proa, had boarded a ship off the north shore of New Guinea, at the hour of midnight. Though taken by surprise, the crew of the ship fought desperately, but were overpowered, stabbed to death, and thrown overboard. The captain and passengers of the ship, roused from their sleep, rushed upon deck; but were hurled back down the companion-ladder, and followed into the cabin by the captain of one of the proas—the younger prisoner in the dock. Another fierce struggle took place. The captain of the ship shot two of the Malays, and then kept the others at bay with his sword until its blade was broken, and he fell, badly wounded, across the table; when he was despatched by the younger of the two prisoners. A shudder pervaded the court when this statement was made, and all eyes were directed towards the Malay captain, who never quailed for an instant, but still kept his gaze fixed upon his accuser, who went on to state, that after the captain and passengers were overpowered and put to death, the cabin was plundered of everything of value that could be carried off. The desks and lockfasts in the state-rooms were rifled of their contents; the money and valuables they contained were secured, and the papers destroyed. In the cabin there were two female passengers—mother and daughter—whose lives were spared, and who were put on board the smaller of the two proas, to which he, the witness, belonged, together with the money and jewellery and the more valuable property.

On being asked why the females and the most valuable portion of the plunder were placed on board the smaller proa, the witness stated that the owner of the two proas, the older of the two prisoners, sailed on board the smaller vessel, which was the swifter of the two, and always took charge of the money and other valuable plunder; and it was thought that the females might be eventually ransomed; but the woman soon afterwards died, and the child was taken to Malacca.

He then went on to say that after the plunder was secured, the Malays returned to the proas, which were pulled away with their sweeps, it being almost calm. The ship was then close to the land, towards which she was drifting rapidly with the current. Some three or four days afterwards, while lying close under the high land, the Malays sighted a schooner sailing slowly alongshore to the southward. Believing the vessel to be a coasting trader, they pulled off towards her, and

then hoisted sail and gave chase; but when the foremost proa drew near to her, she opened fire, and speedily disabled her. Seeing this, and knowing that if they remained within range of the schooner's guns, their own vessel would meet the fate of her consort, they made off under full sail, and steered a course towards Malacca, where they arrived a fortnight afterwards.

The second witness told the same story, with very trivial variations; and as the two men had been kept apart since they had been arrested, it was apparent that they had told the truth, or had very carefully concocted this story beforehand.

The little girl, Louise Legrand, whose appearance in court awakened the pity and sympathy of all who beheld her, was seated between two of the ladies on the bench; and kindly questioned by the judge, who spoke French fluently. The poor child wept and trembled violently at first; but after some encouragement, she timidly replied to the questions put to her. She recollected the pirates coming on board the ship at night while she was asleep in the cabin. There was a dreadful fight; and her poor papa and the captain and the other gentlemen in the cabin were killed. She and her dear mamma were then carried away by the Malays, and put on board one of the proas, where her mamma died soon afterwards; she could not say how long afterwards, but not many days, she thought.

On being asked if she remembered the fight in which one of the proas was sunk, she replied that she did. It was after that when her poor mamma died. She knew this because her mamma tried to make a signal of distress to the people on board the war-ship, by waving her shawl; but she was thrust into the cabin by the cruel men. (This evidence on the part of the child seemed to corroborate the statement made by the boy belonging to the schooner, who declared that he saw the fluttering of a woman's dress on board the proa that escaped.) The little girl furthermore stated that she was put on shore when the proa came to the land; and that the people on shore were kind to her; but though she was afraid at first of the sailors who came to take her away, she was very glad now that she had been rescued from the Malays.

Lucan and I were then called upon to give our evidence, with the substance of which the reader is already acquainted; and when we stood down, Chang-lin was placed in the witness-box. Nothing had been discovered that positively criminated the wily Chinese merchant, who was therefore permitted to appear as a witness. He freely acknowledged that he had had frequent dealings with the prisoners in the dock, and had purchased from the elder prisoner, many months ago, the articles produced in court—which articles, by the way, namely, the bracelet, the shawls, the slippers, and the torn garments brought from the cabin of the *Marguerite*, were identified by Louise Legrand as having belonged to her mamma and herself. Chang-lin, however, positively declared that when he purchased the articles produced, he had no suspicion of the way by which they had come into the prisoner's possession. He had purchased them, as he had purchased other goods of various kinds, in the way of business from the prisoner, and from many other Malays and Chinamen.

The evidence of the child, and that of Lucan

and myself, was translated to the prisoners by the interpreter; but they kept a sullen silence, neither attempting to defend himself, nor replying to any questions that were put. Their guilt, however, was held to have been fully proved; and they were sentenced to be hanged in chains upon a rocky islet at the entrance to the adjacent Strait of Singapore. The remainder of the crew of the proa, who declared that they did not belong to the vessel at the period when the *Marguerite* was boarded and plundered, were discharged on condition of their leaving Singapore within twenty-four hours, and promising never again to make their appearance in the port; and the proa and her cargo were confiscated.

What became of the two Malay witnesses, I cannot say. They disappeared mysteriously immediately after the trial, dreading, probably, the vengeance of their countrymen if they remained in Singapore. It was believed, however, that Whampoa—by previous arrangement, when he persuaded them to appear as witnesses—provided them with the means to make their escape.

The prisoners were executed on the fourth day after the trial, both of them maintaining a stubborn silence to the last.

Though nothing had been proved to criminate Chang-lin, he—much to the satisfaction of Whampoa—found it advisable to break up his establishment in Singapore and betake himself elsewhere.

I wish I could end my narrative with a romantic description of the delight with which the rescued child was received by her relations and friends in the Isle of Bourbon; but nothing of the kind occurred. All that the child, a pretty delicate little girl, could tell respecting her relations was, that her papa and mamma, when they sailed from Manilla, were going to visit two of her aunts, neither of whom she (the child) had ever seen—at St Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon. The child was made much of by the English families in Singapore; and there was more than one lady who would gladly have adopted the pretty little dark-eyed, dark-haired pet; but the authorities of the island deemed it their duty, in the first place, to acquaint the aunts with the rescue of their little niece from the Malay pirates, and to await their reply to this communication. It was long in coming. The first return mail from St Denis brought no response to the magistrates' letter; but the succeeding mail brought a dry, unsympathetic letter from one of the aunts, in which that lady stated that she and her sister-in-law were both widows with large families. They were, however, rejoiced to hear of the rescue of their niece, whom they had never seen, the child having been born in Manilla. She was therefore a stranger to them. Nevertheless, they conceived it to be their duty, under the circumstances, to receive her, and give her a home with their own children. If, therefore, the magistrates would provide their little niece with a passage to St Denis on board the next vessel that should sail from Singapore for that port, they would give her a kind welcome on her arrival, and would be happy to defray whatever expenses might be incurred.

This letter did not certainly promise a very kindly reception to the little orphan from her aunts. The authorities, however, could not do

otherwise than prepare to part with their interesting protégée; and the poor child, loaded with presents of every description from her friends in Singapore, was placed on board the next vessel that sailed from that port to the Isle of Bourbon, where it is to be hoped she found a kinder welcome than her aunt's letter gave her reason to anticipate.

A few weeks after the child's departure, the *Vesta*, whose three years' cruise on the station had expired some three months before, sailed for England, where she arrived after a passage of ninety days. Soon after her arrival at Deptford, Charles Lucan, whose conduct during the period he held command of the *Wasp* had gained him great credit, received his commission as a Lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy.

Since the period to which this narrative relates, many changes have occurred in Singapore, not the least important of which was the death in 1880 of the good Whampoa. A check has been put to the exploits of the Malay and Chinese pirates who formerly haunted the islands of the oriental archipelago; though even at the present day, great caution is required in order to sail amongst these islands in safety, and attacks upon unarmed vessels are by no means infrequent. Post Office Island is doubtless still in existence; but whether it is resorted to, as in former days, by vessels passing through Torres' Strait, I am unable to say.

POSTAGE-STAMP SAVINGS.

IN view of various representations that have from time to time been made with the object of obtaining a modification of the shilling limit of deposits in the Post-office Savings-banks, Mr Fawcett, the new Postmaster-general, has directed an experiment to be made in ten counties in England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of testing the merits of a scheme by which it is proposed to meet indirectly and as far as possible, this demand. The idea, which it may be stated was originated by Mr Chetwynd of the Post-office, is a novel and ingenious one; and as the ultimate extension of the measure is dependent on the success of the present experiment, which was commenced on the 13th September, it appears desirable that the scheme should receive as much publicity as possible, in order that those whom it is intended to benefit may become acquainted with its objects. Before proceeding, however, briefly to describe the interesting plan of 'Postage-stamp Savings,' it will be profitable to glance for a moment at the causes which have led to its proposal.

Considerable agitation has existed during the last few years—which is no doubt owing to the great success of the present system of Post-office Savings-banks—for an extension of the benefits derived from that system, and this chiefly in regard to both the lower and the higher limits of deposits as laid down in the Act of Parliament on the subject. The latter limit, as is generally known, is fixed at thirty pounds as the highest deposit to be made in any year; and at one hundred and fifty pounds, or including interest two hundred pounds, as the largest amount which can stand to

the credit of any one depositor; and this, it is contended, 'is not sufficiently high to fully meet the wants which the popular appreciation of the present system clearly shews to exist. There is certainly reason in the argument; and few will deny, we think, that it is desirable to see the higher limit raised, so as to admit of a more extended use of a system whose popularity alone has given rise to such a demand; and it is therefore satisfactory to know that a bill will in all probability be introduced into parliament next session for the purpose of amending the law in this respect.

As regards the desirability of reducing the lower limit, fixing a shilling as the lowest deposit, which, as we have stated, has been urged of late, it would no doubt be a great convenience to the poorer classes to be able to deposit in the postal banks the pennies which they desire to save; but unfortunately such a step would probably involve the Post-office in loss, and for this reason alone therefore, is considered impracticable. Mr Fawcett himself states in his recently issued Report that such a course 'would be attended with great additional cost, for which there would be no adequate return.' The demand, however, appeared to increase; and desirous of meeting it in some manner, Mr Chetwynd taxed his inventive mind for this purpose, with the successful result of evolving the scheme now under notice.

Starting with the principle that, as regards the pence, at least, every person wishing to save might be taught to become to a certain extent his own banker, Mr Chetwynd bethought himself of the part which postage-stamps might be brought to serve for so useful an end. The collection and saving of old postage-stamps, which so largely obtains, and has ever been a mania with school-boys since stamps were invented, probably led to the idea of the greater utility to be derived from the saving of *unused* postage-stamps. At all events, the conclusion arrived at was, that the poor man in whose pocket the penny burned a hole might exchange it for a postage-stamp of that value, and affix it to a form to be provided for the purpose by the Post-office; and when twelve postage-stamps had thus been collected, they might be received for deposit, as the equivalent of a shilling, at any Post-office Savings-bank. The form which Mr Chetwynd has devised for this purpose resembles in shape and size a bank cheque, and on one side is ruled into twelve blank spaces; while on the reverse side is a printed notice which in little more than a dozen lines embodies the whole scheme. It may be useful to reproduce this notice, which is as follows:

'Any person desirous of saving One Shilling, by means of penny contributions, for deposit in the Post-office Savings-bank, may do so by purchasing with every penny so saved a penny postage-stamp and affixing it to this form. When twelve such stamps have been so affixed, the form may then be taken to any Post-office Savings-bank, where it will be received by the Postmaster, and one shilling be allowed for the stamps; which shilling will be accepted either as the first deposit in a new account then to be opened, or as an ordinary deposit, if the owner of it has already opened an account. If the stamps affixed to this form are

defaced or in any way damaged, they will not be received by a Postmaster.'

Nothing could be simpler and clearer than the manner in which the plan is thus rendered intelligible to the most uneducated mind; and it is this simplicity that may be regarded as the most pleasing feature of the scheme, a simplicity that applies as much to the Post-office in working it as to the public in using it, for the measure will be encumbered with no account-work or detailed records.

One objection has certainly been raised to the scheme, on the ground that it will afford an opening for the disposal of postage-stamps which have not been honestly come by. Much weight, however, cannot be attached to this objection; for as a matter of fact, there is not much difficulty in getting rid of postage-stamps at the present time by payment of a certain percentage which the buying Postmaster has a right to claim; while on the other hand, merchants and others who are in the habit of keeping quantities of postage-stamps for use, are themselves to blame if they fail to guard them as safely as they do the 'petty-cash'; for it is more within the province of the Post-office to provide a means of saving for the poorer classes, than to become the guardian of the goods of the wealthier.

In introducing this plan of saving by means of postage-stamps, there is not the slightest idea on the part of the Post-office authorities of running counter to existing Penny Banks, the utility of which is by them thoroughly recognised and encouraged. The Postmaster-general indeed points out in his Report that 'for encouraging small savings, these institutions possess the powerful element of personal influence, which is altogether wanting in a public department; and their rapid extension promises, therefore, to meet a want, which would be much less effectively met by reducing the present shilling minimum for deposits in the Post-office Savings-bank.' The Post-office offers, too, substantial encouragement for the formation of penny banks by supplying deposit-books of a simple kind gratuitously to the managers on application; and it also furnishes account-books suitable for penny banks at a cheap rate. The appreciation of this assistance is demonstrated by the fact, that last year ninety thousand books for the use of depositors, and six hundred and fifty-one sets of penny bank account-books, were applied for and supplied. The latter books undoubtedly prove of great service to the managers and founders of penny banks, as they secure a proper system of accounts, and are furnished at little more than cost price. The number of penny banks which were authorised last year to invest their moneys in the postal banks was four hundred and seventy-three, being a larger number than in any previous year, owing probably to the great impetus given to the penny bank movement by the recent public conferences on 'Thrift,' as well as to the facilities for their formation afforded by the government.

In noticing these facilities, it is at once clear that there is not the shadow of any rivalry between the Post-office and the penny banks. The former, as already remarked, is fully alive to the benefits which the latter confer by the encouragement of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes; and it readily recognises the important part played by the penny banks as *feeders* to the postal Savings-bank system. The fact of the matter, however,

appears to be, that the penny banks are not numerous enough, there being few, if indeed any other, which possess so complete and extensive a system as that of the 'Yorkshire Penny Bank,' described by us in No. 790 of this *Journal*; and the conclusion somewhat hastily jumped at has been, that the Post-office with its six thousand banks throughout the country, might extend its system so as to meet the want. The impracticability of such a step has already been alluded to; but the demand will, we believe, be as effectually, if indirectly met by the scheme proposed by Mr Chetwynd, which is now being tried experimentally in the counties of Cardigan, Cumberland, Kent, Leicester, Norfolk, and Somerset in England and Wales; in Aberdeen and Ayr in Scotland; and in Down and Waterford in Ireland. That that portion of the community whom it is intended to accommodate will recognise in it a genuine benefit, there can be no doubt; and we hope that the trial may speedily be attended with successful results, so that the scheme may soon be extended throughout the country, whereby those persons who can only save penny by penny may, where no local penny bank exists, be enabled to do so by means of postage-stamps.

MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

'I MUST take another jump over time. Miss Brierly is now in her twenty-fifth year, and George Hamilton just twenty-nine. They had kept their secret; and it wanted but a few months when all the world would know it. Their course of true love had run smooth enough as far as they were concerned themselves; for though they saw but little of each other, the thought of her future happiness comforted Clara under every vexation and annoyance. "A few more months," she would say—"a few more months, and I am free of my tyrant."

'Alas! how true it is that no one can tell what a day may bring forth. Before those few months had elapsed, Dibden had got hold of their secret. Of course he stormed and raved—the more, as he felt his power was ebbing fast. He tried persuasion, reproaches, threats—but to no purpose; George's determination was fixed, and the anger of his employer knew no bounds.

'At this juncture a circumstance occurred which completely changed the aspect of affairs. One day, immediately after an interview with Dibden, and while George was still a good deal excited by what had passed between them, a stranger came up to the counter, and asked to be favoured with change for a ten-pound note. He was a respectable-looking gentleman, well advanced in years; and as George was the only one of the clerks who happened to be in the counting-house at the time, he attended to him. In the office cash-box there were two five-pound notes and two or three half-sovereigns; and as the stranger was anxious to have the half of his money in gold, and there was not enough in the box, George opened his desk, and took therefrom five sovereigns which he had

that morning placed there, with which to pay his landlady. Putting one of the five-pound notes into his desk in the place of the sovereigns, he handed the latter, along with the other five-pound note, to the stranger, who thereupon thanked him courteously, and withdrew. The ten-pound note which he had received in return, George placed in the cash-box without bestowing upon it any particular examination, but went on with his work, still meditating over the rather sharp words he had had with Mr Dibden.

'Nothing happened of any consequence till later on in the day, when a message was received from the bank, that a ten-pound note which Mr Dibden had sent to be lodged there along with some other moneys, was a forged one. The note in question was that which George Hamilton had received from the elderly gentleman in the course of the morning, and which Mr Dibden had himself taken from the cash-box and forwarded to the bank. The message was brought by a private detective in the employment of the bank; and no sooner was Mr Dibden made aware of what had occurred, than he charged George Hamilton with having placed the note there. George admitted that he had taken two five-pound notes from the cash-box, and put in their place the ten-pound note in question; but he maintained he had given them in change for the ten-pound note to a gentleman who came in. This was his explanation, when taken before the magistrates. On the other hand, Dibden swore that he found one of the five-pound notes in George's desk. This George accounted for by saying that the person who had left the forged note asked him to let him have five pounds in gold; and that that sum not being in the cash-box, he changed one of the five-pound notes for five sovereigns of his own. As against this, however, one of the junior clerks stated that, on the morning of the occurrence, he had asked George for a loan of a sovereign, who replied: "I'd lend it with pleasure, my dear fellow, but I have not a sixpence to swear by."

'In answer to this, George said that he absolutely had at that moment five sovereigns put away in his desk to pay his landlady; and that he felt justified in saying he had not sixpence, as he considered that the money so appropriated to pay a just debt was not at his disposal.

'The magistrates asked him if he fancied the person who got the change had given the forged note innocently or fraudulently. That was of course impossible to say; but George thought innocently. Having heard all the evidence; after a careful consultation, they came to the conclusion that they must commit him for trial; but they would accept bail. Strange to say, the Dibdens went bail to the full amount—I believe myself, with the hope that he would break it, by quitting the country.

'I must tell you, however, that before any proceedings were commenced, young Dibden coarsely offered to Clara not to prosecute if she accepted

his proposal of marriage. To this she indignantly replied that she knew Mr Hamilton was innocent, and they knew it too; and that if he were not, she would not save him.

'At the time of these occurrences, I was away on the continent. My wife had been delicate; and the doctors said she must have change of air, and had fixed on Italy; which accounts for my not having seen the advertisement which appeared in the *Times*, and which I shall now read to you:

'If the Elderly Gentleman with the Blue Pocket-book, who received change for a Ten-pound Note at the Offices of Messrs Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, Bellyard, Doctors' Commons, on the 2d of September 18—, will communicate with Messrs Smith & Oliver, Solicitors, Brick Court, Middle Temple, he will confer a great obligation.

'I suppose I need scarcely tell you that I was the elderly gentleman with the blue pocket-book. Well, as I say, travelling about from one place to another, I did not see a paper regularly, and therefore missed this advertisement. In the meantime, the assizes drew on; and George Hamilton stood in the dock charged with felony. I have the trial in this paper before me. I shall read to you the leading evidence, which was all unfortunately against the prisoner. The charge was, that George Hamilton did feloniously attempt to pass a forged ten-pound note, knowing the same to be a forgery.

'The elder Dibden was the first witness called up. He deposed that the prisoner was his head-clerk, in whom he had always placed the greatest confidence; that a cash-box was left under his care, containing generally a limited amount of money, principally for the purpose of giving change; that larger sums were also frequently deposited there, if none of the principals of the house were in the way to lock it up in the money-safe; that on the morning in question, he himself had placed in the cash-box two five-pound notes and three pounds in gold; that in the afternoon he wanted to pay some money into the bank; and the safe being deficient of the sum he needed by five pounds, he opened the cash-box to take that amount therefrom; that instead of the five-pound notes which he had placed there, he found a ten-pound note, which when presented at the bank, was declared to be a forgery; that when he asked the prisoner to account for the note, he said he had received it from a stranger in exchange for the two five-pound notes; that on examining the prisoner's desk, he found one of the five-pound notes which he had placed in the cash-box that morning.

'Cross-examined.—No one had access to the cash-box but the prisoner, himself, and his son. Each had a key. The lock was a Chubb's patent, of the best description. He knew the five-pound notes by their being indorsed with the name "William Day."

'The next witness was William Simmonds, junior clerk to Messrs Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden. He swore that on the morning of the discovery of the forged note he had asked the

prisoner to lend him a sovereign; that the reply he received was: "I'd lend it with pleasure; but I have not a sixpence to swear by." Had been two years in the office with the prisoner; never had any quarrel with him.

'Eleanor Parker deposed—that she knew the prisoner well; he had lodged with her the last eighteen months. Paid his rent quarterly—always paid honourably, but used to be a little behind-hand. He was due her fully five pounds at the time of his apprehension. Had always paid her with good money—at least none of it was ever returned to her. Prisoner was out mostly all day; usually spent his nights reading.

'This was the principal evidence for the prosecution. For the defence, a few witnesses were brought up to testify to the excellent character the prisoner always bore. But his counsel took his stand not against any of the facts, which he allowed—but on the ground that they proved the act of the prisoner was done innocently and in ignorance.

"Just for a moment consider, gentlemen of the jury," he said. "Here is a gentleman who has for several years managed the business of a firm of attorneys, large sums daily passing through his hands. The utmost confidence has been placed in him. Do you think—gentlemen, I put it to you in the name of the common-sense which beams this moment on your faces—do you think that he would risk his position, honour, and name for a paltry ten-pound note? He foolishly—yes, I say very foolishly, and without carefully examining it, took a note from a complete stranger; and the only excuse he can give for this is, that he thought that Doctors' Commons was the last place in the world a swindler would go cadging about in—and that the stranger bore a most respectable appearance. For this act he deserves the reproof of his employer; and that is all. As to the evidence of the junior clerk, I must say that stronger could not be brought in favour of a man's character than, when asked by a friend for a trifling loan, at the risk of being thought mean or of confessing his poverty, he refuses, although he has money by him, because he has put it away to pay a just debt. Gentlemen, I leave my case in your hands, and I do so with confidence, as I know you will exercise that intelligence and discrimination which have at all times distinguished British jurymen, and prove to me and my client that you are not only able but determined to separate truth from error."

'I need not read to you the summing-up of the judge; he merely directed the jury to go by the evidence, and explained to them a few points of law. But I am sorry to tell you that Serjeant Oilem's flattery failed with the jury; for in half an hour they returned with a verdict of "Guilty;" and George Hamilton was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and was sent to Millbank prison to commence his punishment for a crime he never committed.

'The very day after his sentence was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Clara Brierly's birthday; and on the following morning this advertisement appeared in the *Times*:

'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Whereas on the 2d day of September 18—, an Elderly Man

of respectable appearance, who carried about with him a Blue Pocket-book, presented a Forged Note, and got in exchange good money at the Offices of Messrs Dibden, Knollys, & Dibden, Belliard, Doctors' Commons. The above REWARD will be paid to any one proving that such a transaction took place.

(Signed) SMITH & OLIVER, Solicitors.
BRICK COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

'Clara was now free. She had waited anxiously for the result of the trial; but never for one moment doubted the entire moral innocence of her lover. On the morning of her twenty-fifth birthday, she had the newspapers sent up to her room, where she remained. She read the whole trial over without missing a word. When she came to the verdict "Guilty," her agitation overmastered her directness of purpose. At length, however, she calmly rose from her seat, with the words, "Innocent as I am. I am now more certain than ever."

'Without a tear on her pale face, she dressed herself to go out; then packed up the things that she wished to take with her, and left the house without a word to any one, except the servant, to whom she gave the remaining property of her own that was in her room, desiring her to tell her master that she had gone away, and should not return. Then calling a cab, she drove to Smith and Oliver's, the solicitors, who had been recommended to her by George. It is wonderful how they appear to know everything in those musty rooms in the Temple. She had not got through more than half-a-dozen sentences in explanation of her business, before they told her they knew the entire circumstances, and accepted her proposal to place her affairs in their hands; offering to supply her at once with any money she needed. The first thing she did was to direct a large reward to be advertised—as I have just read to you; and receiving what funds she required, intimated her intention to take lodgings in the City till the mystery should be cleared up. To this proposal, however, Mr Oliver demurred, suggesting that, instead of going into lodgings, she might take up her residence for the time in his house. He had no family, and his wife would be delighted to have her for a companion. To this suggestion Miss Brierly cordially assented. In order to commence those inquiries to which she was prepared to devote her life, if necessary, she, acting through her solicitors, obtained from her unfortunate lover a written description, as closely as he could remember, of the stranger. This she had printed and distributed, with the offer of a large reward, not only through London, but to every police station in England.

'A month passed, and not the slightest clue had yet been found; and another month, and another. All this time, she herself never lost sight of her object. She scrutinised every elderly gentleman that she met, and more than once she even followed through the streets people whom she thought suspicious, with the hope of their exhibiting a blue pocket-book, her chief mark.

'All this time, I had never heard of the advertisement with the large reward, nor suspected the mischief I had so unwittingly caused. We had been wandering about the continent; my wife's health had recovered wonderfully, and my

daughters wanted to go to Egypt. Of course I had to consent. Here we stayed several weeks, "doing" the Pyramids and everything else that it behoves travellers to do. However, with advancing spring, we began to wish for the cool breezes of Old England, so we turned our steps homeward, taking Paris *en route*. We arrived in Paris early in May, where, in spite of all persuasions, I determined to remain only a few days. We had therefore to make the best of our time.

'Repairing one morning to the reading-room, to see the English papers, being naturally anxious to learn what was going on at home, I found a file of the *Times* for the past month or two stitched together; and while casually perusing the Agony columns, my eye fell upon the advertisement I have read to you, as also to an appended description of myself. The transaction flashed upon me. I at once looked up the entries in my pocket-book, and found that the date when I got change at Dibden's corresponded with that given in the advertisement. You see, here are the entries:—"August 29—Bank of England note 37299, L.10, from Roberts & Co." And—"September 2—Bank of England note 65982, L.5, from Dibden, Knollys, and Dibden."

'I need scarcely tell you that I lost no time in leaving Paris for London; and when I arrived there I at once found my way to the office of Messrs Smith & Oliver. At the very moment I was about to enter their chambers, a young lady was in the act of leaving them. Her eyes no sooner met mine, than she seemed fixed to the spot. Thinking she might possibly have recognised in me an old acquaintance, I raised my hat, and was about to speak, when she eagerly inquired: "Did you see the advertisement?"

'I replied that I had seen an advertisement in the *Times* which I believed referred to myself, and that I was there that morning in consequence.

'The strained and anxious expression on her face seemed to become intensified, as she asked: "And was it you who gave him the note?"

'You see, I was up till now quite ignorant of what had taken place with regard to that ten-pound note, or even why any information was wished from me regarding it; I did not therefore quite understand the question, and looked I dare say somewhat taken aback. Ere I could reply, however, she spoke.

"Oh," she said, "I beg your pardon; but something dreadful has happened in connection with that note, and I spoke as if you must have known all about it. Will you kindly come in and see Mr Oliver?"

'I went in, and a very few minutes' conversation with the solicitor was sufficient to acquaint me of the very distressing occurrence to which the young lady had referred. I observed that she was still much agitated, and seemed to await my reply with something like impatience; and, as I drew forth the blue pocket-book, her eyes were riveted upon it with an eagerness painful to behold. I then exhibited the entries which I have already shewn you, and placed the book in the hands of Mr Oliver. Both he and the young lady examined and compared them without speaking a word. He took from a bunch of papers on the table a folded sheet, which, when he had opened out, I saw was

a criminal indictment. Glancing it over for a minute, he read out slowly and distinctly the number "3-7-2-9-9," comparing it figure by figure with the first entry in the pocket-book.

"Thank God," said the young lady; "that is it." During this time her face had changed from being pallid to a hue like that of death; and now, as the tears started from her eyes, she sank, half-fainting, into a chair. I was not surprised at the nature of her excitement when I came to know all, and that when I met her she was leaving the chambers in a state of despondency almost bordering on despair—day after day having passed, and no reply being received to her repeated advertisements and appeals.

'Mr Oliver spoke kindly and encouragingly to her, and in a little she had so far recovered as to allow him to prosecute the inquiries which naturally arose out of the information I had given him.

"I have already mentioned to you," he said, "that the note which the young gentleman admitted having received from you and placed in the cash-box, was a forged note; I trust the fact that you had that note in your possession can be satisfactorily explained, as we should be very sorry indeed if the information that promises to give such relief to us should in any way reflect upon you."

'I said that I hoped not. I had received the note, as entered in the memorandum, from a firm called Roberts & Co.; but I knew nothing further of them, the firm having been a strange one to me, and the transaction—the first and last I had had with them—a cash one.

'He asked if I remembered the address of the firm. I told him as nearly as I could; whereupon, again referring to his papers, he shewed me a cutting from a newspaper containing the detection and conviction of a gang of bank-note forgers, who had transacted business under various cognomens, one of these being "Roberts & Co.;" and he stated, what was afterwards verified, that the persons from whom I had received the note which had caused all this trouble to innocent people, were in all probability connected with the forgers referred to.

'It was thus that I first made the acquaintance of my heroine, Miss Brierly; and may say that I never felt prouder of my old blue pocket-book, with its mass of apparently trifling entries, than when the Secretary of State, after hearing the statement we made to him, accepted my pocket-book memoranda as evidence, and in due course issued an order for George Hamilton's liberation. The very day the order was received, I went to Millbank to take him back; and in two hours he was sitting at dinner in the place you now occupy, with his handsome bride-elect at his side. The only atonement that I could make him for the suffering I had innocently caused him, was to take the place of a father, and give her away on her wedding-day.

'You will now, I hope, perceive the value I place upon such memoranda as my old pocket-book contains. To make such entries is only the work of a minute; and when made, there is no knowing what useful purpose they may serve. There can be no reasonable doubt that, if I had not had the transactions above referred to, trifling as at first sight they may have appeared, duly

entered in my memoranda, my statements to the Secretary of State would have been of no avail, as they would have looked like the trumped-up fictions of a later hour, concocted for the purpose of defeating justice. As it was, the entries stood in my book under their proper date, and were sufficient of themselves, apart from my parole evidence, to prove that the person to whom I gave the forged ten-pound note on the second of September was not the utterer of that forged note, whoever may have been the guilty party; consequently, I was thus able to free an innocent person, not only from prison, and from a long and degrading course of penal servitude, but from the life-long stigma which the imputation of such a crime would have left on his character.—And now, my dear boy, I am going to give you a present of a nice new memorandum-book, and I hope you'll make good use of it.'

THE FIRST ENGLISH PAY-HOSPITAL.

THERE can be no doubt that Hospitals have been the means of relieving countless thousands of sufferers. These institutions are, as every reader knows, upheld for the most part by voluntary contributions, and are open to all whose ailments entitle them to admission. At first sight, the system is a beneficent one—and where it operates for the benefit of the poor and needy, doubtless so; but upon looking beyond the surface, we find that the gratis professional aid so freely accorded is enormously taken advantage of by those who can well afford to pay. Thus, the objects for which these charitable institutions were originally started being in a great measure frustrated, it is with satisfaction that we hear of the establishment of a Pay-hospital within whose walls a patient may have first-class professional advice and nursing, at an outlay commensurate with his or her means. This institution, which was opened to the public by the Bishop of Winchester on the 28th of June 1880, is situated in Fitzroy Square, within a stone's-throw of that important 'lung' of London, Regent's Park. Fitzroy House, as the Hospital is called, has the advantage of the open space in front, and of the view from the windows of the fine old trees in the inclosure. The Association has purchased the freehold tenement, and has succeeded in an admirable manner in altering and adapting the interior arrangements to suit the purposes of an Hospital, while retaining the brightness of aspect and decorative effect of a private house. On first entering, the eye is caught by the contrast, in point of lighting, presented by the vestibule, as compared with that of the ordinary London house. Throughout the entire building, including the basement, the architect has been equally successful in rendering almost every corner light and airy, though with none of the oppressive glare so often observed in public buildings, and so especially trying to invalids.

Especial care has evidently been spent upon the selection of the wall-papers, all of which are artistic in design, pleasant and unaggressive in

colouring, and totally free from any such decision of pattern as might prove distressingly monotonous to a patient. Those to whom the floral or other design upon a wall-paper, occurring at regular intervals, has become a daily torture in times of illness, will be able to estimate the advantage of the inoffensive patterns chosen. These papers, taken in conjunction with the subdued but harmonious tinting of the carpets and other furniture, the prevalent air of luxury imparted by flowers, carved oak, and stained glass, completely banish from the mind any association of ideas with the bare walls and general nakedness of effect of the ordinary hospital. At the same time, it has not been forgotten that bare boards and washable walls are a necessity in an establishment of the kind. The papers have all been varnished, so that every inch throughout the house can be washed; while the boards, stained to a pleasant tint of dark oak, can be noiselessly washed and wiped by the nurse in attendance. The only floor-coverings are Persian rugs, thick and soft in texture, agreeable in design and colouring, and sufficiently numerous through the rooms to answer all the purposes of carpets, while obviating their inconveniences.

Turning to the important subject of ventilation, we find that it is most amply and even ingeniously provided for. Every room is supplied with a contrivance for emitting foul air and admitting fresh, so managed that the two operations can be carried on without creating any draught. The windows of the rooms on the lofty first-floor have been fitted with a noiselessly worked appliance which opens the upper part of the windows after the manner of a ventilator.

The drainage is perhaps even more important a consideration than that of ventilation; and here we come upon one of the most admirable points of the Hospital, one that would recommend it as a residence to the healthy, in a city where the drainage arrangements are so perilously neglected as is unfortunately the case in London. All communication with the sewer is completely cut off; and in addition to this most necessary but scarcely usual precaution, an ingenious, inexpensive, and most effectual contrivance provides for the daily flushing of every drain in the house; and not only for the process itself, but for the proof that it has been effectually performed. By raising the trap of a hole in the front-yard, any one can satisfy himself as to the completion of the process, by seeing whether the water rushing through it is perfectly clear and pure.

The bedrooms are comfortably furnished, and thoroughly home-like in aspect. In fact, it seems to have been the great aim of the Management to render the Hospital in every respect like a private house with its comforts and privacy, *plus* the experienced nursing and constant professional care that it is difficult, if not impossible to secure at home. Each bed is fitted with a chain-spring mattress; each floor has a bath-room, cupboards, presses, hot and cold water laid on, and speaking-tubes communicating with the kitchen and the Lady Superintendent's room. A carrying-chair, simple in construction, light in weight, but remarkably strong, forms another feature of the very

complete arrangements. The poles which form the handles can be raised or lowered at any angle, so that the convenience of the person carried can be consulted with the minimum of trouble and fatigue to the bearers.

Some of the rooms are arranged for one patient only. These are of course the most expensive. In other rooms, there are two beds; and in what was formerly the drawing-room—a very large room—there are four, each curtained off from the other in such a manner as to be effectually screened without darkening any part of the room.

In the case of a mother wishing to accompany a son or daughter during a stay in the Home Hospital, the Management undertakes to arrange for her to do so; and as especial care has been taken to secure the services of an excellent cook, a sojourn in this bright, airy, artistically furnished house would offer many alleviations from the onerous task of nursing; not the least among which would be the assurance that the sick relative was surrounded by everything that could possibly conduce to a speedy restoration to health; and the reflection that those remaining at home are free from the constant harassing sense that tortures the amateur nurse—namely, that perhaps from want of experience, she is failing to do the best that could be done for the invalid. There is very little doubt that the Paying Hospitals, of which this is the first, will be regarded as an invaluable boon by all right-thinking persons.

IMPROMPTU INGENUITY.

THERE are times and occasions in the lives of most individuals when a sudden call is made for the exercise of readiness or impromptu ingenuity, the importance of which may be very great, and which enables the possessor to make the best of such means and appliances as may be at hand, no matter how unpromising or apparently inapplicable.

Some years ago an incident occurred under the writer's observation which confirms in a remarkable manner the value of this simple expedient—the use of oil at sea. A Spanish steamer while crossing the Bay of Biscay in a severe storm gave such indications, by an unusual noise at the stern, as led the English engineer to suspect that there was something wrong with the screw-propeller or its shaft outside of the ship—that is, in the open space between the stern and rudder-posts where the screw revolves. There was no dry dock in any of the ports on the coast where the ship could go to be examined; and on arrival at Vigo, it appeared as if there was no alternative but to remove the cargo from the stern, and by placing it forward, thus lift the screw-propeller and shaft to the surface of the water. The alternative, simple as it was, meant a serious delay and great expense. Before commencing to remove the cargo, another consultation was held. It was then decided to put the stern of the ship over a bed of light-coloured sand; and as the water was very clear, there might be a possibility of ascertaining the extent or cause of the mishap. For two days after the vessel was so placed, the wind caused a ripple on the water, which effectually prevented anything being seen. It was then suggested by some one on board to try the use of oil on the surface of the water round the stern of the ship. The effect was most satisfactory. The water was

becalmed as if by magic, and it was then seen that the wedge or key which keeps the propeller in its place on the shaft had come partly out, and thus left the screw loose on the shaft, which caused the noise. By continuing the use of oil for a few hours, the wedge was ultimately driven into its place and secured. In this instance, many days of detention and the use of costly appliances and labour were thus saved.

Instances of a more complex character frequently occur where a knowledge of natural laws or forces may be brought into operation to assist in surmounting difficulties. Thus, a few years ago, an iron bridge of considerable length, the weight being about two hundred tons, was constructed in this country, and erected in a remote part of Germany. By some mishap, the bridge, when finished, was found to be some distance 'out' to one side, an error which the proprietors insisted should be rectified. To take down and re-erect the bridge would be simply ruin to the contractor. But Necessity is the mother of Invention, and so it proved in this case. It was summer-time, and the contractor proceeded to find the amount of expansion which was caused by the heat of the sun over the whole length of the bridge. He next ascertained what contraction took place in the night by cooling. Armed with these data, he thought it might be possible to bring the bridge to its proper position in a few days. The bridge, of course, in its ordinary condition expanded from the centre, pushing its two ends outward, or farther apart, and again contracting towards the centre. Taking advantage of these conditions, one end was made fast in the morning, and the bridge was forced to expand from that immovable point, instead of from the middle, as formerly. When the iron composing the bridge had expanded to its full extent in the direction intended, that end was released, and the opposite end made fast. The bridge then contracted towards its true position. Thus, whatever was gained by the day's expansion, was secured by the subsequent contraction when the metal cooled at night; and the process being renewed day by day, the work was successfully accomplished.

A knowledge of the laws and extent of the expansion and contraction of metals, opens up a wide field of usefulness in this connection, and is capable of very extensive application. We see large guns built up in this manner, which could not possibly be made in any other way by the appliances that we possess at present. The tires of wheels, as every one knows, are also fixed on their places by being first heated and then left to shrink. An ingenious application of this quality in metals was made use of in France, and has frequently been taken advantage of since. The walls of a large building in Paris were observed to be giving way by bulging outwards; and the problem was to bring them back to their vertical position. For this purpose, a number of bars of iron having screws and nuts on each end were let through the opposite walls, and across the intervening space between them. The nuts and screwed portion of the bars were outside. The bars were now heated by a number of lamps suspended below them until they had expanded as much as possible, and the nuts screwed up against the outsides of the two opposite walls. The lamps were next removed; when the heated bars in

cooling, gradually contracted in their length, bringing the walls very gently, but with irresistible force, into their normal position.

An old story is told in connection with the expansion and contraction of materials, which may deserve a place here as an illustration in point. It has been stated that when the Egyptian Obelisk was being erected in the square in front of St Peter's at Rome in the year 1586, during the reign of Pope Sixtus V., it was first demonstrated that ropes under severe tension contracted by the application of moisture. The occasion was made one of high festival. The architect and workmen, and the Obelisk also, received the benediction of the Pope, and high-mass was celebrated in St Peter's. But every attempt to move the pillar was unsuccessful. All the horses that could be found, with all the appliances for lifting heavy weights of that time, were put into requisition. And it was not until more than fifty unsuccessful efforts had been made, that the huge mass rose from the ground. Meanwhile, the great weight had stretched the ropes so much, that when the pulley-blocks had reached their limit in lifting, the bottom of the Obelisk had not reached the top of the seat prepared for it. At that moment a man in the crowd shouted: 'Wet the ropes!' The experiment was tried; the ropes shrunk, and the Obelisk gradually and slowly rose to the required height, and was successfully placed on its seat.

Still further in relation to this subject, we are indebted to Captain Saxby of the Royal Naval College of Woolwich, for a remarkably simple and ingenious application of a very common instrument to the solving of a difficult but important problem. It is well known that in working iron, such as welding two pieces together, and even in its manufacture, hollow places or flaws occur, with merely an outside skin over the defective parts, which any test but a destructive one would fail to discover. Nor would it be difficult to point out numerous examples of disaster thus occurring. To test the homogeneity of the metal, Captain Saxby takes a bar of iron and places it on the equatorial line. He next passes a compass with a very sensitive needle along in front of the bar, the needle of course pointing at a right angle to it. If the bar is perfectly solid through its whole length, the needle will remain steady. If, however, there should be a flaw or hollow place in the bar, the needle will be deflected as it passes from the solid to the hollow place, *backwards* towards the solid iron; passing on over the hollow place, the needle will come within the range of the solid iron at the other end of the flaw, and will again be deflected *forward*. If the bar be cut through anywhere between these two points of deflection, a flaw will invariably be found. Many thousands of pieces of iron—some prepared for the purpose of testing this method of trial, others in the ordinary course of business—have been operated upon with the same unvarying result. Captain Saxby has called to his assistance Nature, who never makes mistakes in her operations.

A striking instance of ingenuity in taking advantage of the resources of Nature in an emergency, is found in Sir Samuel Baker's account of his Travels in Abyssinia. His stock of soap had become exhausted; and as he possessed abundance

of various kinds of fat, including that of elephants, hippopotami, lions, and rhinoceros, he determined to convert a quantity of this grease into soap. For this purpose, he required both potash and lime; and how were these to be obtained? The Negleek-tree, he found, was exceptionally rich in potash; he therefore burned a large quantity, and made a strong lye with the ashes, which he concentrated by boiling. There was no limestone; but the river produced a plentiful supply of oyster-shells, which, if burned, produce excellent lime. What was next wanted was a kiln in which to burn the shells, and this he constructed out of one of those great ant-hills, which rise to ten feet high, common to those valleys, and which possess a very hard external crust. Two natives hollowed out one of those hills; a proper draught-hole was made below from the outside; it was loaded with wood, and filled with some six bushels of oyster-shells, which were again covered with fuel; and after burning twenty-four hours, a supply of excellent lime was obtained. Then commenced his soap-boiling, which was effected in a large copper pot of Egyptian manufacture. The ingredients of potash lime and fat were then carefully mixed; and after boiling ten hours, and having been constantly stirred, he obtained excellent soap, of which he had in all forty pounds-weight.

It may be said to have been due to a sudden stroke of ingenuity that Napoleon Bonaparte first drew upon him the eyes of his superiors. He was engaged with his brigade, as an engineer of artillery, in the reduction of Toulon, which in the end of 1793 alone of all the revolted cities still held out against the victorious Republic. A plan was supplied by the celebrated Carnot to the general, Dugommier, for the bombardment of the town; and in a happy moment the latter officer confided the charge of the artillery to the young Corsican. Napoleon, after studying Carnot's plan of attack, recommended a scheme of operation so much more practicable and simple, that it was at once adopted. The result was that, in eighteen days, Toulon was reduced by the victorious Republicans, and the foundation laid of Napoleon's military reputation.

In trade, as in war, a similar readiness to seize upon all available circumstances that may tend to accomplish the object we have in view, is useful. We lately heard a story in point. A commercial gentleman in Jamaica wrote home to a merchant in the west of Scotland, telling him what a fine market there was at the time in that island for British goods. The merchant in question was noted at once for his ignorance and for the success of his export ventures; and a wag among his acquaintances had offered a wager that on this occasion he would put him on a losing tack. He therefore advised the merchant as to the nature of his proposed consignment; and, of all things in the world for a place like Jamaica, what should that consignment consist of but *warming-pans*? When they arrived, the consignee was at first in a state of the utmost consternation, and did not know what to make of them. But presently his ingenuity came to his aid. He saw that the warming-pans, if useless as such, were not quite without possibilities of adaptation to other uses; accordingly he had the lids knocked off them, after which both pans and lids were offered to the sugar-manufacturers as skimmers to skim their sugar-vats. They were found to answer the pur-

pose admirably; and there being a great crop of sugar that year, the whole consignment of metamorphosed warming-pans was disposed of with a handsome profit. It is scarcely necessary to add that the wag lost his bet.

Another story occurs to us of the advantage of being able to apply one's knowledge in an emergency. An eminent firm of woollen manufacturers received a commission to make a particular fabric out of a special kind of wool which it was desired at the time to introduce into the home markets. As the fabric thus made was to be sent to one of our International Exhibitions, the manufacturers were required to give a guarantee that they would use the particular wool sent them, and no other, in making up the goods. In the course of the dyeing processes, one colour upon which the whole beauty of the pattern depended, came out so impure and defective that the portion of wool so dyed was considered hopelessly spoiled. It was an awkward circumstance for the manufacturers; as, to have made a request for additional wool would have been a confession of bad workmanship at the outset. In this emergency, a workman in the dyehouse, who acted as a vatman, a position little above that of an ordinary labourer, but who, with good natural parts and a taste for his work had privately acquired considerable knowledge of the chemistry of dyeing, came to their aid. He expressed the opinion to a fellow-workman that the colour might yet be restored to comparative purity; and this opinion being carried to one of the principals, permission was given to the vatman to make the experiment. The wool, it was considered, was lost at anyrate—an experiment with it, however hopeless it looked, could not make things worse. The vatman for the time being got the full use of his superior's dyeing stuffs and apparatus, and with such success, that the colour was brought out on the wool in all its brightness and purity. This was the making of the vatman, who in a short time afterwards attained to the position of chief of the dyeing department, and ultimately went into business for himself, and prospered. His readiness of resource had not only led to his own advancement, but had saved the manufacturing reputation of the firm by which he was employed.

THE MONTH SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FUTURE historians will describe the last quarter of the present century as an era remarkable for exhibitions and public gatherings for scientific, literary, political, artistic, and sanitary purposes. Miles of streets and shops no longer suffice; but products in well-ordered series must be brought together under one wide-spreading roof, where all the world may see. A good case in point was the Leather Trades' Exhibition at Islington, with its five series of commodities—(1) specimens of every kind of leather; (2) articles made of leather; (3) colours, dyes, varnishes, and pastes used in the preparation and finishing of leather; (4) the machinery and appliances employed in the manufacture of leather; and (5) a large variety of objects which require more or less of leather in their construction. Ample scope here for display of ingenuity, from leather belts of unusual strength

for machinery, to the compressed leather, formed of waste cuttings, used for inner soles, and to the cunning machines which now do all the sewing, pegging, and screwing, and other hand-work needed in the manufacture of boots and shoes. The industry thus represented, figures for more millions sterling in our annual accounts than would commonly be believed. A similar Exhibition is to be held during six months in 1881 at Frankfort.

The Sanitary Institute of Great Britain held their meeting at Exeter, and discussed special questions under the stimulus of knowledge, such as 'Sanitary Science and Preventive Medicine,' 'Engineering and Sanitary Construction,' 'Meteorology and Geology,' and illustrated their propositions by models, apparatus, and contrivances intended to promote health and cleanliness.

Among the questions brought forward at the Social Science Congress held at Edinburgh this month (October), were: 'What are the means which should be adopted for the prevention of the pollution of streams, without undue interference with industrial operations, and for the preservation of pure sources of water supply?'—'The best mode of amending the present laws with reference to existing buildings, and of improving their sanitary condition, so as to render them more healthy, having due regard to economical considerations?' and 'How far would the revival of the old system of master and pupils be of advantage, and tend to promote the growth of historical art, and the fitting use of painting and sculpture in our public buildings?' There is something more than art and science involved in the answer to these questions. The Trades' Union Congress at Dublin felt it when they agreed that a trade could best be learned by regular apprenticeship, and when Dr Ingram shewed them that the capitalist regarded as a 'social functionary' rises to a position of dignity, and that 'labour, in the widest sense of the word, is the continuous and combined effort of our race for the improvement of its condition and its nature.'

We are familiar enough with shows of cats, dogs, kine, horses, and potatoes even; but a goat-show is a novelty, and a successful novelty, as was demonstrated by the prizes awarded for the best specimens of British and foreign goats exhibited at the Alexandra Palace. The object is to improve and encourage the breeding of goats throughout the country, for goats will live on land where a cow would starve, and give a good supply of milk, which is not only very nutritious, but very profitable. One of the specimens exhibited was brought from the Cape, where a resident magistrate has a herd of five thousand. As a supplement to the show, a public dinner was held, in which all the dishes were of kid; and it was stated that kid can be sold at sixpence a pound.

An East Anglian Fisheries Exhibition is to be held at Norwich next Easter, when pisciculture, or fish-breeding, will be represented by hatching apparatus, aquaria, and living fish, and stuffed specimens; models of vessels, and the different appliances for catching fish will be shewn; also examples of the social condition of fishermen, models of life-boats and other life-saving appliances; illustrations of the history of fishing; preparations of fish in various forms for food, together with specimens of aquatic birds, of marine animals,

shells, and shell-fish, and of the prolific vegetation of the sea. Evidently there will be in this Exhibition a wide range of entertainment as well as instruction.

The opening of the Mason Science College at Birmingham must not pass without a word of notice on our part. This admirable institution—built, endowed, and furnished at the sole cost of Sir Josiah Mason—offers training to all students in mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and other natural sciences, 'without restriction as to sex, creed, or birthplace.' May we not hope that many a needy artificer will find in this college such resources for education as were sought for in vain by the munificent founder sixty years ago, when he was a struggling journeyman.

Besides the Exhibition above mentioned, there will be next year at Frankfort a 'General German Patent and Registered Articles Exhibition,' the main object being to 'bring to public notice the greatest novelties in the domain of inventions and designs;' and further, an 'International Balneological Exhibition.' This last, in the words of the prospectus, is to include 'mineral waters, with a geological description of their district,' 'products obtained from the water, salts and mother-lies,' 'bathing-tubs and sand-bathes,' 'bathing machine, bathing chairs, and all kinds of invalid furniture,' 'apparatus for medical electrification and for orthopraxy,' 'meteorological apparatus,' and appliances for 'outdoor games, such as lawn-tennis, croquet, cricket, bathing, and playing costumes.' Inventors too often are inveterate grumblers. Have they not a prospect of comfort at Frankfort?

The meeting of the International Congress for the education of the deaf at Milan may be regarded as important, for they resolved to discard signs in teaching, and to adopt the 'pure oral method.' The president, Abbé Tarra, said in his address, 'signs must be altogether abjured, though a few simple gestures may be allowed when the little child is first introduced to school-life. In the schoolroom begins the redemption of the deaf-mute. He is waiting to be made into a man. Let him be taught to move his lips in speech, not his hands in signs. Of all movements for the expression of ideas, those of the lips are most perfect. Speech is addressed to the intellect, while gestures speak coarsely to the sense.' These views were supported by speakers from different parts of Europe; and from experiments made in England and other countries, of which mention was made in this *Journal* for June 21, 1879, there is no doubt that persons utterly deaf can be taught to speak by watching the movements of their teachers' lips.

The Board of Education at Dayton, Ohio, appointed a committee to visit all the schools of that town, and examine into the conditions of school-life that tend to impair the sight of pupils. The report of that committee, drawn up by a medical man, has been published under the title *The Influence of School-Life upon the Eyesight, with Special Reference to the Public Schools of Dayton*. In making the examination, the committee kept in view the causes or occasions which predispose to short-sightedness—namely, hereditary weakness, impure air, improper food, defective light, bad type, pale ink, prolonged use of the eyes without intermission, faulty position of the body, and faulty construction of school furniture. They

found, as other investigators have done, that, as a rule, the cases of short-sight are most numerous in the higher classes, and they discuss and point out 'the effects of prolonged tension, of accommodation, and of a faulty position in studying.' The school buildings for the most part are defective in ventilation and illumination; the proportion of window surface to floor surface being considerably below the standard generally regarded as sufficient. The conclusion is, that the Board should not only remedy these defects, but 'recognise the importance of making some provision for instructing the teachers in the fundamental principles of school hygiene.' Managers of schools in other places may perhaps take a hint from this report.

From an official school inspection made during the present year, we learn that myopia—short-sight—is largely on the increase in the schools of Germany. Hereupon the question arises: Can a remedy be found, or is the defect inevitable?

The photophone is a new invention by Mr Graham Bell, and has attracted the attention of physicists. With this remarkable instrument, sound is conveyed not by a string or wire, but by an intangible conductor—a beam of light. A plane, bright, flexible mirror is fitted in a stand; the light thrown upon it is reflected as a beam, and at a considerable distance strikes a parabolic reflector, which has in its focus a cell of selenium connected with a galvanic battery and a telephone. If, now, a voice speaks behind the flexible mirror, vibrations are produced and are communicated to the beam of light, and become audible in the telephone attached to the distant selenium cell. It has long been known that certain metals and metalloids give out sounds under the influence of light or heat; among these substances selenium, from its sensitiveness, holds a conspicuous place, and now it has been applied to practical uses in a way which in all probability will be found capable of further development. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we mention that selenium is a mineral occupying a place between sulphur and tellurium.

Something has been said about the possibility of taking photographs at a distance by means of the telegraph, to which operation the name electric telescopy might be given. Suppose a picture of a landscape taken in a camera; what is required is that the electric current should take up and transmit the features of that landscape, as it does modulations of sound. This once achieved, pictures might be obtained of places hundreds of miles distant.

Justice's Quieting Chamber is the name of an invention 'for the entire suppression of the objectionable noisy puffing from the exhaust-pipes either of gas or steam engines.' It contrasts favourably with existing arrangements, for it is compact, occupying but small space comparatively. The chamber is filled with small balls of porcelain, glass, or sorted pebbles, and in passing through these the noise of the discharge or explosion is completely suppressed, 'without creating any perceptible back-pressure on the engine.' Pleasure-parties on board launches or steam-boats will find their pleasure enhanced by this quieting chamber, further information concerning which may be had on application to Mr P. S. Justice, 14 Southampton Buildings, London.

In a communication concerning spiders published in the *Transactions of the Hertfordshire Natural History Society*, we are informed that spiders' thread varies in thickness from a thousandth to the four-thousandth of an inch, and yet will carry a weight of from fifty-six to sixty grains. At the beginning of last century the cocoon silk of spiders was woven into gloves by a Frenchman. In 1710, the naturalist Réaumur, at the instance of the Académie des Sciences at Paris, investigated the subject; but his report thereon was not favourable. Spider gloves were afterwards woven in Italy; and about the beginning of the present century, Troughton, the eminent optician, used spider silk instead of fine silver wire in his philosophical instruments. From experiments made a few years since, it was found that spider silk could be obtained in quantity sufficient for manufacturing purposes. Dr Wilder 'reeled one hundred and fifty yards from a *Nephila plumipes* on twenty occasions within a month, and he calculates that it would require a similar produce, from four hundred and fifty of the same species—that is, one million three hundred and fifty thousand yards, to make a yard of such silk as would be used in a dress.'

Very remarkable is the growth of the trade in jute. In 1829 the export of jute from Calcutta was twenty tons only, worth about twenty pounds. Now the quantity exported annually is three hundred and fifty thousand tons—nearly two million bales—valued at about six million pounds sterling. This large quantity does not include the enormous supplies retained for use in India.

In the *Journal of the Quekett Microscopical Club*, further observations are published on *Microfilaria*, the minute worm which infests the blood of diseased persons in China, of which we gave an account a few months ago. And particulars are given by Dr Perroncito of Turin of the endemic disease developed among the labourers in the St Gothard Tunnel. After some weeks of toil in that confined space, those Italian navvies become pale, lose their strength, and are compelled to abandon the work. In the newspapers the malady was represented as 'tunnel Trichinosis'; but Dr Perroncito having had a number of the men under his care, describes it as a parasitical disease produced by the presence of the *Dochmius duodenalis*, the intestinal *Anquillula*, and the *A. stercoralis*. Hundreds of the labourers were infested, in some instances, by all three of the noxious parasites. Among the remedies tried was hot water, at as high a temperature as it could possibly be swallowed, with a view to kill and expel the intruders.

Aids to the Study and Forecast of the Weather, is the title of a shilling book just published by authority of the Meteorological Council. The chief object of this publication, as we are told, 'is to facilitate the study of weather to persons who are in a position to avail themselves of the usual meteorological instruments, and who wish to bring their own local observations into connection with the more general information supplied by the daily weather reports of the Meteorological Office, and with the accounts of weather published in the daily press.' The facilitation consists of observations on wind and cloud, weather signs, relations of pressure and wind, course of cyclonic systems, characteristic

types of weather, specimens of forecasts, and a dozen explanatory charts—all well worth a shilling.

From observations made during nearly twenty years in a forest in the Jura, it appears to be proved that—(1) when light strikes the ground without having been sifted by foliage, it stimulates the production of carbonic acid in the soil; that (2) the growth of wood is diminished when the underbrush is so thick and tall as to impede the passage of sunlight to the soil, and its reflex action on the branches of the trees; and (3) that mould in too great a thickness becomes inert, and thus remains many years, as is the case with farm-yard manure when too deeply buried.

Professor Aughey, of the University of Nebraska, has published sketches of the physical geography and geology of that state, in which a curious fact is mentioned—namely, that within the past fifteen years there has been an increase in the number of springs, and in the volume of the rivers throughout the state. This is due to an increased rainfall, and the increased rainfall is a consequence of cultivation. The hard soil of the original prairie threw off the water, which ran away in the cañons; but when it was ploughed and tilled it became largely absorptive, and now sucks in and retains the rain like a huge sponge. The state is four hundred and thirteen miles in length. When first settled, its annual rainfall was twenty inches, of which probably not more than five inches were absorbed. Now the annual fall is thirty-two inches, and the absorption is twenty-four inches. Much of the soil is alluvium, with a thickness in places of two hundred feet.

At about sixty miles from San Francisco, on the top of Mount Hamilton, the Californians have started the Lick Observatory, for which one of their citizens, Mr James Lick, gave a liberal endowment. The summit of the mountain, four thousand two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, commands a clear view of a hundred miles in all directions, and is remarkably free from fog and cloud. Hence the desire of American astronomers for a good working observatory at a high elevation will now be gratified. Some of the instruments are already in place, and others will be provided of the best possible quality. Certain physical and meteorological, as well as purely astronomical observations, will be made; and we may hope that the Lick Observatory will take a high place among institutions devoted to the elucidation and study of natural phenomena.

Some months ago Professor H. Draper of New York tested the atmosphere of the Rocky Mountain country at heights from four thousand five hundred to eleven thousand feet, with a view to ascertain whether astronomical observations could be made at those heights with more advantage than at his observatory on the bank of the Hudson, where, of one thousand five hundred photographs which he took of the moon, not more than two were really good pictures. The atmosphere is proverbially unsteady, and yet steadiness is essential to complete success in astronomical work. Hence telescopes have been carried up high mountains in the hope that the fatal unsteadiness would not prevail in the upper regions of the air; and to gain further experience on this point was the motive of Professor Draper's journey. At Salt Lake City (four thousand six hundred and fifty

feet) he was disappointed, for 'Saturn looked about the same as on an ordinary night at my observatory; Capella twinkled as badly, both to the naked eye and in the telescope, as I have ever seen it at the sea-level; and I had noticed that the sun set among just such a bank of clouds as we are accustomed to see in New York.' The explanation seems to be that the climate of Utah is not so dry as formerly. Professor Draper was told that the Mormons believe there has been an increase of rainfall since they first settled in the country, and he remarks: 'This seems to be borne out by the statement that, whereas formerly three gallons of Salt Lake water produced on evaporation one gallon of salt, it now takes four gallons to produce the same quantity.'

Afterwards the camp was pitched at a height of eight thousand nine hundred feet on the Rocky Mountain range; and on two nights the atmosphere was almost as steady and as transparent as could be desired, and the moon and stars looked surprisingly solid and brilliant; but there were two nights only, all the others were unfavourable. The climate generally is so severe and stormy that not more than about six weeks in the best part of the year could be counted on for observation. 'Apparently, therefore,' says Professor Draper, 'it would not be judicious to move a large telescope and physical observatory into these mountains with the hope of doing continuous work under the most favourable circumstances.'

A LINGERING LEAF.

Thou leaflet! fluttering all forlorn
On bough so bleak and bare,
In what sweet sunlight wast thou born?
Amid what charmed air?
Ah! thou hast nought of beauty now!
No remnant of thy grace;
A solitary thing art thou
In this lone woodland place.

When all thy sister leaves rejoiced,
Thou wert as green, as gay;
And on this bough, all silver-voiced,
The linnets sang his lay:
Ah! who so light and fair as thou,
A graceful Summer gem!
And who so brown and withered now,
Alone upon thy stem!

Thou waitest but the icy breath
Of Winter keen and chill,
And thou shalt fall to deeper death,
Tossed at the cold winds' will;
Perchance to wander like a ghost,
A waif, through sky and earth,
Spurned by every breeze, and tossed
As if in mimic mirth!

And many a year the Spring shall wake
The earth with leaves and flowers,
And this bleak bough in bloom shall break
'Neath vernal suns and showers;
And leaves as gay and light as thou
Shall flutter in the sun,
And cluster on this hawthorn bough—
So perish, lonely one!

J. C. H.

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OVERWORK AND UNDERWORK.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

At the end of the first article on this subject, Dr Wilks was speaking of the injury to health caused by a state of listless idleness, and of the absolute necessity of work, the more varied the better, for our healthful existence. He goes on to say that 'the body is a machine productive of force and heat. If this be not directed to right purposes, it will pursue a wrong course; or if not allowed to escape in some form or other, will react injuriously on the body itself. Thus the hysterical attacks and fits of laughing and crying, are but the outward signs of the escape of superabundant forces. Of course the character of the individual and sex will determine often the mode by which the escape is made. Now hysteria is by no means confined to women, for one of the worst attacks which I have witnessed occurred in a man. This gentleman one day found he had lost his all, and on returning home, he became the victim of laughing and crying, until sheer exhaustion brought an end to the attack. This was quite involuntary. But it might be remarked that even in hysteria such a thing as fashion prevails, shewing that a certain power of restraint may be used. When I was a boy, hysteria was the fashion; and if during conversation any remark was made to touch a lady's sensibilities, she would clench her hands, make a wry face, her eyelids would undergo a rapid vibration, she would give a sob or two, and sink from her chair. The cure was accomplished by throwing cold water over her face; and if this encroached on her neck or wetted her dress, the cure was very sudden and complete. During church service, it was the usual practice to have a young lady carried out; but I think as a rule she belonged to an inferior class, whose kind of work during the week did not allow them to play dressmaking tricks with themselves on a Sunday; for if I remember rightly the cure was effected in their case by the call for a penknife. This was used to loosen the body-armour, when

a loud explosion took place, followed by a deep sigh and a speedy recovery of the patient. So fashionable was fainting or hysterics in church, that I have a lively remembrance of a young lady who had a weekly attack, and was often carried out by a gentleman in the next pew. As these two were afterwards married, I apprehend that this was one mode of courtship. I am only too thankful to think, for the peace of other people, that this method of forcing matrimony has gone out. In speaking of hysteria, it is curious to observe how crying and laughing are intimately mixed; indeed the mechanism used for both is much the same; the convulsive motion of the chest being observed in both these acts. It may seem strange that so apparently different emotions, or such different phases of the mind expressed by laughing and crying, should be outwardly manifested by movements which so closely resemble one another. And yet on second thought the sentiments are not always far apart; the two emotions not infrequently blend; and as every one knows, some of the strongest feelings of joy may be expressed in weeping. The overflowing heart shews itself in tears, and sadness and joy are but counterparts of the same emotion.

"There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy;"

and there is many a one can say with Jessica,

"Sweet music always makes me sad."

'To return once more to our subject. The mind should be always occupied; it is strengthened and preserved in a healthy state by work; whereas it decays or becomes impoverished by disuse; or what is even worse, since it is impossible to keep the brain absolutely at rest, its powers should be profitably employed, or they react on the system, and give rise to the numberless ailments, physical, mental, and moral, known as hysteria. This term almost implies that I am thinking of the female sex; certainly, it is to women especially that the want of occupation applies. Young men are forced to get their living whether they like it or not; but a large number of young ladies in

a family have absolutely nothing to do. Those brought up in the country have this advantage, that they may always make work for themselves: the village children may be taught and otherwise cared for; bringing not only a blessing on them, but a healthy body and mind to the benefactor. In town, the condition of middle-class girls is to me pitiable. They are too genteel to follow any occupation; they are often too many in a family to assist in domestic duties; they have returned home from school with some very poor accomplishments; their knowledge of French and German is not sufficient to allow them to converse in those languages; and music just enough to indulge in a doleful song or play badly on the piano. They dawdle through the day in a listless way, and fall victims to a thousand little ailments which the doctor is supposed to put right by physic. And the most curious thing is that should the instincts of the girl force her to put some of her energies into use, she is as likely as not to be thwarted by the mother. I am a daily witness to this; and when young ladies are brought to me for advice, the invariable story is that they are overtaking their strength; the maternal instinct being so perverted that it has become with many the belief that every movement means fatigue, and absolute rest is the way to insure health. It is against this very erroneous view that I am now preaching. These mothers do not come to the doctor for advice, but to dictate to him; and they say: "I want you, doctor, to insist on my daughter not playing the organ at church, for it is too much for her; or having that children's class once a week, for she is always ill after it; but order her to have her breakfast in bed, and a glass of port wine about eleven o'clock." It is this fanciful care on the part of parents which is so injurious; for the very energy of young people would command them to occupy themselves. I do not know that girls are worse than boys in respect of idleness; for probably the latter would not work unless obliged, and even for them an occupation is good quite apart from that at which they earn their daily bread.

'I believe every young man should have some special pursuit of his own seeking; but alas, how very rarely do we find that this is the case. The monotony of a city office is often so great, that a second pleasant occupation to engage the better mental powers is requisite; and I therefore generally ask my young patients what they do, or whether they follow any scientific pursuit. An answer in the affirmative is, I am sorry to say, the easiest thing possible; for on asking them how they spend their evenings and what they like, they nearly all say they like music; which by no means implies that they cultivate or study music, but that they like to sing a song at the piano over a young lady's shoulder. I ask them if they like science; they shake their head. I say there is the solid earth with its rocks beneath you; do you ever get a hammer and examine them? There is the sky above, with its innumerable spheres; do you ever look at them by telescope or spectroscope? There is animal life; do you ever study that? Every pond will shew you countless forms for your microscope. I get no response; or when I say none, it is rare and exceptional to find any one cares about these things. I know a few who will take up these studies after business hours; and I assure you they are the happiest of men.

But if you do not this, I say do something—have a hobby, and collect walking-sticks or snuff-boxes. Become a connoisseur in old china; amuse yourself in every friend's house you enter by feeling all his cups and saucers and making a careful scrutiny of the marks underneath.

'This question of occupation comes before me daily, as it does to every other medical man; and I have no hesitation in saying, as a result of my experience, that more people suffer from want of occupation than from overwork. Hypochondriasis, or the making a study of one's self and watching all the operations and functions of the body, is in the main the result of idleness.

'We have seen that it is quite competent for a person to occupy all his time, after having given due heed to the necessities of life, in work; but the work must be varied. It is not difficult, therefore, to comprehend if any physical or mental labour be attempted at the expense of physiological considerations, that the health will suffer; that is, if the time be taken out of that which should be devoted to rest, exercise, or meals. The same evil will occur if the mental labour be all of one kind, so as to produce an excessive tension on one faculty at the expense of others. In considering the question of overwork or forced brain-labour, we must regard it from this stand-point; and if we so do, we shall find that where harm has accrued, it has been from a total disregard of the principles we have laid down. We are constantly told of the dreadful effects of school-forcing; but we are kept in the dark as to the remainder of the history of the child's life as regards exercise, food, &c.

'Our newspapers give thrilling accounts of the evils following in the wake of our present school system, and that children have actually been killed whilst undergoing the process of repletion. The same cry has come from America, where several learned physicians have decried the modern system of over-study. One writer says: "Girls arrive at twelve or fourteen, and at the threshold of the most important period of existence, utterly unfitted for passing through it. Excitable, with wide open eyes and ears for every sight and sound which can excite feeling, rapid and intense in mental activity, with thin limbs, narrow chest, and ungainly back, we meet these twelve-year old products of civilisation going to school with an average of thirteen books under their feeble arms—for I have found by actual count that thirteen is the average number of studies which they take nowadays."

'In spite of this denunciation, it is quite impossible after what I have said, to admit that three or four hours' work a day can be injurious to any one if all the physiological rules of health are obeyed; and unless we know exactly what are the modes of life in girls' schools, we are not in a position to form an opinion, and at once denounce the work as a cause of ill-health. Fortunately, the experiment has been made for many years in boys' public schools; and there we have never heard of the work being too much, although the subjects, such as ancient classics and mathematics, are amongst those which are most likely to try the brains of the young. The reason is clear: the habits of life are regular, and of a kind likely to promote health. A good night's rest, three good meals a day, and numerous games. How different

is all this from what occurs in the day schools, and especially in those for the education of girls. Nothing is known of the child's habits when not at school, whether she enters the room with a stomach provided with a good meal, or on the contrary, starved, nor how she occupies the remainder of her time; there may be in her case an absence of fresh air and exercise; and when she returns home, she may be shut up in a close room to mind the baby. If a girl be living in a manner totally subversive of the laws of health, and then be sent to the Board school, and then break down under the mental pressure, it is not fair to attribute her ill-health to the mental work. I cannot myself think that if ordinary hygienic and common-sense rules of health were primarily considered, the ordinary work in a boys' or a girls' school is too much.

'A very different question is that of competition. I cannot say I like competitive examinations, since competition has the power only of comparing certain qualities of the character, and some of these are of an inferior kind. I know too, the extraordinary tension on the brain in the endeavour to master one or two subjects, does sometimes prove injurious. It is difficult, however, to see by what other means than by competition prizes can be awarded and public appointments be given to the fittest; yet I think some other tests might with advantage be introduced, as it so often happens at present that some of the best qualifications for office may be overlooked and important defects unknown. I remember reading some years ago, when it was resolved to throw open all appointments to competition, a vacancy for a postman or letter-carrier occurred in a small town in the west of England. A number of young men were asked to sit down and shew their skill in writing and their knowledge of geography. One candidate so greatly excelled the others that he was given the appointment. On the following morning, when he came to carry out his letters, it was found that he had a wooden leg. I believe, therefore, that the tests of qualifications are very often far from being either thorough or appropriate. Neither can I see any advantage in putting children one against the other, unless for the sake of pleasing parents by bestowing prizes and puffing the school.

'The endeavour to discover whether a child has profited by its schooling, is another matter; but this may effectually be done in another manner: let him be tested as we do our medical students, by an examination in all the subjects which he has been supposed to study during the last year. There is no difficulty in testing the amount of work which a pupil has acquired without putting him in competition with others. In competitive examinations, it is very probable that harm may often accrue from the mind being kept in a state of tension on one subject for several hours daily, besides the candidate being subjected to the excitement inevitable on fear of failure or hope of success. In ordinary teaching of the young, I believe an immense relief would be afforded if the method could be made more practical and real. The information contained in books must have been arrived at by actual observation and experiment; and if children were informed of the method by which this was done, they would acquire their knowledge in a much more accurate and correct

manner, and with much less fatigue to themselves, than they now do. It wants but a moment's thought to see that a chemist working out experiments in his laboratory is employing his brain in a less arduous manner than when reading up a similar subject in a book; or a geologist with his hammer acquiring knowledge directly from the rocks, than by pondering the same matter in his study. In like manner I believe children might, by the use of their eye and intellect together, be better instructed in the outlines of astronomy than by merely learning from a book the number of days in a year, in a month, &c. The latter method is far more fatiguing, and the knowledge when acquired is not thorough. I have known a country boy learn more in five minutes about the revolution of the earth and night and day, by putting a stick in the ground and making him observe the progression of the shadow, than he has acquired in weeks from ordinary book-learning. I believe if there were more intelligent masters and mistresses, children might be taught more efficiently than at present, and without any fear of overtaxing their brains. The use of pictures, diagrams, and objects generally would be a great improvement over all book-work. Then, again, a judicious teacher would know how to vary the work; and after giving a lesson in arithmetic, which more than any other subject tries the mental powers of the young, he would let his pupils do writing or reading. In girls' schools, needlework should then come in. Of course, there is an evil in all schools, a necessary one; that is, the uniform method which must be adopted and made applicable to all. The hard-grained and clever child will shoot ahead, leaving the more thoughtful and sensitive one far behind; whilst the one who is really by nature obtuse, receives the whole dole of punishments; and formerly, when the birch was in use, the master determined to see if learning which could not be introduced into the system by the ordinary channel, could not by another.'

Dr Wilks concludes his admirable Lecture with the following remark: 'The question of overwork is a large and difficult one to solve, and is exactly the kind of subject which should come under the cognizance of the National Health Society. All I have proposed to myself to do on the present occasion is to ventilate the subject, or rather open it out in a way by which it can be approached in a scientific and rational manner.'

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Do you know that man?'

At this time my sole friend, except for Gascoigne, and almost my sole acquaintance, was *Æsop*. Gascoigne was always dearer; but circumstances held us apart, and he was not a friend for common loves and uses. In my trouble at his disappearance, I naturally sought out Gregory; and to him I told the story of the tabernacle, and of Gascoigne's appearance there, and his sudden illness. He was silent and attentive; and when I had finished, he said with great gravity: 'Do all you can to find him.'

'I hope,' I answered, 'that there will be no great difficulty about finding him. My only fear is that his excitement, or his fall, or both together, may have unbalanced his intellect, and that he has gone wandering off unconsciously, or under some delusion.'

'Wait,' said Gregory. 'Let us make pictures.'

'Let us do what?' I asked.

He smiled gravely. 'When I want to understand a thing that puzzles me, I form all manner of mental tableaux. I make the actors in any human problem pose for me whilst I examine them. I daresay I am oftener wrong than right; but I find the practice a good one sometimes. It was wet last night?'

'It rained heavily,' I answered.

'Did it rain, when you led Gascoigne to the cab?'

'Fast,' I told him.

'Did you wrap him up well, before leading him to the cab?'

'Not at all,' I answered. 'He was bareheaded, for one thing.'

'Did anybody put his hat into the cab after you? No? That was what I wanted to suggest to you. He would buy a hat, or go through the streets bareheaded, or take one of yours. Let us go to the Inn, and see which of the three he did.'

The porter of the Inn had seen a gentleman without a hat pass out at the gates, and had seen him cross to the hatter's at the opposite corner. There was a clue, said Æsop. But the clue led us no farther than the hatter's shop. The shopman had sold a black wide-awake hat to a young clergyman, who had come in bareheaded from Clement's Inn, and had afterwards walked down Fleet Street.

'That tells us little,' I said in a disappointed tone.

'It tells us this,' said Gregory—'that he was at least collected enough to be mindful of appearances. Now, either a sane man or a mad man might think of replacing a lost hat; but a man whose intellect was disturbed by the shock of a fall would never dream of it. He has gone away with his eyes open, for his own reasons.'

'I remember that you said of Latazzi that a man who theorised had no right to call himself a detective.'

'I am not theorising—much,' said Gregory. 'I have better grounds to go on than that fool of a detective had.' He had quite a savage despite for Mr Latazzi, and for the whole detective force private and public.

'What are your grounds?' I asked anxiously. 'Tell me.'

'No,' he said; 'I will not tell you—yet. It will be bad enough when it comes!'

'What do you mean?' I cried. 'You are not used to talk without a meaning; but I can see none.'

'I had no right to say what I have said already,' Gregory replied, 'and I can say no more. *Nous verrons*, my friend—*nous verrons*. You shan't fret about that fellow, with his cranks and twists and changeable tempers. Leave him alone. He has come to no harm.'

'But he was really ill, last night,' I pleaded,

grieved at Gregory's contemptuous tone, and angered by it also, as I had a right to be in my friend's defence.

'He was well enough this morning, I have no doubt,' said Gregory with a harshness of manner which surprised me. 'And the beggar walked off without saying good-bye—that was all. He had his reasons for it, I daresay, and you'll know them some day.'

'What is the reason of this sudden tone about Gascoigne?' I demanded, grieved and hurt.

'Is it sudden?' asked Æsop, turning one quick glance upon me. This set me thinking that the change between the friends was one of long standing, and that I had blinded myself to it.

'How long is it,' I said, 'since you quarrelled?'

'We have not quarrelled,' Gregory replied. 'But I have been guilty of a good deal of hypocrisy about the matter, and I must end it now. I will not tell you whose fault it is, or how it came about; but Gascoigne and I have not been friends for many a year, and will be friends no more, as long as this life lasts.'

I suppose that my tenderness for Gascoigne would have made this revelation hard to bear at any time; but now when I had seen him in pain and illness, and whilst I was so uncertain about him, it angered me, even coming from Gregory.

'I expected this,' I said, 'or some of it. What did you do to Gascoigne?'

'I did that to Gascoigne,' he answered slowly, 'for which, if he has a soul at all, he should be grateful all his life.—Jack—he put both hands upon my shoulders—trust me. Wait. Be in no hurry to hurt yourself.'

'Gregory,' I answered, deeply wounded, 'these innuendoes are unworthy of you. However Gascoigne and you have quarrelled'—

'We have never quarrelled,' he answered; but I went on:

'Let me keep *my* esteem for you, at least.'

'Gascoigne is an older friend of yours than I am,' he answered with a smile, in which I seemed dimly to read many things—sadness and a very kind regard amongst them; 'but we have liked each other, you and I, and we have been pretty thick together. Have I spoken one hard word about your friend?'

'Why should you speak hard words about him?' I demanded.

'I have not spoken them,' he said quietly. 'But you think me hard because I tell you not to grieve about him until you are compelled to grieve.'

'Shall I be compelled to grieve?' I felt the words, as I spoke them, like a challenge.

He answered me sadly, almost solemnly: 'I am afraid you will.'

My mind grasped an awful fancy. 'Is Gascoigne,' I cried, and paused—'is Gascoigne—mad?' His eloquence had not been that of sober reason. His appearance at the tabernacle was singular, and not easy to account for. I seemed suddenly to remember an emphasis in Gregory's words as we left the hatter's shop a little while before—'Either a sane man or a mad man.' I gave myself no time to think that this would not account for Gregory's insinuations, but spoke out the fear when I saw it.

'No, Jack, no!' he said gravely.

'Then why,' I cried, 'do you play upon me with these doubts and suspicions, these hints of

trouble and mischief, which might go to make up a Tragedy of Errors? Look you, Gregory. You have been a friend of mine for years, a good friend and a true friend until now. But I have loved Gascoigne ever since I can remember, and have loved him almost better than anybody in the world. If you have any suspicion of him, let me know it, and I will work harder to clear him than I have worked to clear myself. Could anything look darker than the case against me? Even if it were anything as vile as that, let me know—though indeed, Gregory, the viler the suspicion is, the better I shall like it, for the surer I shall be it is not true.

'Jack,' he said, 'let us leave the theme. I am sorry that it has cropped up between us.'

'It may not be a great thing now,' I answered, accepting his simile; 'but if we walk along on our respective sides, we shall find it large enough to shut us out of sight of each other.'

'Very well,' Gregory replied. 'We shall meet at the far end of it; and you will be sorry for the side you took.'

'I take my side at once,' I said miserably; 'I will hold no doubt of Gascoigne.'

He brought down his hand heavily upon the table, for we were seated in my chambers during the greater part of this conversation. Looking up at him, I saw an expression of resolve upon his face, which frightened me, in spite of my trust in Gascoigne. 'Have you been in the habit of keeping Gascoigne's letters?' he asked.

'I have a few of them,' I answered, trembling without knowing why.

'Bring one or two with you, and come with me. Obliterate date and signature, if you desire to shield him.'

'Is that your accusation?' I cried in a stormy rage and triumph. 'Put it to the test! And when you have proved it false—and prove it false you shall—we will go our ways without handshakings. This is the end of all your innuendoes. Come; I am ready.' I had caught up a bundle of letters whilst speaking, and had drawn out two or three in Gascoigne's hand-writing.

Gregory stood before me with his lips set tight, and his eyes gleaming, not with anger, but with tears. 'Jack,' he said gently, 'I have never been so sorry for anybody in all my life. It had to come. It was only just that it should come, and I knew before Sunday night that it was coming.'

His manner disconcerted me, and threw a chill of doubt upon me. No; I never doubted Gascoigne. 'Before Sunday night?' I said, speaking as scornfully as I could, to hide my fears. 'More mysteries? Or are you mad? What had Sunday night to do with it?'

'I heard Gascoigne on Sunday night, my poor lad,' he answered; and I hated him for the pity in his voice, which seemed so certain of the misery before me. 'You noticed the burst of self-accusation in his sermon there? That clinched the nail a little harder; but it was driven pretty tightly in beforehand.'

'Why, you suspicious madman,' I exclaimed, 'have you no conception of the saintliness of soul which makes one little blot of evil-living look as though it soiled a life?'

'I know,' he answered steadily and kindly, 'that there is such a thing. But there is a religion

—the best some men can reach to—which is all remorse and ecstasy; which has no foundation except in the emotions; which can soar with the saint, and fall with the fool. I know a man whose remorse for a great fault, committed in his boyhood, nearly drove him mad, whose horror of himself and of his crime was as terrible as it was real; a man whose hopes were high, whose capacities were large, a man of ripe scholarship and amazing eloquence, who did again in manhood the thing which made him loathe himself in youth; and having done it, cast his hopes to the winds, and threw himself a waif upon the world. And he set himself,' said Gregory, laying a finger on my breast as he faced me, 'this task—to preach to the vulgar, whom his dainty instincts made hateful to him—to live among them in ministration to their needs—to point them to heights of hope which he believed were lost to him for ever. And it happened at the beginning of his speech one night that he saw the man before him whom he had wronged in youth. The sight almost broke him down; but he struggled with himself—hear me out—and beat his fears down, and went on, until in the full flow of his speech he caught the eyes of the friend he had wronged by the same crime in manhood, and fell back, crushed and broken.—Do you know that man?'

Gregory's voice had grown to an earnestness which bore me down. I was compelled to listen, though I pretended to pay little heed at first. I strove to close my mind's eyes to that picture of the school cricket-field which forced itself upon them, and I struggled not to read the picture's meaning. 'Who is your man?' I asked; but though I tried to throw the scorn I would fain have felt into my voice, my own sick terror sounded there instead.

'The man is your dearest friend,' said Gregory.

'I'll not believe it!' I cried passionately. 'I will give no credence to it for a second. He's the soul of truth and honour, and it is not possible that he should have done such a thing.' I saw less plainly the room in which we stood than I saw the school cricket-ground with its two figures in the moonlight. I heard even whilst I was speaking the stern pity of my old schoolmaster's voice. Gascoigne had cast himself face downwards on the grass, and I was creeping guiltily away again, when Gregory's voice recalled me.

'It is very terrible that your clearance from the charge against you should come in this way. I know how hard it is; and I have held suspicion back from you, and would almost have held back certainty if you would have let me.'

'I shall not clear my friend by raging against the accusation,' I said in answer, trying hard to keep my voice unshaken, and to believe that I believed the story false. 'You shall tell me all your grounds for this miserable suspicion, and I will make it my business to remove them one by one.'

'You shall hear them all,' he answered, still standing sadly before me, and speaking in a reluctant sulky voice, which I can understand better now than I could at the time. 'A month before Gascoigne left school, a cheque in my father's name, bearing my indorsement, was presented at the bank. The people there saw some reason to doubt my father's signature, and consulted with him. He denied the cheque, and came to see

me about it. Less hasty than your uncle, he had faith in me; and the matter was investigated, with this result—that Gascoigne was brought to confession a day before his time at school expired; that we three—the Doctor, my father, and I agreed to hold our tongues, hoping and believing that his remorse and shame would teach him a lesson not to be forgotten; and that he went away scot-free. When this last business came, I knew that Gascoigne had been living at a rate unwarranted by his income; and I had been fearing a smash of some sort, though nothing so terrible as this. When it was decided that the indorsement of the cheque was really in your hand-writing, and I knew that the cheque was written on blank paper, my suspicions jumped in the old direction. When I heard, as I did two months ago, that Gascoigne had disappeared from his curacy, suspicion grew stronger. When I heard again that a young preacher on the Surrey side, who did not allow his name to be announced, was drawing vast congregations, and was talking in a certain vein of inspired half-madness which I thought I knew, I went to hear and see him. I found, as I expected I should find, that this was Gascoigne. I meant to speak to him that night, and tax him with my new suspicions; but I saw you struggling through the crowd towards the platform, and I held back. I went again last night, and planted myself a little to one side in the front row, and he saw me when he came in; and the sight of me nearly broke him down. But he fought through, and was forgetting me—or had forgotten me, when I saw suddenly in his face the look—the very look—which met us when my father and I waited for him in the Doctor's study, and when he knew at a glance the purpose which brought us there. And I guessed then, when I heard your cry and saw you rushing towards him, what I know now—that he had seen you as well as me, and that the accusation of your presence crushed him like a sudden weight.

What could I say or do? Of what avail was it to believe that he had not wronged me, since he had wronged another? He had called Gregory his friend.

'I am bitterly grieved for your sake,' *Æsop* said; but I turned away in the misery of my heart, and vowed inwardly that I would trust no man any more, or woman either. 'But you at least shall be cleared.'

'Cleared?' I answered bitterly. 'What does it matter whether I am cleared or not? I would rather never have been cleared than have known—this—Why talk about it? Let the whole business slide. Let us hear no more of it. One or two of us are honest, maybe. Let us leave the rogues alone. O *Æsop*, *Æsop*, this will break my heart!'

He made no answer, but sat down and began to smoke. I followed his example after a while, boasting to myself that I was beginning to know the world and value it aright. We kept silence for perhaps an hour.

'You must be cleared, Jack,' said *Æsop* at last. 'I don't suppose that Mr Hartley will want to make a scandal by prosecuting, and I must go down and see him, and tell him what I know.'

'Leave the whole base thing alone,' I responded. 'I can hold no intercourse with Mr Hartley, and

I can accept nothing at his hands. I have no wish to be cleared from his suspicion. Let him find it out for himself, or never find it out at all. It matters nothing to me either way.'

'He loved you for many a year, before he fell into this trap,' said Gregory. 'He has a good kind heart, and his suspicion has been as deep a grief to him as it has been to you. There is nothing which would rejoice him more than the certainty of your innocence. He has a right to know that you are innocent. He has a right to know who is the man who misused his name. Jack, you must be guided by me in this. Indeed, you must.'

So vile—so vile a crime! There on the table lay that letter of indignant sympathy and protest with which he had answered me. So shameful a pretence! So pitiless an hypocrisy! Was it Gascoigne who had done these things? It was horrible—incredible! And I knew that it was true.

'Do as you will,' I answered. 'Nothing matters to me any more in the whole world. Nothing but this one thing—that you exact my uncle's solemn promise that he does not drag Gascoigne'—what an effort it cost me to speak his name—'to open disgrace. And this other thing—that he does not offer me any apology or amends.'

'You cannot forgive an old man who loves you for having broken his own heart over a mistake about you? That is not like you, Jack, and it will not last.'

'It will last my time,' I answered. My soul was full of bitterness.

'I know you better than you know yourself,' quoth *Æsop*. 'I shall see your uncle and shall try to secure the pledge you ask for.' The postman's knock sounded at the door at that moment, and Gregory rose and brought from the box one letter. 'This is from home,' he said, as he laid it before me. 'I hope it brings good news.' With that he shook hands, and left me.

I sat brooding in anger and bitterness long after he had gone, and at length took up the letter from the table. In spite of my misery, the sight of the handwriting made my heart beat; for the letter came from Polly. It ran thus:

MY POOR DEAR JACK—I have just seen Maud, and she has told me everything. I wondered at your silence, and had grown angry at it; but I know everything that you have done, and I praise you and admire you for it. You could not have taken his money whilst he retained a suspicion so prodigious. Trials are good for all good people. You would not have done what you are doing now except for this terrible suspicion. And now you are going to be famous, and will be a great author, and delight and instruct us all. My father has forbidden me to write to you, for your uncle has told him his abominable story. Or—I ought not to say that, for I do not really know; but he has told him that he will not leave you any money. But I have told him that I should disobey him once, and that I should write to say that I did not believe that you had done anything to deserve such cruel conduct. Perhaps after all, papa does not know anything of that monstrous and shameful tale; for I remember that he looked surprised when I spoke of your being cleared.

But take this for comfort—that Maud believes in you—that I believe in you—that Will believes in you; for I asked him, and he said he did with all his heart. You have not suffered without sympathy; and whatever it is that has made Mr Hartley believe such horrid nonsense as that you are a forger, you can afford to be sorry for him, for it has broken his heart. Maud says he thinks well of your refusal to take his money, and that he has learned from Mr Gregory which are your articles, and reads them over and over again, though he never speaks about them, and will not allow you to be mentioned. Be courageous, my poor Jack, and go on working, and believe in the love and constancy of all of us.—Your affectionate Cousin, MARY.

P.S.—Maud is to be married on Wednesday.

Why had Uncle Ben thought it needful to tell Mr Fairholt that he would not leave me any money? The answer was ready—He had guessed the feelings with which I regarded Polly. Why should Mr Fairholt have carried on the news to her? Again the answer was clear—He also had guessed the feelings with which I regarded Polly. I am willing to confess now that a man need scarcely have been a conjurer to make the guess. The matter must have been very plain to everybody; though I had believed with the fatuity common to young people in love, that the knowledge of my state of mind was limited to my dozen of confidants. And now for the first time in my life I rose up in resolve, and vowed that I would do my worthiest to win her. At least I would try to justify some of her belief in me, however her undeserved praises might humble me. I turned to the letter once more, and read the words—‘You can afford to be sorry for him, for it has broken his heart;’ but in spite of the gentler feelings which Polly’s letter had evoked, I refused Uncle Ben my forgiveness, and hardened myself against him.

A VISIT TO A GREENOCK SUGAR-REFINERY.

WHILE travelling last year from a little town in one of the Midland counties of England to the shooting-lodge of a friend who had leased a moor in Argyllshire, I was one evening detained unexpectedly at Greenock, the flourishing seaport of that name on the river Clyde. I had never been in Greenock before, and was not at all in a pleasant humour at the prospect of having to remain over the next day in a town which I had often heard was famous only for rain and mud. Next morning, however, after breakfast, as I strolled along the main thoroughfare, to my astonishment I met an old college friend whom I had not seen since he left Alma Mater, and who I understood had given up the pursuit of learning for the more lucrative employment of sugar-refining. After mutual inquiries regarding health and such kindred topics, I accepted his invitation to join him in his morning walk, which was a business one, and directed to the Greenock Sugar Exchange.

Sugar, except as an article of consumption, had never hitherto excited my inquiries in any particular way. Like a great many other people, I was contentedly ignorant of everything relating to its manufacture and production as a marketable

commodity—as we very often are about those things in commonest use among us. I had a general notion that it was got principally from the sugar-cane, that the sugar-cane grew in India and elsewhere abroad, and that of the manufactured article there were three kinds—brown sugar, white sugar, and loaf-sugar; and beyond this, my knowledge of the subject could not be said to extend. Consequently, with an idle day on my hands, and the advantage of an intelligent companion, I was very willing to go with him and learn something of what I had hitherto known so little. And as I think the knowledge I gleaned that day may interest others, I will narrate in brief what I heard and saw.

The Sugar Exchange, to which my friend and I now directed our steps, is a building somewhat irregular in shape. Principally, it consists of two large quadrangles, and a broad passage leading on to the platform of the railway station. Round the quadrangles and the passage are the rooms occupied by the various refiners for the display of their sugars. Between the doors of the different rooms, against the walls of the quadrangles, stand tables belonging to the various sugar-dealers who frequent the Exchange. When we entered, there were one or two dealers standing at their tables arranging small samples of the different qualities they intended buying when the market opened. My friend conducted me into his sanctum, which was a room about twelve or fourteen feet square, lighted from the roof, and in the centre of which stood a long narrow table or counter, on which a clerk was arranging several samples of the different lots or qualities that my friend had for sale that morning. At one end of the table the sample of the best quality, called the ‘top lot,’ was placed; and next to it the next best quality, and so on, until the eighth or lowest quality, which was at the other end of the table.

After my friend and his clerk had carefully valued the various samples by a previous day’s sales, we strolled through the quadrangles, which presented a somewhat different appearance from what they did when we entered. Now the throng of dealers had considerably increased; some going about from room to room valuing the samples exposed for sale by means of small samples which they carried about on flat trays made of brown paper; others lounging about discussing the prospects of the trade or the latest political topics. At ten minutes before ten, the train arrived from Glasgow, bringing the bulk of such dealers as do not live in Greenock or its suburbs. On the arrival of the train the market opened. Some of the refiners have bells, which they ring in order to let the dealers know that they are about to ‘name prices.’ My friend, however, had no bell, but commenced his sale as soon as the dealers who had come by the train had time to reach his room. After a considerable number of dealers had gathered round my friend’s table, he commenced his sale by calling out the price he wanted for his ‘top lot,’ namely ‘Nine six.’ This I afterwards learned meant twenty-nine shillings and sixpence per hundredweight; being about one shilling more than the value, according to the previous day’s sales, in order to have a margin of safety for any unexpected rise that might take place in the market. My friend’s

'Nine six' was answered by a chorus of 'Eight threes' from the dealers, and one solitary 'Aicht and sax' from a good-humoured, shrewd-looking Scotchman, who seemed determined to preserve his Doric at all hazards. This bid of twenty-eight shillings and sixpence was accepted; and my friend went on to his next lot. As the market was tolerably brisk, my friend sold all his lots except one, which I was told had not enough 'grain' for its whiteness.

After my friend had concluded his sales, I took a walk round the Exchange; and a most animated appearance it presented, with all the dealers in refined-sugar carrying their brown-paper trays, running from room to room as the various bells summoned them. At twenty-five minutes past ten, a porter from the railway station rang a bell, to warn the Glasgow dealers of the approaching departure of the train. By this time most of the sugar in the market had been bought up, and the dealers were preparing to leave. At half-past ten the Exchange was once more comparatively empty, nearly all the dealers having gone to Glasgow by the train. After the close of the refined-sugar market the raw-sugar brokers go round to the different refiners with samples of the various cargoes of raw sugar which they may have for sale; but as my friend was not a buyer of raw sugar that morning, I am unable to describe the process of buying and selling that commodity. I understand that in the forty minutes during which the market lasts, sugar to the value of thirty or forty thousand pounds will change hands nearly every morning, and that without a scrap of writing, everything being done verbally, the refiners and dealers having implicit confidence in each other's honour and integrity.

After we left the Exchange, my friend asked me if I would like to go with him to his refinery and see the process of converting the raw article into the refined. I gladly accepted the invitation. The refinery was a huge pile of red-and-white brick buildings, consisting of the refinery proper, the charcoal-house, the boiler-house, warehouses for raw and refined sugar, and the office. I was first taken up to the top flat of the main house, which was, I think, eight stories high. This is where the packages of raw sugar are first hoisted to, for the purpose of being opened and emptied. The packages that I saw were large hogsheads containing Cuba Muscovado Sugar. On the floor were five holes, each about eighteen inches square, at which the men were emptying the hogsheads. After being emptied and scraped, the hogsheads are put into a large covered cistern to be steamed, for the purpose of extracting every particle of sugar. The steamed hogsheads are then lowered down to the cooperage, to be washed and made ready to be filled with the refined article.

After inspecting this first process, we went down to the next flat. Here there were ranged five large round cisterns, one under each of the holes in the floor of the flat above. Each cistern, or 'blow-up' as it is called, is about eight or nine feet in diameter and six feet in height; and in these the raw sugar was being melted by mixing with water. Near to the bottom of each 'blow-up' there is a false bottom with perforated holes, for the purpose of retaining the larger impurities that may be in the raw sugar; and many very old

impurities are at times found there, such as hoes, mallets, stones, coins, even crowbars, and a host of other articles which have got into the hogsheads by mistake when being filled abroad. Under the false bottom of the 'blow-up' there are two coils of copper-pipe through which steam is sent to heat the liquid, so that the sugar may dissolve more quickly. After the sugar has all been thoroughly melted, and the man in charge finds that the liquid is of the proper density, the liquor is run off by a cock at the bottom of the cistern, which now contains only sand and mud, and the other smaller impurities which the holes in the false bottom of the 'blow-up' are too large to retain. From the cisterns, the liquor is run into what are called the 'filters.' These are large square cisterns resting on the floor of the flat below, their tops being on a level with the floor of the 'blow-up' flat. On the top of each filter there are about two hundred little holes, about an inch in diameter, through which the liquor passes from the blow-ups down into the filters. Under each hole hangs a cotton bag about six feet long and fifty or sixty inches wide, incased in a narrow flax sheath, to keep the cotton bag from distending with the weight of its contents. By this process the sand and other small impurities which the liquid has hitherto retained, are kept back, the cotton bag only allowing the pure dark brown liquor entirely free from insoluble impurities to pass through.

I was now taken down to the flat below the 'blow-up' flat, called the 'wash-house' or 'filter-loft.' Here one set of men were busy washing the bags that had been used the previous day, while another set were putting up the bags that had been previously washed, into the filters, ready for the next day's operation. My friend here made one of these men turn an unwashed bag inside out, to shew me the mud and sand that the refiner takes out of the raw sugar. After the pure dark brown liquor comes from the filters, it is conducted into cisterns ready for the next operation, namely the decolourising, which is done by running it through animal charcoal. The charcoal, about the grain of ordinary gunpowder, is filled into large circular cisterns, ten feet in diameter and about sixteen feet high, each cistern containing from twenty to thirty tons of charcoal. Run in from the top of the cistern, the dark-brown liquor percolates through the charcoal, and issues from the bottom as colourless as spring-water.

After the liquor is thus run through the charcoal and decolourised, it is led into large receiving cisterns in the flat below, called the 'pan-loft,' to which place I was taken next. The 'pans,' as they are called, in which the liquor is boiled to bring it back to its granular form again, are large copper vessels something of the shape of a turnip. They are ten to twelve feet in diameter and about eight or nine feet high. Inside the pan is a huge coil of copper-pipe, through which steam is sent to boil the liquid mass. At the top of the pan is a large cast-iron vessel called a 'condenser,' through which cold water is run for the purpose of condensing the vapour as it rises from the boiling mass inside the pan. Connected with the condenser is a pipe leading to a large vacuum-pump, which is constantly kept going during the boiling, to keep the pan exhausted of air. The theory, I believe, of boiling *in vacuo* is that ebullition may take place at a much

lower temperature than could otherwise be, thus enabling the liquor to retain its whiteness.

During the boiling, the 'pansman,' as he is called, stands taking proofs by an ingeniously contrived rod, which runs into the centre of the pan, and brings out, in a little slit at one end, a small quantity of the sugar, which he takes between his forefinger and thumb, to ascertain if the mass has arrived at the proper consistency. When the pansman thinks that the mass is thoroughly boiled, he shuts off the steam from the copper coil inside the pan, stops the vacuum engine and the condensing vapour, and then lets the air into the pan, after which a valve at the bottom is opened, and the mass, now of the consistency of porridge, is run into a receiver in the flat below. Each pan of the dimensions I have stated will boil about fifteen tons of sugar.

After the sugar has lain in the receiver in the flat below the 'pan-loft' for a short time, it is drawn off at the bottom, and led into the centrifugals, which stand in the flat below, the ground-flat. The centrifugals are round perforated copper baskets revolving horizontally at a great speed—some six or seven hundred revolutions a minute, I believe. They are about four feet in diameter, and hold about two hundredweights of sugar. Into these centrifugals is run the porridge-looking mass; and after they have spun round about five minutes, during which the refuse liquor is driven off through the holes in the copper sides, they are stopped, and the sugar is taken out. The sugar is then put into barrows, to be wheeled away, and taken up by an elevator to what is called the 'box-loft.' This is a large, beautifully clean loft, where the now finished material is spread out ready to be casked. On the floor of the 'box-loft' are several holes, through which the sugar is shot down into the casks resting on the flat below; and these after being filled and headed up, are ready for the market.

I would just say a word about the charcoal which plays such an important part in the refining operation. After the liquor has been run entirely off the charcoal, boiling-water is passed over it for several hours, to wash away the soluble impurities which it has retained from the brown liquor. After being thoroughly washed, the charcoal is taken out of the cistern and burned in retorts called 'char-kilns,' for the purpose of revivifying it. After being thus treated, the charcoal is again filled into the cisterns, ready for the next day's operation. Three or four or even more cisterns of charcoal, according to the quantity of sugar refined, are used every day.

I now felt, after having had the method of sugar-refining explained to me, that the actual process is very different from what I had gathered from the sources of popular information I had hitherto consulted. I had read, for instance, that sugar-refiners used bullocks' blood to clarify the liquor, and in my simplicity asked my friend where was the bullocks' blood. He laughed very heartily at my ignorance, and told me there had not been such a thing used in Greenock since he had known anything about the trade, now over thirty years. What struck me most was the sand and mud that my friend shewed me had been taken out of the raw sugar when I was in the filter-loft; and I that day registered a vow that I would never again be tempted to buy 'real raw sugar'

for domestic use. I shudder as I think of the quantity of mud that I must have eaten in my time; and feel annoyed at having been deluded into paying a penny a pound more for the 'real raw sugar' than I could have bought the pure refined article for. I told my friend what was passing through my mind, at which he again laughed, and said: 'Every one that comes to see through the refinery says the same thing. You sometimes hear grocers charged with putting sand in their sugar. They really do nothing of the sort. It would not pay them to do so, even if they had a mind. If the use of raw sugar were given up by the public, we would never again hear of such an accusation against the poor grocer.'

My friend seeing the disgust I had displayed at the sand and mud, took me up to the laboratory in connection with the refinery, where he said he would shew me even worse than mud in the raw sugar. He took a small glass vessel like a tumbler, into which he put about a teaspoonful of 'real raw sugar' such as is sold in the shops, and then poured some water slightly heated over it. In a short time little specks appeared on the surface, scarcely visible to the naked eye, two or three of which he placed under a microscope and bade me look through it. To my amazement I saw little insects like lice crawling about. I asked what they were, and was told they were the *Acarus sacchari*, or raw-sugar mite, and that they abound in raw sugar, more especially in the better descriptions. I asked if there were none to be found in refined sugar, and my friend said no; that they were all either retained in the filter-bags or killed during the boiling. I understand a celebrated chemist has estimated that there will be as many as one hundred thousand of these creatures in a pound of raw sugar!

I learned that there were about a dozen refineries at work in Greenock, turning out about two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred thousand tons of soft refined sugar per annum, being more than a third of all the sugar consumed in Great Britain. Greenock has great natural advantages for the refining of sugar, having excellent harbour accommodation where the largest vessels can discharge the raw material, being near to the Lanarkshire coal-fields, having an unlimited supply of water at a very cheap rate, and a plentiful supply of cheap labour.

After enjoying my friend's hospitality for the remainder of my stay in Greenock, I proceeded on my journey, not only much improved in the knowledge of sugar-refining, but having a much higher opinion of Sugaropolis itself.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

As I sit dozing in my armchair, a worn-out and prematurely decrepit old man, my memory reverts to my youth, and I think, think, as the aged are apt to do, of days gone by—of opportunities lost—of life's many vicissitudes—of old comrades, many of them very dear, who have passed away—of strange adventures by field and flood. I glance at the daily register suspended over the mantel-piece, and with a start realise that this is the 25th May, a

date never to be forgotten, for on this day forty years ago, I was struggling in the water, and my life preserved from the most horrible of deaths, by God's Providence, and the strong arm and courage of a dear friend. Years are obliterated; in memory I am young again. I turn over the pages of a worn-out, nearly illegible, and well-thumbed journal; not to refresh my memory—for the event is too forcibly impressed ever to be weakened—but to linger over the thoughts of one who, alas! has been no more for many a year past. Poor Tainton met his death as a gallant soldier should, on the battle-field, some years after the events I am about to relate. But a short digression is necessary to lead up to my tale.

My father possessed considerable estates in one of the Midland Counties; and from my boyhood I had been accustomed to shoot, fish, and hunt; and a Public School education had made me a tolerable proficient in most manly and outdoor games. At the age of eighteen I was a cadet in the glorious service of the Honourable the East India Company. Steamers and the overland route were then but talked of; and one fine day in June 1838 I set sail in the *Windsor Castle* East Indiaman, for Madras, round the Cape. I need not describe our voyage. We had the usual tomfoolery crossing the Line—the usual amount of eating, drinking, sleeping, love-making, and quarrelling on board—the inevitable storm; and after a fortnight's detention off Cape Town for repairs, and a voyage of nearly five months, we were landed at that most dreary-looking place, Madras.

India had provided for several of the younger sons and brothers of my family, and my uncle was still in the service, commanding at Nagpore; so our name was well known; and no sooner was the anchor down, than I received a cordial invitation from Captain C—, of the Quartermaster-general's department, to put up with him during my stay in Madras. This I gladly accepted; and remained with my kind host nearly six months, being put to no expense the whole time. I then found myself posted to a regiment stationed at Moulmein.

I had numerous letters of introduction given me, not only to many of my future brother-officers but to sundry officials in the province; but with the exception of one to my commandant, from C—, I did not deliver any of the others; for I had been warned to despise these missives, which were contemptuously termed 'Tickets for soup.' I accompanied drafts for various regiments, and reached the pretty and picturesque town of Moulmein just before the setting in of the periodical rains or monsoon, which in those regions last from May to November. I was most kindly received by Colonel A—, commonly called 'Tiger A—,' and by my brother-officers, and chummed with one of them, P—, a quiet, studious fellow, who gave me good advice, set me a good example, and helped me in every way. In those days, a lad on joining a regiment met with the greatest kindness, and was received with the greatest cordiality, especially if he shewed an aptitude for field-sports, was manly in bearing, could take a joke, and stand chaff. Regiments in India had nearly their full complement of officers; thus there would be twenty or more present, some of whom excelled in shooting, others in riding, some in rackets or billiards,

cricket, &c., and probably one or two in all. They were all gentlemen by birth, education, and bearing, and were only too willing to give a youngster a helping hand, and to teach him to become an adept in what they themselves excelled.

We were very fortunate in having one of the best messes, and perhaps the most popular commandant in the service. Having come out with a good kit, and been put to no expenses in Madras, I had a considerable balance to my credit with my agents, and I also possessed a capital double-gun and rifle on the percussion principle. I thus began life under the most favourable circumstances, and was further blest with youth, strength, and a sound constitution.

I had to go through the usual drudgery, learn my drill, and pass in the language, before I could get leave to go out shooting; but I got through these tasks satisfactorily by April 1840, and had also learned some Burmese. During the rains and cold weather, our amusements were somewhat circumscribed; but to kill time, we got up pony-races, pigeon-shooting, picnics, parties at mess and private houses; now and then a ball. We also got up a capital Eleven at cricket, and amused ourselves with billiards and quiet games at whist of an evening; for our Colonel would allow no gambling; and although it may be said small-game shooting did not exist in the Tenasserim Provinces, snipe swarmed from about the middle of August to November, and gave us full occupation whilst they lasted. Being a light weight and tolerably well mounted, I was fortunate enough to win the garrison steeple-chase Cup for the regiment, and sundry other stakes for myself, during our Monsoon Race Meeting; and as I entered freely into all the sports, and was a fair shot, I am happy to say I became a general favourite, and was nicknamed the Sporting Grif.

Our Colonel—as his sobriquet of Tiger A—proved—had been a noted *shikarie* (sportsman) in his day; but long service in a tropical climate, many wounds, malarious fevers, and more lately gout, had somewhat incapacitated him from following his favourite pursuit; but his spirit was as keen as ever; and his reminiscences and anecdotes of sport kept alive a love of adventure amongst us; while he was at all times willing to assist any one who shewed the least inclination to follow in his footsteps. His purse was ever ready to help a brother-officer, and he was more like a father or a brother to us all than a commandant. He had been especially kind to me; so when I applied to him for two months leave, he readily promised it; but advised me not to go alone, for my chances of getting sport in such a country as we were in would be little indeed, unless I was accompanied by a more experienced *shikarie* than myself.

'But you know Tainton; don't you?' said he. 'Well, he is going out; and I am sure will take you if you ask him; and you could not be in better hands.'

I went over to Tainton at once; and he very kindly consented to my going with him.

'But don't be too sanguine,' said he; 'for I hear most conflicting accounts of game in this country. Some say there is none; others, that it is plentiful, but can't be got at. One thing is certain—that all the bags I have heard of have been very poor. But I'll see Berdmore of the

Artillery, and O'Riley the planter, and will let you know by-and-by; and if you can shoot as straight with a rifle as you do with a smooth-bore, you'll do.'

A few words regarding Tainton. His regiment at that time was stationed at the Straits (Singapore, Malacca, and Penang); but he was officiating as Brigade Major, whilst the real incumbent was absent on furlough at the Cape. A man of ordinary height, or perhaps slightly above; passably good-looking; and although he shewed but little outward signs of strength, his muscles were of iron, and his arms, like Rob Roy's, very long and powerful. He was known to be an extraordinary shot with gun, rifle, and pellet-bow. He and his brother had beaten first-class professionals at billiards and rackets. He could ride anything; and he was, I think, the most even-tempered, imperturbable man I ever met. Nothing could ruffle him outwardly; but I pity the man who wilfully insulted him; for Tainton with a smile would think no more of throwing him out of the window than he would of kicking a cur down-stairs. He was a lamb in appearance, but a very lion in strength and courage; and neither drank, gambled, nor quarrelled; but in those duelling days even he could not at times avoid the 'wager by battle.' He had never been known to take the initiative; and though he had been out several times, he would never fire at his adversary, which was fortunate for the individuals concerned, seeing that he could hit a waser many times running, at fifteen paces.

The anecdotes told of him would fill a book, and many of them are problematical enough. But I must relate one here, which I have been assured is true. D—, a foolishly irate and somewhat tipsy man, moreover only a late arrival, took umbrage at some remarks of a perfectly inoffensive nature made by Tainton; and the usual challenge followed. There is a limit to the greatest forbearance, and my gallant friend was tired of being made a target of; so consented to go out provided his terms were acceded to; and these were—that they were to be placed face to face at fifteen yards or less, he to be armed with his pellet-bow alone, and his adversary to load his own weapon; and that from the moment the word 'Load!' was given, each party was to be at liberty to do with his weapon what he chose. The seconds knew Tainton well, and they anticipated some fun from the novel duel; so, whilst consenting to the terms, they made them known all over the station. The day arrived. Tainton's adversary strongly protested against fighting such a strange duel; but he was told he had no choice, as the right of choosing weapons lay with the challenged. So D—, more irate than ever, went to the place of meeting, vowing he would drill a hole through his man for making such a fool of him. The whole plain was crowded with spectators. The two stood face to face; Tainton with his pockets full of hardened pellets and his bow; D— with an ordinary pistol. The word 'Load!' being given, D— lifted his powder-flask; when rap, rap came two pellets on his knuckles, and he dropped his pistol and flask as if they had been red-hot! The by-standers screamed with laughter. D— got more savage, and hastily picking up the pistol and flask, tried to load; but a similar visitation as before made him drop them again, whilst another rap, rap

made him turn his back on his foe! The seconds now interfered, and declared the duel at an end, because the conditions had been violated by D—, who was led off the ground foaming with rage. But a little reflection and a little inquiry into the antecedents and character of the antagonist he had to deal with, convinced him of the folly of quarrelling with such a man, and a party was got up at mess, where the two met and shook hands.

Tainton's skill with the Indian pellet-bow was something marvellous. He had been known, for a wager, with five pellets to knock over three snipe; and the sepoys and native officers of his regiment not only loved him, but believed him to be possessed of supernatural powers, and were ever fond of relating the most improbable stories about him; and nothing would convince them to the contrary. One story was, that with a hard pellet he could drill a hole in an earthenware water-pot, and with a soft one fill it up again! It was useless pointing out to them that a soft pellet could not be propelled from a bow; the reply being: 'But Sahib, we have seen him do it with our own eyes. Tainton Sahib is not an ordinary Sahib. He is not only our father and our mother, but an Eblis—a very Shitan, before whose presence all things are possible, and before whom all created things are but as dust.' His experience as a sportsman had been mainly confined to the Wynaad, Nermul, and Goomsoor jungles. He had never been out in Burmah.

Berdmore of the Artillery, though but a young man in those days, had already made a name for himself as a naturalist of no mean order, and he had been Assistant Commissioner at Tavoy and Mergui. O'Riley was a jolly Irishman, who had tried his hands at most things, with but indifferent success. He was, at the date of my story, working some forests in the south; and he had travelled a good deal over the country, and had moreover killed some wild-cattle and other game, and could talk Burmese like a Burman. Our other authority was Mason, the celebrated missionary, who told us he had seen much game whilst he was rafting down various rivers; and advised us to try the Ghine or the Attaran.

We also consulted Thornton, who had no particular employment, but who had been wandering about the country in search of minerals. He did not profess to be a sportsman; but we found out afterwards that he could shoot straight enough when he pleased, or when the occasion arose; and his knowledge of woodcraft was far from contemptible, and he could also speak the language well.

To my delight, the next time I saw Tainton, he told me to get my leave put in 'orders,' for he had got things in trim, and that both O'Riley and Thornton were coming with us. He said: 'I find there is little chance of our getting sport without elephants. The commissariat officer won't lend us any; but O'Riley has a couple of elephants which he thinks can be trusted; and as it is our only chance, we'll risk it; and if that does not answer, we will follow Mason's advice, and take to the water.'

Thornton promised to undertake the culinary department, camp and mess arrangements, and also to be treasurer. O'Riley undertook to engage *shikaries* and elephants, to have *tells* or huts built,

and to act generally as interpreter. We were to go south, and work our way north.

Finding a Chinese junk was bound down the coast, we easily procured a passage in her for ourselves and followers. We had five Madras servants and four Burmese lads with us. Our battery for those days was a formidable one. Tainton and I had each two double rifles and a smooth-bore; O'Riley, a double rifle and shot-gun. Thornton contented himself with a shot-gun only, saying he would borrow one of our spare rifles if ever he felt inclined to go after big game.

We left on the 2d April, and reached Mergui on the 7th, and put up in a house belonging to O'Riley, and were welcomed by his wife, a pretty little Burmese; for our friend, though he never said a word about it, had been married for some time, and had already two olive branches. We could now fully account for his vernacular knowledge. We were detained here a few days, making arrangements for a start, hiring elephants for our traps, and waiting for O'Riley's two elephants, which he had sent for. At last we got off, Thornton and I on one elephant, and Tainton and O'Riley on the other. Our course lay through an almost uninhabited country, alternately forests and long grass. We saw nothing for the first two days. On the third we saw marks, which Thornton said were those of *tsine* or wild-cattle, *pyoung* or gaur, and of *kyang* or rhinoceros; whilst deer-tracks were plentiful. But not a living thing did we see except a few peafowl and a *ytt* or pheasant. On the fourth day we reached our *leh*, near some cultivation, and found two *shikaries* awaiting us. They promised us plenty of game close by.

The next day, O'Riley had work to attend to; Thornton took to geologising; so Tainton and I went on the two elephants, taking with us Mong Oo (Mr Egg) and Mong Kyang (Mr Rhinoceros), the two *shikaries*, who sat behind us with the extra rifles, and acted as guides. We had no howdahs; and shooting sitting on a pad is very unsatisfactory work, because you can only shoot in one direction—that in your immediate front. The *shikaries* took us into some long grass close by the paddy-fields, and though we seldom saw anything, we heard many animals rush or break away; but the grass was so high, we had not a chance; so leaving this, the men took us to where the long grass had been burned in patches; and the very first unburnt bit we entered, out rushed a doe sambar across a burnt bit in front of my comrade, who, however, would not fire at a hind; but the temptation was too great for me to resist, and I let fly, but missed; and got a good blowing up from my mentor, who declared it was most unsportsmanlike to fire at female deer. We beat about several hours, and Tainton bagged a couple of stags (sambar); whilst I, after firing some twenty shots, killed a young pig with ball, and a *dray* or hog-deer with shot; regarding which I kept very silent, as I knew my gallant friend disapproved of people firing shot at deer, as, he said, for one killed, twenty would go away wounded. We did not remain out long that day; and going homewards, I got on to Tainton's elephant, and chatted over the day's experiences.

'It is no wonder,' said Tainton, 'fellows who go out shooting on foot in these provinces, complain of getting no game. How is it possible to see anything in such grass as we have been pushing

through all day? And evidently the game retires into it during the day; for though I did not see, even off this elephant, which is nearly ten feet high, one quarter of the game I disturbed, I could hear beasts rushing off on every side; and the few I did see were those crossing over the burnt bits in my front. I wish I had a howdah and could stand up. I think I could bowl over a few then. But shooting off an elephant, even in a howdah, is not easy work, I am told; though the knack can be acquired by practice; but if I remain in Moulmein for another season, I will get a howdah from Calcutta.'

I quite agreed with him, and said I would get one too; for I was sure, if properly mounted, one might get glorious sport.

We got home early. The young pig and the hog-deer were delicious eating. The sambar tongue and marrow-bones not bad; but the 'beef-steaks' which our cook concocted from the sambar, were not a success, being decidedly tough; though soup made from the head and loin was excellent.

We hunted about in this neighbourhood for a week with various luck; and getting used to our insecure seats, we learned to shoot fairly. Tainton, as was to be expected, soon got into the knack; and anything which got up and went away in the open to his left front, was pretty sure to be bagged. We then moved camp another two days' journey towards the range of hills which separate British from Siam territory. Villages there were none—only a few wandering Karens, who were preparing their annual clearances, and who had squatted here and there. We got a good deal of information from them, and encamped near a *bleet* or marsh, in the midst of a *quin* or plain surrounded by tree-forests. Here also we had fair sport, killing a couple of wild-bulls, which fell to Tainton and O'Riley (I missed the one I fired at through misjudging distance), several sambar, hog-deer, and *ghee* or barking-deer, besides a few pig. We saw no *thamin* or brow-antlered deer, though they were said to be found there. Tainton also got two tigers; but as they shewed no fight, they did not afford much sport.

On the 21st April we got our first, and only *gaur*, or bison as it is more commonly called. The Karens told us we were too early; had we come later, after the first heavy fall of rain, the gadflies torment the game so, that it is then quite easy to get within shot of it; whilst at present the animals were on the *qui vive*, and would rush away without giving us a chance. The one we shot, we put up in a very high bit of grass. I heard something heavy rush away, and fired two shots at the moving grass without the slightest effect, as far as I could see, and I called out to my companion to look out, as I thought a buffalo had broken away. Tainton cut across, and got to the edge just as the bison, a solitary bull, broke; and he rolled it over with one ball. How I envied my comrade his success! How I wished I had been the fortunate slayer! to have been enabled to send the head home to my father, who, I knew would have prized it for my sake, though he had several bison's heads in the old Hall, which had been sent home from India from time to time by various members of our family. We got off to examine our prize. What huge proportions, what

magnificent colouring, what a gamelike head and small feet for such a leviathan!

'Well,' said Tainton, 'I have killed a good many gaur in various parts of India; but I never saw such a monster as this; and if I mistake not, it is not identical with the Indian Bos. Why, look at the dorsal ridge; it is far higher, and extends further back. The head is longer; the nose more arched; and in height he must be fully twenty-one hands; whilst those in India seldom exceed nineteen hands. He is broader across the forehead; the horns are half as large again in circumference at base, much longer and heavier than those of the largest animal I ever killed. It is altogether of a much larger variety, and a prize worth getting. I wish you had killed it; for it would have been a glorious trophy to send home; but better luck next time, and I hope you will kill one yet before we get back. To me it is worthless, as I have neither a home in England to send it to nor a father living. —But what is this? Surely, it is a bullet-hole! Well done, young fellow! The beast is yours after all; for though the bullet has not done much harm, it is enough to claim first blood; and by the laws of venery, though I killed it, it is still yours.'

I protested, I fear, but feebly against its being considered mine; for there was a second bullet which had merely entered the buttock near the tail, but had done little or no harm.

But my generous friend shut me up by saying there was but one law, and we must abide by it, otherwise it would lead to no end of bickerings and squabbles. So it was decided that the head was to be mine, and the skin his. It took us the best part of the day to flay the beast and to cut off its head; and we went back much pleased with our luck.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT WATCHES.

For the following sensible remarks upon watches, we are indebted to Mr R. Houdin, a Frenchman, whose hints we have translated into English, and offer to our readers.

'We have always,' he says, 'observed the embarrassment under which persons labour in buying a watch. In most cases, and for very obvious reasons, this piece of business assumes serious proportions. In fact, it is not a mere jewel or toy, which fashion or caprice may cause us to continually change, but rather a faithful and devoted servant, which is long to be attached to our persons.'

The watchmaker to whom we may go when purchasing a watch should possess two essential qualities—honesty and knowledge; honesty alone affords no sufficient guarantee. In fact, the vender who has not the requisite experience to be a judge of a watch, is compelled to trust to others, who may deceive him; thus he may deceive you while deceiving himself.

The following advice may prove serviceable to those who have to rely on their own unassisted judgment in selecting a watch: 1. While adhering to taste and elegance, choose a watch thick enough. In a watch too thin or too little, the parts are too feeble, and have not sufficient space to work well. Watches as large as a penny-piece, or those that are about as thin as a fourpenny-piece, are mere

experiments of skill, which should rather be regarded as master-pieces of patience, from which there is more vanity than utility to be derived. 2. Avoid in watches that construction which fashion has often prescribed, but which good sense condemns—such as those that point the days of the month, and so forth. These extra pieces necessitate additional parts, which occasion friction, and encumber a space already too limited; though here it may be observed that complicated watches such as chronographs, repeaters, &c., are now brought to a high state of perfection, at, of course, a correspondingly high cost. 3. Do not allow yourself to be attracted by the supposed advantages of new escapements. In watches for ordinary purposes, the lever and the horizontal escapements are generally adopted, as giving the best results. 4. The watchmaker who is conscientious will point out to you the limits beyond which a watch ceases to have the qualities necessary to go well. A watch procured for the design of its case may be covered or set with chasing and gems; it is then simply a jewel; but that which is bought for its utility, ought to be as plain as possible, and this plainness itself is, as a rule, a distinguishing characteristic of its good quality.

We will now say a few words as to what we ought to do, and what we ought to avoid, to preserve a watch in good condition. Having obtained a really serviceable article, you should, in order to produce satisfactory results, follow out these rules: Wind up your watch every day at the same hour. This is generally done at the hour we retire to rest; or perhaps, better still, at the hour we rise. Avoid putting a watch on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold. The sudden transition from heat to cold contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. Indeed, the cold coagulates the oil; and the wheel-work and pivots working less freely, affect the regularity of the time-keeper. When we lay our watch aside, we ought to slope it on a watch-case, so as to keep it nearly in the same position as it has in the pocket. In laying aside your watch, be sure that it rests on its case, as by suspending it free, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which may considerably interfere with its going. If you would keep your watch clean, you must be quite sure that the case fits firmly, and never put it into any pocket but one made of leather. Those pockets which are lined with cloth, cotton, or calico give, by the constant friction, a certain quantity of fluff, which enters most watches, even those the cases of which shut firmly. If the watch is not a 'keyless' one, the key should be small, in order that we may feel the resistance of the stop-work; then we can stop in time without forcing anything. It is also necessary that the square of the key should correspond with that of the watch. If it be too large, it may in a short time cause the wind-up square to suffer from undue wear and tear; the rectifying of which is rather expensive. The hands of an ordinary watch can be turned backwards without much risk. It is, however, always better to move the hands forward to adjust your watch to correct time.

Watches, by reason of their fragile construction, and the variations to which they are liable, can after all only obtain a limited perfection in their performance; therefore, we must not be

astonished to find them subject to certain variations. These variations, which are easy to correct, need not prejudice the quality of a watch, as will be proved by the following example. Two watches, we will suppose, have been put to the same time by an excellent regulator. At the end of a month, one of these watches is a quarter of an hour too fast; the other is exactly right to time. To which of these two watches would we give the preference? Perhaps to the one which is exactly right. But in making such a choice, we nevertheless incur the risk of abandoning a good watch for a bad one. The first watch has, we assume, gained thirty seconds a day; and according to this rate, it has gained a quarter of an hour in thirty days. What must be done to make this watch go well? Alter the regulator inside from fast to slow, or get a careful watchmaker to do it for you, thereby altering its daily rate. Let us now admit that the other watch has been affected during a month by irregular going, which has occasioned it sometimes to gain, at other times to lose to a certain extent daily. It may easily occur that at the end of a month, this gaining and losing compensate each other, and by this means, the watch indicates the exact hour at the time we look at it. Such a watch can never be relied upon.

The fact is, that a watch which gains in a *regular* manner or loses in a regular manner, is superior to any whose variation is uncertain; and where its variation comes to be familiar, the little companion may vie with the most delicately adjusted ship's chronometer.

A skilful watchmaker one day thus reasoned with a customer who complained of his watch. "You complained," said he, "that your watch gains a minute a month. Well then, you will congratulate yourself when you have heard me. You are aware that in your watch, the balance, which is the regulator, makes five oscillations every second, which is four hundred and thirty-two thousand a day; so that your watch, exposed to all the vicissitudes which heat and cold occasion it, the varying weight of the air, and the shaking to which it is subjected, has not varied more than a minute a month, or two seconds a day. It has only acquired with each vibration of the balance a variation of the two hundred and sixteen thousandth part of a second. Judge then what must be the extreme perfection of the mechanism of this watch!"

A watch cannot go for an indefinite period without being repaired or cleaned. At the expiration of a certain time, the oil dries up, dust accumulates, and wear and tear are the inevitable results to the whole machinery, the functions becoming irregular, and frequently ceasing to act altogether. A person possessing a watch of good quality, and desirous of preserving it as such, should have it cleaned every two years at least. But care should be taken to confide this cleaning or repairing to careful hands; an incapable workman may do great injury to a watch even of the simplest construction.

There is in the generality of watches a regulator for fast and slow, with a movable index. The two words "Fast" and "Slow," engraved at each end of this regulator, leave no doubt as to which way the index should be moved in order to make the watch lose or gain. It is easily understood that if the watch gain, the index should be pushed

towards the slow; and when it loses, towards the fast. This operation should be performed with a good deal of care and attention, in consequence of the susceptibility and fragility of these regulating pieces. It would be impossible to give any information as to the effect existing between the degrees of this regulator and the variations of the watch; it is therefore only by trial that we can arrive at the precise point at which to bring the time to its fullest accuracy. When a watch varies only a little, we content ourselves with pushing the index one degree. We then wait twenty-four hours, to judge of the effect, and act according to the result obtained. In the event of the variation being greater, for instance, than ten minutes in advance in a day, we ought to push the index to the end of "Slow," even if we have to retrace our steps the next day. But if in this state the watch gained again, it would be necessary for the watchmaker himself to undertake the regulation of it.

It would be useless to attempt to correct a variation of one or two seconds in a day, or a minute in a month. Even supposing that the going of such a watch did not vary more than a second a day, this would be perfect enough, as it would be extremely difficult to produce a correction slight enough for an error so trifling. The difference of time can generally be adjusted by a comparison with mean time as registered daily in nearly every large town; or, as we have already said, if the watch be regular in its habits of irregularity, it is virtually equivalent to a perfect time-keeper.

CURIOUS PETITIONS.

THE right of expressing their opinions and making known their desires by petition, has always been dearly cherished and abundantly exercised by Englishmen, who find a satisfaction in having said their say, even if nothing comes of it.

Under the Declaration of Rights the like privilege undoubtedly appertains to the weaker sex; but whether it was always held to do so, is not so certain. When, in 1612, Anne Stagg and her sister politicians, necessitated, as they averred, by their terror of papists and prelates, to imitate the example of the women of Tekoah, claimed equal right with the men to declare their sentiments by petition, the Commons thankfully accepted the petition of the women of London; but twelve months later, upon the ladies coming to the front again to demand the cessation of civil warfare, the self-same House told them politics was not their business, and bade them mind their household affairs; enforcing this new view of the matter by dispersing the petitioners by a cavalry charge, in which two women were killed and eight wounded.

Hardly amenable to the charge of meddling with matters that did not concern them were the ladies of St Albans, who upon George III. taking a wife unto himself, embraced the opportunity of calling royal attention to the grievous distaste for matrimony displayed by the young men of the period, by presenting a petition to

the new queen, expressing the hope that, as subjects were always influenced by the example of their sovereign, the matrimonial state would be honoured by their Majesties' dutiful subjects cheerfully following the royal example—an example too much needed in that degenerate age, wherein the happy state was made the object of ridicule instead of respect, by too many vain, giddy, and dissipated minds. 'If the riches of a nation consist in its populousness,' argued the fair enthusiasts, 'this happy country will too soon become poor, whilst the lawful means to continue posterity are either shackled by the restraint of mistaken laws, or despised by those who respect none. But as every virtuous and commendable action is encouraged by your royal consort, and your own noble sentiments and conduct, we hope this example will be duly followed by your Majesty's loyal subjects.'

Even more to the purpose was a petition addressed, in 1733, to the governor of South Carolina by sixteen maidens of Charleston, which ran thus: 'The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten. Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our own youthful charms thereby neglected; in consequence of this, our request is that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray.' The forlorn sixteen would have very much approved the edict of the Portuguese king which forbade widows above the age of fifty from remarrying, on the ground that experience taught that widows of that age commonly wedded young men of no property, who dissipated the fortunes such marriages brought them, to the prejudice of children and other relatives.

If a time comes, when sex will be no longer a bar to possessing the franchise, bachelors will have to beware; for unless the ladies lose their hymeneal instincts, we may look for the enactment of laws for the encouragement of matrimony, and the infliction of pains and penalties upon obdurate men; as was within an ace of coming about not many years ago in Indiana. Mr Cutter, a young member of the legislature, had rashly promised to introduce a bill for the taxation of old bachelors; and a number of young ladies went down to the House to see that he kept his word. He would fain have cried off or delayed the matter; but Mr Robert Dale Owen, seeing some fun in prospect, urged him to draw up a bill then and there, imposing an annual tax of ten dollars upon every bachelor above thirty years of age who could not prove that he had popped the question twice ineffectually. Then a very rapid act of legislation was performed. The rules

of the House were suspended, and the bill read three times, passed, and ordered to be reported to the Senate without a moment's delay; the House adjourning in order to accompany the young ladies, and see what the senators would do. They, catching the infection of the hour, read the bill twice; and it seemed as if its passage was secured; but two or three of the older and graver members, awaking to a sense of their responsibility, then made a stand against its further progress, and procured the adjournment of the debate. This proved fatal to the measure. Next day, it was defeated by a small majority; at which the bachelors of Indiana had good reason to rejoice, since the governor was resolved to sign the bill, as he saw no impropriety in its provisions; and as for its expediency, the legislators would have to settle that matter with their consciences; it was none of his business.

In the present day, when certain legislators seem persuaded of the possibility of making men sober, industrious, virtuous, and provident by Act of parliament, it is not surprising if some among the objects of paternal legislation believe it to be the province of governments to insure cheap food, high wages, and plenty of work for everybody that wants these. Certain citizens of Wisconsin, unbelievers in the dignity of labour, went even further. Assuming that the American government could produce any amount of money it desired by the simple process of printing greenbacks, they petitioned the Senate to pass a law for the issuing of five billions of dollars' worth of paper money every year, to be applied in paying every individual in the United States, without any distinction on account of sex, age, or colour, the sum of ten dollars every Saturday night, upon his or her calling at the nearest post-office!

The subjects of Frederick the Great who had any grievance to air or favour to ask, were wont to hang their petitions on a linden-tree at Potsdam, to have their prayers granted or refused as the king inclined, without waiting the pleasure of minister or secretary. The Petition-tree doubtless bore strange fruits sometimes; but never did Old Fritz have a stranger document submitted for his consideration than one that found its way into the hands of Charles I. in 1640. This unique petition ran as follows: 'Whereas your Majesty's petitioner hath understood of a great discontent in many of your Majesty's subjects at the gracious mercy your Majesty was freely pleased to show upon your petitioner, by suspending the sentence of death pronounced against your petitioner. These are humbly to beseech your Majesty rather to remit your petitioner to their mercies that are discontented, than to let him live the subject of so great a discontent in your people against your Majesty; for it hath pleased God to give me grace to desire with the prophet, "That if this storm be raised for me, I may be cast into the sea, that others may avoid the tempest." This is, most sacred Sovereign, the petition of him that should esteem his blood were shed to cement the breach between your Majesty and your subjects.' Whether John Goodman's crime deserved death or not, after such an appeal it was impossible for the Crown to revoke its revocation of the sentence.

In very different style was her present Majesty

addressed by the lady, Countess of Derwentwater in her own conceit, whose vagaries led to her incarceration in Newcastle jail. 'O Queen!' wrote she, 'Mercy and Justice is thy mission on earth, and why allow one inoffensive heir of Derwentwater to be falsely incarcerated, shut up for seven months, languishing, and deprived of even a breath of fresh air? What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Are tyranny, torture, and wrong the civil rights of the people thou rulest? I have kept all thy laws diligently. O Queen, listen. It is thy prerogative to command, "Let right be done!" The crowns have fallen lately from the regal heads of several princes in Europe; and the greatest monarch that ever held the English sceptre, looked back and moralised, and Her Majesty exclaimed: "Millions of money for moments of time!"'

Ladies can wax wondrously grandiloquent when in the mind. A Kentuckian victim of man's inconstancy thus set forth her plaint in a petition for divorce: 'Dark clouds of discord began to lower over the sky of wedded felicity, and the minacious lightning of disunion began to dart its lurid flames across gloomy clouds of atramental blackness, obscuring every star of hope and happiness whose resplendent glory illuminated the dawn of the first few brief years of her wedded life, when she gave her hand and an undivided heart to the defendant, who in the sultry month of July 1876, after having been warmly and snugly wintered within the fond embraces of her loving arms, and closely nestled to a heart that beat alone for the defendant, shewed his base, black ingratitude by abandoning her without cause whatever, except the insatiable thirst for novelty, which is the predominant character of defendant's nature.' If the deserted one was in the habit of holding forth in this style, the wonder is that the union endured even a few brief years.

A very extraordinary petition for divorce once came before the courts in Tennessee. The petitioner set forth that his wife died in February 1871, leaving eight children; that his mother-in-law took great interest in her grandchildren; and feeling that she was nearer and dearer to his children than any other human being, and was bound to them by the ties of common affection, he, in September of the same year, married his mother-in-law; it never occurring to him or her that there was any technical objection to their taking such a step. Two months afterwards, he was horrified by accidentally discovering, not only that he had committed an illegal act, but one unsanctioned by the Church of which he was a member. He therefore petitioned the court to pronounce the marriage null and void, and declare complainant and defendant free from the supposed obligation and its consequences. No opposition being raised on the lady's part, the court decreed accordingly, and the too hastily contracted union was formally dissolved.

Another attempt to escape the consequences of a matrimonial misadventure did not end so happily. In this case, the widow of an officer who fell fighting for the North, tired of her mateless condition, had, by marrying again, relieved Uncle Sam of a pensioner. Unfortunately, her new partner treated her so badly that she was compelled to go to the Divorce Court for relief; and that obtained, petitioned Congress to reinstate

her name on the military pension roll; on the plea that she had reverted to her former status as an officer's widow. The committee to which the novel claim was referred, reported that they could find no instance of such a thing being allowed, and declined to advise Congress to create a dangerous and inconvenient precedent.

Here we stay our pen, not for lack of material, but because we have no disposition to try the patience of our readers as hardly as petitioners are apt to try that of the authorities to whom they pray.

SEA-SPOIL.

SEE the children with quick eyes
Seeking many an ocean prize—
Storm-tossed weeds of red and green,
Rare sea-shells of varied sheen.

Here a patch of silver sand
Strews the pebbly gleaming strand;
There a tiny brooklet free
Ripples on to meet the sea.

In this cave the clear tide-pool
Gleams within its haven cool,
By the sea-weeds curtained fair
From the sun's bright noontide glare.

In its halls of sand and shell,
Ocean's treasures safely dwell,
Though each day the wild sea-foam
Thunders o'er their caverned home—

Safely dwell—till tiny hands
Part the clinging, shining strands
Of the sea-weed's graceful screen,
Till each sheltered nook is seen.

Steeled by childhood's careless joy,
All its beauties they destroy;
Fright the tiny elves who glide
Swiftly round the cavern's side;

Scatter with unmeasured shock
All the inmates of the rock—
Some so small, that mortal sight
Cannot mark their passage light;

Stir the tide-pool's sandy floor,
Sully its placid shore;
Tear from off its fringe of rock
Shells and weeds with ruthless shock—

Till the spoilers fly the cave,
Warned by th' approaching wave,
As the proud and mighty Sea
Comes to set her children free.

M. P.

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LOCAL USAGES.

WE often wonder if the time will ever come when the legal usages prevailing respectively in England and Scotland will be assimilated on a uniform international system. It is now a hundred and seventy-three years since the two communities were united for good and all under one legislature, yet each continues to retain its original institutes and usages, greatly to mutual inconvenience. We would not depreciate the Union of 1707. It was a great and valuable work, for it welded two continuous and often hostile nations into one, and internal peace and prosperity have been the consequence. This remarkable success was doubtless in a great measure due to the nature of the contract, which consisted in a respect for the traditional usages of both peoples. Neither on one side nor the other was there anything like a forcible conquest, calculated to produce dispeace. Though united, each country was to maintain its old and venerated local arrangements. And thus matters have continued till the present time. Topographically, the international division is for the most part undistinguishable. Travellers by railway trains are unconsciously swept across the ancient Border line. To the world at large, the English and Scotch people are one. Only among themselves are they in a sense two.

Obviously, as might have been expected from constant intercourse, there has been a tendency towards general assimilation in a social point of view. Prejudices, long inveterately maintained, have happily died out. The style of speaking and habits of the south have penetrated to the farthest north; a circumstance greatly due to the perfect security to the life and property of English families who settle in all parts of Scotland. As for the Scotch, wherever they have established themselves in the south, they have been reciprocally appreciated and received in a friendly spirit. We should say as regards private life, that there is at length no distinction. At the same time, there have been powerful agencies to effect amalgamation in commerce,

navigation, and public revenue. The post-office, reaching to every nook of Great Britain, dominates over, and cements all in an harmonious whole. These and other tokens of national unity contrast strangely with protracted distinctions in legal institutes. The laws of England and Scotland are still distinctly different, as if no Union had ever taken place. The law practitioners in one country know little or nothing of the legal usages in the other. The courts at Westminster, and at Edinburgh rest on a separate basis; for each a special course of education is required. With such distinctions on what intimately concerns the comfort and welfare of individuals, it would be wonderful if no inconveniences and losses were of frequent occurrence.

We are not, however, to suppose that the old law of Scotland has been left unsupplemented by innumerable enactments of the Imperial Parliament. During the last sixty years, fresh statutes may be reckoned by hundreds on the subjects of police, prisons, municipal government, treatment of lunatics, roads and bridges, poor relief, registration of births and deaths, education, sanitary arrangements, and so forth. These supplemental statutes of course spring from the pressing wants of modern society. In a large degree, they have been promoted and carried through by the Lord Advocate of the day. This useful state officer, peculiar to Scotland, is strictly public prosecutor in name of the Crown; but upon him for a long period has been imposed a multiplicity of duties. He acts very much as a sub-secretary of State and adviser of the Home Office for Scotch affairs. He is always an experienced advocate at the Scottish Bar, and does not relinquish private practice in civil cases, on his appointment. Scotland owes much to its Lord Advocates, some of whom have been very able men. Mr McLaren, the present Lord Advocate, is the author of an exhaustive treatise on the 'Law of Trusts and Trust Settlements,' which is esteemed a valuable authority.

In constructing Acts of Parliament for Scotland, an effort is perhaps made to assimilate them to corresponding Acts for England; but this is not

always practicable, on account of certain usages ingrained in the social system, which, to render an Act workable, need to be kept in mind. In county management, for example, there is a great diversity in the two countries. The county jurisdiction in England is mainly in the hands of Justices of Peace, who meet in quarter-sessions, and though not trained in law, possess considerable powers of administration. Further, each English county has a High Sheriff, whose office is purely honorary, but entails so heavy an expense that many gentlemen shrink from the appointment. At one time, Scotland possessed this clumsy and unsatisfactory county administration, which was put an end to in 1748, when all heritable jurisdictions were abolished, as being inefficient, and dangerous to the peace of the country. Instead of the antiquated and worse than useless hereditary sheriffs, a usage was established that has worked admirably, and to which the settled peace and prosperity of the country are in no small degree due.

The county jurisdiction of Scotland is at once simple and effective, with the additional advantage of not being hampered by hereditary officials. To each county is assigned a Sheriff, who must be an advocate of a certain number of years' standing. In effect, he is a judge, who holds civil and criminal courts within his sheriffdom, and does much that in England is usually left to Justices of Peace. Every Sheriff has a Substitute, also learned in the law, who resides in the county-town, ready to hold civil and criminal courts, and to issue warrants. Latterly, through the progress of social improvement, one Sheriff has sufficed for two or more counties; and it seems probable that by-and-by, excepting in two or three cases, the Substitutes, raised in position, will be sufficient. The English county courts of recent date are a kind of imitation of the Scotch sheriff courts, but they are less comprehensive in character. In connection with the sheriff courts of Scotland, there is a Procurator Fiscal or Public Prosecutor, who is a salaried officer of the Crown, appointed by the Home Secretary at the recommendation of the Sheriff. The whole system is compact, and conducted at a comparatively small expense to government. On a former occasion, we mentioned that the entire cost of criminal prosecution and trials in Scotland was only about seventy thousand pounds a year. In some counties, there are hardly any offences of the nature of crime; and but for petty assaults and cases of river-poaching, some of the sheriff courts might almost shut up. Sheriff Watson of Aberdeen, now retired from office, once informed us that he had successfully extirpated assaults in his district by the ingenious device of recommending actions to be brought before him for civil damages. The terror of having to pay five or ten pounds for a blow, settled the business. The ruder portion of the natives became as quiet as lambs. Disappearing from the Scottish rural districts, vice and crime have been intensified in the large towns; for there a ready harbourage for all sorts of disorderly characters is found in the old lofty buildings and dark narrow lanes which, notwithstanding local improvements, unhappily continue to disfigure and disgrace the principal seats of population. In Scotland, there are Justices of Peace appointed as in England; but their duties are of a limited scope, and consist mainly in signing certificates

and taking part in the licensing of public-houses and theatres; in some towns they hold small-debt courts and courts for various petty offences.

In Scottish criminal procedure there is no Grand-Jury, the functions of which are performed by the Crown counsel or legal staff of the Lord Advocate. Different views may be entertained on this point. We have seen it stated that the percentage of convictions is larger in the Scotch than in the English courts, which at least shews that there is no failure of justice. In England, within the last year or two, a Public Prosecutor has been appointed; but the institution seems to be on a meagre footing. In Scotland, public prosecutors are spread all over the country, and prosecution by private individuals is practically unknown. Nevertheless, we do not uphold the system as a perfect thing. The Procurator Fiscal in each town, county, or district is in principle the coroner, and he no doubt makes careful investigations, which he reports to Crown counsel for instructions; but all his investigations are in private. The public are not permitted to know anything of them. There may be some virtue in this privacy. Newspaper readers are not bored and scandalised with the protracted sensational reports of coroners' inquests; nor are householders annoyed by having to serve on coroners' juries. On the whole, however, publicity is best. The huddling-up system prevalent in Scotland is essentially bad, especially in the case of deaths and injuries from alarming railway and other accidents. A railway accident causing several deaths has lately occurred within the English border at Berwick, and by means of a coroner's inquest, the public will hear all about the mishap. Had the accident taken place about two hundred yards farther north, it would have fallen under the cognisance of the Procurator Fiscal of Berwickshire, and the truth would not have been divulged, unless the inquiry led to a criminal trial. Reports on railway accidents by an officer of the Board of Trade, partially remedy the want of publicity. This, however, does not justify the want of an open inquest on deaths by violence, which is acknowledged to be a blot on Scottish procedure.

In a few instances, the English have not disdained to copy Scottish local usages. The appointment of a Public Prosecutor has been above adverted to. We may further mention the humane practice of allowing prisoners arraigned at a criminal bar to be defended by counsel. That is not all. Scotland, as is well known, has for ages possessed a very effective system of registering the rights of heritable property, mortgages included. Attempts by eminent lawyers to introduce a similar system of registration into England have signally failed, principally through the unwillingness of proprietors to have their title-deeds engrossed in a public record; accordingly, from a whim, an important advantage to all concerned in connection with land rights remains in abeyance. An economic and generally approved method of administering and winding-up bankrupt estates in Scotland was some years ago legalised in England, and has similarly broken down. The cause of failure is curious. The Scotch method is successful chiefly from the fact that creditors give a reasonable degree of attention to the appointment of an honest trustee to look after affairs. English creditors, it seems, will

not take this trouble; the business gets into improper hands, and the available proceeds are squandered. A new project for winding up bankruptcies is now on foot in England; but if creditors decline to interfere for the sake of justice to themselves and others, how is the matter to be mended, unless by placing the business entirely under the expensive control of official administrators? That, however, would be anything but a step towards uniformity in the English and Scottish bankruptcy laws.

Trial by jury, that much honoured palladium of civil rights, differs materially in the two countries. A Scottish criminal trial is a model of fairness and deliberation. The accused is in good time served with a very precise indictment, along with a list of the witnesses to be used in evidence against him. At the trial, the jurors are chosen by ballot, and each is furnished with a printed copy of the indictment, with paper, pen, and ink to write notes of evidence as it proceeds. The trial begins by the clerk of court reading the indictment, by which means the exact nature of the accusation is openly and clearly defined, and there is no need for a lengthened prefatory harangue by counsel for the prosecution. The indictment being read, the evidence is at once proceeded with. Any one can compare this precision with what occurs, and is occasionally complained of, in England. A Scottish jury may give a verdict of guilty, not guilty, or not proven; this last alternative being adopted when the evidence appears to be incomplete. There is no such alternative in England.

In English criminal procedure, the jury consists of twelve men, who must be unanimous in their verdict of guilty or not guilty; when not being able to agree, after hours of wrangling together, they are dismissed, thereby occasioning a new trial. In Scotland, the thing is conducted more in accordance with human nature. The jury is composed of fifteen men, who, if not unanimous, may decide by a majority, such as eight to seven, or possibly fourteen to one; by which means a juror with twisted notions, resolved on being singular, as often happens, is unable to thwart the ends of justice. The decision by a majority is accepted without demur. In the trial of civil cases, a latitude is also allowed. The jury consists, as in England, of twelve men; but if they have been in consultation for three hours, a majority of nine is sufficient for a verdict. If after nine hours there be not a majority of nine, the jury may be dismissed. These Scotch arrangements seem to be in all respects more rational than the practice prevalent in England and Ireland. No one ever heard of a miscarriage of justice, civil or criminal, in Scotland owing to decisions by a majority. The accurate and impartial method of summoning Scotch jurors, special and common, in itself merits commendation; but we have not space to go into these details.

From juries we go to the subject of burials. In England, there has lately been much discussion concerning a 'Burials Bill,' from which the people of Scotland are fortunately exempt. The Scottish parish ministers possess no patrimonial interest in the churches, the churchyards, the glebes, and the manse or parsonages which they occupy. They are supported by moderate stipends, drawn from certain ancient tithes, which form a perpetual burden on lands within the parish, and

payment by fees is wholly unknown. On the landowners, who are designated heritors, is imposed the obligation of paying the stipends according to a specified allocation, also the obligation of providing glebes, building and repairing the churches and manse, and of providing and maintaining the churchyards. To the minister is confided the custody of the church, and no one officiates in it without his permission. But he exerts no right whatsoever over the churchyard, which is the property of the heritors, subject to the control of the local authority as regards extension and sanitary considerations. In almost all cases, the older churchyards date from before the Reformation, and were consecrated, or set apart for interments; but that does not affect their present character as burial-grounds. Generally speaking, the Scotch care nothing for the distinction of consecrated ground. They perceive that battle-grounds where thousands who are slain find a grave, are unconsecrated; that the vast ocean, which engulfs crowds of living and dead, is unconsecrated; and that in reality the whole earth is a sepulchre in which humanity may graciously mingle with its native dust. Yet, Scottish people are not devoid of sensibility. They do not undervalue the burying-ground where their forefathers sleep, and which has been provided for every neighbourhood. They know that by law, every parishioner, no matter what be his religious belief, is entitled to burial in the churchyard; or if it be overcrowded, in any cemetery provided for the parish. In no instance is the parish minister under an obligation to be present or to officiate at funerals, nor can he legally challenge any ceremonial that may take place on the occasion. If he be present at all, it is only by invitation.

The plain decency of burials in Scotland has been frequently commented on. In recent times, from the progress of taste and relaxation of prejudices, religious observances at the grave have been introduced. Sometimes, the touching funeral service of the Church of England, or the rite of the Roman Catholic Church, is employed without exciting remark. In every case there is a scrupulous regard to decorum, as befits a solemnity of this nature. Throughout a long experience, we have never seen the slightest approach to anything indecorous at interments in Scottish burying-grounds.

In England, the incumbent of the parish is invested in a species of life freehold of the church, churchyard, glebe, and parsonage, and so far he claims an authority resembling that of a proprietor; while in virtue of his office he, as a general rule, is bound to read the funeral service, and can lawfully object to any burial at which that particular religious observance is not conducted. Hence, the project of a 'Burials Bill,' to confer greater freedom in the matter of burials in parish churchyards. In other words, as it seems to us, the object of the measure has been to secure to the people of England that degree of freedom in the matter of burials which has for centuries been enjoyed in Scotland.

We need not extend comparisons. In a large variety of cases, difference in local usages is not of material consequence. So far, each country may consult its own convenience and traditions. But on certain points, uniformity is desirable. By

some strange mismanagement, the regulations for the fisheries on the English and Scotch sides of the Solway differ so greatly as to cause frequent dispeace and disorder. Why so gross an absurdity has been so long tolerated, can only be explained on the ground that legal absurdities are not without friends, and are sometimes tenacious of existence. But there are more serious inconveniences to deplore than those connected with the fisheries on the Solway. It is to be lamented that within the narrow limits of Great Britain, there should be two different laws affecting marriage, legitimacy, the succession to and division of property, and that the operation of these laws in questions of domicile is often most unseemly and disastrous. Here, there is too much reason to plead for assimilation, and we should like to see law reformers turn their attention in this direction. Even an approximation to resemblance would be received with gratitude. A legist of comprehensive knowledge and genius, who neither grudges trouble nor is afraid of criticism, has here a splendid opportunity of distinguishing himself, and leaving his mark on his day and generation.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Troman,' said my aunt, 'what have you to cry for?'

I WORKED, and found in work such relief as it could give me. I laboured as I had never done before, and accumulated large stores of journalistic capital. But life had grown to be a bitter business, and I had little heart or hope for anything, or faith in anything. Perhaps there are not many men so happy as to preserve their faith until they reach the age of five-and-twenty. Perhaps those who keep faith longest feel it hardest to lose it. My life had gone smoothly. I had had my dreams—dreaming with my eyes open. Most men had seemed lovable, many admirable, two or three kingly, and one supreme. And when Gascoigne tumbled from his place, my scheme of things went to chaos. Stunned by that misfortune, I looked stupidly back, and thought even the suspicion which had fallen upon myself easy to bear by comparison. There is no pain like the pain of finding a friend unworthy and untrue. And now for a time I doubted everybody, and nursed a wrath and hatred against the world, by far more foolish than my faith had been.

I prospered in my profession, and men began to speak favourably of me. There are some people, who live altogether out of literary circles, to whom any sort of connection with letters appears to be of extravagant value. Some of my old acquaintances were men of this kind, and shewed a disposition to return to me, now that I began to be known. I am afraid that in my new-born cynicism I treated some of them rather uncivilly, though indeed they had not deserved well at my hands. I hope I have grown wiser than to quarrel with butterflies for liking sunshine and avoiding shade, though even now the butterfly is scarcely my type of friendship. But it has been said, times out of number, that your convert or pervert is the most sweeping and thoroughgoing of men, and I being perverted to cynicism and a wholesale disbelief in good, did my best to imbitter myself against

everybody in those days, and in a most unhappy degree, succeeded.

Through all this I clung to Æsop; and he stuck to me with a fidelity not to be shaken or strengthened by any fall or rise of fortune. Seeing how low my general mood had fallen, and how prone I had become to nurse my grudges against the world in private, he proposed—on grounds of professed economy—to chum with me and share my chambers; and this being carried into effect, we worked together, breakfasted and dined together, and kept each other in almost constant company. It pleases me now to believe that Gregory worked the better for companionship. He was writing a comedy at this time. I can recall his staid and serious face as he sat apart at a table overspread with scattered manuscripts. I can see him again, rising from his chair to prowl about the room, pipe in mouth, emitting vast clouds of smoke, and rumpling his hair at intervals with both hands, looking as distracted as a condemned criminal. Now and again he would break into wild shouts of laughter, and would execute fantastic dances, and then, with a countenance of gloom, would commit his inspirations to paper, and prowl about once more distractedly. In our literary work we were both afflicted with a desire for bodily motion, and we used to cross and recross each other in our thoughtful rambles over the carpet, until it bore the plain impress of our feet, and two threadbare and faded lines ran from end to end of the room. I believe that Gregory still works in that manner; but I confess to having worked it out, and abandoned it. The work was happier in those days of emotion, when at a sweet fancy my eyes have seen the lines that traced it, dimly, or with some half-expressed sarcasm seething within me, I have had to leave my table and hammer out the lines with mutterings and stridings to-and-fro. After every one of Gregory's laughs, and its consequent wild war-dance, I was dragged earthwards from my own clouds whilst he read over to me scraps of dialogue. 'I think this'll fetch 'em, Jack,' was his exordium, and he would spout the products of his Muse's labours with infinite gusto. An hour later, he would rise in deep despondency, and announce his opinion that the whole comedy was bosh; and then sitting down despairingly to read it, he would go off into a succession of crackling cachinnations, which bespoke the intensest relish of his own performance.

It chanced one day that we were both marching up and down the room, hammering in great heat at our respective mental irons, when a timid and uncertain knock sounded at the door; and Gregory, being nearer than I, answered the summons. Standing in the middle of the carpet, a little disturbed by the interruption, I heard a voice that warmed my heart, and hurrying to the door, found Bob and Sally Troman in the act of entering. The good creature, Sally, embraced me there and then, and shed tears over me, in quite the old familiar manner; and her husband shook my hands meanwhile, murmuring, 'Excuse the liberty.' When the first heat of welcome was ended, Gregory closed the outer door; but Bob, repeating 'Excuse the liberty,' reopened it, and revealed the presence of a small boy, who had hitherto escaped attention. This small boy, who was dressed in black broadcloth of a cumbrous

cut, and reminded me quaintly of myself as I had first appeared at Island Hall, was comically like Sally, and had a ridiculous resemblance to Bob, so that I had no difficulty in identifying his relationship.

'This is your boy, Sally?' I inquired.

'Yes, my darlin',' returned Sally, brightening. 'He's the eldest.—Come in, Johnny.'

I had not seen him for some four or five years; and he had so far outgrown his remembrances of me, that on my offering to shake hands with him, he retired in much apparent discomfiture behind his father's legs.

'Johnny's his naam,' said Bob in the old broad dialect, which always sounds in my ears like a memory of childhood. 'Excuse the liberty, young mister, but the missis, her would naam him after yo.' Bob himself was dressed in black broadcloth, and I believe had had his hair curled for his visit to the metropolis. I cannot actually pledge myself to the accuracy of that surmise; but I know that he had a long and half-unfolded roll of curl upon the very top of his head, which I could not remember to have seen there before. This ornament displayed a treacherous inclination to stand bolt upright; and Bob becoming conscious of that fact, smoothed it furtively with his broad palm; but it arose again and again, and gave him, in conjunction with his dark clothes and his solemnity of visage, something of the aspect of a cockatoo in mourning. Gregory and I cleared a table, and laid out a refection of wine and biscuits; and Sally, who wore a bonnet like a flower-show, and a shawl like a rainbow, sat in her gloves in great grandeur, and sipped and nibbled in the most ladylike and superior manner. Bob—what with the clothes and the curl, and the strange rooms, and Gregory's presence—was in a sort of patient agony of uneasiness. Gregory was quick to discern the discomfiture he inflicted upon my visitors, and feigning business in a little while, went out. Shortly afterwards, Bob arose, and obscuring the obdurate curl with a hat so stiff and shiny it might have been of steel japanned, also withdrew, announcing his intention of taking a look at Temple Bar. He led away my young namesake by the hand, promising to return in half an hour, and I was left alone with Sally.

'An' now, my precious,' said Sally, all her company manners vanishing, and her good self returning suddenly. She settled herself in her chair, and hugged her many-tinted knees with her gloved hands—'an' now, my precious!'

I cannot easily tell how much good the sight of Sally did me, or how immediate and direct the influence seemed. But she had been so closely knit with all my early life, and from the first to the last of my remembrances had been so true; she was so little changed, and brought so vividly back to me the memory of so many gracious acts and happy times, that I should have been hard indeed not to have been somewhat moved by recollection in her presence.

'And now, Sally!' I answered.

'Bob an' me,' said Sally, 'has never had not what you might call a reglar out since we was married. An' Bob havin' that prospered as to be a master-builder, Master Johnny, a-keepin' on a dozen hands an' doin' well, we made up wer minds as we'd come to London; an' here we be.'

'And here you are, Sally,' I responded.

'Yes,' said Sally, still hugging her knees, 'an' here we be. An' who do you think we come up in the same train with?'—I professed my inability to divine.—'Make a guess,' said Sally, with such a meaning look, that I guessed at once, and asked: 'Not Cousin Polly?'

'Yes,' said my old nurse, nodding like a toy-mandarin—'your Cousin Polly, Master Johnny. She come up in the same train along o' we, with your aunt; an' she was a-lookin' that beautiful—Well, there!' She lengthened the adjective into 'bee-oo-tiful,' and unclasped her knees and cast her hands abroad when she said 'Well, there!' as if proclaiming the inability of further words to express the sight.

This news disturbed me; for in spite of all the vows I had made, I could not fail to recognise the gulf which had opened up between Polly and myself. While the expectations my Uncle Ben had taught me to entertain were still with me, there had been no social breach between us; but it seemed as though it would have been a cowardly and cruel thing to ask her to share the broken hopes of fortune and the struggling life which lay before me. Here and there, the prizes of the literary life are large; but I had modesty and sense enough to know that the great prizes were not for men of my calibre; and although I could already see my way, I knew well enough that there was no golden goal at the end of it. The life before me was a life of labour and of narrowed means. Single, I could get on well enough; but I could not endure the thought of narrowed means for Polly, and Love's sweet dream was coming near the end and growing bitter. In the pleasure of welcoming my old friend, I had forgotten my troubles; but this mention of Polly's name brought them all back in full tide.

'Why, Johnny, darlin', what's the matter?' cried Sally. 'You're a-lookin' quite downcast, I declare. What is it?' She came and knelt before me and took my hands in hers. 'What is it, Johnny? Theer's nothin' amiss between you an' your cousin, is theer?'

'Sally,' I answered, 'this is not a thing to be talked of; but I can trust you, I know. I am a poor man now, and work for my living, like many other people. All my life is changed, and a good many of my old hopes are thrown away—and that among them.'

'No,' said Sally; 'not if it was to come to a crust o' dry bread an' a glass o' water.'

I did not understand her, or pay any great heed to her words: but I repeated that my life was changed, and that many of my old hopes were thrown away.

'Not that among 'em, Johnny,' said Sally. 'Not if you was to be as poor as Job. You couldn't have the heart!' I did not understand at all, and I suppose my face expressed it. 'Johnny,' she said with an air of serious admonition, 'when a young gentleman's been keepin' company with a young lady all his life, he ought to ask her if she's willin' to part, afore he goes away, whatever happens.'

'My dear Sally,' I answered, 'you do not understand. I have never spoken a word to my cousin which would make her think'—

'Words, my foolish precious!' returned Sally, shaking her head as she knelt, still holding my

hands, before me. 'Why, what's words? Actions speaks louder than words, my darlin'. Do you fancy as she don't know? An' you remember, Johnny,' she went on with a general plea for the whole sex, 'as we poor women's tongues is tied. It's you to speak first.'

'No,' I responded; 'it is not for me to speak at all. Had things gone differently, I should have spoken; but not now—not now.'

'How old are you, Johnny?' asked Sally suddenly.

'Three-and-twenty,' I responded. 'Nearly a quarter of a century, Sally. That sounds quite old.'

'Miss Mary's a year younger,' said Sally. 'Two-an'-twenty. Most ladies is married younger than that, my dear, ain't 'em? What's she a-waiting for? How many offers has she throwed away? O Johnny, my silly darlin', to be so blind!'

Could it be true? Sally spoke with the confidence of conviction, and my own heart was eager to believe. And yet, and yet I scarcely dared to think it. And yet, and yet there was no escape from hope.

'Sally,' I said in much agitation, 'you speak as if you were certain.'

'So I am,' she answered, kneeling before me still. 'You must tell her, Johnny, and ask her to wait for you.'

I arose from my seat and paced the room excitedly. 'Yes,' I said at length; 'I will speak. I will ask, and know the truth.'

At that instant there came another summons at the door; and thinking that this was Bob come back again, I left Sally to open it, and not caring to be seen just then, retired to my bedroom.

'You here, Troman?' said my Aunt Bertha's voice. 'How do you do?' My aunt's voice came nearer. 'Where is Mr Campbell?'

'I am here,' I cried, 'and will come to you in a moment.' I drank a glass of water, and composed myself; then re-entering the sitting-room, met Cousin Polly's candid eyes and outstretched hand. This apparition coming upon me in so unprepared and emotional a condition, found me quite helpless. 'We speak,' I said, 'of angels, and they shew their wings.'

'Troman,' said my aunt when our greetings were over, 'you are the very woman I want to speak to. I have something serious to say to you. —John, take your cousin for a stroll through the Temple Gardens while I talk to Troman. Don't hurry back. I've a great deal to say to her.'

I submitted tamely to be driven from my own chambers by this overwhelming aunt; and Polly came with me. We crossed the roaring Strand, and walked into the quiet of the Gardens. There were few people there. A few nurse-girls, a scattered handful or so of children, a Blue Coat Boy walking along bareheaded, and reading as he went. As we passed him, I looked down, and saw that the book was the *Essays of Elia*; surely the fittest book in the world to read in the Temple Gardens. I am always too shamefaced to do those things, but I should have liked to have tipped that Blue Coat Boy on the spot. Polly saw the book as well as I.

'Elia was a good creature,' she said. 'If I lived in London, I should come here a great deal; and I fancy that he would be oftener in one's thoughts

than any one else associated with the place. Are you often here?'

'Often,' I answered. 'But not to think of Elia.'

'You are an author now,' she said, 'and have many thoughts. I have often wondered—tell me—do you write to the world impersonally? If I were an author, I think I should never be able to do that. I should write as if I were writing a letter, and I should have some one in my mind who would be sure to understand my mood—Maud, for instance, or Will, or you, or somebody who had known me all my life. It would be easier to write so, I fancy, than to scatter one's bread upon the waters, without knowing who might taste it.'

'I have written all that I have written,' I responded, 'for one reader only, and I have looked to my audience of one to keep me at my best, and to shut out everything unworthy from my work.' I felt her eyes upon me, and, glancing at her, saw upon her face a look which was difficult to define. I thought it a little troubled, and feared she read my meaning, and was sorry for it. But I had resolved to speak, and I went on: 'I have had that one reader always in my mind and in my heart, and she has ruled my life.' We were walking slowly side by side, and there was no one near us. The Blue Coat Boy was deep in Elia, fifty yards behind. 'Polly! I have loved you ever since I can remember you. I have had no hope or ambition which you have not governed. I am poor now, and I have to fight the world; but you have given me heart and hope to fight it. I have struggled day by day to be a little worthier to love you.'

'Jack!' she said in a pained voice, appealingly.

'I was wrong to speak,' I said a moment later. 'Forget that I have spoken.'

'No,' she answered softly; 'it is not that. You make me feel ashamed. I am a wayward, foolish girl, and you speak of being'—

'I love you,' I answered; 'that is all the worthiness I have.' We walked a little farther in silence. 'Tell me—it will but cost a word—if I can hope?'

I was looking down at her bent and averted face as we walked. She turned her head, and looked me bravely in the eyes, though brow and cheek and throat were blushing, and her own eyes were moist.

'Hope for my love, Jack?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Be sure of it.' Her eyes brimmed over, the sweet blush faded as she spoke, and she drooped her head again.

We walked in silence for a long time, and walked so slowly, that the Blue Coat Boy, still poring upon Elia, following the path we took, went past us. I have often smiled to think how narrow an escape that Boy had from great astonishment. I felt an almost irresistible desire to endow him at one stroke with all the money then in my possession. My invariable want of promptitude on small occasions, robbed the Boy of a splendid tip, and me of a great relief. But I was grateful to him, and felt affectionately towards him, for I remembered that it was his Elia which had opened the conversation between Polly and myself. The Blue Coat Boy is quite a young man by this time. He has probably given up the pursuit of literature in the Temple Gardens, and is, perchance, in

the Groves of Academe beside classic Cam or Isis. But if this should meet his eye, I beg him to accept a gratitude which has lost none of its flavour by a little keeping. If he will favour us with a visit, my wife and I will make him welcome. He has never guessed it, but all this time he has been one of our Lares.

It was quite dusk when we turned to go back to Clement's Inn; and when we reached my chambers, Aunt Bertha and Sally were sitting in the gloom alone.

'Has your husband lost himself, Sally?' I inquired.

'He's took Johnny to the circus,' responded Sally. 'I didn't want to go away 'ithout seein' you again.'

'You have been away a pretty time, young people,' said Aunt Bertha with severity. But by this time and in this society, I was prepared to encounter reproof with a forehead as of brass.

'Aunt Bertha,' I answered, drawing Polly's arm through mine, 'you may be assumed to stand *in loco parentis* towards Polly. And Sally, who is the best and most faithful creature in the world, as everybody knows, may be assumed to stand in the same relationship towards myself. And in your presence, I confess that the two indiscreet young people whom you may now dimly behold—'

'Don't be prolix,' said Aunt Bertha. Sally had risen, and was standing near the window with her hands clasped. Now that I come to think of it, I do not believe that Sally understood one word I said, except perhaps her own praises; but she understood the situation, and shewed the fact by a gasp of genuine emotion. At that signal, Polly withdrew her hand—Aunt Bertha rose to meet her—and in less time than it takes to tell it, they were crying for joy in one another's arms. Sally of course was weeping over me; and for my own manhood's sake, I was thankful for the gloom.

'Troman,' said my aunt, 'what have you to cry for?'—Sally returned no answer.—'Do you think that Mr Campbell is throwing himself away?'

'O ma'am,' cried Sally, 'haven't I knowed and loved 'em both sence they was babies?'

'Troman,' said my aunt, advancing to her, 'you are a good creature, and you have a beautiful heart.' And with that commendation, Aunt Bertha positively kissed Sally, and made her, as I believe, the proudest woman in the United Kingdom. When we had all toned down again, I was about to light the lamp; but my aunt forbade me; and in a little time Sally took her leave, promising to call again on the morrow.

'Did Troman tell you anything, John?' asked my aunt, before Sally's footsteps had left the stairs.

'Yes,' I answered, sheltered by the friendly darkness, sitting with Polly's hand in mine; 'she told me to do what I have done.'

'Should you have done it, if she had not told you to do it?' asked my aunt.

'No,' I answered; 'I should not have dared.'

'Then for once,' said my aunt triumphantly, 'a match-making old woman was right. I ordered Troman to come and tell you. And now'—she hurried on, as if to prevent either of us from speaking—'I want to say a word about your future. My brother Robert will object.—Mary, be quiet. Your father will object. Well, if you

must know, he objects already. But I have saved a good deal of money, and I have my own fortune, and I have made my will, and left it all to John on condition that you marry.—Don't speak a word, but find my bonnet. I don't know whether you will ever think of dining any more, but I am starving. Let us go home, and ask Mrs Brand for some dinner. We are staying with Dr Brand, and you can come too, if you like, John.'

Two or three hours later, we were seated in Dr Brand's parlour. The Doctor was called away, and Mrs Brand followed him from the room.

Polly, rising, drew aside the blind. 'What lovely moonlight!' she said, after looking out for a minute or two. 'I don't think I ever saw moonlight look so beautiful before.'

'My dear,' said Aunt Bertha, rising and kissing her, 'the moonlight has grown brighter for happy lovers, ever since the world began.'

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN OFFICER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

ON the 27th April we got into the midst of a herd of buffaloes, and killed three, but only after a savage fight.

We had seen plenty of marks of rhinoceros and elephant, but had not come across the animals themselves. As we approached the head-waters of the river Ghine, O'Riley left us to look after some timber at a distance, and he was to meet us four days hence.

On the 17th May we were pushing our way through long grass some twenty feet high. Our progress was very slow, as the elephants had to break their way through reeds (stems of the grass) several inches in circumference. There was no game to be expected in such a jungle; but our animals shewed unaccountable signs of fear. We could not see an inch in front; the seeds and fluff of the grass nearly blinded us, and we were all but suffocated by the heat and dust. We were plodding along in single file, Tainton leading, when without the least warning, there was a shrill scream, a rush, and my friend's elephant was knocked over sideways, sending his riders and mahout flying! My elephant turned tail so suddenly that Thornton and the *shikarie* were thrown off, and I only saved myself by clinging to the mahout. We were carried away nearly a quarter of a mile before the mahout could stop his elephant; and neither persuasion nor force would induce him to return. I did not know what to do. I feared all my comrades were killed; for the noise of a savage fight between two animals could be heard, but not another sound. My heart was in my mouth; and in my anxiety to render help, I jumped off the elephant, and attempted to retrace my footsteps rifle in hand; but the nature of the jungle was such that I found I could not get along at all. The reeds, even along the path made by the elephant were, though broken, interlaced; the stumps sharp, innumerable, and close together; covered, moreover, with a fluffy dust resembling somewhat cowitch or cowage, and equally irritant, for it got up my legs, and nearly drove me mad. But by dint of great exertions and much suffering I made perhaps a furlong in a quarter of an hour. The perspiration was pouring down my face and

blinding me, and I was nearly crying with vexation and pent-up agony. All this while a terrific combat was going on between Tainton's elephant and some monster unseen; and suddenly looking up, I saw his elephant being driven down stern foremost towards me; and to avoid being crushed to death seemed impossible; for the reeds, except where they had been broken down by the elephants, were as impenetrable as a wall. To fire at the hind-quarters I knew would do no good; and I fully anticipated that within a few minutes I should be another victim to an unseen but terrible foe. Our elephant, a fine tusker, and of the largest size, should surely have been able to overpower any beast alive; but he seemed powerless before his foe, and was driven down closer and closer towards me. I attempted to go back; but gave it up in hopeless despair; seeing that, for one pace I took, the elephant came backwards a dozen. There were but a few paces between us, when a shot was fired, and some huge monster fell with a loud thud. Our elephant, still greatly excited, no longer retreated, but assumed the offensive, and with many a fiendish shriek and many a clumsy war-dance, kept prodding his fallen adversary. I knew it would not be safe for me, a stranger, to approach him in his excited state, and I begged my mahout to come up; but he would not budge an inch. Thinking it was my intrepid friend who had fired the shot, I called out: 'Is that you, Tainton? For heaven's sake, answer.'

Thornton replied: 'I fear Tainton is killed, as I have neither seen nor heard him. But pray, make your mahout secure this elephant, or we shall never get out of this horrible place.'

My mahout hearing our voices and the cessation of the din, now brought his elephant up. I scrambled up its back, and we pushed forward. No sooner did Tainton's elephant see mine than he became quiet, and allowed himself to be led to where Thornton and the *shikarie* were. They got up, the *shikarie* acting as mahout; and we found the cause of this disaster was a huge *must* (tuskleless) mucknah elephant. We rejoiced at his death, but wasted no time over him, proceeding to search for Tainton and his guide and mahout. We found the first-named just coming to. He had been thrown against a stump and stunned. The mahout had his thigh broken; but the *shikarie* was more frightened than hurt. We made the mahout as comfortable as we could on one elephant; and the four of us got on the other, and set out for our camp, which we knew was a long way off, and where we did not arrive till dark.

En route we had time to talk matters over, and to thank heaven for our escape. Wild elephants when *must*, lead, like many other brutes, especially gaur and buffaloes, a solitary life, and are then exceedingly savage and cunning, lying in wait, and endeavouring to kill any one or anything they can pounce upon. The one that attacked us was probably a foot higher than ours and nearly twice as massive. Fortunately, having no tusks, he had not done much injury to ours, beyond knocking him over at the first rush and bruising him a good deal about the shoulders; and though ours had a splendid pair of ivories, they had been blunted—that is, a piece had been sawn off, to prevent accidents; for even the quietest of elephants will sometimes give a vicious prod at

another male; so generally the tusks are cut every year or two; and though he had made a magnificent fight of it, he never had the least chance, as the superior size and weight of the other bore down all opposition; and if Thornton had not retained his presence of mind and my spare rifle, which he was holding when thrown off, and shot him dead with a ball behind the ear, as he passed by within a few yards, I should have been to a certainty trampled to death; our elephants killed one after the other, or driven far away; and not one of our party would ever have got out of the jungle alive.

We sent messengers to call O'Riley back; but I don't believe they ever went in search of him. We did the best we could for the poor mahout, whose leg we bandaged up with splints and strips of our sheets, which we tore up for that purpose. We wished to send him down the river on a raft; but the Karens refused to take him that way, as they said there were too many rapids, and they feared an upset. So we got a litter made, sent a Madras and a Burmese lad with him, and passed him on from village to village, until he reached a navigable part of the river, where he was put into a *dugout*, and reached Moulmein, as only a native would have done, in a far better state than any one could have expected; and eventually recovered.

All this occupied us a whole day; so it was not until the second day that we could go back to the scene of action, in the hope of recovering some trophy from the monster; but when we got within a quarter of a mile of him, we were forced to beat a precipitate retreat; for he was swollen to an enormous size, covered with filthy obscene birds; and already half putrid. So we left him, without even a hair out of his tail as a remembrance.

Thornton told us that an elephant four or five days defunct was a sure find for tigers; for every carnivorous brute for miles was attracted by the smell, and by the flight of innumerable vultures towards the carcass. 'Then is the time,' said he, 'to sit up; for tigers come too, and fight over the putrid flesh; and a friend of mine once killed three tigers thus in one day.'

The very thought of it nearly made us sick; and we vowed we would rather never shoot a tiger in our lives than do so under the circumstances mentioned.

The next day we moved camp towards the place where O'Riley was to meet us. Although, as a rule, rains set in early in May, scarcely any had fallen as yet, and the long grass was as inflammable as pitch; but this not being the season for burning, we anticipated no danger, especially as the inhabitants were few and far between. Thus taking our laden as well as riding elephants with us, we cut off a curve of the river, and marched across an uninterrupted plain covered with long grass, extending fully twenty miles in every direction. We had gone fully two-thirds of the way and had seen no game, when we descried some smoke to our right, which soon blazed out into flames; but as we were well to the windward, we thought nothing of it. Presently, it circled to our rear, spreading with amazing rapidity; and soon on two sides of us the vast plain was one sheet of fire, the flames curling heavenward, and licking the air with their fiery breath;

whilst darting amongst them could be seen kites, crows, and the little king-crows, though how they existed in such an atmosphere was a puzzle. Flakes of lighted reeds were floating about here and there; for as yet there was not a breath of air. Still, as our left and front were clear, and the flames in our rear appeared to be retreating rather than advancing, we thought nothing of it, beyond being a grand spectacle. We steadily pushed on, though the elephants were beginning to shew signs of fear, and would now and then spin round and face the flames, whence the reeds were bursting with reports like pistol-shots. Those conversant with fires must have noticed that often during an immense conflagration the wind gets up suddenly, and is most eccentric in its movements. At one moment there would not be sufficient air to move a feather; gradually a puff would come from our front; then a stronger one from the east; a stronger still from the west; then from the south—till in a few seconds there was a perfect tornado raging all round us, never consistent in its course for one second.

'Let us get on, for heaven's sake!' said Thornton. 'This is getting dangerous.'

If our elephants were restive before, they became almost unmanageable now; but our mahouts drove them on with the utmost speed towards the point we were making for, and we knew we still had two or three miles to go before we could be at our destination; but though the fire to our right and rear came now nearer, and again retreated, in accordance with the changes of the wind, our front and left were still clear. Presently, without any warning, flames broke out to our left, and spread with the speed of lightning, as it seemed to us, not only towards us, but to our front.

'Haste, haste!' cried my two brother-sportsmen, 'or we are dead men.'

The elephants seemed to know their danger, and swung along at their best pace. Thornton spoke to one of our *shikaries*, who was as pale as death, and whose teeth chattered in his head; and he muttered that there was a brake about a quarter of a mile ahead which in the rains was a vast swamp; and if we could get there before the flames, we should be safe from being burned to death, if we escaped being suffocated.

The fire now seemed to have surrounded us, and to bear down upon us from all quarters. Whichever way the wind now blew was equally deadly to us; the elephants shrieked aloud, and became almost unmanageable; for there is nothing they dread so much as fire. The situation was indeed critical. We were racing with death! We goaded on the elephants. It was a race for dear life. The hot wind and smoke obscured our vision, and almost choked us; our eyes were bloodshot, our lips parched; and as the flames came nearer and nearer, the heat was awful, and all but unbearable. Death, and such a death! stared us in the face. The flames licked up the very footsteps of our animals, who raced along screaming with agony. A forked tongue of flame, driven farther than the main body by a gust of wind, singed the sternmost elephant's back, and set the *guddie* on fire; our faces and hands were skinned, our hair singed, our clothes scorched; but not a word was uttered in our agony. It was the silence of death. Escape was impossible. The flames curl round our heads. We stoop forward to meet our doom, and pass

headlong into and through a fiery furnace. Our leading elephant going head-foremost into a hollow full of brambles and creepers, the others fall almost on the top of him, and their joint weight breaks down the obstruction, and we are safe, safe!—almost, but not quite. Much has to be done. The fire is close—too close. It is impossible to breathe the heated air and live.

'Dismount, and lie down,' shouts Thornton.

We all do so, to the best of our ability; but we are sore from many a burn, but thank heaven for the mercy vouchsafed to us. As heated air ascends, that near the ground is, comparatively speaking, cool. We feel instantaneous relief on measuring our length on mother-earth. The elephants force their way farther into the brake. The fire in the *guddie* has been extinguished. We remain long prostrate and helpless, and in vain long for water. No one is able to speak; our tongues are swollen, and glued to the roofs of our mouths—our lips parched and sore. We can scarcely see, our eyes are so inflamed with the heat and smoke. But at last the atmosphere clears up a bit, and a *shikarie* whispers that there used to be water in the middle of the brake; and under his guidance, we get up and stagger along in search of it, and, O joy inexpressible! we find a dirty pool, some ten feet in diameter and perhaps a foot deep, half mud, and in which, evidently at no remote period, a herd of buffaloes had been wallowing. But we think nothing of all this then; only rush into it frantically, drink it greedily, like nectar, and throw it over us; though I have little doubt the water which runs down the London gutters after a thaw would be filtered compared with it. But such as it is, we are thankful to get it. We look at each other for the first time since our escape, with wonder expressed in our eyes; for we are bereft of all hirsute appendages; eyebrows and eyelashes we have none; our hair is frizzled; the Europeans are burned black, the natives white; and so closely allied is the ridiculous to the sublime, that we laugh aloud in our misery!

Our elephants are in a pitiable state; the soles of their feet and their bodies are terribly scorched, their eyes sore. It is evident we cannot use them again after to-day. Allowing a few hours to elapse to cool the heated earth, we hit off a pathway, and make for the village we were bound for, and which we are assured is only a *dhine* or two miles off; and we crawl rather than walk there, only to find it a smoking mass of ruins; for the fire in which we so nearly perished had spread with such alarming speed, the poor people had been unable to arrest it, or to save a thing beyond the clothes they stood in. They had lost all they possessed. Their houses, with their granaries, had been burned, and they stood weeping and bewailing their fate. Happily no lives had been lost, as is but too frequently the case in these fires.

As if one element, fire, had not caused enough misery, another element, water, was now let loose upon us. The clouds gathered together, and the first storm of the season swept over us. Before we could adopt any measures to protect ourselves, we and everything belonging to us were wet through. As for the poor villagers, they huddled together in groups like drowned rats, vainly seeking shelter and warmth from one another. Only one build-

ing, a small *syat* or rest-house, far away from the village, on a mudbank, almost in the middle of the river, had escaped; and into this we thrust all the women and children, whilst we coiled ourselves up in our blankets and lay down in the rain all night. As is so often the case in Burmah after a night's continuous downpour, the sun arose in all its glory, the clouds disappeared, and all was sunshine once more. We distributed the few rupees we possessed amongst the people; gave the most feeble a tot of brandy apiece, and sent to a large Karen village for rice and other necessaries.

Though the Burmese and Karens are easily depressed, they are as easily elated. By twelve o'clock, a store of firewood and rice, cooking-pots, and the filthy *gnapce*—stinking salt-fish, which the Burmese consider a great relish—had been collected. The women were once more chattering merrily and cooking; whilst the men were searching among the debris for remains of coins, jewellery, &c., and setting aside such partially burned bamboos as would serve again to erect their frail structures.

Intent upon having some sport upon the river, we had to remain here two days, to get three rafts made—one for ourselves, one for cooking, and the other for our goods and chattels. The elephants we left where they were, as they were incapable of being moved.

O'Riley only arrived as we were ready to start. He had been detained longer than he had expected, and had heard nothing of our troubles. Rigging up a shelter over our heads, we made our raft very comfortable, and went at a great pace down stream, the Karens guiding the clumsy affairs capitally. We probably did from fifteen to twenty miles a day. On the 24th May we had reached an open part of the river, and anchored off a pretty spot. The bank on one side was steep—perhaps ten feet high—fringed with the pretty bamboo-like grass. The water was deep and slightly muddy. The shore opposite was shelving and pebbly, and it was said that occasionally animals came down to drink there; but none of us were pot-hunters, and cared little for night-shooting. The part of the Ghine where we were bore a bad reputation for man-eating crocodiles, called in the East *muggers*; but we had seen none, and thought nothing about them. We sat talking till about eleven P.M., when one by one we went to sleep. Tainton and I occupied the stern of the raft; O'Riley and Thornton the forepart. But this night O'Riley had his bed and mosquito-curtains rigged upon the shelving beach, telling us laughingly, not to allow him to be eaten up by tigers. The mosquitos were very bad; and probably about three in the morning, I awoke, and sat outside the shelter in an easy-chair, smoking a cheroot to keep off these pests. Tainton was lying down half dressed on a small camp-cot. I did not see Thornton. Presently I heard a slight noise on the bank on our side; and on looking up, saw first the huge ears, then the ugly muzzle of what I knew at once to be a two-horned rhinoceros. His chest was fully exposed as he looked down upon us; and without thinking, but chuckling at the chance, I quietly seized my rifle, which was lying beside me, and rapidly fired both barrels into him. Simultaneously with the report, the huge body toppled over, and we and all belonging to us were

ingulfed in the water. I was carried down amidst the debris of the raft a considerable distance before I could extricate myself; and being a good and powerful swimmer, struck out for the bank, when without the least warning, some monster seized me by the thigh, and notwithstanding my desperate struggles, dragged me under water. I fought hard. I knew I was in the clutches or rather the jaws of a *mugger*; and I endeavoured to turn round to gouge him, which I had read or heard of as having been done in America; but I was like a babe in his jaws; as the horrid brute kept dragging me down into the slimy depths, and I gave up all hope. But a greater monster than he made a rush at my captor, who, to defend himself, opened his jaws and set me free. I then quickly rose to the surface, and gave one despairing cry for help. I had barely taken a full breath, when I was again seized, this time by the ankle, and was again being dragged under water, when I felt a blow dealt at the reptile, and a strong arm thrown round me; and I was lifted to the surface and borne unconscious to the bank. When I came to, Tainton and O'Riley were by my side bandaging my thigh and leg, from which the flesh had been stripped off in great 'fids.'

And while my injuries were severe enough, the shock to my system was far greater. I was taken to Moulmein in a *dugout*. Brain-fever set in; I lingered for months between life and death; and for some time it was doubtful whether my leg should not be amputated; but youth and a naturally robust constitution carried me through, and I recovered sufficiently to be sent home for three years on medical certificate.

I found I owed my life to Tainton's courage and determination. When our raft was sunk by the falling rhinoceros, Tainton, as I before said, was lying down partially dressed and with his belt on, in which he always carried a favourite Arnachellum shikar knife. He sank with the raft; but coming to the surface, was swimming for a place where he could land, when I rose, and he beheld my despairing face and heard my appalling cry as I was dragged down again. He realised at once what had happened, dived knife in hand after me, drove his weapon into the mugger, and brought me out, as related.

What became of poor Thornton was never ascertained. Every search was made for him, and large rewards offered by Tainton and O'Riley; but in vain. I fear the rhinoceros fell on him and killed him on the spot, and that he was devoured by the crocodiles, which swarmed there. I have never ceased to accuse myself of being instrumental in his loss through my foolish and thoughtless act.

Before I embarked from Moulmein, O'Riley and Tainton presented me with the head of the rhinoceros, and that of the crocodile which my last-named friend had so gallantly killed. The former beast was found jammed between some rocks; and the latter floating down stream on its back, with the good Arnachellum blade buried to the hilt, behind the shoulder. But I cannot bear the sight of either, as I always think of poor Thornton's tragic fate, caused by my folly. But the trophies, together with the head of the gaur, found their way to my father's Hall, where

they are still preserved by my brother the Squire amongst his most precious relics.

Moulmein becoming hateful to Tainton after our disastrous trip, he threw up his appointment, and rejoined his regiment. My health never recovered its former robustness; but I was able to return to military duty, though with a game-leg; and six years and more elapsed before I met Tainton again. I was then in the Quarter-master-general's department, and we were on active service in the Southern Mahratta country. We resumed our intimacy; but alas! it did not continue long, for poor Tainton fell in action shortly afterwards. His death was so in keeping with his life, that I may as well relate it. We had been having constant desultory fighting, more skirmishing than pitched battles, and as usual, my gallant friend had kept with the advanced line, using his rifle with deadly effect on the enemy; for it was a chance if the wretched weapons our sepoys were armed with would go off, and the men depended a good deal on him. He was well—too well—known to the enemy, and they, in common with his own men, believed him to be possessed of a charmed life. At last one man determined to rid his race of this implacable enemy. He loaded his gun with bits of silver, iron, lead, and sundry charms, and stood behind a tree till the skirmishers, with Tainton at their head, were within a few paces; then stepping out, he shot the gallant leader full in the chest. Whilst in the act of falling backwards, Tainton instinctively raised his rifle and shot his foe dead. He himself died in Dr Mackay's arms a few seconds after. He was universally regretted; and every man and officer in camp off duty followed his remains to the grave. Thus died a man to whom I owe my life, and who was an ornament to the service he belonged to—a man who was indeed without fear or reproach.

I have little more to add. Changes which would not greatly interest the reader so disgusted me and many others, that we took the pensions offered us, and left a country which had been our home for the greater part of our lives. But of all my reminiscences, and they are many—for I served throughout the Mutiny, and witnessed its horrors—none is more vivid or frightful than that of my escape on the 25th May 1840 from the jaws of the crocodile in the Ghine. G. A.

POETIC PARALLELS.

THAT 'there is nothing new under the sun' is as trite as true; and possibly, when the Hebrew king said it, he was himself but repeating an ancient proverb. Boswell tells us that Dr Johnson was so convinced of the fact, that he thought of writing a book to demonstrate that the amount of invention in the world was very limited, and that really the same incidents and the same imagery, with but slight variation, have sufficed all the authors who have ever written. Unfortunately, the learned lexicographer never executed his idea; but the position he assumed was perfectly tenable. Thoughts are few, and run in grooves; and there can be no doubt that much which has been denounced as plagiarism is often quite as original, to the author himself, as the bulk of what the world receives as a genuine addition to its stock. Of course there is such a thing as real plagiarism,

or downright robbery; but with that it is not our present purpose to deal, our intention being to merely furnish some remarkable examples of poetic coincidences of thought; due, apparently, to that unconscious process of assimilation to which Johnson evidently referred.

The greatest poets have always been deemed the greatest offenders by the public; and no man's ideas have been more severely scrutinised by the critics than Shakspeare's. His contemporaries declared he had decked himself in their plumage; and their successors have traced many of his golden opinions to another origin; but unlike too many of his craft, nearly all he touched he improved. Shakspeare's similarities are too well known to call for instances.

Gray's *Elegy* has afforded much occupation for the coincidence-seekers, who declare it to be a mere piece of mosaic-work, in which every idea may be traced to former writers; and they prove their assertion. In some of the same writer's other poems, many curious similarities have been detected. If Gray, however, benefited by his predecessors' ideas, many of his successors have resorted to him for theirs. The Koran spoke of the angel Israfael's heartstrings as 'a lute;' the *Elegy* alludes to the heart as 'the living lyre;' Moore likens it to 'the harp of a thousand strings;' Edgar Poe, to 'the trembling living wire;' Charlotte Brontë to 'the human lyre;' and Béranger to 'a lute.'

Scarcely second to Gray in these unlucky parallels was Pope; indeed some one went so far as to assert that he was the greatest of all plagiarists. In support of this terrible accusation, much evidence can be adduced. In *Eloisa and Abela* is—

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven;
which is suspiciously like Davenant's—

Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in the sleep forgiven hermits are.

Pope's line—

I have not yet forgot myself to marble,
reads too like Milton's 'Forget thyself to marble,' to be purely accidental; whilst Sir Thomas Browne's words, in his dear old *Religio Medici*, 'Nature is the art of God,' sounds suggestive of the Twickenham bard's, 'All nature is but art.' Young, it may be remarked, apparently preferred the old form, as he reproduced it in his *Night Thoughts*, verbatim. Denham spoke of

The foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

Then Orrery followed with the simile:

Poets are sultans, if they had the will;
For every author would his brother kill.

Whereupon Pope wrote:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

The close resemblance of the lines beginning
Vital spark of heavenly flame,

to some that were written by Flatman, an almost unknown versifier of Charles II.'s time, has often been commented upon; whilst the well-quoted words—

The proper study of mankind is man,

have been traced to the French : 'La vraie science et la vraie étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.' From the French, from Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, has also been derived Pope's sarcastic line—

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread ;
although some deem it suggested by Shakspeare's—

Wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.

In explanation, if not in extenuation of Pope's adaptive proclivities, Thackeray urged that 'he polished, he refined, he thought ; he took thoughts from others' works to adorn and complete his own, borrowing an idea or cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, a stream, or any object which struck him in his walk.'

Sir William Jones, who, by the way, detected some close parallels in thought between Hafiz and Shakspeare, is credited with the poetic idea, of undoubted Oriental origin, that 'the Moon looks on many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one Moon.' This fancy, which bears some resemblance to an aphorism of Plato's, was probably in Moore's mind when he wrote :

The moon looks on many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this.

And the late Lord Lytton used a similar idea in the blind girl Nydia's song, where

The Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
But the Rose loved one.

But there is no need to go abroad for these transmissions of thought. It is really surprising how many writers will use the same idea without any material alteration, one after the other. A case in point is the oft-quoted line of Campbell—

Like angel visits, few and far between ;

and which, unfortunately for the later poet's fame, the ancients said before him. In Blair's *Grave* is—

Its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between ;

which is at least better expressed ; although perhaps the originator—so far as we have as yet traced the idea—has expressed it in the best way, as originators generally do :

Like angels' visits, short and bright.

One of Campbell's supposed borrowings was drawn attention to by Byron, who, not beyond suspicion himself in such matters, asked whether the origin of the far-famed couplet—

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue,

was not to be found in Dyer's—

As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear.

Certainly the rendering by the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* is the more attractive ; and it is more probable, if the idea was not original with him, that he derived it rather from a line in Collins's splendid ode on *The Passions* :

In notes by distance made more sweet.

As hinted, Byron has not been deemed free from all reproach in these matters ; but it must be confessed that few cases of close parallelism are discoverable between his ideas and those of his predecessors ; he has been more sinned against, in that respect, than sinning. Probably he had in mind Churchill's lines—

The gods, a kindness I with thanks repay,
Had formed me of another sort of clay—

when in *Childe Harold* he wrote—

Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

In his *Prophecy of Dante*, he used a favourite thought :

Many are the poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.

Wordsworth gave the idea as :

O many are the poets that are sown
By Nature ! men endowed with highest gifts—
The vision, and the faculty divine—
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

And our genial transatlantic friend Holmes, in *The Voiceless*, tells of

Those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

No man less needed poetic co-operation than Burns ; but a few close coincidences can be shewn between some of his best known thoughts and certain of his predecessors'. Perhaps the most popular idea the Scottish bard ever enunciated was—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that ;

but it is closely paralleled in these words of Wycherley's old comedy of *The Plain Dealer* : 'I weigh the man, not his title ; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better, or heavier.' A still closer resemblance is seen between the lines—

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O !

and this passage in *Cupid's Whirligig*, published in 1607 : 'Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice ; but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.' So closely indeed have the Scottish bard's thoughts been scrutinised, that even his epitaph *On Wee Johnny* has been traced to a Latin epigram of the seventeenth century ! Yet he probably never saw one of these productions.

It is a noteworthy thing that when famous authors repeat what has been said before, they do not resort to the works of their well-known contemporaries, but to forgotten or rare books. Such an instance of unconscious accretion was doubtless Moore's *Canadian Boat Song*—

Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,
from a couplet in Marvell's *Bermudas* :

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Brave old Marvell's thoughts have been mercilessly pillaged ; his trenchant satire on *The Character of Holland* supplied Butler, the author of *Hudibras*, with quite an armoury of invectives ; and many later poets have found the patriot's

verse a fruitful source for the supply of needed fancy. *The Dial of Flowers*, by Mrs Hemans, owed its origin, in all probability, to some lines in Marvell's *Garden*:

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new,
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

In the catalogue of unconscious parallels, the following singular case must not be omitted. *The Dropsical Man* is the title of a piece in Dodsley's collection of Poems, containing the line—

With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye;
in *Marmion*, Scott varies the idea thus:

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye;
whilst Lover, in *Rory O'More*, furnishes this version:

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye!

Again, Sir Walter in his *Lay* has adopted a line from Coleridge's *Christabel* just as it stood:

Jesu Maria: shield us well!

Nicholas Grimoald, a name to 'fame unknown,' but not unknown to Herbert, as he is quoted by him on the title-page of *The Temple*, wrote:

In working well, if travail you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain;
But of the deed the glory shall remain.

Herbert re-expressed the idea in his *Church Porch*:

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains;

and Sir Egerton Brydges, a man well read in old poetic lore, compressed the thought into one line:

The glory dies not, and the pain is past.

Whilst amid our ancient bards, it may be pointed out that the charmingly poetical passage in Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms—

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust—

was evidently suggested by this couplet in Shirley's magnificent *Death's Final Conquest*—

Only the ashes of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There is a fine thought in James Montgomery's *Home in the Heavens*:

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

But a very similar idea was expressed two centuries ago, by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester:

At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my West
Of life almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when Sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

But hark! my Pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells *Thee* I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

This fancy of Life marching homeward to the

sound of a stifled drum, is repeated in Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, where it is said our hearts

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Indeed, Longfellow's extensive reading and receptive mind but too frequently lead him into these luckless coincidences. The *Psalm of Life* is almost as much a piece of mosaic-work as Gray's *Elegy*:

Art is long, and time is fleeting,

is as old as Greek literature, although Lord Houghton and Longfellow both treat it as their own property. Sir Philip Sidney has: 'Fool, said my muse to me, look in thy heart and write;' and in his *Prelude to Voices of the Night*, Longfellow says:

Look, then, into thine heart, and write.

The Village Blacksmith has been traced to an old poem by William Holloway, running:

Beneath yon elders, furred with blackening smoke,
The sinewy smith with many a laboured stroke
His clinking anvil plied in shed obscure,
And truant schoolboys loitered round the door.

Here the few slight changes are artistically made: 'Elders' become 'the spreading chestnut tree;' 'the sinewy smith' has 'large and sinewy hands,' and the 'truant schoolboys,' as better children, are 'coming home from school.'

A REALLY GOOD CASE.

A LEGEND OF ST MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

EVERY one knows that St Michael's, as we shall take the liberty of calling it, is the largest and most celebrated of the London hospitals. It is situated quite in the heart of the city; and is about equidistant from London Bridge, Westminster, Gower Street, Smithfield, and White-chapel. I was student there, and there the happiest days of my life were passed. And now to my story.

A large number of the students had gone down for the short Christmas vacation, and I should have gone also, but was just then 'dresser' to Carver Smith, and could not leave town; moreover, it was my week of residence. I must beg you to remember, what is perhaps but little understood by the general public, that a large part of the watching and care, and a certain proportion also of the treatment of hospital patients, devolve upon assistants selected from the senior students. Some of the less important appointments, such as the 'dresserships,' are held by every student in turn; but the more responsible offices, some of which require twelve months' residence in the hospital, can only be gained by a few men each year; and for these appointments, which are esteemed positions of great trust and honour, and which are exceedingly valuable as stepping-stones to professional success, there is very keen competition. On the surgical side of the hospital, each of the four visiting surgeons had a resident house-surgeon; and to be Sir Carver Smith's 'H.S.' was one of the highest ambitions of a 'St Mike,' for Sir Carver was at that time one of the leading English surgeons.

A man named George Adams held the post at this time; and as he is the hero of my story,

so far as I have a hero, I will just say a word about him. He was one of those men that we occasionally meet with, who seem to stand head and shoulders above their fellows—very quiet and reserved, and when he chose, quite inscrutable. No one knew where he came from. But his very great ability, his calmness in all emergencies—I never saw him discomposed except once—his mature judgment, and his great kindness, won him the respect alike of the students, the nursing staff, and the surgeons. Under him were four dressers, junior-men, who assisted in the hospital under his direction. I was one of them. Each week, one of us in turn resided in the hospital; and as I said, Christmas week fell to my turn, and that is how I came to spend Christmas in St Michael's. I ought to add that there were four assistant-surgeons to the hospital; but their care was over the out-patient department, and it was only in the absence of the visiting surgeons that they had any duty in the wards.

Well, it was Christmas night, and our work for the day was done, except some late visits to the wards by-and-by; and of course any casualties that might turn up. But Christmas day is usually pretty slack in that respect. It is medical rather than surgical casualties that Christmas day produces. We had got up in honour of the day a little entertainment in an empty ward, for any of the hospital inmates who cared to attend and were able to do so.

We had a famous little programme. One or two of our residents could play and sing well; another had a curious facility in whistling to the piano; another was an amateur ventriloquist and prestidigitateur; and I fancy there were also some recitations and tableaux to come off. Also, there was one of the patients, an old sailor, who could sing in a grand rich stentorian barytone and bring down the house. Our chairman—Adams of course—had just begun, and was delivering himself in a semi-serious way of some very eloquent remarks, amidst great applause—for nothing pleases the lower classes better than a few oratorical flourishes—when, 'tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle' went a small high-pitched imperious bell. It was the accident bell!

Oh, ye lay mortals, ye little know how the social and domestic joys of a medical man are at the mercy of a bell! We invite our friends to tea, we welcome them, and anticipate a pleasant evening, and—there goes the bell! We come home tired and wet, change boots for slippers, and get comfortable by the fireside, and—there goes the bell! We turn into bed on a cold night, and just get warm and snug when—there goes the bell! My bell-experiences began that night at St Michael's, and I shall not soon forget it.

It was Sir Carver's 'taking-in week;' and his assistants had to attend to the accidents. Adams nodded to me; and off I went to investigate, knowing that it might be anything from a cut-finger to a railway smash. I found a scene of considerable excitement in the accident-room. Two policemen, aided by a crossing-sweeper and a cabman, had just brought in a patient, and some other spectators had pushed their way in out of curiosity.

'Just happened outside, sir; knocked down by a runaway cab, sir.'

'Lost a lot of blood; said it's a bad case, sir.' Thus the policemen.

'Ask Mr Adams to come down at once; and clear the room,' I said.

It was a young fair-haired girl of eighteen or nineteen, perfectly pale, unconscious, and almost pulseless. A strange contrast to her rough, swarthy, weather-beaten bearers. A deep wound in the neck was bleeding profusely; but on tearing open the dress, I found I could stop the hemorrhage almost entirely with my finger.

Adams was there immediately: in a minute he knew all about it, and had settled his course of action. Quietly he said: 'Send for Sir Carver. Take her to the theatre* at once. Ask the other men to come, and get everything ready for operation.' And then to me: 'Keep up steady pressure, and don't take your finger away for an instant.'

Nothing could be found out concerning her. No one was with her when she was struck down. She was very tastefully, though not expensively dressed. Her features were exceedingly regular and pretty, and when the colour was in her face she must have possessed a very considerable share of good looks. Nothing but a purse and a handkerchief were found in her pocket. The former was well filled, and the latter was marked 'E. Stead.' Adams said at once that she was a lady.

I do not know whether it ever happened before at St Michael's that on the occurrence of a sudden emergency, no one of the surgical staff was at hand. Strange to say, it happened so to-night. Sir Carver Smith and three of the assistant-surgeons lived close to the hospital; but in five minutes the messenger returned with the news that Sir Carver had been called to some aristocratic celebrity at the West End, who had met with an accident, and had taken one of the assistant-surgeons with him. The second was out of town; and the third, who had been left to act in emergencies, had been taken suddenly ill.

We had been discussing the case, and offering advice upon it with all that calm assurance which characterises embryo surgeons. But matters now became serious. Half an hour would suffice to summon one of the other surgeons; but it was plain that something must be done at once. We all looked at Adams, who had said very little hitherto, but had gone on making everything ready. He simply said: 'Begin to give chloroform; I am going to operate.'

'What are you going to do?' we asked.

He told us; but I will not inflict any details upon my readers, but will simply say that the sharp end of a broken shaft had made a narrow deep gash in the root of the neck, and had wounded a large artery. The operation contemplated, afforded almost the only chance of life; and to delay it any longer would, Adams said, be throwing that chance away. It was an operation of the highest difficulty and danger under the present condition of the parts; and could its performance have been anticipated, the theatre would have been crowded with spectators from all the hospitals in London. And here was a young surgeon of twenty-five, called upon at a few minutes' notice, to undertake what many a long experienced surgeon might hesitate to attempt; for it was impossible to perform it without much additional loss of blood;

* The operating-room.

and it was not at all improbable that the patient might not survive the operation, to say nothing of after-dangers.

Adams carefully explained to the other house-surgeons what assistance they would have to give him; and when the patient was ready, commenced at once. Perfect silence reigned, broken only at intervals by a word from the operator; but indeed he had little need to speak, for we were well drilled at St Michael's, and everything he needed was put into his hand almost before he asked for it. I think I can still see that quiet eager group of young men under the brilliant gaslight, standing around the pallid, slumbering, unconscious girl; and in the centre the young surgeon, cool, collected, with steady hand, without hurry, without hesitation, doing his work. I have witnessed many of the most brilliant operators in England, and of course have seen Adams himself many times in that theatre in later years; but I think I never saw that night's operation surpassed either by himself or by any one else. A special demand sometimes calls forth special powers, and acts almost like an inspiration; and so it seemed now.

In a short time it was done, and successfully done; and the patient was carried away to a quiet ward, where she was duly cared for by the nurse in charge, Adams, and Sir Carver Smith, who came later on. I think Adams stayed up all night.

Our miscellaneous entertainment did not come off; but we scarcely regretted the change of programme. In a place where accidents are hourly, and operations daily occurrences, one more or less seldom creates much excitement; and when I go on to say that this case excited more interest among residents and non-residents than almost any other case I ever saw in the hospital, I wish you clearly to understand that this fact was due entirely to the extreme professional interest of the case, and the great enthusiasm of St Michael's men for the study of surgery. At the same time I may state, although not particularly bearing on the question, that the patient was an uncommonly pretty girl; and day after day passed by without any light being shed on the question as to who she was and whence she came—circumstances quite sufficient to excite in a mind not preoccupied with such matters as burden the intellect of the average medical student, the liveliest interest and curiosity.

After the operation, she was at first too ill to be interrogated; and when she got a little better, she declined to give any information; at any rate none could be obtained from her. Perhaps she was a little 'queer' with feverish or hysterical excitement.

At the expiry of two days I went in to help with the dressings. She was very grateful for everything done for her, and bore her pain very well. For a long time she was in a very critical state. As the euphonious phrase of the young profession went, 'She had a very close shave for it.' At the end of three weeks however, she was in fairly smooth-water; and for the first time some of the clinical class went in with Sir Carver to see the case. He had hitherto said nothing on the subject of the operation. He was a man of few words; but one word of praise or blame from him was never forgotten by any of us. Turning to us from the patient,

he said: 'This, gentlemen, is a case of so-and-so;' and he briefly explained it. Then he added: 'Nothing but the most exceptional circumstances could justify a house-surgeon in this hospital in undertaking an operation of such importance. In this case, those exceptional circumstances existed. The operation is one of great difficulty and rarity. I have once, many years ago, performed it myself, and the patient died. Had my patient recovered, such a recovery would then, I believe, have been without precedent. But the gratification to myself of having performed the first successful operation, would not have been greater than is my gratification now at having under my care a case which will, I believe, recover, and whose recovery will be due without doubt to the prompt and skilful action of a St Michael's student, my own house-surgeon, Mr Adams.'

'Strong for Carvy, and good for Adams,' was the general comment. Adams pretended to be writing notes; but there was not one of us who would not readily have suffered 'ploughing' in our 'final college' to gain such a word from Carver Smith.

And now, my fair readers, if you will turn to the clinical report of this celebrated case in the pages of the *Lancet*, somewhere about March 18—, you will find it stated that 'after this point the case presents no features of special interest; convalescence was rapid, and the patient was discharged cured on the forty-seventh day after admission.' I therefore give you fair notice that you may lay down this record here and not read any further, unless you like.

Yes; she recovered rapidly; and prettier and prettier she grew as she got better. She talked very little, and said nothing at all to help her identification. Inquiry was fruitless, even though the case got into the newspapers. The interest among the students increased daily. It was reported that she was an heiress who had quarrelled with her guardian; that Adams was madly in love with her; that she was waiting for him to propose, and then would marry off-hand; that Adams knew all about her, but kept it snug. And the men got to chaffing him in a mild sort of way, wanting to know the 'state of the heart' and the chances of 'union by first intention.' But Adams was impenetrable. Personally, I am inclined to think that whatever the condition of his patient's heart might be, he was a little affected in that region. She was evidently very fond of him, and liked no one but him to dress the wound. Still the mystery increased.

At last one afternoon I was sitting in Adams's room in a leisure interval, when a lady's card was brought in. It had a deep black border, and bore the inscription: MRS STEAD, *The Cedars*. She wished to see Mr Adams. Immediately afterwards, the lady was shewn in. Adams motioned me to stay. She was a fine, tall woman of fifty, dressed in deep mourning, with hair just turning gray, a firm mouth, soft keen gray eyes, and a face combining intellect and kindness.

'Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr Adams?' she said.—He bowed.—She then produced a paper which gave an account of our famous case and of the part Adams had played in it.

'May I inquire whether this patient is still in the hospital? Can I see her?'

'Yes; certainly. Would the lady be able

to identify her? Would it not be better for the patient to see the card first, to avoid sudden excitement; that is, if the lady's visit were likely to cause excitement?

'Perhaps it would be better to take up the card, and say that Mrs Stead desired to see her.'

Wonderfully calm and self-possessed the lady seemed to us; and yet she could not entirely suppress some signs of emotion or excitement. She said that illness in her family had prevented her from seeing the papers for some time, or she would probably have been here before.

I took the card up and shewed it to the patient. She turned very pale, then buried her face in her pillow and burst into tears.

'Shall the lady come up?' I said.

I thought she sobbed out 'Yes.'

The visitor came up. Slowly and calmly she walked up the ward. The news had somehow got about, and several of the men found that they had business in that part of the hospital just then. The lady stood by the bed, and said softly: 'Elizabeth?'

The girl looked up, and their eyes met. One glance at that face was enough.

'Yes,' said the lady; 'I can identify her.'

'It is your daughter?' asked Adams.

'It is my cook,' said the lady—'Elizabeth Saunders.'

I think I said that I only once saw Adams considerably discomposed, and that was on the present occasion.

'I—I—thought her name was Stead,' he said, and his eyes rested on a pocket-handkerchief lying on the pillow. The lady's eyes followed his, and a slight smile played on her features.

Yes; it was even so. The acute scientific observer, the far-sighted young surgeon, famed for his diagnostic acumen, had seen through his case, but not through his patient. It turned out that the girl, being remarkably good-looking, and having acquired, from a previous situation in a nobleman's family, a very correct way of speaking and some very ladyish manners, was fond of dressing up in her holidays, and frequenting places of public amusement, where she usually attracted a good deal of attention. Her mistress having been called away from home to nurse a sick relative, had allowed her servant to go, as she thought, to visit her parents in the country; but the girl having her wages in her pocket, had preferred to remain with an acquaintance in London, where she enjoyed her Christmas holidays very much to her own satisfaction, until her accident put a stop to her manœuvres, or rather changed her field of action. Finding, as she recovered, that she was being addressed as 'Miss Stead,' and that she was the object of much interest and attention, it seems to me—judging by what experience of human nature on its female side I have since acquired—not very remarkable that she preferred to keep up the delusion; golden silence being her main line of tactics. And, fair readers, do you think it very contrary to your experience of human nature on its male side, that an otherwise exceedingly acute young man should be the subject of a delusion of this particular kind?

The lady spoke very kindly to the girl; and guessing, I fancy, how matters stood, said some

very graceful things to Adama. Subsequently, you will perhaps be glad to hear, she proved a very kind friend to him, and her influence was of no small assistance to him in his future professional advancement. She became, in fact, quite a mother to him, though not a mother-in-law.

I really do not know what befel the girl, except that, at her own desire, the lady obtained for her 'a situation in the country, out of the way of temptation;' and that she proved to be a faithful servant.

I am sorry to have to state that public interest in this case at St Michael's somewhat rapidly declined after Mrs Stead's visit; perhaps because, as the *Lancet* said, the interesting symptoms had all disappeared. But I said then, say now, and always will say, that it was, from all points of view, 'A Really Good Case.'

LOVE IN ALL

NAME the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of Love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gaily bounds
O'er the meads, where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west, mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth:
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love, creation first
Into glorious being burst:
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love!

ROBERT W. HAY.

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POACHERS AND POACHING.

ATTEMPTS are sometimes made to impart a degree of romance to the character of poachers. On the contrary, in our day at least, they are a good-for-nothing, idly disposed set of rascals, differing little from habitual thieves. Most of them, perhaps, carry on some ordinary profession. They may be small-tradesmen, artisans of some sort, mill-hands, farm-labourers, or workers on railways; but half, or more than half, their reliance is on securing game or salmon, which they have the means of turning into money. The plea to their conscience for delinquencies is, that the animals which they contrive to catch are wild, and belong to nobody. But this will not do. If any one has a right of property in game, it is the owner and occupant of the land on which they feed and find shelter, and not the individual who steals forth under night to take that which in no respect belongs to him.

Mr Richard Jefferies, has written a book called *The Amateur Poacher*, in which the poacher's character is noway minced. Poaching, he says, is no longer an amusement, but a hard, prosaic business, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, requiring a long-headed, shrewd fellow, with a power of silence, capable of a delicacy of touch which almost raises poaching into a fine art. In short, 'the poacher's idea is money, and he looks upon his night-work precisely as he does upon his day-labour.'

No doubt, the poacher in the pursuit of his avocation frequently displays a wonderful amount of cleverness—a degree of misplaced ingenuity and perseverance which, brought to bear on the useful arts of life, might be the making of him. No kind of weather deters him, for he has work for all weathers. If the night be fair and bright, he can find his way through the almost impenetrable blackness of the woods; and when the night is wet, dark, and windy, he has recourse to the wide open hills. He exhibits an amazing knowledge of the habits of the creatures he seeks to entrap, and sets his snares with a patience of

detail and dexterity of hand which would be praiseworthy were they put to a better use. He falls upon all kinds of devices to cheat the game-keeper, and will even fight with him when all means of escape fail, and the worst comes to the worst. No animal, however swift or sagacious, seems to be beyond his skill to capture. Even the hare is sometimes caught by hand, the poacher moving round and round the creature as she crouches in her form, drawing nearer and nearer in his circles, till at length he makes a rush and the animal is secured.

In the work of Mr Jefferies on the Amateur Poacher, there are numerous instances given of the curious plans and devices resorted to in the capture of wild animals, and the careful and acute methods employed by the poacher in getting his booty transferred from the field to the market. We have a pretty full-length portrait of one of this class, named 'Oby' or Obadiah, who 'lived with his grandmother in Thorney-lane,' and who, in his own language, 'larned to set up a wire when he went to plough when he were a boy, but never took to it regular till he went a-navigatin' [that is, working as a navvy], and seed what a spree it were.' He has been more than once in jail, yet still keeps at his malpractices.

The case of Oby may be taken as a typical one of the class. There are in each one of them the same caution and cunning, the same practised dissimulation, the same neglect of honest industry, and love of low and paltry gains, which are such ruinous features in the characters of most of the poaching fraternity. Now and again, the perpetrators of these malpractices are only saved from being utterly repugnant by the streak of humour which frequently gives to their character a certain sense of relief, and by the singular devices which they fall upon to escape detection. The poaching principle indeed formerly reached to a higher class of society than now. A few years ago a special inquiry was made on the part of the government into the operation of the Fishery Laws of the south of Scotland; and in the Blue-book that was afterwards issued

containing the evidence taken on that occasion, many amusing particulars are vouched for.

Salmon-poaching on the Tweed and its tributaries, though known to be a constant source of demoralisation, has seldom encountered any serious popular rebuke. In the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, the Rev. John Elliot, of Peebles, writing in 1834, says: 'Poaching is very little known. Salmon are killed at all seasons when found in the river; but unless an information is lodged with the sheriff-substitute or the justices of the peace, no notice is taken of the trespassers in close-time.' He also considers the leistering of salmon as a kind of amusement, requiring much skill and address, and as affording good recreation for those of sedentary habits. And Dr Macdonald at Innerleithen is quoted in the Blue-book as declaring his belief that the sending up of a large quantity of good food to the upper districts of the river, at a season when other sources of food-supply were scarce, was a wise dispensation of Providence. Cool remarks these to come from men of education, presumed to be guardians of public morals.

The slaughter of salmon in the Tweed by bands of poachers connected with the towns and villages in the vicinity of the river, is very considerable. As many as a hundred fish have been taken by one company from the river in a single night. As these fish might weigh from fifteen to twenty-five pounds each, it was sometimes no easy matter to get them transported from the river-side into town. A cart and horse were the most frequent means employed; but cases are cited in which a carriage and pair have been hired in an emergency, the better to escape detection. Hearses and mourning-coaches have even been utilised to cheat the river-police. What is thus done by gangs or companies of men, is also practised, though on a less deadly scale, by individuals, many of the latter being led thereto in the course of their angling pursuits, and apparently from no other cause than their inability to avoid the temptation of killing a fish when opportunity offered. One veteran who gave evidence before the Commissioners, and who had been both heavily fined as well as imprisoned for his poaching misdemeanours, said he could not help taking a fish when he saw it. 'It is,' he said, 'a sort of disease in me.'

The facilities of transmission by railway have largely increased every kind of poaching, and we may add pilfering, for boxes of game legitimately sent in presents to friends at a distance are sometimes apt to be tampered with. As a precaution, it is not unusual for the sender to inscribe on the direction ticket, 'This box contains three brace of grouse; if any be missing, let me know.' Game pilferers, however, have tricks to avoid detection. They are known to substitute poor thin birds for those that are plump and valuable. The following account of this species of swindling, given in a late number of the *Pall Mall Budget*, should be widely circulated.

'A curious scandal in connection with the grouse-trade was disclosed a few years ago. It was occasioned by the cunning of a family (a father and three brothers) who acted as guards on one of the northern lines of railway. These men bought from keepers, through the agency of a confederate, who shared in the profits of the swindle, all the poor grouse which could be

obtained: "cheepers," "piners," and "cripples" especially. These birds, by arrangement, were carefully packed and consigned to a dealer in the south. Half-a-dozen hampers, we shall say, having been filled with these outcasts of the moors, and duly labelled and sent to the station, were operated upon as soon as the train started by two of the brothers, who regularly travelled by the train as guards. These men opened all the other hampers of grouse sent by the same train, and selecting the largest and fattest birds, replaced them with "piners" or "cheepers." Boxes consigned to private individuals were first operated upon, because persons who receive presents of grouse do not usually look their gift-horse in the mouth, and therefore, in acknowledging receipt of such a present, say nothing about the quality of the birds. Dealers of course are not so reticent, and credit the account of the senders with the prices only which the birds are worth. The "oracle" was, however, worked in this way: the grouse sent as presents to private persons were first selected; and if there were not enough of these, the birds were changed and changed all round, till even the dealers could hardly make a complaint. The fine, heavy, half-dozen brace of plump birds consigned to Lady A. were at once seized upon by the two guards; but they could not put in their very "starvelings," because Lady A. was a judge of grouse. So they operated on all the other hampers till they "worked round," until in the end, of the thousands of birds sent forth by that particular train, the *crème de la crème* of the lot were found to be consigned to Messrs O. P. and Q., the consignees being X. Y. and Z. of, we shall say, Inverdeen. The price paid for the "cheepers" was at the rate of about sixpence per bird, the price credited was nearly eight shillings per brace—a most excellent rate of profit certainly!

Tricks of the kind here narrated mostly take place early in the grouse season; but are later carried on with partridges and other game. Of course, they can only be perpetrated in confederacy with men who make a regular trade of poaching, and who are known to realise considerable sums by netting and catching the weaker kinds of birds, to supply pilferers by train. To disguise their nefarious traffic, they use herring-barrels, trunks, carpet-bags, and other kinds of travelling apparatus not likely to be suspected. We believe that railway authorities do the best they can to check these depredations; and wherever practicable, they should be aided by the public. Sympathy with poaching, as with smuggling, indicates a depraved tone of feeling. Behind any apparent success which the poacher may achieve in his illegal traffic, there generally lurk the deplorable issues of a misused life—idle habits, a lowered morality, a wretched home, his wife neglected and abused, his children ill-clad, ill-fed, and uneducated. The state of our game-laws is not infrequently urged as the cause, if not the excuse for this unhappy propensity; but this cannot be held as any justification of a habit so fatal to everything like moral purpose and rectitude in the persons addicted to it. Poachers and poaching may for romance-writers have their picturesque side, just as the robbers of Spain and the banditti of Greece have theirs; but they are not elements which contribute to

the comfort and happiness either of the individual or of society; and it is to be hoped that the practice is one which the spread of education among the rural artisans and labouring classes, with its consequent elevation of feeling, will gradually tend to weaken and abolish.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was no fortuitous likeness, but a portrait.

LET me write down my words again. In all the devious ways in which my life has been guided, I can but recognise a Master Hand. I have been moved inexorably, here and there, against my will, apart from my will. The plan of my life has no more been mine than the words written by my pen this moment are dictated by it. And now in the halting-place of life at which I tell this story, I can see the plan which my unwilling movements here and there have traced, and I know that I was guided to a settled end.

It was a good and wholesome thing that I had to work for a living, and that my work was of such a character that it could not be done without a certain abstraction from all other thoughts than those which concerned it. It happened thus that the poison brought its own antidote. I was daily in some haunt of poverty or vice; and I set myself to shew that part of the world for which I worked how the world outside it lived and felt and thought. How are the rich and prosperous to know *how* to be merciful to the poor, if the press give the poor no voice? It is not three months since I learned for the first time in my life that there are thousands of people in England to whom railways are a real and a terrible grievance. There are countless problems in the life of the very poor of which the world has no conception, can have no conception. I set myself first to learn the more urgent of these problems, and to lay them out for popular study, believing that in the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, and that the solutions were likelier to be got at in that way than in any other.

I found one of the most troublesome of these problems on its way to a solution in the hands of an old acquaintance—Mr Hastings—who had purchased one of the worst human rookeries in all London, and had transformed it into decency. The place is known as Bolter's Rents, and stands on the south side of Oxford Street. There is a way through from it to the Seven Dials; and there are intermediate homes of villainy in the midst of which it is even now unsafe for a well-dressed stranger to shew himself alone in broad daylight. It was one of the natural results of my occupation that I was 'known to the police'; and a Sergeant of the force told me the history of Bolter's Rents so far as he knew it.

'I was on duty close by there,' said the Sergeant, 'years ago, when it was a real dangerous place to go into in the daytime. You mayn't believe it, but I was with the present proprietor when he made his first entry into the place. I was on duty in the night-time when he come up to me with a doctor. Theer was a feller took hill in the Rents; and the gentleman—Mr Hastings were his name, and I daresay you've heard of him—had been down with a nigger-servant which he kep'

at that time, which is since dead, I b'leeve. The doctor akshally wouldn't go down without a hoffer; and I went down with 'em; an' it turned out in the hoddest way that Mr Hastings knowed the sick party, which had come down in the world, from bein' a money-lender in the City, terrible. He's a-livin' there now. German Jew he is. Sweeps a crossing near the Marble Harch, and goes by the name of Tasker.'

I was startled to hear this, though I made no remark about it to the Sergeant, but kept my knowledge of the man's history to myself.

'Hif,' said the officer, who was very intelligent and very civil, 'you reely desire to 'ave a good look at the place, you can't do better than find hout a party by the name of Penkridge, which lives theer. Tell 'im *hi* sent you, an' you'll find 'im a civil an' respeckful feller.'

I sought and found the party by the name of Penkridge, who acted as a sort of porter to the place. It was his function to keep order, and to collect payments, and to overlook a certain amount of weekly scrubbing, which had now been for some years one of the fixed ordinances of Bolter's Rents. I found him, as the Sergeant had foretold, very civil and respectful.

'I'm quite a reformed party,' he told me in a whining way, which left me not so certain of his reformation as I might have been; 'I'm quite a brand plucked from the burning.'

I supposed—to keep him talking—that Mr Hastings had done much good there.

'Yes,' he answered; 'and so has Dr Brand's good lady, sir; and Dr Brand hisself, sir. O yes, sir; but the party's hand wot saved me, sir, lived in the place hisself, sir. It's the Duke, sir, as done most o' the good as 'as been done 'eer, sir. It was 'im as made me sign the pledge, sir, an' kep' me a teetot'ler this last eight year. Ah sir, if ever there was a saint as was a Dockman, it's poor Mister Jones.'

'Do you call Mr Jones "The Duke?"' I asked him.

'Oh, I do assure you, sir,' said Penkridge, 'he's quite the gentleman. They say as he had a million of money, sir, and lost it on the turf. Of course, sir, he's quite a poor person now, sir; but he needn't have been so, sir, if he'd have liked; for many a time, sir, Mr Hastings have said to me—"Penkridge," he says, as familiar-like an' as pleasant as you might say it yourself, sir, or any gentleman—"Penkridge," he says, "I wish you'd ask the Duke to live here altogether an' attend to the Rents," he says, "an' leave them Docks for good," he says.'

'And the Duke won't leave?' I asked. 'How is that?'

'Well, sir, it's like this,' said Penkridge. 'He doesn't like to be beholden to nobody. Not as he's proud. Oh, I do assure you, not at all, sir. But he's got that way with him, sir, and the kindest 'art as ever breathed.'

The man told me in his own whining way many stories of this broken millionaire's kindness and generosity; and when I left him, and passed from one room to another, I found that a mere mention of 'the Duke' drew forth praises. My curiosity to see so remarkable a personage, natural in itself, was stimulated by the constant statement, in answer to my inquiries, that he would speak to nobody but the inmates of the court. Mrs Brand,

her husband, the landlord, city missionaries, Bible readers—in all a score of people or more, had attempted to hold intercourse with him. He was, except for charity, a hermit, and was quite unapproachable. I determined that I would seek an interview with him; and consulted Penkridge, who responded, that 'Mr Jones had gone into the country, saying he might be away a week.' This was the first occasion on which he had spent a night away from the place, since he first came to it, many years before.

'But, sir,' said Penkridge, under the soothing influence of a shilling, 'if you'd like to see the party's rooms, sir, I've got a key as ud let you in, sir.'

My curiosity had been so keenly stimulated concerning the man, that I resolved at least to see the place in which he lived. Penkridge led the way up several flights of stairs to a dark landing; and inserting his key, admitted me to a chamber with a sloping roof, a clean-scoured floor, and whitewashed walls. A low trestle-bed, with coarse but clean clothing; a chest like a sailor's; a frying-pan, a teapot, a cup and saucer; a plate, with knife, fork, and spoon beside it; one chair and a little table—were all the room contained. The wall had been scratched in one place; and the powdered whitewash lay in a line along the floor, below it. I walked across and, without any purpose which I can recall, looked at the place which had been so cleaned; and Penkridge volunteered the statement that the inmate of the room was 'allays a-drorin' on the walls, an' scratching out of what he drored.'

'He used to do it when I lived 'ere with him, sir,' said Penkridge in his whining way. 'Faces, he'd dror, an' ladies an' gentlemen; pretty near allays the same ladies an' gentlemen, sir; an' one 'ouse he used to dror, an' trees an' things. I've told 'im many's the time, sir, as he might ha' made five shillin' a day if he'd ha' took to drorin' on the pavement, sir.'

'An artist?' I said lightly, as we left the room.

'You may well say that, sir,' my guide answered, locking the door behind him. 'You may well say that, sir, I do assure you, sir. I've got a take-off as he did o' me, sir, as couldn't be drored truer, not if it was photygraphed, sir.'

I said I should like to see it; and on my way out I paused at his door, and waited for the production of this work of art. He brought a half-sheet of dirty letter-paper; and I looked at it listlessly; but my eyes had no sooner fallen upon the paper, than my listlessness had vanished. It was an absolute and amazing likeness, and was produced by the least effort conceivable. The man who could have done this might have made a fortune as a caricaturist. It was drawn in that effective outline of which Wallis Mackay is the latest master, an outline which gives shadow and rotundity. I bought it for half-a-crown, and carried it away with me. It hangs before me now, a memento of that tragedy which it was my destiny to trace to its close.

Gregory had, after an enforced and lengthy waiting, fulfilled his promise; and this visit to Bolter's Rents was made on the Saturday on which he visited Hartley Hall. He came back late that night, and gave me in full the result of his interview with my uncle. He told me that Uncle Ben had at first obstinately refused to listen to any

evidence upon the case, saying that it had cost him grief enough and more, already.

'He said the indorsement was yours,' said Gregory, 'and that he knew it for yours, in spite of all the evidence in the universe. I told him I admitted that; but that the forgery was not; and that you had been fraudulently tricked into signing your name upon that sheet of paper. He answered in great excitement, that if I would prove that, he would give me a hundred thousand pounds; and said he would draw out a cheque for it that minute, and hand it over when I made the proof clear. I told him, in answer to that,' said Gregory, with a wink, 'that he'd better wait until the case was proved; and that then, if he liked, I wasn't too proud to be set down for a trifle in his will.'

The gist of Gregory's narrative lay in the fact that Uncle Ben was at that moment in London, whither he had come for the purpose of examining the forged signature, which he admitted he had not yet critically looked into, except so far as to enable him to pronounce it an imitation of his own. He had heard the story of Gascoigne's perfidy; but had promised that, if I wished it, and the tale proved true, he would let him go, and take no steps against him.

All this brought but little consolation to my spirit; and indeed, I would rather have continued to bear the blame, than have had it removed from me, to be transferred in such an unexampled load of treachery and baseness to Gascoigne's shoulders. Crime is a plant which has a thousand-thousand seeds, that fly, loose as thistle-down, and wide as the bounds of human circumstance can carry them, to breed corruption in uncounted hearts. Revenge, distrust, and many ulcers more were bred in me from the seeds of Gascoigne's guilt. I had cast away love and worship, and felt as though there were no more to give, and all men were unworthy.

When I remember what happened on the following Monday, I am filled with shame. But I am bound, if I tell this tale at all, to tell it fairly, and I set down that with the rest. I was alone in my chambers, and sore at heart, thinking of Gascoigne's villainy and Uncle Ben's faithlessness, when there came a knock at my outer door, and I found my Uncle Ben standing there. I gave him no greeting; and he followed me into my sitting-room, and set his hat and stick upon the table. I sat down, and would not look at him; and he stood there for a little time in silence. Then he cleared his throat once or twice, and called me by name. I made no answer; and again there was a silence for a space.

'Johnny,' he said at length, relapsing in his emotion—which surely should have touched me—into a broader accent than I had ever heard him use till now—'I've come to ax your pardon. Theer's no moor doubt about the matter. I do't suppose theer ever was anny; but I acted wrong, Johnny. We've hunted that theer Gascoigne up, an' we've found him out; and he's confessed; an' I've come straight up from him t'ax your pardon. I've let him off, for your sake, Johnny; and I've come up t'ax your pardon.' His voice melted me, but I would not speak. I am ashamed to tell the truth; but it was this, and this only, which held me back from meeting him at once with open arms. I was miserably afraid that men

would say or think—if they did not say it in my hearing—that had Uncle Ben been poor, I could have had no forgiveness for the wrongful suspicion he had held; but that since he was rich, I forgave him freely. And this fear held me silent whilst he waited, and silent still as his appeal went on. 'Johnny,' he said again, 'it broke my heart to think it of you. Be mine the shame, Johnny; it ain't no shame to you. Throw it all on me. I'll bear it. I deserve it. But I will say this, as never a uncle loved his neveu better in this wide world than I did. It broke my heart to think it of you. I take all the shame an' blame o' what I did, an' I take it glad an' willin'—glad an' willin'. I couldn't bear to think it o' my sister's child.' His voice broke, and he paused again; and I knew that he was weeping. Pride filled my heart, and though his tears should surely have touched me, I held my peace, and answered not a word. 'You're hard, to be so young,' he said again, after a long pause. 'But I deserve it. Oh, I deserve it; but it ain't what I looked for. I'm gettin' old. I ain't long for this world. You won't turn me away without a word. You won't let me go away without sayin': "Uncle, I forgive you!" I acknowledge as I was a wrongheaded old fool to think my lad 'ud dream o' such a thing. But I've suffered for it, Johnny; I've suffered for it.' Still my pride kept me silent, and he stood there waiting vainly for an answer. 'Good-night,' he said brokenly. 'I'll come again, when you've had time to think a bit. I do you justice. I've thought an' said a hundred times to-day as if annybody had brought a charge like that agen me, I'd never ha' spoke to him, not if he was dyin'. I know it's hard; but you'll forgive me in the long-run, an' I'll—I'll leave you for a bit, to think it over. Good-night, my lad, an' bless you always.' He lingered for a while; and then, finding me still obdurate, went away through the open doors; and I heard him pass down-stairs, and listened to his steps until they died upon the gravel of the pathway in the square. Then my shame and pity ran in upon me in an agony, and I would have given all I had to recall the last five minutes. But I told myself that the chance of reconciliation was gone, and stayed where I was, and nursed my miseries, and justified myself in my own mean mind, and bolstered the shameful purpose I had held to with spites and prides; and through it all suffered, I hope, as I deserved to suffer.

Uncle Ben came no more; but Will and Maud called upon me on their return from the continent, and begged me to be reconciled. I besought them in turn to leave that theme alone; but at last Maud drew from me the reason of my refusal, which indeed she had more than half guessed all through.

'You shall come with me to Uncle Ben,' she said; 'and neither of you shall say a word about it, but you shall be friends. "Let the dead past bury its dead," my dear.—Do you know who is with us at the Langham?—No? Your cousin Mary. You must let us take you back. You know,' she said, speaking apart to me, while Cousin Will stood outside smoking his cigar upon the landing-place, and taking an intense interest in the balustrades—'you know that Mr Fairholt's objections are likely to endure as long as your enmity to Uncle Ben.'

'There again,' I answered, 'you urge me to my own advantage. I must forgive a wrong to profit by forgiveness. You make it harder for me—not easier.'

'It is now four o'clock,' said Maud, ignoring my pride and my pettishness, 'and we have purchases to make. We will call for you at six. You will come, I know,' she said; and added sweetly: 'You can make us all happy. Come.'

I promised to answer her when she came again; and I accompanied them to the gates, and saw them drive away. Not knowing what to do with the two hours which were thus left on my hands, I rambled into Chancery Lane thinking, and determining more and more to ask Uncle Ben's forgiveness in my turn. Moved by this growing resolve, I walked on faster and faster, along Holborn and into Oxford Street, and was pushing along at a great pace, when a shabby, panting, breathless creature ran full tilt against me, and in the mutual recoil and stare, the man Penkridge and I recognised each other. I was going by, when, with wheezing haste, he besought me to stop a moment.

'What is it?' I said, a little angrily.

'Ho, sir,' he panted, 'no doctor as don't know me'll think o' comin', sir, for a cove like me. But the poor Duke, he's a-dying, sir, an' Mr Hastings he'd give anything to have him seen to proper. O sir, I've been for Dr Brand, sir, an' he ain't in, sir; an' I'm a-going to find the landlord, sir; an' would you, sir, for heaven's sake, go an' look at him?'

I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and wrote upon it: 'An urgent case. Please, accompany messenger. I will be responsible for medical charges.' I signed this, and gave it to the man. 'Run with that to the nearest surgeon. Bring him to Bolter's Rents. I will go on and see if I can be of service.' I walked hurriedly to the Rents, mounted the creaking stair, and found the room, with half-a-dozen people jangling noisily in it about the bed. One old woman was burning feathers, and another held a basin of water in her hands. On the bed lay the recluse, a venerable figure, with long white hair and beard. He was dressed, and lay motionless and unconscious, and there was a stain of blood upon his silver head.

'What has happened?' I questioned.

The noise had ceased at my coming; and one of the women answered in a whisper: 'Knocked down, sir, by a hansom. The cabman's give up his ticket to the pleeceman, sir.'

I ordered the burning feathers to be thrown out of the window; and then felt the injured man's pulse and examined his eye. He was unconscious, and his pulse was feeble. I despatched one of the women for brandy, and cleared the room of the others; and then sitting by the bedside, awaited the arrival of Penkridge and a doctor. I looked about the bare and almost empty room, and then back to the prostrate figure on the bed. The man's face was calm, and had a venerable and even a noble look; and I regarded it long and thoughtfully, for it seemed to stir in me a memory of some one I had known long since. Looking away with abstract eyes, I saw a face start from the whitewashed wall. I write of my impression. There was no face in the world I could less have expected to see limned there than this—for it was Polly's. It was no fortuitous likeness, but a

portrait, a reproduction in outline of the living face. It was but roughly traced in charcoal on the whitewash of the wall, but it was a master's work. Turning from this in a chaos of amazement, for which I can find no words, I saw above the low-browed fireplace a smaller sketch in pencil. Nearing this, I stood rooted before the almost living forms and faces of Will and Maud. They stood before me arm-in-arm, and the door of a church was indicated behind them. I went back to the bed, and looked again upon the man who lay there. The likeness I had dimly thought was there flashed out upon me. It was that of my cousin Will—a resemblance disguised by the form and colour of the hair and beard, but growing more authentic to me every second. In my agitation I scarcely knew that I spoke aloud: 'Frank Fairholt did not die in the Crimea. This is he!'

The man's eyelids moved, and the eyes looked out from under the black eyebrows wearily, as though they surveyed some misery grown familiar. And I knew him then, beyond all chance of doubt, for the dreadful stranger of my childhood's dreams.

A VISIT TO THE COREA.

IN those days of exploration, it is not surprising that a traveller should be adventurous enough to penetrate into the Corea, that vast and mysterious peninsula in Eastern Asia, tributary to China, which until quite recently shut its doors to all other nations, and where millions live and die, as their fathers did, with literally no change and no improvement in their lot. Several years ago, Mr Ernest Oppert laid his scheme before Mr Whitall, managing partner of a firm of British merchants in Shanghai; and it was arranged that the steamer *Rona*, chartered for Newchwang, should deviate from her course, and visit the Corea on the way; but as five days only could be allowed for the detour, it was expected that this voyage would merely serve to open negotiations, and enable Mr Oppert to make plans for a future visit, with the object of opening up the country to friendly and commercial relations with the rest of the world. The result of this and subsequent visits to this isolated nation is presented to us by Mr Oppert in a volume entitled *The Forbidden Land* (London: Sampson Low).

The voyage was safely accomplished; but the maps and charts then in existence being rather faulty, it was with some difficulty that the steamer neared land, passing many islands, and finally being anchored in Caroline Bay, near a little fishing village. A small party went ashore in a boat; and all the white-clad crowd that had rushed out to look at the strangers, vanished up the hills as fast as possible, overcome with terror at their first sight of a steamboat, and leaving only a few old men, who were too feeble to escape, one of whom approached carrying a brazier with burning charcoal—possibly to exorcise the evil spirits, for which they took the strangers. Kindly looks and the friendly words of a Chinese interpreter soon put the people at their ease, and one by one the fugitives returned, shewing signs of intense interest in the foreigner. Next morning, the *Rona* proceeded on her voyage, making several ineffec-

tual attempts to discover the mouth of the river leading to the capital, a city called Saoul. The natives were always found kindly and well disposed; but more anxious to ask questions than to answer them, the threats of the government making them afraid of giving information to the foreigners.

After many preliminary ceremonies, Mr Oppert stated his intention to proceed to the seat of government; but the Chinese interpreters positively refusing to stay with him, made the matter an impossibility; and thus ended voyage number one, after gaining some information likely to be of future use, and having the satisfaction of learning the desire of the people to have this exclusive policy ended, their desire of greater freedom being only equalled by their dread and hatred of the Regent.

On the extinction of the Ny dynasty, the queen-dowager adopted a boy of four years—a distant relation—as the future king, nominating a council of Regency to govern during his minority, the father of the boy being one of them. Ambitious and unscrupulous, this man soon managed to get the reins of government into his own hands, and ruled the people with a rod of iron. More than a century before, the Roman Catholic religion had been introduced by some Coreans attached to the Embassy at China; and owing to the low moral character of the native bonzes, who brought the worship of Buddha into the utmost disrespect, the new religion made great progress, thousands professing its doctrines, which were favourably regarded by the then reigning family. But this new Regent, cruel and suspicious, afraid of any enlightenment which might threaten his despotic authority, caused nine Roman Catholic priests to be arrested and executed; while the other three fled into the mountains and forests, and escaped after many dangers. A general massacre of the native Christians took place in 1866, when they were put to death by thousands; while whole villages were depopulated. The news of this dreadful event reached Mr Oppert on his return to China, and fully accounted for the mandarin's anxiety to get him out of the country, where such a cruel and uncalled-for persecution was at that very time going on.

Undeterred by these tidings, and firmly convinced that a brave attempt only was needed to open up this forbidden land, our traveller again made ready, procuring a suitable steamer of light burden for ascending the unknown river leading to the capital. With a complement of six Europeans and nineteen natives, the *Emperor* set sail, reaching the Corean Archipelago on the fourth day, and again anchoring in St Jerome Gulf, where their old friend Kam-ta-wha paid a visit of ceremony, which resulted in nothing but fair words. He desired Mr Oppert to wait until he forwarded his despatches to the government; admitting quite coolly that, never expecting to see that gentleman again, he had not thought it worth while to send on the papers. Considerable astonishment appeared on his face when told that it was of no consequence, as Mr Oppert was himself going on to the capital to open negotiations with government; an act of daring which appeared to exceed the mandarin's powers of belief.

Captain James of the *Emperor* when on shore, was approached in a strange and furtive manner

by two Coreans, who placed a letter in his hands addressed to Mr Oppert; and it turned out to be written by M. Ridel, one of the three French priests who had escaped with their lives, and who begged the strangers in the vessel to take pity, and help them out of the country. A reply was written to M. Ridel, offering any assistance possible, and giving a sketch of the probable route of the *Emperor*, so that they might make plans to get on board. M. Ridel's letter was several months old, and it appeared to have been written after the *Rona* was seen on the coasts, so that the poor creatures had been hunted in the wilds for many months, escaping death by wild beasts as by a miracle. The Coreans who brought the letter were taken on board and kindly treated, the very Lascars rushing up to shake hands with them, in admiration of their brave conduct. 'And it was a touching sight to see a poor, rough-looking, and worn-out native sit down and indite Latin letters as if he had done nothing else all his lifetime.' The attachment, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the native Christians deserved all praise and honour; and from these men Mr Oppert received 'an accurate and detailed account of the present state of affairs in the country, and learned something of the terrorism which reigned there.' Hearing of Mr Oppert's desire for a pilot, one of the men, who was a sailor, willingly offered his services, but required to go on shore; and alas! when the next day came, the man never made his appearance, having doubtless been forcibly detained by the authorities.

Deprived of a pilot, the progress of the steamer was necessarily slow, and landing at various points to make inquiries, which the people would have answered frankly, but the untimely appearance of some representative of government shut their mouths at once; and after proceeding for eighty miles without being able to discover any signs of the river, the spirits of the explorers fell to zero, and Captain James was for beating a retreat, on the principle that perhaps there was no river to find! A day was required to overhaul the engines and examine into the state of the coal bunkers, as it seemed that the stock was disappearing more rapidly than had been expected; and while this was being done, Mr Parker, the chief-officer, volunteered to go in the cutter and survey the coasts, in the faint hope of discovering the as yet invisible mouth of the Kang-kiang. Illness kept Mr Oppert from accompanying the party; and in a fever of expectation, he waited the return of this forlorn-hope. Thirty-six hours had been fixed; and when that time passed, and hour after hour slowly followed, anxiety became almost unbearable. At last a ringing cheer announced the return of the cutter and the safety of the men; and soon came wafted over the sea the welcome shout: 'The river! the river!'

Mr Parker reported that falling in with some fishing-boats, the captain of one of them gave him a sketch of the position of the banks, along with such clear directions, that he had found the entrance without difficulty. All then became life and spirit on board the *Emperor*; and starting with fresh courage, in a few hours later the islands were rounded, and the steamer entered the long-sought-for river. 'Steaming now close along the shore, a varied and beautiful scenery developed itself to our sight; pretty, well-cultivated valleys, changing

with thickly wooded hills, running down in steep precipitous masses to the water's edge, while high summits of mountain-ranges towered in the background. Many large and small villages are on the main shore, shewing signs of much life and activity, their inhabitants crowding up the hill-sides to gaze at the foreign vessel moving up the river without a sail. The whole country seemed to be alive and stirring; of a sudden, thousands on thousands flocked together on all sides; their white garments, the highly picturesque scenery, in the first glow of a fine clear summer morning, all combined to make it a sight never to be forgotten.'

The navigation was difficult; and landing at a large town, the chief official—a villainous-looking fellow—declared that this was not the Kang-kiang at all; that they were thousands of *li* away from the capital; and in every way tried to induce the travellers to turn back. At the same time, a Corean came astern in a small boat, and requesting an interview, stated that the official was a bad man; 'that we were now about fifty miles from Saoul, and that all the people were glad to see the foreigners, and wished to warn them not to believe what the head-man said.' Thanks to this native's daring, the travellers pushed on, and succeeded in reaching the largest town they had yet beheld, where immense crowds gathered, and a group of high officials stood on the shore surrounded by soldiers and flag-bearers. 'On nearing the shore, we could perceive the expression of utter astonishment, nay, almost of terror, with which our approach was regarded.' Walking up to the official apparently highest in rank, 'I took his hand, and gave it a hearty shake; then putting my hand on his arm, made him understand that I had come to invite him on board the steamer and favour me with an interview there.' A smile soon shewed that the chief had been won over; and during their visit everything passed in the most amicable manner, the Coreans shewing the greatest interest in everything new and foreign, and listening to Mr Oppert's desire to open up the country to friendly relations with the rest of the world, in a gracious manner, signifying their personal acquiescence in his wishes, but referring everything as usual to the government.

Finding, from the report of an officer who had been sent farther up the river, that navigation soon became almost impossible, Mr Oppert agreed to the wishes of the mandarins, that he would remain where he was until envoys should come from Saoul with the answer from government to his demands; the fact of there only being enough coal on board now to convey the *Emperor* back to Shanghai, being a most urgent reason against proceeding farther up the river. The four days of waiting were spent in the most friendly intercourse with the natives, who were delighted with gifts of little mirrors—glass being an article entirely unknown among them, highly glazed paper, of which the native manufacture is very fine, taking its place in windows and doors. On the morning of the third day an extraordinary commotion was observed on shore; and, introduced by the governor of Kangwha, the two envoys with their secretaries made their appearance; and after the customary formalities, Mr Oppert in a plain and forcible manner stated that he had come in a friendly spirit to ask the government to open the

country to friendly and commercial relations with other countries, touching on the profit and benefit which would accrue to the Corea from a more enlightened policy. To make a long story short, the government shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders to those of the Chinese Emperor, stating that they could make no change without his sanction. For many years Corea has been entirely independent of Chinese supremacy, so this proposal was merely a feint to gain time or to postpone indefinitely the negotiations.

Thus ended the second voyage, which merely confirmed the first impression that the people of all ranks and classes were eager for more freedom; but it required more urgent measures and a more formidable menace to force from the Regent an entrance into his Forbidden Land.

Mr Oppert's third voyage was undertaken in a much more romantic manner, but unluckily had the same abortive result. M. Feron, one of the three escaped missionaries, who had been eleven years in Corea when the massacre took place, represented to Mr Oppert that the only way to overawe the Regent was to obtain possession of certain holy relics, which were thought to insure his future, and were highly treasured as the source of his power. To hold these until treaties were signed, and the country free to trade with foreigners, and free to worship whatever the people chose, and it was believed that the Regent would agree to anything which would again place him in possession of these sacred and valued relics. Arrangements completed, a third descent was made on the coasts of Corea; and a strong party landed, and proceeded to the secluded spot where the relics were enshrined; but alas! all the representations of the ease by which they were to be obtained had been exaggerated; and after a body of men worked hard all day at the earthwork by which it was surrounded, in place of a door, an immense block of stone was found fitted into the wall, and there were no implements at the disposal of the assailants for displacing this formidable obstacle. A retreat was therefore resolved upon; and all the bright dreams were suddenly dispelled; for of course it was impossible to make a second attempt, as by this time it was well known that the Regent would send his troops to guard the treasures, and it would be impossible for an unarmed party to achieve success. Secrecy and rapidity were the only elements likely to win the desired end, and now secrecy was no longer possible, as the country was swarming with crowds, who openly expressed regret at the failure of the enterprise.

M. Feron was especially grieved that his design for returning to his beloved Coreans was thus frustrated, and it was resolved to make one more attempt; and a despatch was forwarded to the Regent entreating him to reconsider his decision, and entertain the proposals of a treaty of peace and friendly commerce. The attempt was again fruitless. An unfortunate circumstance caused a sudden retreat of the party. When most of the travellers were on shore, the men strolling about the town, while their superiors were conferring with the chief officials of the place, and the party were about to re-embark, it was found that one of the men had stolen a calf. Mr Oppert offered to reimburse the owner for the loss, and was standing arranging the terms, when a shot

was fired from the wall of the city, followed by another and yet another. The sailors made a regular stampede to the boats, a Manilaman being killed and several wounded; and all got away as fast as possible, for it was no joke to have five hundred soldiers firing away as hard as they could. This was the first appearance of hostility, and was no doubt dictated by the Regent's orders, in revenge for the attempt on his relics; and as nothing further was to be gained, the Emperor steamed back to China.

Since these events, the Japanese government has been successful in gaining important concessions; and by the terms of a treaty lately signed, the Japanese are now entitled to send a permanent resident to the capital; three ports are open to vessels from that country; and liberty is given to survey the coasts, a right likely to be of great service. What Japan has gained, other nations may as easily secure; and perhaps before long Corea shall cease to be known as 'The Forbidden Land.'

CECIL'S MISTAKE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EDGAR TRESILLIAN was one of Fortune's darlings; so at least said every one who knew him. He was five-and-twenty, handsome, well endowed with brains, popular with each sex; the only child of one of the most wealthy and highly respected bankers in London; and as yet he had not known a care. Look at him, as he lounges into the breakfast-room of the handsome great Kensington mansion his father has lately taken. Did you ever see a better specimen of a fine young Englishman of the period? Tall and slender, with a lazy, careless grace of manner; dark eyes, hair jet black, and a slight dark moustache. He looks very lazy; perhaps you might suspect him to be self-indulgent. But for all that, Edgar Tresillian is a true gentleman, when you get at the real man under these little affectations. He is kind, even tender-hearted; gentle to the old and the very young, honourable too; and with a genuine scorn of anything base, mean, or degrading. The breakfast-room is empty; the table only laid for one. Mr Tresillian the elder is *Ap* and in the City before his indolent son has rung for his hot-water. What does it matter? the father says. He likes his boy to enjoy what his industry has provided for him.

Edgar took up the letters lying in a little pile by his plate, and turned them over. He tossed the business-looking documents on one side, and glanced over the invitations carelessly. But there was one directed in a clear round woman's hand he picked from the rest with some interest. 'I wonder what Cecil has got to say to me?' he said to himself. 'It isn't often my little cousin honours me. Perhaps it is only in her mother's name—invitation to some dance or picnic at Richmond.' As he opened the envelope, he saw with surprise that it contained a closely written letter, beginning abruptly. 'Yes,' it said, 'you have found out my secret. If it were any one in the world but you, I would deny it even now; but you would soon find out I was deceiving you. And after all, is it so shameful for a girl to love a man who does not care for her?'—'Good

heavens !' Edgar ejaculated in dismay, letting the letter fall from his hand. 'Can it be possible that Cecil Maynard writes like that to me?' He read on however. 'I will be honest, and have it out ; and then you must never, never as long as you live, speak of it again, or I think it will kill me. I can't help it. I know I am a fool—anything you like ; but—murder will out—I am in love—(there's plain old English for you at last, you see) with Edgar Tresillian. Now, Olive, if you ever breathe a word of this, I do believe I am capable of killing you.'—'Olive !' cried Edgar. 'Then the letter is not to me ! What have I done ?' He turned the sheet over quickly ; it ended thus : 'Well, I have scores of other notes to write, so I must bring this scrawl to an end. Excuse it, dearest Olive ; put it all down to the horrid state of mind in which it was written. I feel as if my face never would grow cool again, after what you said last night ; and believe me always your affectionate but idiotic friend, CECILIA MAYNARD. Tuesday evening.'

'Let me think now,' Edgar said to himself, folding up the poor little traitorous letter with remorseful care. 'I have got into a pretty scrape ! Cecil must never find this out. It is as plain as possible to me now. She has put a note for me probably into the envelope directed to Miss Denzil ; and Miss Denzil's letter has found its way, by a most unfortunate mistake, to me ! What is to be done ? The first thing is to keep it from Cecil. Poor dear little girl ! I would not have her hurt for worlds. So she is in love with me ; and all her defiant, proud, saucy ways after all come to that ! I never for one second imagined it. If it had been Olive Denzil now—the worst of it is, I am mortally afraid I prefer Olive to Cecil, who prefers me ! And yet, Cecil's happiness is the first thing. If she loves me, I do not see what I can do but offer myself to her. No such great sacrifice on my part either. I have known and been fond of her since I was in jackets and sent her valentines. My "little wife" I used to call her. Strange if she is to be my little wife after all !'

Edgar Tresillian did not eat much breakfast after this disclosure ; his thoughts were busy with the past and the future. Much that had been enigmatical to him was plain now ; and he would make Cecil happy, and flirt no more with Olive. Involuntarily, he sighed as this resolve passed through his mind. Olive was very fascinating, though he did not believe in her as he did in Cecil, who was true to the heart's core. He knew that Olive had not very much heart ; but she was so 'taking,' and always knew exactly what to do and say. Cecil was a little bit shy and abrupt sometimes, and would get huffed and say snappish things. Never mind. He had quite determined. The first thing to be done was to see Miss Denzil, and set the matter right with her, and then he would go to Cecil. After all, it was something to have a purpose in life. He was almost tired of the endless round of pleasure that year after year had brought him. The next question, he thought, as he pushed back his chair from his scarcely touched meal, was, how to get at Olive without any one else being there ? He was to have met her, and Cecil too, that evening at Mrs Appleton's ; but he dare not put it off till then. The end of his cogitation was that he must call in Monteagle Square directly,

and get a minute with Olive somehow. Edgar went out with more energy than usual ; the thought of sparing Cecil pain, of giving her happiness, roused him to resolution of purpose.

The fates were propitious to him that morning. The servant told him that Mrs Denzil had driven out with the young ladies ; but Miss Denzil was having her singing-lesson ; and if he would sit down in the drawing-room a minute, she would be disengaged. So Edgar sat on the sofa, feeling a little bit nervous, for almost the first time in his life, and looking very handsome, and with a slight flush on his face, as he leaned back, tapping his boot with his cane. The folding-doors were closed, and from the back drawing-room came the sound of the piano and the clear, brilliant, bird-like notes of the singer. Edgar did not think of the music ; he was only impatient for it to cease. At last Signor Rossi took his leave ; and the folding-door swung back to admit the entrance of Miss Denzil.

'You here, at this time, Mr Tresillian !' she cried with a pretty surprised look, stepping forward and giving him her hand. 'What very important business brings you, pray ?' Something in the young man's heightened colour and confused look struck her as she looked in his face ; her own colour rose slightly—very slightly—Miss Denzil generally kept her face in excellent control. She was a striking-looking girl, tall and slim, with an ivory-white skin, and eyes that seemed able to express anything at will. Edgar noticed the faint, soft colour that rose to her face, and he felt that he was getting on dangerous ground. He saw that Olive misinterpreted his errand ; and he stammered dreadfully as he spoke, drawing Cecil's letter from his pocket.

'I—I believe, Miss Denzil—you must have received a note which puzzled you from—from my cousin Miss Maynard, this morning.'

'From Miss Maynard ? From Cecil ? Indeed, I have received no note.' She looked wonderingly at him, completely at a loss ; and he paused too, scarcely knowing what to do. 'What makes you think I have heard from her ?' she asked again.

At that moment, oddly enough, the postman's rat-tat sounded. 'Perhaps it was delayed—perhaps that is it,' muttered Edgar.

Olive looked more and more surprised—a faint frown crossed her forehead. Had Edgar Tresillian come to call just to ask her if she had heard from Cecil Maynard ?

He hurried into an explanation, very awkwardly. 'The fact is—you will wonder what I am driving at, Miss Denzil—I received a letter from Cecil which was intended for you. The envelopes were wrongly directed. This is the letter. But do not read it, please, till I have said a word or two.'

The servant entered at this moment with a note, which he gave to Olive. 'Yes ; it is from Cecil,' she said. 'Shall I open it ?'

'Please, do. You will find that it is intended for me, I believe.'

Miss Denzil read aloud : 'DEAR EDGAR—Mamma asked me to send you a line to say she will not be able to go with us to Hampton, as we talked of doing on Thursday ; so of course it is out of the question, as we have no other chaperon on hand. She wanted me also to ask you if you can persuade Mr Tresillian to come to dinner with us on Friday, as an American gentleman is coming

with whom she thinks he would be pleased. She will be glad to see you too, that evening. Dinner at the usual time.—Yours always truly, C. M.'

'Yes; you are right, you see,' said Olive, holding the note out to him. 'Now for mine. What a funny blunder Cecil has made of it!'

'This note is yours,' Edgar said earnestly, withholding it a moment; 'and yet—now I have seen it—I feel as if I should like to ask you to put it in the fire unread. But perhaps candour will be the best in the end for all of us. I know I can trust to your generosity, when you have read that letter. Cecil makes a confession to you which has opened my eyes to what is a great happiness to me. I can't say what I mean more plainly. Please, read it—it will explain itself. Don't think me a coxcomb, and spare Cecil; but I need not ask you that.'

He got through this speech very lamely; and as Olive slowly read the letter he gave her, he waited with his eyes fixed upon her face. But it was not an easy face to read. She placed the note in her pocket, raised her eyes to his, and said quietly and coldly: 'Well?'

'I am going to trust you with a secret of mine now,' he said, his eyes falling under her steady gaze. 'I hope to be able to tell you soon that Cecil is to be my wife. I won't insult you by asking you to keep my secret from her. You are her friend, and I know she is safe in your hands. I should be miserable if I thought she knew that I had read that letter! Dear Miss Denzil, we are both in your power.'

'So that unfortunate mistake of Cecil's has brought to light a very fortunate discovery,' Olive said, with rather a scornful little laugh. 'You have found your own feelings out, as well as hers.'

'I have always been very fond of Cecil,' he replied half pleadingly. Olive's voice was a trifle sad, and it touched him more than he dared own.

'Well,' she said, 'I am very glad then it seems likely to end so well for you and her. Cecil will make you very happy. Now you know so much, I suppose I may as well tell you what brought this note to me. I was blaming Cecil a day or two ago with not trusting me, with being so reserved with me. She owned to being—well, to caring for some one—and I suppose she thought I was vexed with her. It was all foolish girls' talk, which there is no use in going into. I wish you joy, Mr Tresillian, and Cecil too. It is perhaps a little sad to look at happiness through another's eyes; but few people are born under such a lucky star as you and Cecil!'

She held out her hand to him. Poor fellow, he was almost traitor to his resolve as he pressed that slender white hand. For a moment the desire seized him to draw her to him—to give up all idea of making Cecil happy, to think only of himself; but he released the hand, and with it he let drop for ever the thought of Olive Denzil's love. Only a few more words passed between them; and before many minutes were over, Edgar was again in the square; the door, of what had sometimes seemed a sort of Paradise to him, was closed, and he turned his thoughts determinately on Cecil Maynard—and duty.

That evening, at about ten o'clock, Edgar entered Mrs Appleton's rooms, where were assembled the

usual well-dressed crowd of ball-goers. A good many eyes lingered on him as he made his way through. There was not a handsomer young man in the room, and he looked even handsomer than usual that night, for a certain excitement gave just what he generally wanted, animation. Two girls were standing together. One, tall, slender, in white silk, with bunches of exotics here and there, was Miss Denzil; the other, smaller and less striking, though not without attractions of her own, was Cecil Maynard. She had a sensitive face, which was almost too true an index to her thoughts; dark-blue eyes, honest and tender—a little wistful too—brown, wavy hair; a complexion which made a pretty contrast to Olive's ivory pallor. Cecil always felt annoyed with her own tiresome trick of blushing; other people thought it pretty enough. Something now in Edgar's intent look as it fell upon her brought the eloquent, foolish flush almost to her forehead, which Olive's slight, sarcastic smile did not tend to diminish. Possessing himself of Miss Maynard's card, Edgar quietly returned it to her with the initials E. T. opposite every round-dance. Olive turned away to bow to an eager partner hurrying forward; and Cecil looked doubtfully in her cousin's face.

'What do you mean by putting me down for all these, Edgar?' she asked simply.

'What do those hieroglyphics generally mean?' he answered, smiling.

'But if I dance with you all those times'—She stopped.

'Well, if you dance with me all those times, what will happen, Cecil?'

'Mamma will not be pleased; and—besides'—

'Well?'

'People might wonder,' she murmured.

'Never mind that. Come now; don't be disagreeable, and spoil my enjoyment! Let me have one perfect evening to-night, and don't think about what comes after.'

'How foolish to talk like that, Edgar,' returned Cecil, severely. 'You need not treat me as you do other young ladies; we have known each other too long.'

'How do I treat other young ladies, pray?' he asked, laughing. 'I assure you, I don't intend to do so.'

'You know what I mean. You need not take the trouble to flirt with me.'

'Do you call it flirting to want to dance every waltz with you? I do not. I never have flirted, never want to flirt with you, Cecil.' Something gravely tender in his tone struck her strangely. She had never heard him speak so before. She raised her clear candid eyes to his; but met there so soft an answer, that they fell again beneath it, and the hand upon his arm began to tremble. They did not take many turns in the waltz; Edgar was lazy, and said it was too hot to dance; and before very long he had established his partner in a quiet nook of the conservatory behind a great orange-tree, where two low seats were most conveniently placed. As they disappeared, Miss Denzil's eyes lighted upon them with a peculiar expression—not exactly a pleasant one.

'You lazy boy!' interjected Cecil, trying to speak in her usual laughing easy way with him. 'Why do you want to bring me in here? You know I like waltzing better than anything.'

'Oh, we will have plenty of waltzing presently. I am not lazy just now. I never felt less so; but I want to get you all to myself, little cousin, for once, and have a talk—we two alone. You know it is my only chance on these occasions. I don't know whether it is *your* fault or your family's, but you are always in a crowd at home. I often want to send them all to the right about.'

'Why, Edgar, what nonsense. What on earth should you want that for?'

'Why should I want to get you all to myself? Well, I think your own common-sense may tell you why.'

'Edgar,' Cecil said, in a slightly displeased tone, turning her head away, 'I wonder you think it worth your while so to treat me. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know.'

'What sort of thing, Cecil? Why are you so cross? What sort of thing is it you don't like? Is it that you don't like me to love you?'

'Love me? O Edgar! I know you don't mean it; a "silly dream."'

'Cecil, I am afraid you have a very bad opinion of me. Did I ever try to deceive you? Look at me, darling, and see if you think you shall be able to care for a lazy good-for-nothing fellow like me?'

We may leave the rest to the reader's fancy. When a tender-hearted girl is asked to take the very man of all others she has secretly fixed her heart upon, she is not very long hesitating. Edgar and Cecil were an unconscionably long time in the conservatory. Mrs Maynard had begun to look somewhat anxiously for her daughter, who had very pink cheeks when she emerged.

Presently, Olive drew Cecil on one side. 'Well, my dear,' she whispered, 'is it all right? Have you discovered that while you were fretting about him, he was sighing for you?' There was a certain something in her tone that jarred the sensitive girl. The thought passed through her with a sudden pang: 'I wish I had not told Olive I cared for him;' and she replied rather coldly and quietly: 'A ballroom isn't a very good place for confessions, Olive. You will know all about it soon enough.'

'Oh, there is something to know, then? Well, dear, I congratulate you. In your case, true love seems destined to run very smooth indeed.'

The rest of the evening was one dream of happiness—perhaps the most perfect Cecil was destined ever to know. Mrs Maynard could not resist her daughter's entreaties for 'just one more dance;' and the summer dawn was stealing up the east as Edgar placed her in the brougham. Her sweet eyes were a little heavy, and the face looked pale by the garish light; but, he thought, only the tenderer and softer for that. He wrapped the white cloak round her fair neck, and longed to kiss her as he did so; but Mrs Maynard was there, and lip-salutings must wait for a happier opportunity. 'Adieu, darling,' he whispered. 'I shall call on "mamma" before lunch; and if she allows, I shall try and take you on the water. Adieu, my own little wife!'

To his father's astonishment, Edgar joined him at breakfast, looking as animated as if dancing till four in the morning was the healthiest occupation imaginable. Mr Tresillian was a tall, heavy, grave-looking man—a very picture of a British moneyed man of high respectability. He

spoke always slowly and with caution, and was never known to betray feeling, except where his son was concerned. This only son was his idol; for him he worked and amassed money; to please him he would have given up the most cherished hopes of his life. Edgar had never been crossed by his father, and had a true affection for him; but there was no intimacy between them. Mr Tresillian had not an intimate in the world.

'Why, what on earth's the meaning of this, Edgar?' he said, smiling as his son entered the room. 'Of all mornings to choose, this ought to be the last for so early an appearance! You can't have been in bed three hours.'

'Did you hear me come in?'

'Yes. It was broad daylight. Have you anything to say to me, my boy?'

'Yes, sir. You know you have been urging me to marry lately.'

'Yes,' said his father eagerly, 'as he paused.

'And are you going to take my advice?'

'I hope so, if you have no objection.'

'And the lady?'

'Is Cecilia Maynard.'

'Cecilia Maynard! I am very glad indeed to hear it, my dear boy! She is everything I could wish—a pretty, taking, lady-like girl; and last—and least, I suppose you will say—she has not a bad little fortune of her own.'

'Certainly I do not attach much importance to that,' returned Edgar, with indifference.

His father rose. 'I must be off,' he said; 'though I should like to stay and talk with you. I am very glad, Edgar, very much pleased with your choice. I was rather afraid you would have fixed on Miss Denzil. You have been very sly about Cecil.'

Edgar looked somewhat embarrassed. 'Why afraid, father? Miss Denzil is a very handsome, clever girl, immensely admired.'

'Yes, yes; I know. But I prefer little Cecy. Well, good-morning, my boy. I am late as it is.'

Edgar's interview with Mrs Maynard, who was a widow, was highly satisfactory to both. The mother was delighted to think that her darling was likely to be so happily married; for she had a sincere affection for her 'Cousin Mary's boy,' as she called him, though she wished he had a little more purpose in life. And she had always had quite a motherly feeling for him. Perhaps too she had an impression that Cecil had got to feel rather more than what was cousinly or even sisterly for him; though, as the reader knows, she had confessed it to no one but Miss Denzil in that note which had, either so unluckily or so luckily, miscarried. Edgar asked leave to take his fiancée on the river; but was rather annoyed when she appeared ready for the expedition with a small brother at her heels. She saw his disappointment. 'You silly boy!' she said, 'why need you mind Harry? He will be quite absorbed in his fishing if we land; and you will have plenty of me before you have done with me.' Perhaps Cecil had been a little bit cunning in her selection of a chaperon. Harry was rather a dull little fellow, and never saw what he was not meant to see. A sharp-sighted sister just in her teens would be far more alarming.

What in the whole world can be more charming—even when one is not in love—than floating on

a calm, sunlit river in glorious June weather? Edgar was a capital rower; but it was too pleasant drifting on among the lilies to work hard; and he found a never-failing interest in watching the changing face opposite his own, looking so pretty under her broad hat with its bunch of wild-flowers. Harry behaved beautifully. He begged to be landed on a small island to fish; and the others were most obligingly ready to humour him. So they floated softly on, in a dreamy world of youth and love and hope; and all seemed inexpressibly sweet to Cecil—too happy almost to be true. Of course they gathered forget-me-nots. Years after, Cecil could hardly look at the little packet labelled 'June 10th, Edgar,' without tears. So the long, still, happy summer day wore on to perfect evening; and when Edgar went home that night, he was quite satisfied that all other loves had been sham and delusions, and that Cecil was the only girl in the world worth living for.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

NINTH PAPER.

OLD Jack Clarke, a notability in his way as a circus proprietor, was, I have good cause to believe, the model who sat for 'Sleary' in Charles Dickens's *Hard Times*. Many of Clarke's personal characteristics are faithfully pictured in that character; and the physical defect of his gruff asthmatic voice, though not quite turning the *s* into *th*, so nearly produced that effect, that no combination of type could represent it better than that which the great novelist adopted. On one occasion, I was riding in company with Clarke from Reading to Oxford, when he commenced speaking of a few of his misfortunes, finishing up with the direful results of his short stay in the town he had then left. 'I've jutht given three performanthes in Reading, and lortht nearly two hundred poundth by them. It'th a fact, thir.' I was not aware that Clarke ever had so much money as that to lose; so I expressed my surprise, asking him how he had managed to do it. 'Well, you thee, thir, when I came to the plathe, I made my calculathonth that the firht evening'th performanth would produth a hundred poundth, and the necht two nightth we thood take at leatht fifty poundth a night; that'th two hundred poundth in all, thir. Well, you'd thcarthely believe 'it, thir, but we only took twenty-thickth!'

Some time ago I met Tom Fillis the clown, and after an exchange of greetings, expressed my surprise to see him look so thin and miserable.

'Enough to make any one thin and miserable,' he said in reply, 'to go through what I have done lately. I've been doing a tour with old Snuffy J——'s proprietary company [a kind of co-operative undertaking in which the members, instead of receiving a fixed salary, share the profits in certain proportions agreed upon] and have had a nice time of it. Sharing the profits indeed! We had to share the losses, more like, and live on nothing a week or near to it. The tent was pitched alongside a turnip-field once, and we thought a bit o' thinning would do the crop good;

so we set to work to help the farmer after our fashion—kept our pot boiling some time, I can tell you. But it's poor work living on turnips, even when they *are* to be had cheap. Do you remember old J——'s missis? She's marked a good deal with small-pox, and squints horridly. But for all that, she'd take leading ladies, young or old—didn't matter which to her. Once, one of our regular customers asked us to play *The Lady of Lyons*, so we brought it out. Mrs J—— took Pauline, while I appeared as Claude Melnotte. I sha'n't forget that night in a hurry. There was a parcel of lads in the audience a bit up to their larks; and you know how handy youngsters are at picking out any peculiarities in others. Well, we got to the place where I am supposed to see Pauline coming, and have to announce the interesting fact. Just at the moment that she was standing at the wings ready to come on to the stage, I spoke my line—

"See where she comes—the beautiful Pauline!"

and smiled rapturously upon the missis as she entered. For a moment all was attention; but just then a young scamp sang out in a stage-whisper: "Lor, ain't she a lovely creetur!" and then all the boys chimed in, and a pretty chow-row they kicked up all the while, first one and then another of 'em. I was precious glad, I can tell you, when the thing was over and the "beautiful Pauline" took herself off.

In the spring of 1865, after a most brilliant season in the Royal Pavilion Riding School at Brighton, our circus proceeded to Southampton, where we occupied the building erected in the previous year by Mr Charles Hengler. Here an incident happened to me, upon which I cannot even now look back without a shudder at the narrow chance by which I escaped with my life. I had suggested to Mr Ginnett that the boys of the Training Ship, which was lying about three miles distant up Southampton Water, should be invited to visit a performance at the circus gratis. This proposition being agreed to, it was decided that Mr Bruin, the agent to our establishment, should accompany me on the first favourable opportunity; the sea at that time of the year—March—being usually very rough. After a few days' delay, a bright sunshiny morning, almost free from wind, tempted us to try our fortune on the deep; and off we started towards the hiring station for boats. Arrived there, I handed Bruin half a sovereign, telling him to make the best bargain he could. Now, Bruin was always known as a close-fisted fellow, and good at making a bargain; though in this instance his exceeding cleverness in this direction nearly cost us our lives. Leaning on the railings, I watched my keen friend's interview with the group of old salts who had surrounded him, until when my patience was nearly exhausted, he shouted out: 'It's all right—come along!' The bystanders shipped the oars and sails; Bruin and I took our places; the boat was shoved off into the water, and in jumped a young fellow who had undertaken to convoy us to the Training Ship and back; a mere stripling, and not at all my idea of a sailor. But that was only a passing thought; and off we went. The tide was running with us; and any one who is familiar with the swiftness of the current in this narrow

sea, will understand my surprise at reaching our destination—a distance of three miles—so much sooner than I had expected. 'It's all nonsense to call *this* three miles,' I exclaimed.

'Wait till we're coming back again with the tide against us,' replied Bruin; 'you'll find it long enough then, I'll warrant.'

We arrived at the ship. The captain received us very kindly; and we explained the object of our visit. After accepting our offer with many thanks on the boys' behalf, the gallant officer invited us to partake of some refreshment before our return. When we came on deck again, the lads were put through some of their manoeuvres, which they executed with cheerfulness, promptness, and skill. On being again mustered, the captain explained to the lads the purport of our visit—an announcement which was received with ringing cheers. After cordially thanking the captain for his hospitality, we descended the companion-ladder, at the foot of which we found our boatman impatiently waiting our return; for a brisk wind had sprung up, and the weather altogether looked very nasty. We immediately started; but after an hour's hard rowing, we seemed to have made but little headway; so I suggested that as the wind was astern, we might take advantage of it and hoist our sail. Our boatman proceeded to carry this suggestion into execution; but he handled the sail so awkwardly that a gust of wind caught it; we heeled over to leeward, shipping a quantity of water, and were in the greatest danger of capsizing altogether. At the same moment, one of our oars slipped out of the rowlock, and I only just succeeded in reaching it before it was out of reach. Bruin swore at the youth for his clumsiness; but for sole response, the poor fellow sang out: 'You must lend a hand, or we shall all be drowned!' I know nothing of boating; but I knew that the wind was too much for us in the absence of any one who could handle the sail; so I at once hauled it down—how I did, I don't know; then telling Bruin to take my place at the helm, I took up the oar I had saved, told the boatman to take the other; and thus, after another hour and a half's hard pulling, during the whole of which time Bruin was bailing out water with his deer-stalker, we succeeded in making port; and very glad we were to find ourselves once more upon terra firma.

It appeared that the sailors, disgusted with the terms Bruin had offered, would have nothing to do with us; but one of them had agreed to lend his boat to the man who took us, who instead of being a sailor, turned out to be only a land-lubber—an idle tailor!

It must not be supposed that the life of an equestrian performer is all pleasure, or the business of the proprietor all profit. In the career of master and man alike, there are many ups and downs. The successes of each, though arising in a few instances from pure good fortune, are in the main due to diligence, perseverance, and pluck; while the reverses that occur, sometimes no doubt the result of unavoidable misfortunes, are in too many instances caused by the individual sufferers themselves. Competition between the great rival companies is occasionally very keen; and it needs one to have all his wits

about him to steer safely through the shoals and quicksands on each side and avoid the breakers ahead. Two once well-known circus proprietors, Ryan and Pablo Fanque, although well established in popular favour, succumbed to the internal weakness of a faulty or laggard management; and each died in the greatest poverty. While it is impossible to avoid the existence of competition, it is possible to steer clear of some of its worst results, and make certain of a goodly portion of popular support.

At the close of my description of a tenting tour in an earlier page, I alluded to the keen competition that existed then, in consequence of the stay in England of the powerful American circus of Messrs Howes and Cushing, which consisted in 1861 of four distinct and strong companies, all contending for a share of the public patronage, which would, but for their presence, have belonged to English proprietors alone. After completing our tour through South Wales, we made direct for Gloucester. Here we found a formidable array of competitors thick on the field. When I arrived as agent in advance for Mr Ginnett, Cooke's circus was already performing in the town; Sanger's was announced to arrive in three or four days, and Hengler's in little more than a week! Sanger's had the novel attraction of a live lion on the roof of one of the large vans, crouching at the feet of Britannia, who was armed with a trident and seated on a throne. A striking group they formed. Hengler's had with them a curiosity in the shape of a South American bullock with a huge hump on its back, which, if I remember rightly, they called a Bonassus. Here, then, was a host of opponents.

Not many weeks after, we met Hengler's again under the following circumstances. I was at a place called Haltwhistle in Northumberland, and went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters for me. The postmaster handed me one; but upon looking at the address, I found it was for Rivolti, Hengler's famous ring-master, and then agent in advance. I at once returned the letter to the postmaster, who apologised for his mistake. The letter being there, told me that Rivolti himself could not be far away, and that his circus must be close on our heels. Judge of my mortification when I learned that he had taken the town for the very same day that I had! The result was, that Ginnett's circus, for which I was acting, proved a failure as far as Haltwhistle was concerned. One interesting circumstance contributed to turn the tide of popular favour away from us. During the previous visit of Hengler's circus to the neighbourhood, Mrs Hengler had met with a serious and nearly fatal accident, which necessitated a long stay on her part in the town, to the principal inhabitants of which she thus became a familiar acquaintance. It is not surprising, then, that many of her old friends, who had sympathised with her illness, should wish to see her once more, and visit the circus.

Referring again to the rivalry of Messrs Howes and Cushing; this circus appeared once more in force upon the field in the spring of 1870. I was then agent in advance to Messrs Sanger, whose circus is by far the largest and most complete among the 'tenting' establishments of this country. Finding ourselves threatened with this formidable competition, Messrs Sanger determined that we

must offer the Americans battle, and continue the fight until we had driven them off the road and out of the kingdom. The general arrangements for attaining this result having been intrusted to my hands, I commenced operations by persistently 'bidding' each and every town taken by them, as though we were coming ourselves on the following day; it being well known to us that English sightseers frequently wait for the last circus, when two or more companies are announced for about the same dates. Our next move was to take all the best towns of the North well in advance of our rivals, so as to quench the thirsters after enjoyment with *our* cup of pleasure, before Messrs Howes and Cushing could offer a draught from theirs. This mode of operation was entirely successful; and at last, bearding the lion in his den, we appeared side by side with them in Preston—the greatest English and the greatest American tenting companies thus appealing together to a by no means large constituency. On this memorable occasion, showmen came from all parts of England to witness the contest; two such concerns never having before been seen in one town on the same day. Our rivals acknowledged that we had beaten them; and shortly afterwards the Company returned to America.

A difficulty of another kind meets the equestrian manager. It sometimes happens that the presence of a popular favourite in some other branch of public entertainment will mar the success of the travelling circus. Once our company visited Wrexham, usually an excellent circus town. But it happened that on the same day there was a formidable counter-attraction, which caused our performance to be a financial failure. Our competitor for patronage on this occasion was the celebrated actor J. L. Toole, who besides being a brother-freeman of the City of London, was my schoolfellow for about four years, and my opponent in a contest for a much coveted prize that was competed for by the form in which we both sat. Mr Toole was giving his services at Wrexham in order to raise funds for the repair of some church in the neighbourhood!

Again, the travelling proprietor is open to disappointment through some break-down in his arrangements, arising from an unforeseen and unavoidable cause. A unique instance of this species of annoyance happened within my own personal experience, and I must add, to my own great loss. It will be remembered that a few years ago a troupe of Chinese jugglers came over to England and astonished us all with their remarkable dexterity in throwing knives and in performing curious and less dangerous tricks. After this Company had appeared for a long season at Drury Lane Theatre, I engaged them on my own account for a long provincial tour. I was of course put to enormous preliminary expenses, for which, however, I expected to be amply repaid before the close of the engagement. We got through a portion of the tour satisfactorily, meeting with great success and plenty of patronage. But unfortunately for me, this happened at a time when Chinese jugglers or conjurers were not allowed to leave their own kingdom or to remain abroad without the special permission of the Court; and long before the conclusion of my tour the troupe received a summons from the Chinese Emperor to return at once to their native land.

This of course quite upset my calculations, and inflicted upon me a heavy pecuniary loss.

A most important item in any well-appointed circus is the valuable stud of highly trained performing horses. Most of these intelligent creatures receive their training and learn their tricks in the circus to which they are attached; but occasionally clever horses are bought up from other circuses, and sometimes exceedingly high prices are given for them. They thus represent not only a large sum of money intrinsically as horses, but are valued at a considerably higher price, which varies according to their cleverness and the number of their 'accomplishments.' Much might be said as to the best method of training horses; but after all, it resolves itself into this: The horse must first be brought to feel that you are his master—his superior; not through fear of your power; but on the contrary, through his experience that though you have the power, it is always accompanied by kindness and by firmness, but *never* with cruelty. Great tact on the part of the trainer is indispensable if he is to succeed in gaining first the confidence and then the obedience of his dumb pupil; especially when we consider that the horse is many times stronger than a man, and is a dangerous animal to deal with when a spirit of resistance is roused within him.

In my next and last paper, I propose devoting a few lines to a fuller consideration of certain traits in the character of this noble and useful servant of man.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

MEN, as a rule, have little admiration to spare for Amazonian dames. Even those who profess to believe that the only natural difference between the sexes is that of gender, would never dream of contemning a woman for wanting valour. Excepting that form of it which consists in endurance of suffering, courage is scarcely yet recognised as a feminine attribute, and examples of bravery in womankind are still held worth the noting; so we shall hardly do amiss in setting down a few modern instances not generally known.

An American authoress tells of an Arizonan matron who, upon her house being attacked by a band of Indians, while her husband was absent doing duty as a legislator, deeming

Where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course,

shot down six of the red-men with her own hand, and next day wrote to her lord: 'DEAR JOHN—The Apaches attacked the ranche. I have won the fight. You need not come yourself; but send some more ammunition.'

When the lives of those she loves are at stake, then, if ever, a woman will prove valiant; but even then, it is odds that she breaks down as soon as the danger is past. Lady Cochrane readily put her life to the hazard for her husband's sake, to shame his faltering crew into sticking to their guns; but although it is not so recorded, it would have been nothing surprising if she had indulged in a good cry when the end was accomplished and the victory achieved.

A West Virginian named Van Bibber was one day hotly pursued by Indians, bent upon obtaining his scalp; and all other access to the river being

cut off, he made for an overhanging rock just below the Kanawha Falls; and there, a hundred feet above a seething whirlpool, kept his foes at bay with his good rifle; within sight of his wife, standing with her babe in her arms on the other side of the river. For a moment she stood as if petrified, then calling to him to leap into the river and meet her, she laid the child on the grass, sprang into a skiff, seized the oars, and plied them with a will. As she neared the middle of the stream, Van Bibber saw the Indians coming in full force, yelling, in anticipation of an easy capture. 'Wife, wife!' shouted he; 'I'm coming; drop down a little lower;' and springing from the crag, descended like an arrow into the water. As he rose panting to the surface, the boat was alongside of him, and his wife helped him to scramble into it, while a shower of arrows and shot fell around the pair. The brave woman wasting none of her strength in words, silently rowed her more dead than alive husband to the bank, straight to the spot where the baby had been left. Some men pulled the boat high up on the sand, and helped Van Bibber on his feet, and gently deposited him by the infant's side, whilst its mother burst into a wild fit of weeping. The babe is now living in the pride of grandfatherhood, and the rock is called Van Bibber's Rock to this day, in remembrance of his narrow escape.

In October 1877, the brigantine *Moorburg* left Foochow in China, for Melbourne; carrying four seamen, the captain, mate, and last but by no means least, the captain's wife, who was a little delicate woman, and her baby. They had not gone far on their voyage ere the crew fell sick, and one after another died. The mate did not succumb entirely, but became reduced to a skeleton, and was incapable of doing much; while the captain himself was almost in as miserable a plight, his legs having swollen tremendously, and his body being a mass of sores. His wife alone held up under the terrible heat, although she had nursed the sick till they needed nursing no longer, had looked well to her baby's needs, had done duty at the wheel in regular watches, and taken her share of seaman's work besides. To make matters worse, the ship sprung a leak, which the captain luckily was able to stop; and eventually the *Moorburg* got into Brisbane harbour, half-full of water, with two sick men on board as her crew all told, and a woman at the helm: the gallant woman bringing not only the ship but her baby safe into port.

Some time in 1871, a woman named Theresa Maria, dwelling in the village of Fratel, on the frontier of Portugal and Spain, on the way across the fields with her husband's dinner, was told by a shepherd-boy that he had seen a wolf prowling about. Never having seen one in her life, she put down her basket, and directed by the lad, climbed to a high place, and looking eagerly around, descried the animal in the act of devouring a lamb. Thinking to scare the brute from its prey, the boy shouted at it and pelted it with stones; so infuriating the wolf, that it left its meal unfinished, and made for its disturber, jumping up at the little fellow's face, tearing the flesh, and then pulling him to the ground. What did the horror-stricken onlooker do—run away? Not she. Picking up a large stone, she rushed on the beast, and seized hold of him. In vain he bit and tore her flesh; the undaunted woman contrived to

keep his throat closely infolded by her left arm, while she battered his head with the stone, and at length killed him. Meanwhile, the villagers had been alarmed, and came hurrying to her aid, armed with guns, sticks, and stones; meeting Theresa on her way home covered with blood, from terrible wounds in her face, arms, and hands. They carried her to the hospital at Niza, where, pitiful to tell, she expired exactly a month afterwards, consoled in her dying hours with believing that she had not sacrificed her life in vain. A false belief, alas! for the shepherd-boy died of hydrophobia a day or two after his lamented deliverer.

Courageous in another way was a woman of the Commune, who during that terrible rising had worked day and night in the hospital, assisting a certain surgeon, whose services were freely rendered to men with whose cause he had no sympathy. When the insurrection was quelled, the doctor was arrested, and marched off to be tried by drum-head court-martial. As he approached the door of the tribunal, he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers. 'Why, Adèle!' he exclaimed, 'how came you here?' Looking hard at him, with unrecognising eyes, she replied: 'I don't know you, sir;' a denial he set down to a fear of acknowledging the acquaintance of a doomed man. Not a little to his surprise, he got off, and was set at liberty; to learn that Adèle had been shot, and was on her way to death when she had repudiated all knowledge of him, and forbore appealing for his aid, rather than compromise him, and render his chance a desperate one.

A poor servant-girl of Noyon, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work, stepped on the planks, which being frail and rotten, gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men, by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen, stepping to the front, said quietly: 'I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows;' and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant but fearful mission.

Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing but unconscious men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening a rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope round her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient

to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wits about her; and loosing her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up; and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she had failed in saving all, her brave endeavours had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

One more illustration of feminine endurance, and we have done with our subject. In this case the heroine was a Pennsylvanian lady, living at a place called Holmesdale, who, walking home from a friend's house one evening in 1879, unfortunately got belated, and missed her proper way. Suddenly she felt herself sinking in the ground, and knew too well where she was; she had waded into Link Swamp. Mrs Avery's first resource was to cry aloud for help; but there was no response. She was far away from any dwelling, and there were no night-walkers abroad to hear and extricate her; while her own efforts only resulted in her sinking deeper and deeper into the bog, till, finding the inexorable mire up to her knees, she ceased struggling to get out of it, and deliberately considered the situation.

It was anything but a pleasant one, look at it how she would. She was out of sight and out of hearing of any human being; had no food, and no means of getting any; it was pitch-dark; and for aught she knew, wild animals might assail her in the night; while slowly but surely, she seemed to be sinking farther in the treacherous mud, with no alternative but to perish quickly by suffocation or slowly by starvation. Still she kept up her courage, and made the best of a very bad thing. Unable to make any way out of the swamp, she contrived to avoid descending deeper. Keeping her blood from stagnating by slight but continual movement, quenching her thirst by drinking the dirty water in which she stood, and staying if not satisfying her hunger by eating the birch-bark on some bushes luckily within her reach, Mrs Avery managed to keep herself alive for eight days. Then a wandering hunter caught sight of her, and with some difficulty she was rescued from the swamp and carried to the nearest house, some three miles distant, where food, drink, and a doctor brought her round; never, probably, to be exactly her own self again, and assuredly never to forget the hundred and ninety odd hours spent in Link Swamp.

TO DETECT ADULTERATIONS IN OLIVE-OIL.

From the *Textile Manufacturer* we gather the following curious notes upon oils.

As olive-oil is largely used in the textile industries, for instance in oiling wool, in mordanting for Turkey-red, and other colours, &c., it is of interest for the manufacturer to know to what extent this oil may have been mixed with other but inferior and cheaper oils. The detection is not difficult for a chemist; but as manufacturers generally cannot be expected to have either special knowledge of this science or the time at command for complicated analyses, they require a simple mode of procedure. Such a test has lately been indicated in a meeting of the French

Academy of Sciences, and depends upon observing the configuration of a drop of oil upon the surface of water.

To make the test, it is only necessary to pour a little water into a saucer, and then to allow a drop of the oil to be tested to fall gently upon this water. If the oil is pure olive-oil, it will take an irregular shape, much like a rocky island in the sea, with promontories, inlets, and bays. If it is poppy-oil, the drop, at first round, will soon dissolve itself into elegant festoons of half-circles. A drop of rape-oil will take a similar shape, but the outlines are more positive. The oil of ground nuts gives a round drop, accompanied by a large number of smaller drops; thus distinctly differing from olive-oil, with which it has in other respects many qualities in common. Gingly oil (*sesamum*) displays also these small drops, but they are much smaller than in the preceding oil and of a greater number. The drop produced from colza-oil is round, with sharp and well-defined outlines. Where the olive-oil is mixed, the drop will shew the configuration approaching more or less to the details given above, according as it contains a greater or smaller admixture of the other oils. Oil which, when shaken in a bottle, will shew on its upper surface a *permanent* collection of small air-bubbles, is not olive-oil, but has been adulterated with poppy-oil; in pure olive-oil such bubbles do not remain.

We regret that the savants referred to have not given us the characteristics of cotton-seed oil, especially as, to our knowledge, immense quantities of this oil have for some years past been shipped from America to Marseilles and Leghorn for the purpose of adulterating olive-oil.

IN FRUIT-TIME.

YELLOW the harvest-fields with golden grain,
And the white-bearded bending barley-ears
Nod in the soft south breeze: the poppy hides
Her scarlet glory from the noon-day sun,
Amid their sheltering stems: the clover patch
Is flushed with roseate glories—and the lark,
His speckled breast gemmed with the morning dew,
Springs up with clear shrill note, all-jubilant
Toward the broad blue heavens: the quivering oats
Rustle their waving pennons, and the fetch
Her purple petals shews.

The orchard-lands
Teem with a wealth of fruit; the russet pear
Neighbours the red-streaked apple; dark-blue plums
Their luscious tears let fall; greengages swell
Beside the bloomy damsons; apricots
(Their golden globes leaf-hidden on the wall)
Perfume the air; and the pink, downy peach
Vies with the rosy-tinted nectarine
In dainty fragrance.

Ripening hang the nuts
Upon the laden boughs: the clusters brown
Of russet hazels; the spiked bursting husks
Of polished chestnuts; and the teeming store
Of mellow walnuts. Autumn-tide hath come,
And pours from out her overflowing horn
Her welcome blessings on the grateful Earth!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

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COMICALITIES OF INDIAN ENGLISH.

NOTHING strikes the new-comer to any of the great towns of India more than the large number of natives who speak a little English. The missionary and government colleges are every year in a rapidly increasing ratio pouring forth thousands of young men imbued with the higher and nobler spirit of the English language, and chastened in thought by the purer literature of the Saxon race. The pettiest tradesmen too have acquired a greater or less knowledge of the tongue of their rulers, and are, like their more educated countrymen, kept back by no bashfulness from using to the utmost what knowledge they possess.

Every person who tries to express himself through the medium of a foreign language is certain at times to make some ludicrous mistakes; and it is only natural that the Indian should be extremely liable to fall into absurdities both of language and thought, when there is remembered not only the contrast between the ornate and inflated style of most oriental languages and the plain and sober Saxon, but the vast differences between the customs of the East and West, and the new world of ideas into which the Hindu mind is introduced through the medium of the English tongue.

The love of the *Baboo* or native gentleman for big words, high-sounding and stereotyped phrases—foreign or classical, if possible—and great rolling sentences, has given rise in Calcutta to their style being commonly termed *Babooese*. One of the best examples which we know of this style is a Memoir of a respected Calcutta Judge published not long ago by a relative. It was so perfect a specimen of *Babooese*, that the first edition was soon bought up; and when a second edition was called for, the author, highly pleased, begged leave to 'make some alterations and improvements; but the publishers would not hear of it. In it, the Judge's personal appearance is thus described: 'When a boy, he was filamentous; but gradually, in the course of time, he became plump as a partridge.' His power of arguing a question

with 'capacious, strong, and laudable ratiocination and eloquence,' soon brought him an income; and he is said to have used it 'to extricate his family from the difficulties in which it had lately been enwarped, and to restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and well-beloved faces, on which he had not seen the soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year.' But the account of his death is curiously the most amusing part of the book: 'And having said these words, he hermetically sealed his lips, not to open them again. All the well-known doctors of Calcutta that could be procured for a man of his position and wealth were brought—Doctors Payne, Fayrer, and Nilmadhub Mookerjee, and others; they did what they could do, with their puissance and knack of medical knowledge; but it proved after all as if to milk the ram! His wife and children had not the mournful consolation to hear his last words; he remained *sotto voce* for a few hours, and then went to God at about six P.M.'

The following, from a Report sent in to a civil surgeon by a hospital assistant, is very suggestive as regards the language in use by the medical men whom this young man was accustomed to meet: 'At or about nine A.M. of the 21st October 1877, I held a *post-mortem* examination on the carcass of Mussamut Sooknea, a female, aged about thirty years, and found her body frightfully swelled and entirely decomposed.'

A very amusing species of literature is the letter from the native excusing himself or begging some favour. A boy begins a letter explaining his non-attendance at school: 'BENEVOLENT SIR—The wolf of sickness has laid hold on the flock of my health.' An office lad writes: 'HONoured SIR—Being affected in the stomach and vomiting, I am too sorry I cannot attend to office to-day.' A production matched by the application of another clerk to a Calcutta firm for leave of absence: 'SIR—With due respect and humble submission, I beg leave to state that I shall feel too much assisted if your honour leave me to-day.' The writer received recently the following from one of his servants, written probably by a

schoolboy: 'RESPECTABLE SIR—I most respectfully beg to inform you that my marriage will be on the 13th inst. of May. Now please to leave me only for 2 months. My father will be as a candidate for me. Kindly grant to supply your service by my father, who will repay these money which I have borrowed from one.'

But it is from among the answers to the questions in the numerous college and university papers that the most laughable absurdities are to be found. Take two bright scientific ideas, well worth the attention of the natural philosopher and the physiologist. One replies to the question, 'Why are the days longer in summer and shorter in winter?'—thus: 'Because heat expands and cold contracts.' Another, in describing the circulation of the blood, remarks, that it goes down one leg and comes up the other."

Professors in missionary colleges are often startled with the curious replies given by the students in their Scripture papers. Moses is described by one as a sort of provision merchant: 'He supplied the Israelites in the wilderness with manna and other necessities.' In a relation of the parable of the Prodigal, otherwise as good as could have been given by any student of theology, occurred this odd sentence: "'Father," said the young man, "I am no more worthy to be called thy son, therefore let me be as one of thy hired servants;" but the father called a barber to shave him,' &c.

The average undergraduate is to a great extent made up of words and phrases. Here are a few examples of his replies to questions formally put: Q. To eke out. Ans. To extract milk from a cow.—Q. Pandemonium. Ans. A mountain in Greece.—Q. Blue-stockings. Ans. An order of knights.—Q. Bill of lading. Ans. An account written by a person overboard.—Q. To walk the plank. Ans. To do a thing in which there are many dangers.—Q. With his mistress's favour on his arm. Ans. Taking the baby in his arms.—Q. Classical equivalent of 'all-powerful.' Ans. Full of stout.—His ideas too of some things in the commonly taught subjects of history, literature, grammar, and geography are certainly unique. We have not met the boy who described the curfew as 'an island in the Mediterranean, surnamed Rufus, because it had red hair;' nor have we seen the sign 'European loafer,' said to be in Calcutta over the shop of a native baker; but a student told us once that the Puritans were the followers of *Ignis-fatuus*. He was evidently thinking of the Jesuits and their founder, Ignatius Loyola. Another, apparently a Darwinian, says of Shakspeare: 'Shakspeare was the father of English poetry. His fame hangs chiefly by his Canterbury Tail.' An adept in grammar, in reply to the question, 'Explain the difference between direct and indirect narration,' evidently thinking an example better than a direct reply, wrote: 'Direct sentence—He died; indirect sentence—He kicked the bucket.' Another, equally familiar with geographical terms, in answer to the question, 'What are the chief feeders of the river Irrawadi?' adorned his paper with the innocent reply—'Alligators.'

The Hindu is undoubtedly a fruitful source of very ridiculous blunders in the use of English; but no one who has had much to do with him, can doubt his linguistic faculty, or the power with

which the English tongue can be used by many native preachers and lawyers of real ability and chastened eloquence; nor can any one who knows aught of India, overestimate the value of the English tongue in the spread of European culture, science, and religion among its countless millions.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'It is all atoned for; but the atonement was not mine.'

I SAT beside the injured man, so marvellously discovered; and as my mind grew calmer, I surveyed the chain of circumstance which led me here, and heaped surmise on surmise as I strove to guess what hideous compulsory fate had driven such a man as Frank Fairholt had been to such a place as this. When Penkridge came at last accompanied by a surgeon, I waited only to carry away a sounder opinion of the medical aspect of the case than I could form. I had already given the patient a little brandy, and had moistened his lips and temples with the spirit; and his pulse was somewhat accelerated when the surgeon came.

'I can have no opinion yet,' he said, in answer to my inquiry. 'He is an old man, and a shock of this kind may prove fatal.'

'Will you be good enough to remain with him?' I asked. 'I will drive to Dr Brand, and either bring him back or leave word for him to come.'

'Dr Brand?' said the surgeon. 'Do you mean the Dr Brand? of Wimpole Street?'

'He has taken a great interest in this man,' I answered, not caring to give either Penkridge or the surgeon any insight into my discovery; 'and he will be glad to come.'

'I'm afraid the poor fellow will be scarcely able to pay Dr Brand's fees,' said the surgeon.

'I will be answerable for that,' I returned; and at once sped in pursuit of the Doctor, whom I found in the act of sitting down to dinner. I told him hastily what I knew; and he snatched up his hat and ran to the cab in haste. As we rode over the brief space between Wimpole Street and Bolter's Rents, he said only: 'Whether this extraordinary belief of yours be true or false, Campbell, there is a mystery about this man which may be unravelled now.'

'You know my cousin and his wife?' I asked; and he nodded in reply. 'Look,' I added, 'at their portraits in pencil on his wall.'

He nodded again gravely; and neither of us spoke again until we reached the room. The surgeon met him with marked respect, and made some observation on the condition of the patient, which Dr Brand disregarded. By what intuition he knew, I cannot tell, but the physician shook his head as he looked at the prone figure, and after the briefest examination, laid the patient's lax hand gently down. 'He will probably rally in four-and-twenty hours by the exhibition of cordials,' he said in a low tone to the surgeon; 'but recovery is impossible.'

The surgeon bowed assent to this judgment; and the physician turned silently, and guided by my glance, walked to the fireplace and looked at the drawing above it. Guided by my glance again, he crossed the room, and looked at the drawing on the opposite wall. He said nothing then; but

after carefully surveying the face, and standing before it thoughtfully a moment, he produced his pocket-book, and wrote out a prescription.

'This is a case,' he said to the surgeon, 'in which I take a deep and special interest. Can you oblige me by securing a good nurse? We must do what we can for him, poor fellow;' glancing to the bed. The surgeon responding that he was happy to be of service, took his leave; and Dr Brand holding him a moment by the button-hole, asked him to return at his earliest convenience. This he promised; and a minute later, Penkridge having been dismissed, the Doctor and I stood side by side, looking down on the unconscious figure. 'Tell me,' he said in a low voice, 'on what you base your belief about this man's identity.'

In the same tone, I sketched the story rapidly; and the Doctor nodded here and there to signify attention. 'These,' he said, waving his hand towards the sketches on the wall, 'are potent proof, certainly; but we shall probably know all when the patient rallies. It will be strange and terrible,' he murmured, 'if such a tragedy has been near us all these years, and we have never guessed it.'

'My cousin Will is in town,' I reminded him, 'with his wife. My uncle is with them. It must be told to one of them. But Maud should never hear of it.'

'No,' he answered. 'I remember the story well. They were lovers. We must spare her, if we can. Wait until the surgeon returns, and then find Mr Hartley, and tell him what you believe. Let him be here before this hour to-morrow.'

I promised; and Dr Brand departed. I waited until the darkness fell upon me, and I could see only the faint silvery gleam of head and beard as I looked upon the bed. And in the solemn silence, broken only by the breathing of the dying man, and by the roll of traffic, which sounded there like a murmur from the shore heard far inland, the better thoughts which had long struggled within me had full sway. I called to mind all the suffering which I had known to spring from the one tragedy whose end was drawing near so swiftly; and I vowed within myself that the hearts which had been so wounded, should henceforth know no added pang through me.

When at last my watch was over, and I had seen the nurse take her place, I betook myself to the Langham and asked for Uncle Ben. I discovered that he had not been told of Maud's attempt to persuade me, and that he had gone out to a dinner of some City magnates, with whom he had been associated in his business days. But Maud and her husband and Polly were there, spending a restful evening in quiet talk. I told them of my better purpose with regard to Uncle Ben, and shrived myself of my ingratitude and hardness. And all the time, as Will and Maud talked happily, and as I read in every glance that passed between them, and in every tone as they addressed each other, their settled surety in each other's love; and when I saw in Maud's dear face the placid happiness that beautified it, my thoughts turned back to the dying man who lay in the mean chamber so near at hand, and I thanked God that the two scenes were so wide apart in

spite of nearness. It was after midnight when Uncle Ben returned, and Will and I were then alone. He came in with a sad and weary look, which touched me to the heart. He did not see me at first, and started at my voice.

'Uncle,' I said, 'I have acted vilely, and I am here to ask your pardon.'

He made no answer in words; but coming near me, he placed his arms about my neck, as he had done when I was a child, and kissed me. Then with eyes a little dimmed, we shook hands heartily, and our reconciliation was complete. Will bade us both a cheery good-night, and left us; and then I told my story. It was listened to with such wonder as may be imagined; and my uncle, much perturbed by it, promised to be with me before noon, and to accompany me to Bolter's Rents; reserving until after his visit, all opinion as to whether Will should know of the belief at which I had arrived. We met at the appointed time, and walked to Oxford Street together.

'I have told Will privately,' said my uncle as we went, 'that in two hours' time I may want to see him on a matter of great importance; and he's promised to wait for me.'

I understood from this that he had decided, in case he shared in my belief, to communicate the facts to Will; and it seemed to me that it was scarcely possible to do otherwise. I had warned him of the nurse's presence: and when we reached the room, I pointed without comment to the sketches on the walls; and he stood before them in deep amazement. Then after long and careful study of the face of the dying man, he beckoned me, and left the room on tiptoe. When we reached the court, he turned an agitated countenance upon me. 'There's nothin' surer in the world, Johnny,' he said with tremulous solemnity. 'It's the man. I should ha' known him in a crowd, if I'd had reason to look at him.'

'Mr Hastings saw him,' I returned, 'when he was probably less changed than he is now, and did not know him.'

'Yes,' assented my uncle; 'but Hastings didn't have the pictures to guide him; and he thought he'd buried him 'ears an' 'ears ago, in the Crimea.'

My uncle's disturbance was so evident, that I would not allow him to enter the hotel. We appointed a meeting-place; and I proceeded to the hotel alone, and sent a waiter to say that Mr Hartley would be glad to see Mr Fairholt at once. In a short time Will came down, and in some surprise set out with me. He asked in vain for an explanation; and we drove to Bolter's Rents in silence. There was a little crowd in the court waiting with anxious looks for news. Penkridge formed one of this sad knot; and touching his hat to me, humbly said that the nurse had left the patient for a time. He had recovered consciousness, and had asked to see a minister of religion. A priest who had within the last two or three months been in the habit of visiting the Rents, had been there at the time, and was now with him. I could not even yet bear to break the whole news to my Cousin Will; but I said to him as we walked towards the end of the court: 'We have what I am afraid will prove a terrible surprise for you. We would have spared you if we could; but we did not think it possible or right, and we have acted for the best.'

My uncle nodded in confirmation of my words,

and held out a hand, warning us to silence as we reached the foot of the stairs. Slowly and silently, we climbed story after story until we reached the last flight, when we heard the sound of a measured voice reading. As we stood, we could even hear the words which told the parable of the Prodigal Son. At a further gesture from my uncle's hand, we went on silently, and paused upon the landing. There Will laid a hand upon my arm; and in the light which reached us through the half-open door, I saw his lips shape a word—a name. I nodded, in token that I knew it; and we stood in silence. Another voice spoke in repetition of the immortal words—‘BUT WHEN HE WAS YET A GREAT WAY OFF, HIS FATHER SAW HIM.’

Will Fairholt's face turned ghastly pale; and like one who had no power or will to stand or stay, but moving as though another mind impelled him, he passed into the room. We who remained without with beating hearts, heard on a sudden a wailing cry, and silence fell, broken after a space by sobs and murmurs.

‘Will,’ said the voice which had spoken last, ‘God is merciful. It is all atoned for; but the atonement was not mine.’

A sigh followed; and there came another silence, and then Will's voice called upon his brother: ‘Frank! Frank! Look at me! Speak to me!’

There was no sound of answer; and when we dared at last to enter the room, we saw the brother a second time bereaved, upon his knees beside the bed, with his face lying on the dead man's outstretched hand. And in the open eyes from which the glory of the prophecy of death had not yet faded, there was peace unspeakable.

There was one in the garb of a friar who stood beside the bed with downcast eyes, whom all the living there had known and loved, whom we could know and love no longer. And after a while he went his way with downcast eyes and bitter tears; and there was no word spoken and no sign made among us. It was—Gascoigne.

We drew poor Will away gently, and sent the nurse to her last melancholy function. And whilst Will was weeping for his brother, Hastings came and learned the story, and was smitten with grief and wonder. But when we were all a little stronger, we made a solemn pact that our knowledge should rest among us; and only we four, and Dr Brand, know upon whose grave the flowers bloom so sweet in the quiet churchyard near Frank Fairholt's ancient home.

THE END.

HOLIDAY FATALITIES.

As sure as the welcome holiday season comes round, it produces its bitter crop of disastrous accidents. Year after year, the same doleful autumnal experience repeats itself, until we have come to regard it as a fatality which is all the more dreadful because, while we can clearly foresee, we feel helpless to prevent it. As soon as the wheat begins to ripen, or the golden sheaves to nod upon the plain, our human hives appear agitated with an instinctive desire to migrate to other neighbourhoods or other lands. As they swarm preparatory to their pursuit of pleasure,

the reflection, happily no doubt, will never occur to the individual rover, that of those who set out, a proportion are fated never to return, and that he himself may be one of the predestined victims.

The tourist cannot, of course, be held responsible for what befalls him from the railway or the steamboat accident; but these are not the dangers to which he is peculiarly exposed. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred fatal casualties which are invariably recorded at this time of the year, it will be found to have been the natural effect of the sufferer's own wilfulness or folly. These discreditable qualities are too often allowed to pass under other and more flattering names for the adventurous scaler of ice-armoured mountains, or leaper of yawning chasms; and perhaps this amiable indulgence is in great measure the cause and mischief of it all. The truth that bluntly tells an Englishman he is a fool for his pains, as soon as he has slid down from some snowy peak never essayed before, is never likely to be popular or even sufferable. Is he not, after all, a sort of hero? Has he not, standing where an angel might fear to tread, and balancing his life on the point of his climbing-staff, exhibited himself to a breathless and envious world of ‘foreigners,’ as a sign or symptom of national fortitude, determination, and enterprise? But is there not something gratuitous, to say the least of it, in this self-imposed mission of personally manifesting these manly virtues of one's countrymen? Surely, the real and legitimate occasions for the exercise of these are sufficient, without wantonly calling them out, and on vain and false pretences, in our pleasant and peaceful holiday rambles.

Then again, the tourist who is apparently bent upon qualifying himself for the distinction of having braved every danger that a reckless life can know, ought to pause a moment and consider those who have a vested interest in him; and even to remember that it is ill-bred to obtrude an unpleasant subject upon society at a time when it signifies its disposition to enjoy itself; and the tourist is certainly guilty of that offence when, through his own foolhardiness, he presents the spectacle of a hideous, headlong crash down the side of a sheer precipice. It is a most painful duty to reflect in satirical terms on the folly of any man when he has paid the forfeit of it with his life, and for this reason it is seldom performed. But so to evade it may be a false tenderness, and a perversion of the maxim that instructs us to say nought but good of the dead.

In a certain city of antiquity, a suicidal mania seized upon the women, which neither appeals nor punishments could stay, until a certain legislator gifted with an insight into female human nature ‘passed a Bill’ whereby the successful suicides were condemned to be strung up by their unconscious heels in the public market-place. The legislator was of course a fiend; but there were no more suicides among the ladies. Now, to build a theory on this scandalous story—might not tourists be less reckless of their lives, if they were premonished that in cases where they culpably lost them, their folly would be visited with unsparing contempt and reproach? Numberless families are able to

boast or deplore the possession of one member distinguished from the rest by a spirit of perilous adventure, a familiar object of constant maternal anxiety mingled with admiration, in English domestic life. We are far from indorsing many of the undue strictures on these interesting varieties of our species. The boy whom Nature has inspired with a genuine passion and genius for climbing the highest tree in the village, or for tempting the treacherous ledge of some beetling cliff in pursuit of birds' eggs, is most generally provided with the safeguards of self-possession, strong nerve, and common-sense. The lives of not a few great men remind us that such a danger-seeking boyhood, as, for instance, that of Olive, has often produced the hero or saviour of his country. But this is the real thing, the strong-welded handiwork of Nature. It is the 'spurious article,' the Brummagem imitation which, we imagine, is responsible for the greater portion of our holiday fatalities. We are all doubtless acquainted with one specimen or another of that headstrong conceit, which without experience and without the requisite qualities, and in derision of the warnings of wiser heads, runs upon an undertaking not with a rational recognition of its difficulties, but with a foolish and ignorant denial of them.

Examples of this kind of folly will readily suggest themselves to many families who, by reason of the vagaries of some unfortunate individual, are for a good portion of the year in a constant state of fear and trembling. There is the man who, having been accustomed all his life to the most unemotional of hacks, suddenly announces his instant intention, in the presence of his trembling wife and shrinking little ones, to bestride some half-broken steed, at which even the most experienced equestrians have looked askance. Then there is the worthy citizen who has never been in a sailing-boat in his life, but has convinced himself, from ten minutes' observation, that the management thereof is the easiest thing in the world, and who forthwith effects a charter on favourable terms; but is presently fished up with a boathook, and tries to evade the question of damages by insisting on the unseaworthiness of the craft. Then again, there is the man who, having on several occasions swum round the public bath in his native town, is suddenly fired with the desire, on some rock-bound coast, to take a boat a mile or so from the shore, and there plunge headlong into the deep. He swims one way, the boat drifts another; and fortunate for him if they come together again, and if he be able afterwards to explain the difference between diving from a boat, and clambering back into her with weary limbs over the unaccommodating side or forbidding stern. In the above are indicated but a few types of self-willed and inexperienced folly; and it is easy to imagine that when such men are excited by the keen mountain air of foreign lands, and by a spirit of perilous emulation, and spurred by their characteristic temper to deride all warning and contradict every authority, they will do their best to furnish us every year with a list of horrible misadventures to mar the reminiscences of our annual holidays. The unfortunate English gentleman who lately lost his life on the mountains in the neighbourhood of Lake Lucerne, is a melancholy case in

point. He had been spending an afternoon with his son, a boy ten years of age, at Seelisberg, two hours walk from Beckenried, where his wife was waiting their return. Instead of taking the ordinary road back, which, 'though rather steep, is safe,' the gentleman, in spite of descending darkness, in spite of evident signs of an approaching storm, and of warnings by some of the natives of the extreme danger of any such attempt, especially in the shades of evening, determined to make a short cut to Beckenried by a footway which is 'so difficult that even in the full daylight it is only used by shepherd-boys and goat-herds, provided with climbing-sticks.'

Surely it is not too much to ask of such rash tempters of Providence to remember that if the consequences likely to ensue from their own courted mishaps cannot be brought vividly enough before them to act as a deterrent of their recklessness, they are at all events bound to refuse to jeopardise the very lives of those who at home are the nearest and dearest to their hearts.

CECIL'S MISTAKE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

AFTER the first glamour of those early days, prosaic arrangements began to be discussed. Mr Tresillian urged most strongly that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Mrs Maynard was by no means in as great a hurry; nor was either Cecil or Edgar in haste to bring the betrothal to a close directly. But the father's persistency had its way, and it was agreed that they were to be married quietly in September. The lovers were very happy, though Cecil sometimes thought Olive Denzil had grown a little strange since that memorable evening at Mrs Appleton's. To tell the truth, Olive had determined to try her power over him, his choice of Cecil having piqued her exceedingly. She did not deliberately intend to win him away; indeed, she never thought much about what might follow her action. She just did what pleased her, and took her chance.

The season was drawing to a close; June was nearly over; but the Denzils had a party, which was to be a sort of finish to the gaieties they had been having without cessation for two months. Olive was a capital actress, and she had insisted on getting up some theatricals. She of course had the effective part; and Edgar was to do the handsome lover to her French Countess of the Revolution period. She looked very charming in the part, and acted wonderfully well—too well, Cecil thought, considering the circumstances of the case. Edgar, at the perpetual rehearsals, which he thought great fun, had been rather stiff as a lover; but on the evening in question, he got warmed up by the audience, infected as he was by Olive's splendid acting, and intoxicated by her fascination. He meant no harm; but to Cecil the situation was certainly trying.

When it was all over, Edgar came to her for applause. She only said a few words very quietly; but she involuntarily shrank coldly from him as he placed his arm on the sofa behind her, almost touching her shoulder. Olive sent a message to her, begging her to come up to the room to help in

getting her hair right again. She went up at once. Olive was standing before the glass with a flushed face, that enhanced her already dangerous beauty.

'Well,' she cried gaily, 'how solemn you look, Cecy! Did you like the piece?'

Cecil answered with some hesitation: 'I thought you acted beautifully; but I'm not sure I liked the play itself.'

'And Edgar—Mr Tresillian—didn't he do it splendidly?' said Olive with a sort of triumphant smile.

Cecil was of too open a nature; she could not help speaking coldly and with a little haughtiness, though she tried hard. 'Yes,' she answered; 'and your dresses were a great success.'

'You jealous little thing!' cried Olive, laughingly pinching her cheek. 'You are going to monopolise Edgar altogether, and you grudge me even his sham courtship.'

'You are quite wrong, Olive,' returned Cecil earnestly. 'I own I did not like the play; it was a little bit too free, I thought. But indeed I am not jealous of Edgar. I only can't help wondering always that he chose me, and not you. I cannot do anything; and you are so clever at whatever you try. But since he does prefer me, I should be a fool to be jealous.'

Olive was irritated by these words. She saw that Cecil meant what she said; and in her present excited, unnatural mood, she grudged her her security in Edgar's love. 'It was a happy blunder of yours, Cecil,' she said, almost before she knew what she was saying. 'You found out a splendid way of securing your own success—by chance.'

'What do you mean?' demanded Cecil haughtily.

'Oh, never mind! Nothing. What an idiot I am!'

'Olive! I *will* know. What blunder did I commit to make Edgar—to secure my happiness?'

'Well, if you *will* have it,' said Olive impatiently—'and it can make no difference to you now—do you remember the letter you wrote me the day, or two days before he proposed to you?'

Cecil turned deadly pale; she just formed the words: 'Yes—well?'

'Now Cecil, don't look like that! What does it matter? I wish I had not said anything.'

Cecil seized her wrist. 'Tell me,' she cried fiercely—'tell me, or Edgar shall— Did he see it?'

Olive reluctantly nodded.

'Did you shew it to him?' demanded Cecil again in the same tone.

'No, no! O Cecil, what a wretch I am to tell you! You sent the two notes wrongly directed.'

Olive Denzil had very little heart, but she did feel genuine sorrow and remorse when she saw how deep the stab had gone. The poor girl's face was piteous as she sat down beside the table in the silence of despair.

'Dear, dear Cecy, do forgive me!' cried Olive, flinging herself beside her agitated companion.

Cecil quietly put her hand away as it caught her own. 'Please, go down, Olive,' she said in a voice once more calm, but which seemed to have lost its former youthful tone. 'I will follow directly. I am all right. I only want to be alone a little while.'

Olive obeyed her, feeling thoroughly ashamed of herself for almost the first time in her life.

Very soon Cecil reappeared. She looked rather pale, but talked quite as usual; and no one but her mother and Edgar noticed anything.

'My darling,' said Edgar, 'you do not look like yourself to-night! Have I vexed you?'

'Please, do not worry me now, Edgar,' she said sharply. 'I can never talk with a headache.' She turned away from him; and very shortly she persuaded her mother to take leave.

Edgar saw them to the carriage as usual; but Cecil did not speak except to murmur a cold 'Good-night,' as he pressed her hand.

Before he was up next morning, a little packet was put into his hands. It contained the pretty diamond ring and other presents he had given Cecil, and a little note, which ran thus: 'I return you your presents. Do what you will with mine. You will not wonder, I think, at my breaking off our engagement when I tell you I know now that you only sacrificed yourself to me out of pity. It was good of you; and you have been very good to me since; but if you know me at all, Edgar, you must know I never will bear to be the wife of one who has no real love for me. Do not think I have taken this step from pique or any passing feeling of the sort. I am quite, quite sure I am doing right in releasing you. Do not try and see me yet.—C. M.'

At first, Edgar was utterly at a loss to understand the motive which had actuated this step on Cecil's part; and then it flashed upon him that Olive had betrayed the secret he had felt he would have guarded from Cecil with his life. He could have shed tears, when he realised what Cecil's shame would be. He resolved he should see her.

When he got to Gloster Terrace, and was shewn in as usual, he was kept waiting some time; and at last Mrs Maynard came to him, looking very grave. He started forward as the door opened, and then stood disappointed. 'Mrs Maynard—where is Cecil?'

'She is up-stairs, Edgar; but she will not see you. She begged you not to urge it. Indeed, it would be useless. Cecil is very determined, as you know, when she takes a *notion* in her head.'

'But, dear Mrs Maynard, what can I do?' pleaded Edgar.

'My dear boy, you can do nothing but wait. If she sees you keep really faithful to her, she may come back to you. But I believe worrying her now would only drive her farther away. You know what Cecil is—how proud and sensitive.'

Edgar pled to see her; Mrs Maynard shook her head. 'No, Edgar; that cannot be. You had better do what I tell you. Don't attempt to see her till after we return from Wales. We go in a fortnight. Be true to her, and keep up a good heart, and then perhaps all may go well. Now go; there's a good boy; and good-bye.' And Edgar obeyed her, sadly enough.

Mr Tresillian took the rupture of his son's engagement so deeply to heart, that Edgar was quite surprised at it. He expected his father to sympathise with him in his trouble of course; but he seemed depressed and unhappy beyond all reason. He was out longer than ever, slaving at his work in the City, and whenever Edgar saw

him, he thought him looking more and more dejected. Edgar went a walking tour by himself, in a morose and sombre frame of mind, and tramped through beautiful country, thinking of Cecil, and regretting her more each day that seemed to take him farther from her.

Autumn had come, and the Maynards were back again in Gloster Terrace. Sea-breezes had embrowned Cecil's face, and given her a healthy colour; but sea and air and change alike had failed to bring back the old brightness of her eyes. Edgar had also returned to town. He seemed to know by intuition when the Maynards were at home again, and appeared the very same day to the dull, handsome Kensington house. He met his father at dinner, and was terribly shocked by his looks. Mr Tresillian seemed to have grown twenty years older; his voice was altered; his manner was feverishly restless; he ate nothing, but what was a most unusual thing for him, drank glass after glass of wine. To-night he seemed preoccupied, and did not attend to anything his son said, but treated him with more affection than ever.

'You don't look happy, my boy,' said the old gentleman, laying his hand for a moment upon his shoulder. 'Are you fretting still about that trouble with Cecil?'

'I don't find I get used to it,' replied Edgar bitterly.

'Ah!' said the father, with a strange ghastly smile, 'boys are apt to fret about trifles! Wait till you are my age, my lad; you won't make mountains out of mole-hills then.'

'And you, father,' returned Edgar, alarmed by the look and manner, 'what is wrong with you? I am sure you are ill. Do consult some one about yourself.'

'Oh, no, no, Edgar! I'm not ill. It is only business, dear boy; nothing but business worries!—There, there; go out. I shall have coffee in the study, and not see you again. So good-night—good-night; and God bless you!' and he pressed his boy's hand hard.

Edgar wondered when he felt how the hand burned him. He did not like to leave his father; but the latter insisted upon it that he was all right, and should be busy that evening, and went up to his study with slow, heavy steps.

The next morning, about eight o'clock, Edgar was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. 'Hollo!' he called, 'who's there? What's wanted?'

It was the voice of his father's man-servant that replied: 'Please to come out and go to your father, sir, in the study. I fancy he must be ill. He has not been to bed at all last night.'

Edgar flung on his things and proceeded to his father's door. He knocked loudly. No reply. It was an awful stillness. 'Help me to burst it in, Williams,' he said under his breath. 'It is not a strong door.'

The two men set their shoulders against the panels, and pushed with their whole strength. The door yielded; and Edgar entered the room.

The reading-lamp stood on the table still alight; a tray was beside it, on which stood an empty coffee cup and a small phial overturned. The table was covered with papers; and before Mr Tresillian's study-chair stood a blotting-pad and a

folded and directed letter. Edgar's eyes took in these details at one glance before he saw where his father was. A motionless figure knelt upon the rug, the head buried in the folded arms, which rested upon an arm-chair that stood by the side of the hearth. Edgar lifted the form of his father—his living father last night, and turned to the light a calm, dead face!

The letter, which was addressed to Edgar, in a few broken sentences told of the disgrace and shame which his father had brought upon himself, and under which he could no longer hold up his head among his fellows. 'If I could spare you this last misery,' it said, 'I would; but my death will be less terrible for you than my life under all I should have to undergo—to leave you for ever, is the truest kindness your father can do you.'

That morning, as Mrs Maynard and Cecil were sitting as usual busy with their ordinary occupations, a note was handed to the elder lady. She examined it with curiosity. 'Whose writing is it, I wonder? It is like Edgar's, only that the hand is so shaky.'

The mother slowly removed it from the envelope with a vague foreboding of ill, and in a few seconds dropped it from her hands, with an exclamation of horror.

Cecil snatched it up, and echoed her mother's cry. In large, tremulous characters was traced: 'A horrible thing has happened here. My father is dead—by his own hand—I cannot write.—E. T.'

'Mamma!' Cecil gasped, seizing her mother's arm, 'I must go to him. I will. He has no one.'

'Impossible, Cecil,' urged Mrs Maynard, trembling from head to foot, but maintaining self-command. 'You could do no good at such a time. You could not stand it. I will go to him. My poor, motherless, fatherless boy, he shall not be left alone. Ring for the carriage, and keep calm till I return.'

'Never fear for me,' said Cecil with a strange, forced calm. 'I shall keep strong, in case I am wanted. Yes; go to him, mamma. Comfort him, if you can. Perhaps you are right; you would be more comfort to him than I.'

Mrs Maynard was at the door of Edgar's home in a very short time, and going swiftly upstairs, gently opened the study door. Edgar was sitting by the table, his head resting upon it. Poor fellow! Years seemed to have passed over him since yesterday. His face was piteous to see. Mrs Maynard put her arms round him, and kissed his cold damp forehead as his mother might have done. 'Oh, how kind of you!' he muttered. 'I thought I was quite alone! Help me to bear it.'

By kindly motherly ways she led him to speak at last to her, and speaking brought tears after a while to relieve the dull agony of his suffering.

Mrs Maynard did not return home till after dark. When she entered the drawing-room, she found it only lighted by a dull red fire. A small white figure rose and came forward, and Cecil's voice, broken with bitter weeping, spoke to her: 'Mamma! how is he?'

Her mother put her arm round her, and told

her by degrees, as well as she could, what Mr Tresillian's papers had disclosed to them of the ruin and disgrace that had occasioned his last fatal step.

Cecil said nothing. She sat bowed in the attitude of one whose grief is deeper than words can speak. At last she whispered a question or two. 'Then Edgar is actually left without anything?'

'Without anything that is justly his; he is determined to give up every penny.'

'And what will he do?'

'God knows! Poor boy; he has not learned to earn his bread.'

Cecil said no more; she only took her mother's hand, and kissed it again and again. Mrs Maynard knew what those kisses meant. Then she rang for lights and tea; and when she had seen her mother properly attended to, she slipped softly out of the room and went up-stairs.

The inquest, with its customary verdict of 'Temporary Insanity,' and the funeral, were over. Edgar sat alone in the firelight after a long weary day of unutterable distress. Slow tears gathered in his eyes as old memories of his father's indulgence and care rose up before him. No one was by; he was not ashamed of his tears now. The door opened very softly and with hesitation. 'Is it you, Williams?' he asked in his hopeless voice. 'I don't want any dinner to-day, tell cook.' But the person who had entered came into the room close up to him, and kneeling on the rug at his feet, looked up with deep yearning eyes—Cecil's eyes.

Edgar gave a start and a cry, almost of joy. 'Is it you? really you? Oh, how good—how good of you, darling!'

She leant forward and clasped him round the neck. 'Yes; I am come, Edgar. No one knows it; but I could not—could not keep away. My poor boy, won't you let me stay and try to comfort you?'

He hid his face upon her head. 'My Cecil! Is it my own Cecil come?'

'Yes, your Cecil—your wife, your anything you will. I will never leave you—never! All that is mine shall be yours, and your trouble shall be mine too.'

'My own generous Cecil! But you are wrong in one thing—you do not give me everything. Is it possible that you think I do not love you?'

'Yes, Edgar, I did think so. You only took me because you thought I should not be happy without you.'

'Just at first, perhaps. But did you really believe that love did not come after?'

'But did it? did it? Edgar, for pity's sake, don't deceive me out of kindness!'

'Deceive you! No, Cecil; all deceits are over for me now; life is too stern and awful a reality. But to sacrifice yourself to me—you had better stop and think a little yet.'

'O Edgar, I have enough for two.'

'Hush!' he said haughtily; 'you don't think I am going to live on my wife! I was called to the bar, you know, but it was only a farce; I should never get practice.'

'I think,' returned Cecil timidly, 'Uncle Thornton might help you. Do not trouble about all that now, Edgar. Good-night.'

He rose, holding her to him, and the blaze

that suddenly sprang up in the fire shewed Cecil such a haggard face; so changed from her handsome lover of former times that her heart was wrung. She clung to him as she never had in those old easy days. 'May I walk back with you?' he said. 'I have not stirred out to-day. I think the air would do me good.'

So they walked back together to Gloster Terrace; and in that night's walk Edgar managed to persuade Cecil that he *did* love her as much as she loved him.

Edgar's honourable conduct in sacrificing all he had to satisfy as far as he was able some of his father's creditors, or rather victims, raised him up many friends; and the son of the dead man was gratified at receiving a kind letter from a certain great lord—whom he only just knew—offering him a post which would give him at least a living. There was no reason now for delaying his marriage; so one morning Edgar met Cecil, her mother, and uncle at the parish church, and they were married without any fuss whatever. Their honeymoon was only one fortnight's quiet in Wales, and then they came back to London to find their little house ready for them and looking like home already. That same evening a small packet was brought to Cecil. It contained a valuable bracelet and a note written in guarded but affectionate terms, and signed 'Olive Denzil.' All their anger against her had died out by this time; such terrible realities and such a perfect sympathy had come between that time and now, that Cecil could hardly recall her own bitter feelings. Olive really had not meant to do harm. She had only gratified a sudden impulse of malice, and she was glad when she knew that her words had not separated the lovers for ever.

So the missent letter was not such a very dreadful mistake after all. It brought together two who never could have lived so well asunder; and Edgar often says it was the happiest mistake that could have been made, or he might have gone on all his life liking the wrong woman best.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

DURING my residence in rural villages, I became familiar with a respectable yeoman, at whose house I was at all times a welcome visitor. He was a remarkably quiet little man. His wife was a fine buxom woman, whose rosy cheeks and dark benevolent eyes made her pleasant to look upon, and whose children, eight in number, were fine strapping lads. Going in one morning, the first thing that met my gaze was Mr Stafford seated in his armchair, a basin poised on the palm of his left hand, the contents of which he was deliberately supping with the aid of a teaspoon.

'You seem to be enjoying yourself this morning, Mr Stafford. What may you have got in the basin?' I asked.

'A drop o' salts!' was the odd and laconic reply.

'Salts!' I exclaimed in astonishment; 'and supping them with a teaspoon too!'

'Ay,' responded the yeoman quietly; 'I allus sups salts wi' a teaspoon, 'cause ah loikes 'em. Yo knaw if ah wor ta drink 'em, th' plesure 'ud be soon ower; but usin' a teaspoon, why, th' plesure lasts a lang toime;' saying which, he took another spoonful, and licked his lips with marked gusto.

'My husband is a queer man, I assure you,' chimed in Mrs Stafford, with studied politeness; 'he has the queerest fancies of any man I know of. See you, Maister Brownson,' she continued in unassumed earnestness, 'I cannot keep a bit o' mustard in the house because of him. I used to make a goodish bit, for the lads are fond of it; but he got to go to the cupboard, and he would lick, ay—lick the mustard until it was all licked up; so I gave over making it at last, and for many years we've done without.'

'Ay, indeed; ma woife says th' truth,' put in Mr Stafford sorrowfully. 'Ah niver gits a taste o' mustart naa but twice a yer—that's on th' tithe-days. Th' Vicar maks us a gooid dinner when we gang ta pay aar tithe; an' soa, as sooin as ah gits inta th' raam, ah luks abaat for th' mustart-pot; an' takin' it inta ma hond, ah puts th' contents all rand th' rim o' me plate, an' soa ah gits a gradeley blow-in' o' mustart than. Yo knaw'—looking at me very significantly—'it hes ta last hawf a yer.'

'And see you, Maister Brownson,' said the canny wife, 'my husband is such a man for gruel; why, bless you, he would have me boil gruel day by th' length, if I would'—

'Nawt noa bether,' put in Mr Stafford, interrupting his spouse in good-humour—'nawt noa bether, ah say, owther for mon or becast. Naa, Maister Brownson, let a body advase yo as knaws; whenever yo feels aat ov soorts, as th' sayin' is, mak yorsen, or git yer woife—when yo've got yan—ta mak yo a gooid jorum o' waiter-gruel; moind, waiter-gruel, an' drink it as yo git inta bed; an' moind ma words, yo'll feel reet at morn, noa mather what yo may ail. There's nawt noa bether nor waiter-gruel owther for mon or becast, ah say!'

'I wish I may be as fortunate as you in the choice of a wife,' I remarked in perfect sincerity.

'A vary nat'ral wish, Maister Brownson,' readily responded the little yeoman, putting down his basin of salts, and rising up to the height of an idea which had struck him, and which he was about to express. 'Ah'll tell yo whot; if yo wish to be happy as a wed mon, yo maun hev a woife wi' three vartues in her—th' vartue o' good temper, th' vartue o' claneliness, an' th' vartue o' aiconomy; wi'oot which, yo conno be happy, let her be otherwise as she may.'

'But how am I to come at a woman with those virtues?' I asked.

'Ah wor bawn ta tell yo. Now, yo may come at th' furster by axing th' naybors; they knaw reet weel th' tempers o' aych ither. Or yo may form a goodish ida-ah by takin' gauge o' her fayters an' th' expression ov her fa-ace. As ta whether she's clane, just yo find aat wheere she keeps her dish-claat, an' tak th' scent on't. If it smell swate, I's uphod it she's clane iverywheere.

An' than as ta aiconomy, yo take a poipe naa an' agin; vary weel, just yo hond her a pratty lang bit o' papper, an' ax her cannily ta leet yer poipe for ye. She'll do't; an' moind, if she knocks aat th' leet an' puts whot's left by for another leetin', yo may set it dawn as she's a careful body; but if she throws it behint th' foire, stop afore yo further goa, ah say.' Saying which, he resumed the supping of his salts, while his happy wife's face shone with unwonted amiability.

There were many odd folks in the parts about which I write while I lived there, but Abigail Roe was the queerest of them all. She was of such odd and uncertain temper, that no one knew, when about to approach her, how he would be received; and so, unless forced, no one went near her; wherefore, for many years before she died, she was shunned by her neighbours. It was well for her that she was fond of work, for it kept her out of many scrapes into which her temper would have driven her, had her time been at her own disposal. Her husband was a farmer, and like his spouse, was a somewhat earthly-minded body. So they often in busy times left their house early in the morning for the fields, returning only when the crows were winging their slow flight homewards. Richard was a local preacher in a Methodist Society, and being a quiet and inoffensive man, and kindly disposed withal, he was much pitied by many because of the cantankerous temper of his better-half, who at times greatly tried the poor man's patience. Much to the surprise of every one, he had somehow prevailed upon Abigail to entertain the preachers with bed when they came to the village, and one of them with board besides; but whenever she had the chance, arising out of Richard's absence, she had the door locked and herself out of sight before the preacher's arrival; and then he might knock to his heart's content. One of the fraternity once called in at Abigail's with the view of relieving himself of his carpet-bag, while he attended to a little business in another part of the village. The moment he made his appearance, she exclaimed: 'Your whoam is at Philip's, you know.'

'I do know, Mrs Roe,' said the young fellow, in good temper. 'My only object in calling now is that I may leave this bag. May I do so?'

'Clap it daan onywhere!' said the dame impatiently, and walked into the yard, while the parson went on his way.

Returning next minute for an article he had in the bag, the young divine was just in time to hear Abigail cry out to a listening neighbour: 'These parsons 'ud eat yan oot ov 'oose an' 'arbour if yan 'ud let 'em; but I've 'loundedered you chap off ta Philip's!'

Purposely attracting the irate dame's attention by shuffling his feet on the floor, Abigail was assured, on putting her head within the door, that her uncanny speech had been heard by him whom she had 'loundedered off;' and so it became an earnest inquiry of hers during the rest of the night in what way she could best atone for her rudeness. She had evidently resolved to get to the parson's heart through his stomach; for the next morning, on his presenting himself at her fireside ready to go to Philip's, she said in a soothing tone and with a smile: 'Yo needna gang ta Philip's ta morn; yo mun stop an' git break-

fast wi' me; I've mad' it reight wi' Philip.' And so he stayed.

Never had Abigail made a more sumptuous repast than the one provided on that occasion; for there was 'fatty-cake,' ham-rashers, poached eggs, the richest cream, and a cup of ruby tea, all but the cream smoking hot; from which the young divine went on his way quite conciliated for the incivility of the previous night.

Not long before she died, poor Abi. fell into a sore temptation, and became a wrong-doer in another way: not only so; but her uncanny act became known to her neighbours, and that too in connection with an incident, the remotest allusion to which filled her ever after with unpleasant emotions. An apple-tree belonging to a neighbour threw one of its branches in close proximity to Richard Roe's garden. One year, this bough was laden with fruit, the temptation to purloin which was irresistible to some one, as was denoted by the fact that day by day the branch was seen to rise higher and higher.

'My apples are fast diminishing!' said the owner; 'I wonder if Abi. is the thief?'

He resolved to watch and, moreover, to frighten the pilferer, if caught, into better behaviour. Hence, with a sheet rolled up under one arm, he crouched behind a clump of raspberry bushes. It was getting dark when the watcher heard operations going on in the adjoining garden. A step-ladder was put in position; presently a hand was seen busily lessening the apples on the tempting bough.

'My Ribston pips are going like magic; I must stay the process;' so, throwing the sheet over his head, and standing erect with his arms lifted up, he cried in a solemn tone: 'Thou shalt not steal!' A sound as of falling apples, and then a leap on to the ground and a run; finally, the banging-to of a door not far off, and the scene ended.

Next day, seeing Abigail at the back-door, the apple-owner got into conversation with her; in course of which she related, in earnest manner, how on coming into her garden the night before, she had been appalled by seeing and hearing a real ghost in his garden. 'I ran back wi' all my might,' said Abigail; 'an' it'll be some time before I sall hev courage ta enter my garden efter dayleet's gone,' she added.

'Maybe my apples will be suffered to ripen now,' said the man, in a way which brought a blush on to poor Abigail's cheeks, and caused her to creep off in evident shame and confusion of mind.

Richard was fond of relating an incident which took place in the village, which I will recite, and then leave him and his old wife to rest beneath the sod which covers their grave. A nonconformist minister of great eminence was in the habit of holding a preaching-service now and again in the kitchen of a farmhouse not far from Richard's. The latter never missed the pleasure of hearing this 'Prince of Preachers.' On one occasion, there was no one present who had sufficient musical talent to enable him to put a tune to a hymn. The preacher was evidently annoyed at this; for after repeating the first two lines of the hymn once or twice, and waiting each time for a voice tuned into melody, he asked: 'Can no one pitch a tune to th' hymn?'

'Noa, sur,' said an old gray-headed patriarch

who was seated in a corner near the fire—'noa, sur; but theer's an owd chap here as con whussel th' owd 'undred!'

Leaving these recollections of things pertaining to the ordinary aspects of life, I will now turn to matters belonging to another class—a class which one would suppose no longer existed except in tradition. A belief in witchcraft lingered in most of the villages which I was in the habit of visiting. I know it to be a fact that whatever subtle disease laid hold of either man or beast, or whatever fatality befell a family, it was by some laid to the charge of an evil-eye, or to the wicked machinations of a woman in league with the Wicked One. There must be many who buy the wisdom of the 'wise-man' and 'wise-woman,' else the latter could not lay up the riches which they do. It is not more than ten years since a woman died in one of our large West Yorkshire towns who had for many years flourished on the superstitious credulity of her fellow-creatures. She combined the wisdom of the astrologer with the skill of the medical botanist; and under the guise of a parcel of dried herbs, she received pay for a prescription for the dissolution of a spell of witchery, or for a well drawn-up nativity. At this witch's death, a young woman who had lived with her from childhood, and had acted as servant and companion, became heiress to her possessions. Every drawer in the house was crammed with rich and costly dresses and shawls; and the cupboards contained over three dozen silver or silver-gilt tea and coffee pots, with a vast number of silver cups and silver spoons—all the presentations of wealthy ladies, whose fortunes she had told, or whom she had delivered, according to their belief, by her occult incantations, from the power of some evil spell. But are not such persons themselves more worthy of punishment than the 'wise-one;' seeing that, were it not for the purchasers of such-like wisdom or power, there would be none to sell it?

During his residence in rural places, the writer came into contact with not a few who had been at one time or other, in mind, body, or estate, under the supposed power of witchcraft. The witch, unlike the generality of such folks, was not always old or ugly. Sitting one day in the house of a respectable mechanic, he was startled by the sudden action of the mechanic's wife, who, rising from the seat by the fireside, rushed in mortal fear towards the door, where, seizing by the shoulders a good-looking woman, who that moment was in the act of entering the house, she pushed her over the threshold, saying, with quivering lip and flashing eye: 'Come in here, if ta dare, thou bagtrash, thou!' The woman evicted, the door was put to with a bang, and the poor old lady retook her place at the fireside trembling in every limb. Need I add that the ejected woman was, in the judgment of the ejector, a veritable witch—one who had the power of assuming the form, or entering into the body of cat or hare, hurting whomsoever she listed?

It was my lot, while a resident in rural parts, to lodge for a time with a singular couple, whose belief in witchcraft, and indeed in all sorts of superstition, was as profound as it was confirmed. My bedroom had been made by cutting off a small portion of a large room by a partition of thin wood; and as the room was open to the

slates, a ceiling of lath and paper was put over my portion thereof. This sounded, when touched, like a drum. One night I was awakened out of sleep by hearing a tambourine-like noise overhead, occasioned by something going across this ceiling; then the something leaped down on to the room floor, scampered down-stairs, and away into the street out of an open window.

'Oh!' said I, 'it is only a stray cat;' and so tried to get to sleep again.

But anon I heard my hostess on the floor, and soon she was hard at work down-stairs, rummaging in cupboards and corners. I knew her search would be a fruitless one: so it was; but in a while, on returning to her bed, a long earnest whispered dialogue was held between her and her 'owd mon.'

At breakfast next morning, believing that something more was thought about my visitor by them than by myself, I asked the old lady what had led her to make so diligent a search after the cat, as she had made.

Looking me earnestly in the face, she said: 'Ugh! A cat, yo call it! If ah hed a-got hod on't, ah wad a-cleaved its skull wi' th' fire-point,* see yo, an' a-laid its carkase on th' dur-stane; an' it wad a-been vary soon reported 'at a woman hed been fand deead i' bed wi' her skull cleaved!'

'What! Do you really believe that the cat and a woman are somehow mixed?'

'Ah know yo'll do nowt but laugh at me; but ah've suffered moore than onybody knows fra sich-lake cratures; an' ah dunnot want yo to be hurt by 'em whale yo live wi' us. We're in a bad naylorhood!'

A few weeks after this incident, I was passing the house just as it was becoming dark; and slyly looking over the window-curtain, I saw my hostess sitting on a low stool with her chin in the palm of her right hand, and her elbow resting on her knee, staring into the fire. I had just entered upon manhood at the time, and so had the relics of boyish larking strong in me; wherefore, acting on the promptings of the moment, I scratched on the window and mewed like a cat. The old lady sprang out of her reverie in a twinkling, and her face, the picture of terror, was turned to the window. I ran off. This was on a Saturday evening.

On Monday morning, while at breakfast, the old dame said: 'Well, Maister Brownson, we're bawn ta flit.'

'You're going to flit!' I replied, in unaffected astonishment. 'What has put that resolve into your minds?'

Fixing her bright and suspicious eye upon me, she said: 'I've told aar Richard 'at if he doesna flit me, he'll hev ta bury me. I've told him this offen; but now he believes it. Yo recollect the cat, as yo call it, 'at wanted ta git at yo a whale sin?'

'Yes; very well.'

'Weel, it com' agen on Setherday neet just on th' edge o' derk. I wor by mysen. It com' ta that there winda; it scratched an' it gowled ta git at me: nay, it wor fair mad ta git in; bud it couldna, thank God. An' soa we're off fra here, I's glad ta say.'

I may just add that so many had been the journeys which Richard had taken on Sundays to see the 'wise-man,' and so much had been the fee which he had had to pay each time for advice or for material whereby to neutralise the power of the witch, that this couple were kept in poverty all the days of their lives.

One more case only, and then I will tie up these gatherings from the stores of memory. In a beautiful rural village in a certain dale there lived, years ago, a mole-catcher; a man in middle age, the like of whom for vigour and health could not be met with any day. He was besides a well-informed man, and highly respected. At last, an interruption took place in his health; he began suddenly to droop and fade, and in less than a fortnight he was a wreck, his flesh gone, and his strength become perfect weakness. But he had no pain. This gave an element of mystery to his case; and the impression thus made was increased when the doctor said he could not make out the cause of the wasting. 'He must have taken some subtle poison, which his system could not rid itself of.'

A friend of the writer's went to see this poor fellow just at this stage of his malady. That he was ill, yea, nigh unto death, there could be no question; and as day succeeded day and no change took place, it began to be whispered that his was a case of foul-play. 'The second time,' said the friend, 'that I went to see the patient, he was alone, and cheerful as a lark, though weak as an infant and worn to a skeleton.'

'I sall soon be all reight agen,' said he, most emphatically.

'Indeed!' said the hearer. 'Has the doctor said so?'

'Not he!' was the reply; 'he wad let me dee, that he wad; but me wafe hes gone wheree she wanted weeks agoan, if I wad but a let her.'

'I began,' said the friend, 'to suspect that something out of the common order was in the wind, so let the man go on.'

'Yes, fra th' furst,' said the patient in a whisper, 'me wafe believed as I wor under a wicked spell, an' soa wanted to goa to th' 'wise-man; but ah didna think as she did. Last neet, hooiver, seein' as there wor but a step atween me an' deeath, an' as nowt seemed to stop th' complaint, ah began to think as there might be moore in the wafe's idea than in me ain, an' soa I sed, dee as tha thinks; an' soa she's off ta-day; an' yo'll see as I sall be all reight agen vary soon.'

'I simply relate what took place,' concluded my friend, 'without offering an opinion. That night was spent in following the 'directions of the wizard; a series of spells and incantations were gone through; the man took a turn; his appetite came back; and in less than ten days the mole-catcher was up and out of doors, and in a few weeks more he was in the fields after the moles. Of course, if "conceit can kill, conceit can also cure."'

Ere long, it will be seen what education will do in eradicating a belief in such witchcraft-power as I have described, and which still lingers in some rural neighbourhoods and elsewhere. As I have said, persons who move in higher circles have consulted the 'wise folk' on matters such as loss of health and of property; hence, there seems to be

* *Fire-point* is the name for poker among a class in West Yorkshire; it was the old woman's in question.

an innate tendency to ascribe to the supernatural what may really belong to the more occult departments of Nature. This, education will no doubt open up, and so dispel delusion.

A FEW FINAL HINTS TO INTENDING TEA-PLANTERS IN ASSAM.

IN addition to the articles upon Tea-planting in Assam, which have already appeared in our columns, we hereby offer a few final hints to young men who contemplate trying their fortunes in the far East.

From a gentleman who has been for some years in Assam, and from whom we have had no previous communication, we have received the following hints, the perusal of which may induce those who propose to try their fortune at tea-planting in Assam, to give the matter a little further consideration. The writer says :

Situations in Assam have been so run after of late, that I fancy they will soon be open only to those in a position to bring strong influence to bear in the right quarter, or to men able and willing to pay a premium for the first three years' experience. I have already heard of several instances in which premiums have been paid, and may mention, that in answer to a single advertisement in one Scotch paper, offering three years' employment in tea without remuneration, over a hundred applications were received. I think it hardly possible that the climate and prospects in Assam can be thoroughly understood by, or fairly represented to the many, who are so anxious to try their hand at tea-planting.

The first and most indispensable quality required in Assam, is robust health. When I mention that the Insurance Companies refuse policies, except on premiums equal to those on Indian military lives, I think I am more than justified in drawing close attention to this point. The climate is decidedly a very bad one, and requires the most undoubted constitution to bear up against it. From the number of men physically unfit, who have come out lately only to die in the country, or leave it in a few months, I think the evils to be coped with cannot be thoroughly known at home. A man's being strictly temperate in his habits, is greatly in his favour, as temptations to 'peg' with brandy are continual.

In the second place, sound good sense, and a dignified, firm, and decided manner are requisite ; while any peevish or nagging spirit has a very bad effect on the native labourer.

Thirdly, let a man be more or less a Jack-of-all-trades. Let him have a knowledge of agricultural chemistry, let him be able to bleed a horse or bullock, to pack the manhole of an engine, to swing a sledge-hammer, to plan a house, to survey a garden, to mortise a joint, to keep a set of books, and in an emergency to physic a sick coolie.

And lastly, let him have some private means to fall back on, should the climate prove too much for him.

As, notwithstanding the foregoing hints, some—intent upon giving tea-planting a trial—will doubtless venture to the East, the following notes as to our *&c.*, may be useful. On this, as on many other subjects connected with life in the tea

districts, many erroneous ideas are entertained. I have seen men come to the country with the most extravagant amount of clothing, one half simply useless, and three-fourths of the remainder very soon rendered so, by the attacks of moths, white ants, and damp. What would you think of a young man—ay, and that young man a Scotchman too—bringing out nine pairs of cord riding-breeches? You may consider this ridiculous, but I assure you such a thing has happened ; and absurdities of the same kind are occurring every week, all for the want of a little useful information.

On no account should any of one's old clothing be left at home. A coat which may have been thrown aside as useless in England, comes in very handy indeed of a wet morning in the garden, when a better one would be completely spoiled. Old home boots are as good as, if not better than new. The sole, the first part to go to the bad in the old country, has little or no tear or wear on it, where not a stone can be picked up within a radius of ten miles. The sewing, however, exposed to the incessant damp of Assam rains, soon gives way, more especially if any tugging—usually so necessary in putting on new boots—be indulged in. Two or three pairs of American pegged, lace ones, not heavy, but of the best material and workmanship, should be provided, together with a couple of pairs of canvas shoes, and a pair of leather gaiters with spring fastenings.

Besides all his old wardrobe, then, let him provide a serge suit for the voyage, a few suits of cricketer flannel, a couple of dozens of shirts, made wide at the neck and sleeves, and composed of jute. These are usually known as Oxford shirts, and are to be preferred from the fact that no insects ever attack them. A supply of woollen underclothing sufficient for two years should be taken, and a lot of woollen socks with double heels and toes. Should the latter not be easily obtainable, have a little bit of chamois leather stitched in at those points, or better still, let the embryo planter, among his other accomplishments, number the very useful one of darning. A pair of Bedford cord riding-breeches, strapped, makes a useful addition to the above list ; while a large strong umbrella, and a waterproof-coat are indispensable. Towels, both hand and bath, should be taken, as well as some rough cheap table-cloths and napkins, and a few bed-sheets. A small supply both of cutlery and crockery, though subject to a small duty in India, should be brought out.

If firearms must be added to the baggage, let them be represented by a twelve-bore, central-fire breech-loader ; and if too much money be still unspent, a four hundred and fifty express rifle might be purchased ; but on no account let us have any more revolvers.

SEA MESSENGERS.

READERS of the voyages of Columbus will recollect the expedient to which that discoverer had recourse when caught in a storm off the Azores. Believing himself near death, and not wishing the king and queen of Spain to be ignorant of what he had done in their service, he wrote as much as he could of his discoveries on a skin of parch-

ment; 'and having wrapped it up in a piece of cerecloth, he put it into a wooden cask and cast it into the sea.' The position of the *Investigator* and *Enterprise* at a certain time was, if we mistake not, made similarly known to the Admiralty; and another wave-tossed messenger, thrown overboard from the *Erebus* on her way to the Antarctic seas, is said to have been picked up off the Irish coast.

Repeated experiments with bottled and other sea messengers have often furnished navigators with information as to the force of the wind and waves and directions of the currents. Charts, as we have on a previous occasion shewn in these columns (*Chambers's Journal*, No. 314, Jan. 1870), have been made of the wanderings of these curious ocean-waifs, some bottles afloat having safely accomplished such trips as from America to Europe; and others, thickly incrustated with shell-fish, turning up several thousands of miles from the place at which they were thrown overboard. Could a log-book be kept of some of these storm-tossed bottles, it would furnish some interesting items; as for instance, when one, cast adrift over a thousand miles from land, is months afterwards discovered within a short distance of the port whence the vessel sailed which took it out. Another being picked up, is perhaps found to have been over a dozen years at sea, as if its contents were the spirit of a second Vanderdecken; but probably, like the bottle in Dickens's *Message from the Sea*, such an erratic messenger would pass most of its time 'floating in a corner of the smooth water, within some reef, entangled in the seaweed.'

That such frail vessels are considerably influenced by the wind, is well known; and experimenters have made observations from the respective conduct of metal cylinders and wooden bottles weighted with lead—the latter proving much duller sailors under like circumstances than their more fragile models.

As is too well known, there are persons, weak-minded and vicious, who take a delight in perpetrating the paltry hoax of fabricating false news by means of sealed bottles thrown into the sea. As an example of this scandalous practice, it was reported some time ago that a sealed bottle was picked up at sea containing the announcement of the loss of the ship *Vermont*. To leave no room for doubt, the paper bore the name of the skipper, together with a pathetic statement that it had been written 'in sight of death.' These sad tidings must of course have caused grief and consternation among the friends and relatives of those on board the ill-fated ship, not to speak of the underwriters who had insured the vessel and her cargo. As the *Vermont* reached St Helena 'all well,' the announcement turned out to be a hoax. The further mischief of such jokes is obvious when it is said as much as eighty guineas premium per cent. was offered for re-insurance, in consequence of such news coming to hand. As a newspaper justly remarked at the time, marine insurers have already quite enough odds to contend against in their business, without any more risks of this description being added to them.

Even the most sceptical underwriter would feel inclined to re-insure if informed by a solemn voice from the deep that a vessel in which he had taken a risk was lost with all on board. As the very

profitable nature of the trick would soon bring it into favour with the swindling brotherhood, underwriters must feel specially interested in the swift detection and punishment of such experimenters. At the time this paper was written, the Admiralty received a telegram stating that a bottle had been discovered floating in an eddy of the river Weaver containing a message from the sea to the effect that the missing training-ship *Atalanta* was dismantled in a fearful hurricane. The manuscript was signed—Boy—H. SMITH. But as no boy of that name is said to have been on board the *Atalanta*, and the position of the bottle was not one in which such a waif was likely to be found, there seems little doubt that the affair was a dreary hoax.

A few instances of messages from the sea, reported from time to time to have been found, like Poe's manuscript, in a bottle, are here added, but like the one just mentioned, may perhaps be taken for what they are worth. A girl picked up in the sea near Barrow a securely corked bottle containing a scrap of old newspaper on which was indistinctly written: 'Gone down off the coast of Ireland the steamer *Combat*, with all hands—CAPTAIN YATES.' There was no mention of date on which the ship sank, but the writing appeared to have been hurriedly done.—On the shore of the Bay of Luce a bottle was reported to have been found containing the following message, written in pencil on a piece of paper, the writing being much faded: 'On the 29th of April 1876, the ship *Herclades* was wrecked on the extremity of Patagonia. Crew in the hands of savages. Bring us assistance.'—During a fearful winter storm, it was conjectured, from the large quantity of wreckage floating about, that many vessels had been lost at the mouth of the Tay in addition to those reported at the time. Some particulars reached the press—whether verified or not the writer is unable to say—that a letter inclosed in a bottle was cast ashore on the Fifeshire coast giving a clue to one of these ships. The letter, blotted and otherwise damaged by sea-water, was written in bold Norwegian characters, and was thus translated: 'Schooner *Bay*, Tönsberg, 25th December, eight morning. We are now in a sinking condition, within sight of the Bell Rock, outside the river Tay. We have had both boats smashed and carried away, and cannot therefore make an attempt to come ashore. We have experienced great hardships during the heavy gales in the North Sea. Greater part of rails, stanchions, and bulwarks are away. We have been labouring constantly at the pumps for three days, and the fore-castle and cabin are full of water. Everything is destroyed, and we have had but little to eat. We now put our trust in a merciful God; and if it is our fate to die, we hope to arrive at a heavenly throne. The crew is otherwise all well, and asked to be remembered to their dear ones at home.—(Signed) H. MATHISON, captain of the schooner *Bay*.' The letter bore the address 'To Tönsberg, Norway.' The name of the *Bay* was on the Norwegian shipping-lists, and she would have a crew of seven or eight hands; and is supposed to have been bound coal-laden from the Tyne to Norway. This sad message from the sea was reported to the owners.

Considering what has resulted from mariners' experiments with bottles afloat, and how often, after disasters at sea, these have been the means

of communication between the living and dead, too much cannot be said in condemnation of thoughtless persons who perpetrate hoaxes of this description.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE boring of a deep well last year at a brewery in Tottenham Court Road has confirmed a geological theory, and brought to light remarkably interesting facts. Some twenty-five years ago, Mr Godwin-Austen, from observation of the geology of Belgium, stated that, in his opinion, 'an axis of Palæozoic Rocks was prolonged from the Ardennes under the London Tertiary district, and that a band of coal-measures coincided with the line of the valley of the Thames, where it might some day be reached.' This has been verified by the boring above mentioned; for, at a depth of one thousand and sixty-four feet, 'beds of undoubted Upper Devonian age, as proved by their fossils, were met with.' At Crossness, one of the outlets of the London main drainage, at a depth of one thousand and eight feet, rocks have been found which, 'from their mineral character, are believed to be of Devonian age;' and further corroboration was met with in sinking a deep well between Hertford and Ware for the New River Company. Taking all the facts into consideration, Mr Godwin-Austen draws the inference, that 'the lower members of the true coal-measure formation may be expected to occur at about a quarter of a mile to the south of the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, and the upper or productive coal-measures still farther to the south.' It would astonish Londoners not a little to see a coal-mine opened in Leicester Square or at Charing Cross. Nevertheless, these deep well-borings, as has been remarked by a F.G.S., are 'contributing towards the solution of two problems of great economic importance—the existence or otherwise in the south-east of England of productive coal-measures at a workable depth; and the position of the Lower Greensand or of other permeable beds sufficiently deep-seated and extensive to furnish the metropolis with a large and never-failing supply of pure water.'

Read in connection with Professor Armstrong's observations described in a recent *Month* (ante, p. 414), the account of Professor Pringsheim's experiments becomes the more interesting; the learned German philosopher and botanist, by concentrating solar light on vegetable tissue, under a microscope, having made a series of micro-photochemic observations on the chlorophyll and protoplasmic constituents of the vegetable cell. He finds that the absorption of oxygen increases with the intensity of the light, and especially with the intensity of the chemical rays. But the increasing intensity of the respiration finally involves danger, and the light, which is necessary for accumulating carbon, becomes hurtful as soon as oxidation exceeds assimilation. The chlorophyll, by its luminous absorption, helps to balance these two opposite functions. By its preference for the chemical rays, it diminishes the respiratory effort, and thus acts as a protecting screen; so that even in the brightest sunlight the assimilation of carbon exceeds the oxidation of the carbonaceous product. Hence, contrary to the prevalent opinion,

chlorophyll has no direct relation with the decomposition of carbonic acid, but it serves rather as a regulator of vegetable respiratory action.

If plants require temperature for their development, they also require light; and it appears as if, in some instances, light could be substituted for temperature. This is shewn in the effects of almost uninterrupted summer sunshine upon vegetation in high latitudes. In Finland, barley ripens in eighty-nine days from the date of sowing; but in the south of Sweden under a higher temperature, one hundred days are required. A grain of wheat grown near the sea-level in Norway or in lower latitudes, when propagated at high elevations or in a high latitude, will mature earlier, even although at a lower temperature; and it is said that, within limits compatible with its cultivation, the grain increases in size and weight. Experience has shewn too, that plants raised from seeds ripened in a high northern locality, are hardier than those grown in the south, and are better able to resist excessive winter-cold.

Gardeners in the Azores have observed that the development of buds of roses and some other flowers is quickened by the admission of smoke into the conservatories. Would the effect be the same in other parts of the world?

In a communication to the Linnean Society, Mr F. Day brings forward an interesting array of facts to shew that those authors who have assumed that fishes are deficient in instinct and 'emotional sensations,' are mistaken. Allowing that the faculties of fishes are not so acutely developed as in the higher races, Mr Day still claims for the piscine tribes that some, at least, 'have attachments, whether in the form of conjugal feelings, paternal and maternal affections, or even of platonic friendship. Some,' he says, 'construct nests, which they defend, as well as the young when hatched out. The males may act the part of nurses to the eggs, either carrying them about in purses, or even in their mouths.' Lastly, he mentions 'the fact that members of two distinct families may combine for the purpose of attacking another inhabitant of the deep, and thus obtain a supply of food.'

In an octavo volume of nearly a thousand pages, the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries appointed by the government at Washington, presents his Report on the inquiries made into the condition of the fisheries of the sea-coast and lakes of the United States; and the history of the measures taken for the introduction of useful food-fishes into American waters. The amount of information conveyed in this Report is as valuable as it is surprising. There are descriptions of the fish chosen for propagation experiments, including the shad, Pacific salmon, the Atlantic salmon, the land-locked salmon, the white-fish (*Coregonus albus*), the carp; and of the endeavours made to introduce the sole, the tench, and the turbot from Europe. Copious particulars are given of the fishery of the menhaden (*Clupea tyrannus*), called also moss-bunker and fat-back, of which in one year more than one hundred and seventy millions were caught off the shores of Connecticut and Long Island. This is the fish which, when properly cured, is largely exported as American sardines; and details of the manufacture, and pictures of the vessels employed and manner of catching, are given. Moreover, 'as a source of oil, the menhaden is more important than any other marine animal:

its annual yield exceeds that of the American whale fisheries by about two hundred thousand gallons.' The refuse of the oil factories is valuable as a fertiliser; and in 1875, the quantity of ammonia derived from this source was estimated as equivalent to sixty million pounds of Peruvian guano.

This Report contains further an account of the fishery questions between England and the United States; of the geographical distribution of the cod, and its relations to commerce; and, with abundant particulars, of the fisheries of Norway: something interesting for all readers.

The *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* contains an account of the ravages perpetrated by rats and mice in the Dakhan during the harvest of 1878-79. The winter-crops were first attacked, and the green Sorghum (millet) stalks were decimated by the hungry destroyers; but soon whole fields were gnawed down in two or three nights. When, in consequence, food became scarce, the rats gathered their forces, and invaded and quickly devastated fields at a distance. In some places, they did not cut down the stalks, but climbed and gnawed off the ears of grain. Some of the ears thus cut off were partially eaten where they fell, and some were hauled off by the rats, and stored away. A good deal of the grain thus stored was dug up by the inhabitants and used for food. Egg-plants, melons, carrots, and even lucerne were devoured; and as these ravages 'extended over several thousand square miles,' the consequent distress among the people may be imagined. They were driven to eat the seeds and leaves of wild plants, and to import grain from surrounding districts. They take no pains to destroy the pests, from a belief that the angry divinity which sends the rats will send more. Or, thinking that their countrymen who died during the famine have since been born as rats, they say: 'We did not feed them when they were starving, and now they have come back to eat us out.' But Nature interposes a check to some extent. Certain species inhabit the black soil. If the wet season begins with heavy rains, the ground swells, and smothers the rats in their burrows by tens of thousands. And the black-winged kite, formerly rare in the district, is now seen in flocks, keen devourers of the rats. But unless more comprehensive means are used, the rats of Dakhan will outlive the beetles of Southern Russia and Colorado.

At a meeting of the Society, an account was given of a monkey having been trained to do useful work—that is, punka-pulling. A Langur monkey two feet six inches in height, strong and savage, was tied to a post: his hands were made fast to a punka rope: a man seated on the opposite side began to pull; and after a while, the monkey learned to pull, and during some years swung the punka by himself, and, as we are told, 'enjoyed his work immensely.' He was set to train four other monkeys, and succeeded well with two males, but failed with the two females. If the experiments could be successfully multiplied, the present punka wallahs of India might find themselves superseded by monkeys.

We mentioned some time ago Dr Schwendler's suggestion to employ dynamo-electricity in punka-pulling. This has not yet been put into practice; but in the Dalhousie barracks at Calcutta, the punkas are pulled by compressed air.

Many years ago, oculists in St Petersburg proved that cataract could be cured by application of electricity. In their mode of treatment, a needle was inserted in the substance of the lens of the eye, and was connected with the negative pole of a galvanic battery, and the positive electrode was placed on the patient's tongue. 'Short applications of a mild current resulted, in all the cases, in the liquefaction and final absorption of the cataract.'

Cataract is a consequence of defective nutrition of an important part of the eye. Dr Evetzky of New York says: 'The three properties of electricity—stimulation of the intra-ocular lymph current, of the capillary circulation, and of the innervation of the eyeball—meet the nature of the greatest number of cataracts so directly, that we may say in advance that electricity will be of essential benefit not only in the treatment of incipient and advanced senile cataract, but also as a hygienic measure in improving the senile state of the eyes, and preventing the occurrence of the disease itself. . . It is important to free ourselves from the idea that cataract is an inert lifeless thing, with which we can deal only by the knife.'

Cold water, that is the water dripping from melting ice, has been found beneficial in some affections of the eye, especially in cases of photophobia or intolerance of light. Dr Oppenheimer of New York believes that the astringent and antiseptic effects of the cold exert an influence on the cure. Some readers will perhaps remember a very old remedy for diseased eyes, namely, to dip the face in cold water and keep the eyes open.

A remarkable case of double consciousness is recorded in the *Mémoires* of the Society of Physical and Natural Sciences of Bordeaux. A sempstress aged sixteen while at work would suddenly fall into a stupor, which continued a few minutes. Then her eyes opened, her countenance became animated, and she entered on a condition of existence entirely different from her normal condition, and so remained for a few hours; but the morbid condition increased, until after some years it greatly exceeded the normal. In the normal intervals, the young woman had no remembrance of anything she had said or done during the morbid periods; but when in these, she remembered the series of emotions and incidents from one to the other, and came in time to regard her morbid existence as superior to the other. And yet more remarkable, she could recall what had taken place in the interposed normal moments, or as she termed them, her 'crises.' Studied from a physiological point of view, this case has led to the conclusion that the alteration of memory was due to an alteration in the quantity or quality of the circulation through the brain.

That infirm teeth can be taken out and re-planted in the jaw with good effect, has been stated in these columns. The subject still occupies the attention of dentists; for we find the President of the Odontological Society mentioning in his anniversary address, that the 'replantation of teeth promises at no distant period to pass out of the domain of experiment, and to take its place, within certain limits as to age, temperament, and alveolar integrity, among accepted and recognised surgical proceedings.'

At the suggestion of a German chemist, the

horses of a cavalry regiment in Germany have been fed on dried flesh-meal, greatly to the improvement of their condition and appetite. To insure assimilation of the whole of the albumen, a small quantity of chloride and phosphate of potassium and of phosphate of magnesium must be mixed with the flesh-meal.

A German Professor having satisfied himself by experiment that tubercular disease (consumption) can be produced by infection and inoculation, sought for a remedy; and, as is reported, found it in a chemical mixture of benzoic acid and soda. A group of rabbits affected by tuberculosis were all cured in a vapour of that preparation.

Dr Oswald, formerly Director of the city hospital at Vera Cruz, in an article *On the Relation of Diet to Yellow Fever*, endeavours to prove that that disease is produced by diet, and not by climate. 'The so-called hotbeds of disease along the coast of South America,' he writes, 'are remarkable for the frequency rather than for the destructiveness of their epidemics. In Vera Cruz, for instance, the outbreak of an undoubted indigenous yellow-fever endemic between the first of July and the middle of August, is an annual phenomenon; but the experience of a full century has proved that the plague confines itself to four generally not very numerous classes.' These are foreigners from North America and Europe, and their black or Indian servants who imitate their habits. 'The native citizens of Vera Cruz,' continues Dr Oswald, 'would ridicule the idea of the contagiousness of yellow fever. Not philanthropists only, but the ladies and children visit the city hospital and the houses of fever-stricken foreigners. From the mouth of the Rio Grande to the delta of the La Plata, neither physicians nor laymen entertain the slightest doubt about the origin of all idiopathic fevers, but refer them to dietetic abuses as unhesitatingly as we would ascribe dyspepsia to the same cause.'

A contrast is then made of the flesh-diet and stimulating drinks of the foreigner, and the diet of fruit, vegetables, and water of the native; the immunity of the latter is pointed out, and the Doctor thus concludes: 'If we could ascertain the antecedents of those families or classes of our population who furnished the largest quota of typhus and yellow-fever patients, and of those who enjoyed the most conspicuous immunity, the comparison of their respective dietetic records would convince us that the contagious principle discriminates in the choice of its victims, and that there is no such thing as a pandemic disease.'

In a communication to the Société de Géographie at Paris, Mr Girard describes the changes which the territory of Holland has undergone within the historical period, chiefly through calamitous floods. For a while, water had the mastery; but the inhabitants, with untiring patience and resolution, drove back the ocean, and reconquered the land. The dimensions of some of their barrier-banks are surprising. One on the island of Walcheren is three thousand eight hundred metres long, and more than seven metres above the highest tides. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, more than eight hundred thousand acres have been reclaimed; and the work of reclamation is still carried on at the rate of about eight acres a day. Since 1850, the Lake of Haarlem has been converted into a region of farms and

villages; and the pumping-out of the Zuyder Zee will surpass in magnitude all the endeavours yet made to compel the ocean to restore the land so remorselessly ingulfed centuries ago. The device of the province of Zeeland (*Luctor et emergo*) will then acquire a new significance.

To this we add, that in digging the great canal which makes a deep-water communication between Amsterdam and the sea, more than twenty-five million cubic yards of earth and sand had been taken out, and used to heighten the land near the coast. The width of the canal at bottom is eighty-eight feet seven inches—nearly seventeen feet more than the Suez; and in damming out the waters of adjacent lakes, more than thirteen thousand acres of land were reclaimed; which effected a considerable change in the physical features of the country.

If the accounts we hear of the doings of the Plating Company at Stockton-on-Tees be correct, housekeepers and maids-of-all-work should be saved much trouble in connection with grates, fire-irons, &c. By a process of nickel plating, fenders, fire-irons, bars, gas-brackets, mouldings, &c., can be rendered proof against rust; and may be cleared by rubbing with a leather, or—when dull or dirty—with soap and hot water. We understand that this nickel plating can be applied to any metal save zinc.

A LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

WEEP, Mother Nature, weep;
Summer is dead.
See! there she lies in her shroud of flowers,
Drooping her sun-crowned head;
While the Past Hours
Kneel, all weeping round her flowery bed.

Blow gently, Autumn Winds;
Sigh soft and low;
Summer only knew Zephyr's balmy breath;
But she that loved him so
Now lies in death.
Sing ye her dirge—but sing it soft and low.

Mourn, O ye Dryads! mourn!
'Your woods are bare.
The gracious Summer with her sunny light
No more will linger there,
Her spirit bright
Has spread her wings, and vanished into air.

Soft fall, ye Autumn Rains!
Summer has fled;
Fall gently on her fair and fragrant face,
As tears from heaven shed.
Lost is her grace;
Then weeping, fall on the beloved Dead.

E. M. B.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
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LANDOWNING.

THE position of a landowner in Great Britain, though still peculiarly honoured, is not now so agreeable as it once was. It is getting be-set by a variety of complaints and drawbacks which create uneasiness. One thing in particular involves serious alarm, and to this we shall chiefly confine attention. Within our recollection, at a period early in the present century, England and Scotland together had only twelve millions of inhabitants. The number now approaches thirty millions. To meet the increasing demand for food, great improvements have been effected in agriculture, and in the rearing of live-stock. Productiveness has accordingly to some extent kept pace with the requirements of the country; but there would long since have been a dearth and semi-starvation, but for the free importation of grain.

For a time, as is well known, free importation was sternly resisted by those who had a monopoly in the native production and sale of grain or bread-stuffs. They felt, and they were logical in their conclusions, that unrestricted importation would tend to diminish the rental of land. In spite of every opposition, the free import of corn took place in 1846. Apprehensions regarding the fall of rents were not immediately realised. So prosperous was manufacturing industry, and consequently so great the demand for food, that native producers did not experience any particular inconvenience. Things went on pretty much as they did before. Agriculturists and rearers of live-stock were put on their mettle, and manfully they met the new competition from abroad. But this could not go on for ever. The people of the United States, and of various colonial possessions, had either not been roused to the fact that English ports were open for the free reception of their produce, or were unprepared to take advantage of the opportunity. Now, they are fully aware of a splendid market being open for every eatable they can manage to export. Good news this for a population struggling to make both ends meet, but

bad for the 'agricultural interest.' The farmers, who are the first to suffer, are almost in despair. These farmers, a respectable, and generally a well-educated body of men, possessing considerable capital, have recently had much to suffer not only from bad harvests, but from a chronic evil connected with field-sports and the game-laws.

In alluding to these sports, we are not to be classed with writers who entertain extreme views on the subject. We desire to speak only according to the suggestions of common-sense. Much can be said for the cultivation of field-sports as a part of physical education. Pursuing our meditations in the midst of picturesque mountain scenery, with the thin pure air blowing about, the purple heath in full bloom, and a river near at hand glistening in the sunny beams, we can in some sort sympathise with those who, at certain seasons of the year, lay aside their town dress and manners, and seek their recreation in field-sports. The rough work and hardships to be endured are in the nature of a frolic. Sitting down to luncheon on a grassy bank instead of a chair; the fatigue in climbing rocky hills and picking a way through moors and mosses with a gun over the arm; the eager outlook for winged game, the hopes that are inspired, and the pride of conquest, are all exhilarating. At such times, man in a sense reverts to the savage. He is a hunter by nature, and is indulging in the pursuits that we read of in ancient record. There is a further excuse for these sports when carried on with moderation. They strengthen the muscular system, dispel mental depression, and send home the jaded professional of Mayfair with a stock of health and spirits that keep him going for a twelvemonth. Field-sports, including salmon-fishing in Highland rivers, are therefore not to be deemed a mere idling away of existence, as is commonly the case in club-life. They have a fair claim to be called hygienic; and if not meriting unqualified praise, neither, when kept within bounds, are they to be spoken of with austerity. Should we be wrong in alleging that a taste for field and robust outdoor sports has

materially contributed to build up the manliness and geniality of the English character?

Unfortunately, the picture has another and less pleasing side. Carried to excess, field-sports with game-preserving become a scandal and public injury. Great Britain is but a small country, in which you can travel from one end to the other in four-and-twenty hours. Its lands for the most part consist of estates held by owners the descendants of an old feudal aristocracy, or by men enriched by commerce absorbed into the country gentry. In neither case, with few exceptions, do the owners cultivate their possessions. Like the French seigneurs of old, they dwell in handsomely built mansions on their property, drawing annual rents from farms that are let to a distinct class, the farmers or practical agriculturists just spoken of, under whom are the hired labourers. It is altogether a nicely adjusted social system, comprehending three degrees of comparison, seemingly adapted to the traditions and feelings of the country.

Symmetrical as it appears, there lurk within it elements adverse to stability; hence the gravity of the landowner's position, which is beginning to attract attention. Landlords, as number one in the three social degrees, live for the most part on rents drawn from tenant-farmers. Some of them derive a revenue from coal and other mines on their property. Few of them have anything to do with trade, commerce, or manufactures, for that would be deemed derogatory to their position. With much time hanging on their hands, they accept the honour of acting gratuitously as county magistrates and as members on various local boards, and that is about the sum and substance of their occupation, exclusive of mere recreation. Unless they be among those who derive a large revenue from mines—as much sometimes as from eighty to a hundred thousand pounds a year—or from land let on building-leases, the financial condition of land-proprietors is not very enviable. They are subject to a heavy drain in providing for sons and daughters, and in making a suitable provision for widows; they have to expend large sums on improvements; while the amount of their annual rents suffers a serious diminution from rates, taxes, and other burdens to which land is conveniently exposed. With encumbrances on them of various sorts, a high style to keep up, and no replenishing of means from industrial enterprise, many of them, as seen by the records of mortgages, are believed to experience considerably straitened circumstances.

Putting out of view those with large possessions, or who are endowed with mineral wealth, landowners are apparently under the necessity of trying to squeeze two rents out of one piece of ground—one rent from the farmers, and another rent for what are termed 'shootings,' or the right to kill and use the game which may be found on the lands, arable, moor, or mountain, already let to the farmers for professional purposes. Hence, it is not at all surprising to find that, as a rule, the owners of land are keen adherents of the game-laws, which they think should be maintained in all their integrity, as consonant with the

best interests of the country. Occasionally, in the case of a landlord who can afford to be generous, the farmer is allowed to destroy the hares and rabbits that prey on his crops. Where it is otherwise, instances occur of great hardship. We have known a farmer to lose fifty pounds by the waste and pollution of a single field of hay by rabbits, not one of which he dared to kill or molest. On points like this, there have been litigations and much bad feeling. It makes little difference, when the landlord, by a preserve of pheasants in an adjoining plantation, for the sake of a general battue, is able to subject the farmer's fields to habitual depredation. There are other ways in which crops are despoiled by the preservation of game to an extent that in point of justice between man and man is far from defensible. It has, however, been argued that farmers have themselves to blame if they do not by preliminary contract acquire power to keep down the quantity of game on the fields which they occupy.

There is a truth in this argument that goes to the root of the matter. Farming is apparently thought to be an agreeable profession; for looking to general experience, farms are no sooner known to be in the market, than there is a rush to possess them. A few years ago, we had a farm to let, and for it there were eleven competitors, all good men, with capital and knowledge of their business. For a special reason, we accepted the offer of one of them, though it was not the highest. No objection was taken to the game being reserved. Such is a common specimen of what takes place. Obviously in the full tide of competition for farms, the possible damage to crops by game is frequently overlooked, and the farmer when too late finds he has made a bargain which, if not ruinous, will cause much uneasiness and considerable loss. The remedy proposed for this neglect is a statutory enactment to give farmers the right to kill the hares and rabbits on the land they occupy; but this would be to interfere with freedom of contract, as if farmers were children, and could not take care of themselves; and even in this age of whimsical legislation, a law of so one-sided a nature should only be resorted to in absolute desperation of finding a remedy more consistent with ordinary rights and obligations. What the farming class have to do is to refrain from entering into contracts without expressly stipulating for a concurrent right to keep down the ground game on their farms. If in the eager demand for farms, this is not practicable, we can only say that there are too many competitors, and the consequences of headlong rashness must necessarily follow. In the case above specified, we, unsolicited, gave the farmer a right to kill and use the game on the estate. This was possibly an extreme indulgence; but all things considered, we believe it will be to our advantage. The more mischievous class of game will be destroyed or kept down, and poaching will be repressed. Our belief is that if landlords treated their tenants with kindly consideration and with a due sense of justice, allowing them, for instance, to shoot hares and rabbits within reasonable numbers, we should hear less of depredations on their crops.

Lamentations over the damage done to growing crops by hares and rabbits, are not heard with any great force in reference to grouse and other

winged game that make their home on wild moors and hills of a pastoral character. Nevertheless, it is obvious that if hares and rabbits are not kept down in moorland as in arable farms, they will spread over the country, and complaints of depredation will continue to be as rife as ever. The right thing, as some allege, would be to exterminate ground game altogether; but this would be to inflict a heavy loss on the community. It was given in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons (Report on Game-laws, 1873), that rabbits form a large proportion of the animal food mainly consumed by the operative classes in the manufacturing towns in England. Manchester alone annually consumes from October to March as many as five hundred thousand rabbits; while the number of hares and rabbits yearly produced in the United Kingdom is about thirty millions, supplying about forty thousand tons of food, besides skins and fur for manufacturing purposes.

Grouse-shootings, which commence on the 12th of August, are in many instances retained by the landlord for himself and his friends. The sums realised, when the shootings are let, do not bulk largely in a rent-roll, but they are cherished as a help. A usual rent is from fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds for the season, though larger sums are paid according to the number of guns and the ground shot over. Reckoning expenses for keepers, assistants, conveyance, living, and other outlays, grouse-shooting is a costly amusement, indulged in only by those in affluent circumstances. Payment to the landowner is ordinarily the least of it. The concourse of sportsmen northward with their dogs, servants, gun-cases, and other equipments on the approach of 'the 12th,' is one of the noted phenomena in English holiday-making. Trains and hotels are crowded, and altogether a large sum of money must be thus yearly dispersed throughout the community.

Field-sports culminate in deer-stalking and shooting, now conducted on a prodigious scale in the Highlands of Scotland, as referred to in a previous article (July 24). As far as we can discover, the owners of the northern deer forests are the only branch of the landed interest with satisfactory financial prospects. Some melioration of the game-laws that are proved to be detrimental to arable farms, may take place sooner or later. But we set aside this as, after all, a matter of trivial consideration. The real pinch for landlords and tenants is evidently to come from the free importation of food, now towering to vast dimensions through the agency of railways and steam-navigation, of which only a generation back there was no idea. As seen by Parliamentary returns, the importation of wheat, oats, maize, and other kinds of grain into the United Kingdom amounted in round numbers, in 1858, to forty-three million hundredweights, in 1867 to sixty-six million hundredweights, and in 1877 to a hundred and twenty-four million hundredweights; the value correspondingly rising from twenty to sixty-six millions sterling. By including with grain, the cattle, sheep, pigs, and dead-meat provisions, the value of the imports in 1877 was nearly ninety-five millions sterling. The sum-total may now be moderately put down at a hundred and twenty millions sterling. And where is this to end? No one can tell. Looking to the

prodigious extent of the western grain-producing states of America, Canada included, the capacity for exports may almost be described as illimitable. Producers beyond the seas are now, through the progress of science and commercial activity, brought face to face with home consumers. The poor in making their purchases have now the whole world for a shop.

It would be folly not to recognise what must be the inevitable result as concerns native producers. Already, with aggravations from bad harvests and losses from game, many farmers have been ruined, and given up their tenures. Others have struggled on by procuring a reduction of ten to thirty per cent. on their annual rent. And others again are either falling back in profits, or drawing on their capital, and only await the expiration of their leases to relinquish their business, or possibly emigrate with their families. By landlords, the very least thing that can be expected is the fall of rents, along with the introduction of a less affluent class of agriculturists. Anything that strikes down the farmer recoils on his principal, the landlord, and does so with painfully increased effect. The farmer's tenure is temporary. At the end of his lease, he can walk off, and turn his hand to some new line of industry. The landlord is a fixture. Lonely in his dignity, and untrained to industrial pursuits, he must either sell out, or lower his style of living. Perhaps he is only proprietor in a line of entail, or in other words a life-renter, and can neither sell nor mortgage his property. If so, and if he does not belong to the higher order of landowners with extensive possessions, his case is somewhat pitiable. We do not know what must ensue, unless he contrives to become his own farmer. That, we think, is not unlikely to be the issue as regards not a few of the proprietors of land. Yielding to their fate, they may subside into the ancient position of yeomen, or gentlemen-farmers, of whom we have examples in England and Scotland.

A social change of this kind has for some time been looming in the distance for all whose sole dependence is but a moderate rental from land and shootings. Not without regret should we see a dislocation of a state of affairs embedded in national tradition and usage; but in a world of movement for the general good, we must accept the inevitable. In the new order of things, disputes about game-preserving would vanish. Proprietors in cultivating their own lands would have an opportunity of unchallengeably rearing—as many hares and rabbits as they liked for market. Rather trying perhaps for those who have fancied that a life of genteel idleness with the drawing of rents was their natural heritage; but let them be thankful that the rights of proprietorship still remain unchallenged. Certain Irish landowners are not so fortunate, for while we write they are threatened with a qualified bereavement of their estates in order to endow impoverished peasant occupants whom they heedlessly allowed to become their tenants.

The importation of foreign grain to the extent contemplated, cannot, we think, fail to have a marked effect on British husbandry. Wheat will scarcely be worth cultivating. Oats, barley, and green crops will be the chief reliance. Dairy-farming will be attempted on a larger scale than

usual. The manufacturers of cheese, however, will have to encounter a fierce competition with imports of the article. Whether agriculture is to be conducted as hitherto by professional farmers or by owners of the land on their own account, the utmost skill and vigilance will need to be employed. For the first time, the native manufacturer of provisions, so to speak, will find himself confronted with foreigners, as has been the case with manufacturers of calico and other textile fabrics. Old easy-going ways will no longer answer. The sons of gentry who have been too high-minded to do anything but shoot, smoke, squander money, and play at lawn-tennis, will have to fall into lines of honest industry; if not, they will need to betake themselves to Australia, where a number of them already, *pour encourager les autres*, figure compulsorily as stockmen and drivers of bullock-wagons. The magnitude of importation will thus probably effect moral as well as social and commercial reforms.

It would be premature to speculate on the changes that may take place in the higher life of the nation. The great territorial proprietors—Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and so on—who own half a county, and draw immense revenues from mines, or the letting of ground on building-leases, will of course weather the storm, and perhaps look with indifference on the future. If their tenant-farmers retire in disgust, land-stewards will take their place, and so try to keep matters right. We may therefore dismiss this part of the subject in congratulations on what must naturally ensue from the blessings of cheap food; for out of all this turmoil will be developed prosperity in commerce and manufacturing enterprise. Out of seeming evil comes good. The world at large is benefited. w. c.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXX.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Let us consult the great Defective Force—miscalled Detective.'

It may be allowed to go without saying that the day after Uncle Ben's last visit to me was very miserable, and that I was in a state of the cruellest perplexity. I could neither eat nor sleep, and I locked myself in my chambers and spent the time alone. The only thing I could definitely resolve upon was to write to Maud, beseeching her, for pity's sake, to discover the ground of my uncle's mysterious accusations, and to allow me a chance of clearing myself. I wrote a lengthy letter, and posted it in the darkness of the night; and feeling a little relieved, went back to my chambers, where I tried in vain to sleep. In the morning, when my laundress was laying the cloth for breakfast, and I was hiding in the bedroom, to conceal from her the bruise upon my face, which resulted from the blow I had received, I heard a step upon the stairs, and a minute later a pert voice asked for me. I had not given the laundress instructions to deny me, anticipating no visitor at that early hour, and she announced that I was in.

'A gentleman to see you, sir,' she said a moment later, tapping at my door.

'Who is it?' I asked.

'From Bilton, Bilton and Hart, sir,' said the pert voice; and a young man with a crimson tie, and a general burlesque of fashion in air and dress, came into my bedroom with his hat in his hand. 'I am the bearer of a letter, sir,' he said with an airy flourish, 'from our principal. I trust it is not of overwhelming importance; but I was instructed to deliver it last night.'

I took the letter, and read it. It said briefly that the writer, my uncle's solicitor, was instructed by him to seek an interview with me, and that it was desirable that it should take place as soon as possible. Trusting that some explanation would be given of the scene which had so painfully bewildered me, I asked the young man in the crimson tie at what hour it would probably be convenient for Mr Bilton to see me. He replied that the principal was always at the office 'from ten in the morning up to any hour at night, as it might happen;' and being told to say that I would follow him at once, he gradually abstracted himself from the contemplation of his figure in the looking-glass which fronted the central door of a large wardrobe, and went his way. After a visit to a chemist in the Strand who had especial skill in the disguising of facial damages, I took a cab to Holborn, and forgetting to discharge the man, went into the office of my uncle's lawyers, and was shewn at once into the room of the senior partner, whom I had seen once before in my uncle's company. I offered to shake hands with him; but he nodded towards a seat, and asked me to take it. I sat down, and prepared as calmly as I could to listen.

'Mr Hartley was here yesterday,' he began. 'He tells me that you deny all knowledge of the case against you; and since he feels the disgrace of it too deeply to enter into any conversation with you concerning it, he has deputed me to—in short to lay the proof of your guilt before you.'

I have often heard and read that an innocent man charged with crime is supported by the consciousness of his own rectitude. I believe that to be rather more foolish than most generalisations; and I know that when the lawyer spoke in so calm and assured a fashion, I was almost beaten into the belief that I had committed some awful crime, though I had quite forgotten what it was.

'Do you know that signature?' he asked, holding a piece of paper across the table.

'Yes,' I answered, as calmly as I could. 'It is mine.'

'Is that yours also?' he questioned, turning the paper round and shewing the heavy autograph of Benjamin Hartley. I looked inquiry at the lawyer; and he, returning my gaze fixedly, tapped the paper three or four times with his finger. 'Is that your handwriting, young gentleman?' he asked again.

'No,' I answered, confused and irritated by a question so seriously put and so palpably absurd. 'That is my uncle's writing.'

'Ah!' he said, 'will you tell me when Mr Hartley gave you this cheque for two hundred pounds?'

I began to see the form the accusation was about to take. At least I think it was then that I began to see it; but I was quite confounded and amazed. 'Tell me the date,' I asked at last;

remembering that I had in my pocket-book a memorandum of all my receivings from Uncle Ben within the last three or four years. He gave me the date, and I looked along my list. There was no such date there, and there was no sum of two hundred pounds set down. There were two of two hundred and fifty, and several of a hundred. I passed the pocket-book, with my finger on the open page, across to the lawyer.

'Ah!' he said again shortly; 'you didn't enter this.'

'I never received it,' I made answer.

'I am sure you didn't,' he responded. 'The fact is, sir, that you forged this cheque.'

For just a second, my one impulse was to knock Mr Bilton down. That passed, and I was conscious of nothing except a giddy rage against the supposition that such a belief, however substantiated, could be held concerning me, and a sort of rebellious loathing of it. I knew that the lawyer was talking, but I had no conception as to what he said; and it was after a silence that I asked with a throbbing heart to be allowed to look at the cheque once more. 'You had better be sure,' he said with a sort of scornful bitterness, 'that it is the one you forged.'

That stung me, and I answered hotly: 'You are insolent, Mr Bilton. When next you have a business of this kind in hand, be sure before you speak so.' He shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, and made a little motion with his hands. His gesture and expression gave me leave, more scornfully than words would have done, to take what tone I pleased. I dared scarcely trust my eyes upon him in the anger to which this stirred me, and I took up the cheque and feigned to examine it anew.

'Mr Hartley,' he said then, in a quiet measured way, 'instructs me to tell you that he will hold no further communication with you; but that since he does not desire to drive you into further crime, he will make an allowance of two hundred and fifty pounds a year to you whilst your studies continue, and that this will be'—

'Do you think,' I cried passionately, 'if my uncle believes *this* of me,' and I struck the cheque as it lay upon the table, 'that I will take another penny from him?'

'This,' he went on quietly in the same formal tone, reaching out for the cheque as he spoke and smoothing it out on the desk before him, 'will be the interest of a lump sum which will be devoted at the close of your career as a student to the purchase of a professional practice. If you have any debts, you will instruct your tradesmen to send in their bills to me. I shall examine them closely, and shall pay them. Beyond this, you have nothing to expect from Mr Hartley; and had he taken my advice, he would have left you to your own resources, even if he had not proceeded against you.'

'I am obliged to you,' I answered, as suddenly hard and cold as if boiling lava had been changed to ice. (If that simile should seem extravagant, let it pass. It seems true enough, in my recollection.) 'Will you kindly write to Mr Hartley, and tell him that so long as he retains this shameful suspicion of me, I shall not trouble him? Will you say that I decline to receive a farthing from his hands? Say, if you please, that it shall be the one aim of my life to repay him the money

he has expended upon me. Tell him that this charge, so made, without inquiry, without appeal to me, without effort to trace the criminal who has made use of his name and mine, wipes out all gratitude, affection, and regard, and that we are no more to each other now than creditor and debtor. We shall hold those relations not an hour longer than I can help.'

'You brave it out,' he said, as I turned to go.

'Do you consider,' I asked him, 'that you are giving me fair-play? Are you acting honourably in this matter, or like a gentleman? I claim to be held innocent until my guilt is proved. I tell you, sir, that my name has been forged as well as my uncle's. I will protect myself in this matter, and I can see no other course than to put the whole affair into the hands of the police. If, in the meantime, I am suspected, I cannot help it.'

I could see even as I turned to go that a change came over his face, and that he looked less scornful and less confident. 'Stop!' he said. 'Are you willing to submit to that arbitrament?'

I answered 'Yes;' and in obedience to his gesture, resumed my seat.

He wrote a note, rang the bell, and despatched a clerk with the missive, giving him instructions to wait for an answer, and to return if possible with the man.

'You have sent for a police officer?' I asked him.

'I have sent,' he answered, 'for a private detective.'

I waited for more than an hour. A clock upon the mantel-piece had that irritating importunity in its voice which belongs to all timepieces when one is silent and waiting. Mr Bilton sorted papers, wrote letters, made notes on the edges of documents. I watched him stonily, and listened to the ticking of the clock. Sometimes everything was so quiet that I could hear the scratching of a clerk's quill in the next room, or the rustle of a foolscap sheet as it was turned. At length the private detective came—a little man dressed in black, and looking something like an undertaker. He bowed to us both, and took his seat with his hat suspended by the rim between his knees.

'This young gentleman,' said Mr Bilton, pointing the feather of a quill towards me, 'is the nephew of Mr Hartley the millionaire.'—The detective nodded.—'His uncle, Mr Hartley, has received this cheque from his bankers, and proclaims the signature a forgery. It is made payable, you see, to John Campbell, Esq. This,'—indicating me again—'is John Campbell, Esq. The cheque, observe, is indorsed "John Campbell," and it has been cashed at the Bank. Mr Hartley believes that Mr Campbell has forged his signature. Mr Campbell protests that some other person has forged both Mr Hartley's signature and his. Now, you will undertake to keep this gentleman in sight; but if he can give you any clue, you must bring it to me, and we will act upon it. You will make what you can of the case, for Mr Campbell or against him. In either result, you will look to me for payment. You had better take the cheque; and you can report to me as soon as you have formed your opinion.'

'I am, then,' I said, rising, 'to consider myself under surveillance?'

'Until,' he answered, 'your innocence is established, or you are arrested upon this charge.'

'You will act upon your own authority, if I am arrested?' I asked.

'I shall be able to justify my proceedings in the proper quarter, I have no doubt.' He said no more; and I left him there. The detective came with me down-stairs and walked beside me in the street. The cabman I had left waiting outside hailed me, and I asked the detective to accompany me home. The journey was made in absolute silence; and when my rooms were reached, and the laundress, who was still pottering helplessly about them, had been dismissed, I sat down to an examination of the case, with all the detective's experience to help me.

'Do you know anything about handwritings?' I asked him. Well, he made answer, that depended. Did he think he could detect a forgery—a clever forgery—if he had the real handwriting and the false before him? Yes, he said; he'd bet all he was worth, he could. I laid before him several examples of my own signature, and asked him to compare them with the endorsement of the cheque. He did so, and ended by pronouncing them to be identical. I looked at them for myself, and could perceive no difference. I had letters of my uncle's, and produced them. We laid the signatures of those letters side by side with the forgery of my uncle's name; and though the imitation was painstaking and wonderfully accurate, we both thought we could detect a difference between the real and the false.

'I'm not a professional expert,' said the detective, who was unpleasantly familiar and free in manner; 'but I've studied this business, and I'll lay my life I'm right. *That's a forgery,*' pointing to the signature; 'and that'—turning the cheque over to look again at the endorsement—'is the real handwriting.'

This was depressing; and I seemed so hedged round by the perplexity and misery of the whole business, that I knew not what to do or say. I begged him at last to take a professional expert's opinion; and he promised that he would do so; though I could see only too clearly that he was persuaded of my guilt, and believed that I was playing a stubborn game in pretence of ignorance.

'Perhaps,' he said, 'you won't mind obliging me by coming to see a man I know, at once?'

I told him I should be glad to go with him to do anything. But I discovered later on that his only purpose was not to lose sight of me; for after having taken me to a house, which I afterwards discovered to be his own, and having kept me waiting there in an office hung round with photographs of people, he feigned to make further inquiries, and to discover that there was no chance of seeing the expert that day. He had knocked at his own door when we arrived at it, and had inquired for this fictitious expert so innocently and naturally, and the man who answered the door had fallen into his plot so smoothly, that I had no suspicion until afterwards of the trick he had played me; though I was not long in discovering the fact that a very seedy man, who nourished a perennial sore throat in four or five yards of dirty red comforter, had been set to watch me.

I was sitting miserably in my chambers two or three days later, when Gregory came in, and was surprised to see me looking so ill and dejected. I

had much ado not to burst out in tears whilst I told the story; but I succeeded in telling it; and he, assuring me of his unchanged and unchangeable faith in me, cheered me a good deal. After some declamation against the wretchedness of this suspicion, which his sympathy encouraged me to make, I flagged again, until Æsop startled me by slapping the table with his hand. I looked up, and he said cheerfully: 'Young un, attend to me.'—I signified attention; and he continued, business-like: 'You tell me you can't find any difference between this forged signature and your own?'

'None,' I said.

'And your uncle and his lawyer, who are both observant men, can't find any?'—I shook my head.—'And the detective can't find any?'—I shook my head again.—'Suppose then that there isn't any? Suppose you have been trapped into writing your name upon that cheque? Is there a chance of that?'

No; I saw none. But at his command, I went with him in search of the detective, whom we found at home in the room hung with photographs, where he was smoking a cigarette with his feet upon the table. He touched with his forefinger the peaked cap he wore, and his whole demeanour was marked by an appearance of a sense that he was master of the situation. This became so apparent when Gregory had asked and the detective had answered some half-dozen questions, that my old schoolfellow came down upon him with grave satire.

'You are requested definitely to understand, Mr Latazzi,' said Æsop, 'that you are wanted to inquire into this case. Your preconceived opinion as to its merits is not the thing paid for, or desired. We wish you to bend your intellect to the facts. When you have done that, you can form as many theories as you like.'

'Very good,' said the detective, who was a man of imperturbable phlegm. 'Come to the facts.'

'The first fact is that you have the cheque in your possession. Oblige me by allowing me to look at it.'

Mr Latazzi took his feet from the table, and strolled to a safe, which he unlocked and flung open with a flourish. He produced the cheque, and resumed his old position and his cigarette, after relocking the safe. Gregory having regarded the document closely, asked the detective how many handwritings there were upon it. Mr Latazzi answered—two. How did he divide them? Æsop demanded.

'The "John Campbell, Esq.," the "two hundred pounds," the date and the figures, are written by one hand; and the signature and the indorsement by another.'

'You are sure that the signature and the indorsement are by one hand?'

'Mr Campbell wrote them both,' the detective answered quietly. I could not say that the manner of this speech was insolent, but it was not unnatural that I was angered by it.

Gregory waved me back when I would have advanced. 'Did your uncle commonly write his cheques on plain paper, Jack?'

'I never saw a cheque of his so written,' I responded.

'Your uncle is a business man, isn't he? For instance, he looks over his bank-book pretty

regularly, and checks his cash account, and all that sort of thing, and looks over the paid cheques returned to him by his bankers.'

'He is the most methodical man I ever knew.'

'He was dead certain to find this forgery out, I suppose?'

'I cannot think,' I answered, 'that there could have been a possibility of its escaping him.'

'How much has he spent on you during the last year?'

I gave twelve hundred pounds as an approximate estimate.

'You believe, Mr Latazzi,' said Æsop, 'that my friend would choose a common scrap of paper like this on which to forge a cheque, when he knew that Mr Hartley never used a plain cheque? You believe further that one who could forge as cleverly as this'—laying his finger on the imitation of my uncle's massive signature—'would be so lazy and so blind as not to take the trouble to forge another name at the back of it, but would stick his own there, and run his neck into a noose by doing it? Are those your theories?'

'If you come to me to ask my help and advice,' said the detective, 'it might be as well, sir, to come to me civilly. If you know more than I do about the matter, you can manage it yourself.'

'Then we will manage it ourselves,' said Gregory; and we left the office, Mr Latazzi with great calm puffing at his cigarette behind us to the door. 'Who are the experts in handwriting, Jack? British or foreign, metropolitan or provincial; let us have the beggars up to judgment. That pig-headed villain is no detective. No man who theorises has a right to call himself a detective. Come along, Jack, to the great house of English police intelligence opposite Whitehall. Let us consult the great Defective Force, miscalled Detective. We'll ask one question: Who are the experts? and then we'll ask another: Where do they live? And then, sir, we will have done with the Defective Force for the time being.—Detective!' said Æsop, savagely. 'That fellow call himself a detective! The man's ugly vanity has stared him in the face all his life, huge as a pyramid, and he hasn't detected *that*.' Talking thus, half in real heat of anger, and half, as I surmised, for my awaking, he strode on towards the nearest cabstand. We spent the greater part of that day in driving about London in search of the three men who at that time were known to fame and the police authorities as experts in handwriting. With a great deal of difficulty we got them to undertake to meet together at Mr Bilton's office on the following day; and late in the evening we ourselves drove thither just in time to find the senior partner leaving. I had scarce told Æsop who the lawyer was, when my friend went impetuously at him, and explained with great ardour but close-cut brevity the course he had taken, and begged to be allowed to summon Mr Latazzi to produce the cheque. Mr Bilton, who had taken us into the clerks' office to hear Gregory's statement, promised to send for the detective; let us out again, and bade us a grave good-night.

Gregory dined with me, and my spirits rose almost to fever-heat; but at his departure the flame of hope flickered, and almost went out. It rose again next morning when he came; and I went down to Holborn with him in a pitiable flutter of nervous excitement, bearing with me

a bundle of manuscripts of my own, and several letters of my uncle's. The experts met; and Æsop and I awaited their decision in the parlour of an hotel near at hand. After the expiration of a dreary time—the three hours seemed like three weeks to me—the clerk who had borne Mr Bilton's letter came to summon us; and I remember distinctly how I thought that he must hear the pulses beating riotously in my head as he walked behind us.

'Your friend has done something for you, Mr Campbell,' said the lawyer. 'Two of the experts are of opinion that the forgery of Mr Hartley's signature is not yours.'

'Will you write to that effect to Mr Hartley?' I asked in great agitation.

'One of the experts gives his word against you,' said Mr Bilton, who was always business-like, and had no more emotion in the matter than if it had been the most trivial in the world. 'But we have set Latazzi upon a new track. If you are innocent, you will be cleared.'

'But,' I urged, 'it is cruel alike to my uncle and myself to withhold the result of this examination from him. The balance of evidence is on my side, and I have a right to ask that he should know it.'

'Your uncle, Mr Campbell,' returned the lawyer, 'would not resign his opinion for all the experts in the world. We must have more than this to move him. And he is a most valued friend of mine, sir, and I will not agitate him by a hope which even yet might prove fallacious. I do not say it will. I say it *might*. Do you know how much we know about this matter? We know that the paper upon which the cheque was written came from your chambers; and we have even been so fortunate as to secure, through Mr Gregory, its fellow half-sheet from your waste-paper basket. We know through the same source that the indorsement is written in the ink you habitually use, as it is certainly your signature, and that the writing on the other side is in a different fluid. We shall make inquiries at the Bank; and we shall discover who presented the cheque, and where he went. In short, sir, we know much already which tends to clear you; and I believe we shall shortly know something which will criminate somebody else. But you cannot yet be regarded as free from suspicion, and I should recommend patience.'

I went back to my chambers in very low spirits, and there endeavoured to exercise patience to such effect that in three days I lay in a raging fever.

LUCK.

THE question is mooted occasionally: Does such a thing as luck really exist? The theory has the usual amount of believers and non-believers, the latter to a certain extent predominating in educated circles. Truly, it is rather difficult at times to reconcile the vagaries of fortune with any recognised rule other than that of chance. Still it is desirable that the matter should not be looked upon from a Fatalist's point of view, which doubtless means that: 'If a person is fated to succeed in his undertakings, he will do so, though he remains a passive agent.'

Experience teaches us, that in all cases, even allowing that there is such a thing as luck, there

must be other accompaniments in the person of the fortunate possessor, to be of use. Take, for example, the case of Alexander Turney Stewart, the American millionaire, a sketch of whose life appeared in this *Journal* in June 1876. Certainly, if ever a man was open to the charge of being more fortunate than his fellows, it was Mr Stewart. Still, the other qualities were apparent also. He commenced business under the great disadvantage of knowing nothing about it; he was in a strange country, far away from his own home, and had to fight his way against many difficulties, in the face of which he prospered. Looking to the end, we find him on the top rung of the ladder of success—if the possession of many millions of dollars means it. We are told that even when a millionaire he superintended business in his warehouse, and jealously watched his interests, allowing no infringement of the strict rules laid down for the working of the various departments. Those attributes displayed in the character of Alexander T. Stewart were certainly the means which served to make him a foremost man of his time.

How many are there who engage in a pursuit under the most brilliant auspices, rejoicing in the possession of money, friends, and position; their business habits are good, and everything about them seems to be quite correct; yet with all those advantages it is a struggle with them to eke out a precarious existence. Again, we at times see examples in quite an opposite direction, when men alone and unassisted by friends or capital succeed in building up a colossal independence. It has been the fortune of the writer to be personally acquainted with one of the latter, whose history is singular, inasmuch as that at the beginning of his career he was totally uneducated.

Mr D— (we will call him), an Irishman like Mr Stewart, left his native country when a very young man, and came to a large English town to seek employment. He was a cooper by trade; and after a little time, procured work in a large yard owned by two partners extensively engaged in making casks, &c. for shipping purposes. He worked steadily for some years, during which time he gained the esteem and confidence of his employers. They looked on him as a right-hand man, and eventually made him foreman in their concern. In this position he gave ample proofs of his ability, and by seeing that the work was turned out in a superior manner, was the means of bringing more business to the firm. In time one of the partners retired; and the increased trade being too much for the remaining one, Mr D— was admitted to a share in the profits. Thus he continued as one of the principals, in the very concern where twelve years previously he came a poor, uneducated man seeking a day's employment. Nor did his good fortune end here; for the remaining representative of the original firm followed the example of his *confrère*, and retired on his laurels, leaving Mr D— sole proprietor of a most lucrative business. During this time one of his aims was to remedy his neglected schooling. When he got employment, one of the first things he sought for was a night-school; and here he managed to acquire a very fair education. There is a saying to the effect that when Fortune adopts a protégé, she is lavish with her gifts. A few years since, Mr D— purchased a villa and grounds for five thousand pounds. When I last

saw him, he told me that a railway company, finding it necessary to encroach on a distant portion of his land, had paid over to him in compensation an amount nearly equal to his original outlay. We learn from the foregoing that the success of Mr D— in life was not dependent on chance. Had he not persevered at the start, he would in all probability have continued to be an ordinary workman to the end. There is this to be said in the matter: he seized his opportunity at the right moment, and aided by sobriety and industry, worked his way to the top of the tree.

There are instances of fortunate occurrences apart from wonderful successes in money-making, though not less remarkable. I know of the occurrence of one, the truth of which I can vouch for, as I was concerned in it myself. I was engaged in a business transaction with a manufacturer, and made an appointment to call at his place to see some samples the next evening. The time fixed was half-past three. Something happened in the meantime which would prevent my leaving home, so I wrote a line notifying him of the fact. The next evening I was astounded to read in the later editions of the newspapers that a dreadful accident had taken place in connection with this identical warehouse. A lofty chimney of an adjacent factory, through some cause or other suddenly collapsed; the greatest portion of the debris falling on the warehouse in question, drove the roof in, and killed and wounded a number of work-people. The sad occurrence took place at a quarter to four o'clock, and in a portion of the building where I would have been had I kept my appointment. This incident caused me to think very much at the time; and although there were no foreshadowings or warnings manifested, I felt convinced my escape was owing to the intervention of a merciful Providence.

A book might be filled with accounts of remarkable vagaries of fortune cropping up now and again. One I remember reading about was in connection with the calamitous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank. A young man had been left a legacy of one thousand pounds; and having no immediate use for the money, he paid it into the bank. In a few days he saw an advertisement about a business for sale, and entering into negotiations with the proprietor, ended by making the purchase. Singularly enough, the amount required was exactly what he had in the bank; so closing his account, he paid for the deeds and entered into possession. The outgoing tenant having no immediate use for the money, invested it in shares in the City of Glasgow Bank. The next day the crash took place which is still fresh in the minds of all. Here we have an example of a double stroke of what may be termed luck—good and bad.

A large number of people are wont to observe, when anything unforeseen occurs: 'It is the will of Providence, and could not have been prevented;' or, 'It is just my luck.' These observations may in some instances be quite applicable; but one cannot help thinking that we are too prone to hold Providence accountable for our misfortunes. Certain it is we shall not obtain assistance from Providence unless we shew a disposition to assist ourselves. Take, for example, the lives of

many great men, and it may be seen that perseverance and hard work were their stepping-stones to success. They doubtless met with misfortunes and disappointments from time to time; but instead of laying down their arms, and saying it was willed they were not to succeed, they commenced afresh, and enrolled their names amongst the highest in the land. This should never be lost sight of, as it furnishes us with an incentive to persevere in our pursuits, and will in the end lead to a successful issue. We must not expect miracles to be wrought for us. Our duty is to try to make the miracles by pluck, promptitude, and integrity; and there is a fair chance of our succeeding.

SOPHIE: AN INTERLUDE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I MET Sophie at the Elms, Severn's place in Kent. Sad changes have taken place since. I had spent several years in India, and returned home in disgust at love, life, all things. Of course there was a woman at the bottom of it—a woman whom I loved passionately. I had known her from early girlhood, watched her gradually develop into a splendid woman. She was an orphan; her mother died at her birth; her father, absorbed in his business, cared but little for her; her step-mother treated her with coldness, and often with worse. I shielded her to the best of my power, which in those days was but small. She grew to love me, and we were betrothed. I was only a poor Civil Servant then. My elder brother was alive. I was not much of a 'match;' but her father, a weak kindly man, sanctioned our engagement, and I was content. After a year of waiting, I was promoted to a post far 'up-country;' and I left, full of hope and joy, to arrange a home for my wife. Alas! other eyes than mine beheld my pearl. A *roué* Viscount, who having pretty nigh exhausted all European sports and pastimes, had come to India for the greater excitement of tiger-shooting, saw her at a ball. Her rich luxuriant beauty attracted, her cool reception of his attentions piqued him. After a fortnight's ardent pursuit, he offered her his hand and coronet. With what result? One day I received a packet containing all my letters and presents; a formal business-like letter from her father, announcing 'Miss Morewood's engagement to Lord Ruthalan;' and—a line from Juliet: 'Walter, I am unworthy of you. Farewell for ever.' Short, certainly, and to the point! Next day, I received notice of my brother's death. I was thus, if not rich, at least independent; and asking for a year's leave of absence, I started for England as soon as possible.

Ten years had changed the old home. Father, mother, and elder brother were all gone; only my sister Lucy, married and widowed during my absence, remained. She lived in London; and with her I took up my abode, in the hope of finding out some of my old companions. Alas! they too were changed or gone. Only one was

unaltered to me, and that was Harry Severn. Yet, even to him those ten years had brought change. When I left in '66, he had just married a graceful, pretty, childish little girl—the most 'winsome wee thing' I ever saw. She was gone; and another was filling her place in Severn's life, if not in his heart.

I heard from my sister, that the second Mrs Severn was a most superior person—a woman of large fortune and high connection, and in every way a better wife for my friend than poor little Valérie de Burgh had been. Well, well; every one to his taste.

I was only a short time in London, when Severn found me out. I never can forget his friendly greeting, or the sincere affection which he manifested for me. 'You must come to us at once,' he cried, shaking my hands as if he never meant to let them go. 'Make my house your headquarters. We have lots of room, there being no encumbrances, I am sorry to say, in the shape of young ones as yet. But I want you to know and like Mary. I have often told her about you. Alfred too, you remember Alf?—And then there is a niece of Mary's; and Sophie, a little ward of mine, all staying with us. We are a jolly party, I can tell you.'

Solitude, even when enlivened by a sister, is not the best medicine in the world for a wounded spirit. I went to the Elms in a few days.

A grave, old, gray-headed servant received me at the door; and telling me that Mr and Mrs Severn were from home, but would soon return, ushered me into a delightful library, filled with deep tones of colour, sweet odours, and softened golden light. Through half-closed curtains of some delicate texture, the garden could be seen, glowing with colour and redolent with perfume, in the afternoon sunshine; and a sound of falling water gave a dreamy freshness to the whole.

I stood enraptured for a moment; then I strode to the window, flung back the dainty curtain, and started in amazement. There, curled up in a great velvet arm-chair, lay the prettiest child I had ever seen, fast asleep. Her fair faint-flushed cheek rested upon the crimson cushion; her dark curling rings of hair ran riot over it. One dimpled hand lay open on her lap; the other touched the carpet, over the arm of the low chair. A book, which had evidently fallen from her loosened clasp, lay beside the little rosy hand. I stood and gazed upon her—for I am fond of children—in surprise and admiration. This then, was Severn's 'little ward.' I bent closer to examine the beautiful sleeper. She started awake. Her eyes met mine. Such eyes. Not black or brown, as her dark hair would lead you to suppose; but gray, liquid, limpid, brimful of fire and sweetness and expression! Strange eyes for a child, but beautiful beyond compare.

For a second or so she looked at me without moving; then she started to her feet with a little bird-like cry. 'How did you come? I did not hear,' she stammered, in sweet silvery tones.

'You have been very sound asleep, my little lady,' I replied.

She put back her clustering curls, and looked at

me with a queer expression. 'Have you been here long?' she asked, her eyes dancing with mischievous light.

'Not very—only about five minutes or so. Quite long enough to win a pair of gloves,' I said merrily.

She flushed crimson, then drew her little person to its full height of four feet ten or thereabout, and laughing again, said: 'Won't you be seated?' with an assumption of maidenly dignity very charming to behold, and motioned me to a seat opposite her couch.

I felt rather taken aback by the change in manner and gesture, and retreated at once to the chair she pointed out, half-sighing that there were no children nowadays; and sat down, half vexed, half pleased.

A few moments' silence, in which only the tinkling waterfall outside and a bird singing somewhere amongst the trees, ensued.

'You are above talking to children,' said a plaintive little voice.

I looked up. She had moved to the window, and stood there framed by the trailing clematis which wreathed it. I confess she made a lovely picture. 'No,' I said, won by her grace and beauty; 'I am very fond of talking to children when they are good.'

'Talk to me. Am I not good?' she said softly.

'Yes; very good indeed. I like good children—grow quite fond of them, in fact. I will promise to grow very fond of you, if you only give me the chance.'

For a moment her face crimsoned; and ere she recovered her natural tint, a sound of wheels on the gravel announced the arrival of some visitors, or perhaps the return of Severn and his wife. With a little gesture of silence to me, she glided out of the window, vanishing amongst the roses; fit home, I thought, for such a fairy-like being. As she disappeared, I lifted the book she had been reading. To my surprise, it was a volume of German verse. Fancy that chit of a girl reading German!

A moment afterwards, Severn, his kind handsome wife, his brother Alfred, and a tall distinguished-looking girl, entered the room, and gave me a hearty welcome. Severn's wife was charming; but her niece, Miss Rufford, was not quite so attractive, being somewhat grave and formal. Alfred Severn resembled his brother, though perhaps he was more silent than Harry. I saw his eyes go round the room, as if he sought for something. 'Where's Sophie?' he said at last.

'Where, indeed?' echoed Mrs Severn; and Severn himself walked to the window, calling: 'Sophie, Sophie!' But she did not appear. I said nothing; her gesture of silence sealed my lips.

After a pleasant hour spent in dawdling through the garden, we separated, to prepare for dinner. When ready, I wended my way to the library, hoping to find my little fairy there; but the room was empty. I flung myself into the couch the fairy had occupied, and began to think of the woman I had loved in far-away India, and who was, I thought, lost for ever. (She sits by my side to-day; she came to me after all, and proved her faith and truth before the world; but

I do not think there was a more miserable man in the length and breadth of England than I was, upon that beautiful summer evening.)

Alfred was the first to enter the room, and I was about to question him as to Severn's ward, when Miss Rufford, clad in gleaming white silk, glided into the room, closely followed by Mrs Severn. As the gong boomed out through the hall, Severn himself appeared, and without a moment's pause he offered his arm to Miss Rufford. I did the same to the lady of the house; and we entered the dining-room.

As we seated ourselves at table, Severn looked around, and said somewhat impatiently: 'Where is Sophie?'

Mrs Severn replied smilingly: 'Sophie will come in presently.'

Was it imagination, or did a glance of intelligence pass swiftly from eye to eye around the table? I began to think there must be something queer about the child.

With the rest of the sweets she came; and I thought her prettier than ever. She was dressed in white, with pale pink sash around her fairy waist, and pink bows stuck over the fluffs and puffs of her stylish frock. Severn glanced at her inquiringly. She tossed up her little head as she encountered his eyes; and a saucy smile sent, as it seemed a hundred dimples playing hide-and-seek around her rosebud mouth. Alfred made room for her at his side; in fact a vacant place was there all through dinner. She glided to her seat with a self-possession and graceful ease of manner wonderful to see in one so young.

'You have not met my friend, Mr Dennis, Sophie,' said Severn.

She gave one hurried glance at me through her long eyelashes. 'Don't betray me,' it said. I took up the cue she dropped, and said I was glad to make Miss Sophie's acquaintance. There was a mischievous glitter in her great eyes as she bowed to me, and a lovely pouting smile set the dimples dancing again.

I had no doubt there was some joke amongst them, for they all laughed so heartily at such trifling things, and even the gray-headed butler trembled on the verge of a smile; but I could not find out what it was.

When dinner was over and the ladies had withdrawn, Severn and I strolled out into the pleasure-ground. Alfred did not accompany us. We had much to tell each other. Harry had volumes to say about his happiness and good fortune, and a little of the sorrow which had preceded it. And I—I was glad of a friendly ear wherein to pour the story of my cruel wrong. I did not accompany Severn to the drawing-room; but leaving him to make what excuses for me he best could, betook myself to the solitude of my own room and the society of a book. I had sat for some time reading, or trying to read, when suddenly outside my window arose a concord of sweet sounds, which thrilled me through and through, and brought me to the window at once. Four figures stood upon the terrace, singing. Their voices rose and fell on the still night-air, and 'trembled away into silence' in perfect cadence. I had seldom heard anything so sweet.

'Encore, encore!' I cried, springing out amongst them. They greeted me with a merry burst of laughter.

'So,' cried Severn; 'I knew how to unearth you. I remembered how fond you used to be of music long ago. Sit there with Miss Rufford, and be audience.'

Could it be possible that Sophie—that child—was one of the vocalists? Yes; there she stood beside Mrs Severn, farthest from the lamp they had set upon a table, covered with loose sheets of music; her floating ribbons, white dress, and sylph-like form harmonising exquisitely with the background of trellised roses.

Softly, very softly the music began again. A voice clear, sweet, tunable as the song of thrushes in a spring twilight, arose from the group. The melody was simple and sweet to a degree, and the voice—I held my breath lest I should lose one note. I felt a choking sensation in my throat; and yet I was sorry when the other voices struck in, beautifully harmonised and tuneful as the quartet was. I listened breathlessly to its close; and felt when it ceased, that something beautiful had come, and gone for ever.

They sang no more in the twilight. We went to the drawing-room, where Miss Rufford played for us. She played uncommonly well. Severn and Alfred sang. Only the fairy child was absent. I asked Mrs Severn where she was; and that lady replied, laughing: 'Gone to bed. It is too late for children to stay up.'

A few bright, never-to-be-forgotten days succeeded. It was long since I had been so happy. Only the child was a standing puzzle to me. She kept out of my way, and laughed at me, and worried me with a haunting suspicion that she was making fun of me. One day I caught her tripping up the garden, and coaxed her to stay and talk to me. But she only laughed, and fled away, saying her nurse was waiting for her. I own I was puzzled.

At last I discovered the joke they had been keeping up amongst them. It was on this wise I found it out. I had started by myself for a drive one afternoon, and had gone about half a mile from the gate, when I espied a fluttering gown and a dainty hat, which I recognised. But what could have brought the little fairy so far from home? She was standing by the roadside talking to a child of about her own years—a pale, thin ghost of a thing, whose uncared-for locks, ragged frock, and broken, trodden-down shoes formed a striking contrast to her own trim gracefulness. I saw the children's hands meet. The little beggar-girl courtesied low.

The tiny benefactress turned and faced me. 'You here!' she cried, crimsoning to her brow.

I sprang out of the low pony-carriage, and almost lifted her in. 'You naughty child,' I said, 'why are you wandering so far by yourself?'

'Because I had particular business,' she said. 'And Mr Dennis, please let me go.'

'Tell me where your particular business lies, and I will drive you there,' I answered; giving the rein to the spirited ponies, and carrying off my dear little prize.

'No, no! Please, stop—please, let me go,' she pleaded. 'I want to visit an old friend of mine who lives near this. Do stop at this stile.'

She half rose from her seat; but I flung an arm around her dainty little waist and held her fast. 'No, no, my lady,' I cried, laughing. 'We won't part so easily.'

She did not struggle for liberty; but turned and looked steadily in my face, saying slowly: 'Mr Dennis, will you kindly release me?'

How womanly the child could turn all at once! Her face flushed; not one of her sweet rose-leaf blushes, but a hot, angry red upon each cheek; and an ominous light came into her great eyes, which seemed to darken as she looked into mine. Really she was very amusing; her assumption of maidenly reserve and dignity was charming to see. 'What a little Tartar you grow!' I said through my laughter, still holding her fast.

'You are rude,' she said—and there was a little quiver in the tone.

'And you are naughty,' I replied, 'and must be punished.'

She did not speak again for a while. We drove on. At last I said: 'I won't release you until you look at me and say: "I'll be good."'

She turned her face. The dimples were playing around her rosebud mouth. She put her little hands together, lifted the lovely, wistful, dazzling eyes to mine, and lisped: 'Please, I'll be good—very good.'

I know there is no excuse for me; I know I was dreadfully wrong; but I could not help it. I drew the slender child-form to me, and kissed her once, twice.

With an angry cry, she tore herself from me. Springing to her feet, she would have leaped from the carriage, had I not caught her arm.

'How dare—how dare you!' she cried in a voice choking with indignation. 'I thought I could trust you—thought you were a gentleman'—

'Sophie—dear child'—I stammered. 'I am not a child. I am twenty-one. I—I—I played a joke upon you—I— Oh, oh!' She cried, now sobbing angrily, in the corner of the carriage.

I sat thunder-stricken. One-and-twenty! This tiny creature, so exquisitely childish in form and manner—one-and-twenty! I turned the ponies' heads for home. I could not speak. I knew not what to say. All words wherein to form my apology seemed to fly from me. I only felt: Let me get to the Elms at once, and be off before Severn or his wife can hear of my misdoings. I confess I never felt so angry with myself before.

In the meantime Sophie began to recover herself. Her sobs ceased. Glancing round timidly, I saw that she had drawn her hat over her eyes; and that the beautiful red lips were quivering, just as a child's mouth twitches when its paroxysm of weeping is done. I felt that I *must* say something; yet what was there for me to say? I began to experience a not very pleasant sensation of utter foolishness, and to realise the disadvantage at which I must appear to her. She did not speak for a while, but sat like a little statue, looking straight before her. I urged the ponies on, and tried to whistle, and so we drove along the quiet shady road. At last I humbly asked her if she could forgive me.

'I am as much in fault,' she replied, without turning her head. 'Please, say no more.'

I obeyed her; and we drove home, a silent, sombre pair. I don't think I ever had a more uncomfortable drive. I felt quite glad when we came to the gate of the Elms and sped up the avenue. As we came to the door, I said: 'I am most sincerely sorry for what has happened. I

can only say that I humbly crave your forgiveness, and hope—you won't think very badly of me.'

She only answered by putting her hand on mine as she sprang from the carriage, darted into the house, and vanished.

LIGHT AND LIFE.

WITHOUT the sun, Nature would be without life, dead and inanimate. A beneficent Creator, by bringing light into the world, has spread over its surface organisation, feeling and thought. Let us glance at a few of the most striking examples of the effects of light and heat on animal life.

Among infusoria—those microscopic animalcules which develop in stagnant water—there probably exists a daily and a nightly respiration, the inverse of each other, and exactly like that of the green parts of plants. Those which contain green colour or chlorophyll probably produce oxygen at the expense of the carbonic acid contained in the water. The oxygenation of the water effected by these little beings varies very considerably in the space of twenty-four hours. It is at its lowest point when the sun rises, and reaches the maximum about four o'clock in the afternoon. Should dark clouds cover the sky, the phenomena are suspended. All animals breathe in the night in the same manner as in the day, but with less intensity; at all times they are burning carbon in their tissues and forming carbonic acid, only the activity is much greater in light than in darkness. The nutritive action is very greatly accelerated by light, and lessened by darkness, a fact which has been long known and acted upon by agriculturists. If the farmer's wife wishes to fatten her poultry for the market, she shuts them up in small dark coops. If her husband prepares his oxen for Christmas shows, they are not left in the fields, but placed in stalls where the light is admitted through small loopholes. In this twilight the food is assimilated very slowly, instead of being burned up in the circulation of the blood, and accumulates more easily in the organs.

But animals suffer from such treatment, just as the plant fades when deprived of the sun. If they do not die from the absence of light, they are often completely transformed, and their organisation is changed in the least advantageous manner for the full exercise of the vital faculties. William Edwards, to whom science owes so many researches as to the action of physical agents, placed some eggs of the frog in two glasses full of water, one of which was transparent; the other was covered with black paper, and thus rendered impermeable to light. In the first, the eggs developed naturally; those in the dark, however, did not advance further than rudimentary embryos. Having tried the same experiment with the young of the toad, a similar result was obtained: those which were in the light soon reached the adult state; the others remained unchanged, or approached the full-grown stage with great difficulty.

Still more complete researches have been carried on as to the eggs of the common house-fly, taken from the same group, and placed simultaneously in bell-glasses of various colours. All the eggs were hatched; but after four or five days, a very remarkable difference might be observed. Those in the violet and blue glasses were by far the most developed; under the green they were the smallest;

whilst the red, yellow, and white produced insects of a medium size. As to the quantity of carbonic acid formed by the respiration of various creatures under these circumstances, that exhaled by the frog under the influence of daylight is greater far than in darkness. With respect to birds, it was not sensibly affected by the different coloured glasses under which they were placed by the experimenter; nor were small mammals, such as mice. But then it may be worthy of notice that their skins are covered with feathers and hair, and the light does not strike directly on the surface; whilst the frog shews a difference of one-third more under the green rays of the spectrum than under the red. It was also perceived that the cutaneous exhalation of watery vapour in darkness was nearly one-half less than in either white or violet light.

In almost all animals, the iris of the eye is affected by light; it is visibly contracted; whilst heat produces the contrary effect. Dr Brown-Séquard, a well-known authority on brain diseases, has remarked this phenomenon in eyes which have been separated from the body for some time. Darkness even produces blindness, as in the case of the curious flesh-coloured *Proteus* (one of the *Amphibia* or *Frog-class*), which is found only in the subterranean waters of the caves of Adelsberg, or in the case of the Blind Fish and Blind Rats of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Such a result illustrates the law of disuse whereby a part or organ whose function has ceased, grows less and less and finally disappears. Animals bred in the dark, as a rule evince the strongest antipathy to light; and if they are suddenly exposed to the rays of the summer sun, death frequently ensues. Even the slightest gleam of daylight may occasion convulsions. Such animals as the *Proteus*, Cave Rat, &c. are said to be destitute of the organs of vision; but with the assistance of a microscope, two small tubercles, occupying the place of eyes, may be discovered. They shew great irritability, as betrayed by the colour of the skin. It changes to a beautiful scarlet when provoked; and their bodies being transparent, the circulation of the blood may be distinctly traced.

Some very curious experiments have lately been made as to the predilections which animals have for different coloured rays. There are some almost microscopic crustaceans very common in fresh water (for example, the *daphnia* or 'branch-horned water-flea') remarkable for the eagerness with which they rush towards the light. Some of them were placed in a well-darkened glass, around which the little creatures wandered. A luminous spectrum was then introduced; and as soon as the colours appeared, they became much agitated, and gathered together in the bright rays. By holding a screen before it, they were again dispersed. It seemed as if all the colours were attractive; but they rushed the most quickly to the yellow and green. If a rapid change were made to the violet, they went away for an instant. Whilst the crowd was in the yellow, a sufficiently large number appeared in the red, fewer in the blue, growing less and less in the violet. Certain species of jelly-fishes, confined in a dark vessel, will follow instinctively the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed round their abode; thus proving the existence in these low forms of a special sensitiveness to light-rays. The most luminous por-

tion of the spectrum was chosen by the Daphniæ, just as we ourselves should do. They acted like a man who, anxious to read his paper by the help of the spectrum, would certainly place it in the yellow and not in the violet rays; so that it may be fairly concluded that animals receive relatively the same impressions on the retina as more highly organised beings. It has often been remarked that eclipses of the sun produce on animals and some savage nations very similar effects, all manifesting their fear by unmistakable signs.

In nearly all animals clothed in fur or feathers the colour of the body is deeper above than beneath, and these colours grow darker in summer than in winter. The white or light-coloured moths that fly by night cannot boast of the lovely hues belonging to the butterflies sporting in the sun; and among the latter, the varieties that appear in spring are more brilliant and fresh than the autumnal ones—the azure and golden dust in which they are arrayed following the tone of ambient nature. The owl and most night-birds wear a sombre dress of gray or fawn, and the softness of their integuments contrasts strongly with the rigidity of those which fly by day. Every lover of the sea-shore must have remarked the difference of the shades on the shells which seek shelter under the rocks, compared with those lying in the light; and lastly, what a difference there is between cold regions and equatorial countries! The colours of the birds, animals, and reptiles which people the immense forests, or lie on the banks of the broad rivers of the torrid zone, are of dazzling brightness; whilst in the polar regions the tints are white or gray, and much akin to the snow in which they live.

Nor is the difference only to be observed in colour; but also their forms are connected with the action of light, and consequently of climate. The flora and fauna of our earth acquire an increasing perfection as they advance from north to south. The nearer they draw to the maximum of light and heat, the more they are loaded with beauty. Active and joyous lives, finished forms, and splendid skins distinguish the various species of the tropical regions.

It only remains to notice the relations of light as regards the being who possesses the most sources of enjoyment in it and can best express what he feels—man himself. Even the infant of a day old instinctively seeks and turns to the side from which the daylight breaks in; and it is from our eyes that we gain the ideas of the exterior world and all æsthetic impressions. The excitability of the retina presents variations of all kinds; prisoners who have been shut up for many years in dark dungeons are known to have acquired the faculty of seeing everything distinctly, whilst at the same time their eyes became sensible to the slightest variation of light. When Lavoisier was consulted by the Academy of Sciences in Paris, on the question of lighting the city, he found, after some attempts, that his sight failed in distinguishing with sufficient delicacy the relative intensity of different flames which he wished to compare. He had a room hung with black, and shut himself up for six weeks in total darkness. After this trying and voluntary seclusion, the sensibility of his retina was so improved that he perceived the smallest distinction.

It has always been found that there is serious peril to the eyesight when a person passes suddenly from a dark place to the brilliant sunshine of a summer day. It is told of Dionysius the Tyrant that one of his acts of cruelty consisted in putting his unhappy prisoners suddenly into a building with open spaces and the walls whitened, after they had long been in a dark cell. The contrast sufficed to make them blind. Xenophon relates how a large number of Greek soldiers lost their sight from the reflection of the snow, when crossing the Armenian mountains. Those who have visited the regions of the Pole bear testimony to similar effects; and even a few hours spent in crossing a Swiss mountain frequently occasion severe inflammation and pain. Should the impression of light be strong and instantaneous, the retina is the part that suffers the most; when it is less powerful and continued for a longer time, the humours of the eye are affected. Even fatal attacks of sunstroke are believed to be produced not by the heat, as most persons imagine, but by the action of light. Sunstroke may occur even in spring. When the temperature is not high, an intense artificial light will produce the same results, especially the electric light. It appears as if the violet parts of the luminous rays are the cause of this affection, since screens which absorb them preserve the eyes of those who are engaged in experimenting on this kind of light.

Every one must have observed the action of light on the skin of man; it imbrovns and tans our integuments by altering and developing the colouring matter which they contain. Those parts of our bodies which are uncovered, as the face and hands, are much darker than the rest. Even in the same neighbourhood the inhabitants of the rural districts are darker than those of the town. At more distant latitudes, the dwellers in a country differ sensibly in complexion according to the intensity of solar light. Three varieties may be clearly traced in Europe—the olive brown, with black eye, hair, and beard; the chestnut, with azure blue eye and yellow beard; and the fair, with paler blue eyes and red hair. The white skin of the European allows the observer to see the variations made by light and heat more clearly; but if less marked, the facts of colouration are as discernible elsewhere. The Arab-Scythian race has only half its representatives in Europe and Central Asia; the other half descends to the Indian Ocean, testifying by the deeper brown tint to the ever-increasing heat of the climate. In the Himalaya we find Hindos who may be called fair; whilst those of Coromandel, Malabar, and Ceylon may vie with some negro tribes in the darkness of their skin. The ancient monuments of Egypt shew that their artists understood this fact, for the men, who lived in the open air, are represented as red-brown; whilst the women, who were shut up, have a pale yellow tint. In the present day, those travellers who set out from the mouths of the Nile and trace it to its source can discern the regular ascent from light to dark. Barrow tells us that the Manchou Tartars have grown paler during their residence in China. Among the yellow races of Sunda and the Maldivé Islands, the women, who are always veiled, are white as wax; so also the Jewesses of Cairo and Syria, from the same cause, have a pale wan appearance. The

Eskimo tribes shut up in their cabins during the long Arctic winter, shew the effects in their whiteness. Though heat and other conditions may intervene, still the power of luminous radiation is incontrovertible. It is interesting to note that the pigment-cells in the skin of the frog contract under the influence of light and expand in darkness; and an allied arrangement produces the kaleidoscopic changes of colour in cuttle-fishes and chameleons.

All our system of organic functions shares in the benefit of this wonderful gift; darkness seems to favour the susceptibility of the mucous membranes to cold, produces flaccidity of the softer portions of the body, swellings and rickets. Miners working under ground, and men living in badly lighted workshops, are exposed to all these causes of physiological discomfort. There are some rays of the spectrum which seem to act on animal life in the same way as darkness; for instance, orange light, which retards the development of frogs; yet this is especially favourable for plants, just as green light, which destroys them, suits living creatures. Thus there is a kind of opposition and equilibrium in the two great kingdoms of Nature; and spring becomes to man a powerful stimulant, a privileged and enchanting season, by the production of green buds which it opens after the gloom of winter.

There seems also to exist a correlation between the perfection of forms and luminous intensity; ethnography demonstrates that light tends to develop the different parts of the body in harmonious proportion. Humboldt tells us that among the Mexican and Peruvian Indians he never saw any individual having a natural deformity; they are extremely rare among races with deeply coloured skins. Men who live almost without clothing are in a constant bath of light; no part of the body is hidden from the vivifying action of the solar rays, hence arises an equilibrium in every function and development. The same remark applies to the intellectual faculties; they find in light a consolation for the sadness of external things. Thoughts imprisoned and silent in a dark cell, are aroused by the brightness of a well-lighted room. We can none of us avoid feeling the depression of a dark rainy day, nor resist the joyousness of the summer sun. How can we help being in unison with all animate and inanimate nature, which as soon as the light touches them, vibrate, start, and manifest in a thousand different languages, the stimulating and enchanting pleasure of the contact! Instinctively we seek it elsewhere, and are always happy when we succeed in finding it; and thus it will ever be until we reach the source of infinite and eternal light in a world where no darkness exists.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

THE usually grave character of clerical experiences is sometimes varied by comic passages, none the less amusing, perhaps, from being quite unpremeditated by those to whom they are due. Though few in these days would have the bad taste to joke on things sacred, there can be no harm in noting a few eccentricities and *contre-temps* which are said to have occurred in connection with things clerical.

Of the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar of

Morwenstow, many good stories are told, in his *Life* by Mr Baring-Gould. When young, he was a very tricky fellow, and kept most people around him in hot-water. At Stratton, where his father lived, there was a grocer whom the young trickster delighted in teasing. 'He would dive into the shop,' says his biographer, 'catch hold of the end of thread that curled out of the tin in which the shopkeeper kept the ball of twine with which he tied up his parcels, and race with it in his hand down the street, then up a lane and down another, till he had uncoiled it all, and laced Stratton in a cobweb of twine, tripping up people as they went along the streets.' After Mr Hawker was appointed vicar of Morwenstow, the untidy condition of the church affected one of his curates, a man of a somewhat domineering character, to such an extent that one day the latter swept up all the rubbish he could find in the church, old decorations of the previous Christmas, decayed southernwood and roses of the foregoing Midsummer festivity, scraps of old Bibles, Prayer-books, and manuscript scraps of poetry, match-ends, candle-ends, &c., and having filled a barrow with all these sundries, he wheeled it down to the vicarage door, rang the bell, and asked for Mr Hawker. The vicar came into the porch. 'This,' said the curate, 'is the rubbish I have found in your church.' 'Not all,' said Mr Hawker. 'Complete the pile by seating yourself on the top, and I will see to the whole being shot speedily.'

The *Literary Churchman* gives an amusing anecdote of Mr Hawker, who was walking one day on the cliffs near Morwenstow with the Rev. Mr W——, when a gust of wind took off Mr W——'s hat, and carried it over the cliff. Within a week or two, a Methodist preacher at Truro was discoursing on Prayer, and in his sermon he said: 'I would not have you, dear brethren, confine your supplications to spiritual blessings; but ask also for temporal favours. I will illustrate my meaning by relating an incident that happened to myself ten days ago. I was on the shore of a cove near a little insignificant place in North Cornwall named Morwenstow, and about to proceed to Bude. Shall I add, my Christian friends, that I had on my head at the time a shocking bad hat—that I somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbour-town and watering-place so ill adorned as to my head? Then I lifted up a prayer for covering more suited to my head. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes and saw in the spacious firmament on high—the blue ethereal sky—a black spot. It approached—it largened—it widened—it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by a celebrated London maker! I cast my battered beaver to the waves, my Christian friends, and walked into Bude as fast as I could with a new hat on my head.'

The incident got into the *Methodist Reporter* or some such paper under the heading of 'Remarkable Answer to Prayer.' 'And,' said the vicar, 'the rascal made off with Mr W——'s new hat. There was no reaching him, for we were on the cliff, and could not descend the precipice. He was deaf enough, I promise you, to our shouts.'

Archdeacon Wilberforce having come into the neighbourhood to advocate the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, met Mr Hawker. 'Look here,' said the Archdeacon; 'I have to speak at the meeting at Stratton to-night; and I am told that there is a certain Mr Knight who will be on the platform, and is a weariful speaker. I have not much time to spare. Is it possible by a hint to reduce him to reasonable limits?' Mr Hawker said it was utterly impossible—he was irrepressible. 'But,' he added, 'leave him to me, and he will not trouble you.' At the meeting, this Mr Knight was on the platform waiting for his opportunity to rise. 'Ah! Knight,' said Mr Hawker in a whisper, 'the Archdeacon has left his watch behind, and mine is also at home; will you lend yours for timing the speeches?' With some hesitation Mr Knight did so, handing him his gold repeater, with bunch of seals attached. Presently Mr Knight rose to speak. Now, the latter gentleman was accustomed when addressing a public audience to dangle his bunch of seals round and round in his left hand. Directly he began his oration, his hand went instinctively to his fob in quest of the bunch. It was not there. He stammered and felt again, floundered in his speech, and after a few feeble efforts to recover himself, gave in, and resumed his seat.

Mr Hawker frequently acted as postman for his parishioners; and after service on Sunday, a distribution took place in the porch, when he not only delivered, but had also frequently to read, the letters. On one occasion he was reading a letter to an old woman of Welcombe, whose son was in Brazil. Part of the letter ran as follows: 'I cannot tell you, dear mother, how the muskitties [mosquitos] torment me. They never leave me alone, but pursue me everywhere'—

'To think of that!' interrupted the old woman. 'My Ezekiel must be a handsome lad! But I am interrupting. Do you go on please, parson.'

'Indeed, dear mother,' continued the vicar, reading, 'I shut my door and window of an evening, to keep them out of my room.'

'Dear life!' exclaimed the old woman; 'what will the world come to next?'

'And yet,' continued the vicar, 'they do not leave me alone. I believe they come down the chimney to get at me.'

'Well, well now, parson,' exclaimed the mother, holding up her hands; 'to think how forward of them!'

'Of whom?'

'Why, the Miss Kitties, sure. When I were young, maidens would have blushed to do such a thing. And come down the chimbley too!' After a pause, the mother's pride over-mastering a sense of what befitted her sex: 'But Ezekiel must be rare handsome for the maidens to be after him so. And, I reckon, the Miss Kitties will be quality folk too.'

There was a story told of Mr Radcliffe, a fox-hunting parson in Devonshire. The Bishop of Exeter (Dr Philpotts) came one day to visit him without notice. Parson Radcliffe, in scarlet, was just about to mount his horse and gallop off to the meet, when he heard that the Bishop was in the village. He had barely time to send away

his hunter, run up-stairs, and jump, red coat and boots, into bed, when the Bishop's carriage drew up at the door. 'Tell his lordship I'm ill, will ye?' was his injunction to his housekeeper, as he flew to bed.

'Is Mr Radcliffe in?' asked Dr Philpotts.

'He's ill in bed,' said the housekeeper.

'Dear me! I am so sorry. Pray ask if I may come up and sit with him,' said the Bishop.

The housekeeper ran up-stairs in sore dismay, and entered the parson's room. The parson stealthily put his head out of the bedclothes, but was reassured when he saw the room was invaded by his housekeeper, and not by the Bishop.

'Please your honour, his lordship wants to come up-stairs and sit with you a little.'

'With me!' gasped the parson. 'No; go down and tell his lordship I'm took cruel bad with scarlet fever; it is an aggravated case, and very catching.' Enough, doubtless, to settle the Bishop.

Perhaps no public speaker ever excelled Mr Spurgeon in profuseness of anecdotal illustration in 'discourses.' His sermons and addresses teem with anecdotes, which are usually very much to the point. To his students last year he told a good story, to shew the need of preachers being attractive. 'When I was in Arran quite recently,' said he, 'I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and at the close of the service was strongly urged by the ruling elder to promise a future supply of similar discourses, the collection after his sermon having been unusually large.

'Dear me,' said the minister with becoming pride, 'what might your ordinary collection amount to?'

'Last Sunday it was twopence-halfpenny!'

'What is it to-day then?' asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum named.

'Eightpence-halfpenny,' was the reply.

'Woe is me,' moaned the minister within himself, 'for I gave the sixpence myself!'

A young smart-looking Scotch clergyman was preaching in a strange country church. Fearing that his hair was not properly parted in the middle, or perhaps that he might have a smudge on his nose, he quietly and significantly said to the beadle, there being no mirror in the vestry: 'John, could you get me a glass?'

John disappeared, and after a few minutes returned with something under his coat, which, to the astonishment of the clergyman, he produced in the form of a lemonade bottle, with a gill of whisky in it, saying: 'Ye maunna let on [tell] about it, minister, for I got it as a great favour; and I wadna hae got it ava if I hadna said it was for you!' It may be well to mention that amongst the humbler orders in Scotland 'a glass' is the expression for a dram of liquor. In the foregoing anecdote we are not told whether the minister or John consumed the gill.

In addressing the multitude, simplicity of language is always highly desirable, there being the danger of the unlearned attaching very different (and sometimes very awkward) meanings to the grand and uncommon words which even careful clergymen may be betrayed into using in the pulpit. One of those when in his study and in the act of composing a sermon, made use of the term 'ostentatious man.' Throwing down his pen,

he wished to satisfy himself, ere he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of the said term, and adopted the following method of proof. Ringing the bell, his footman appeared, and was thus addressed by his master: 'What do you conceive to be implied by an ostentatious man?'

'An ostentatious man, sir?' said Thomas. 'Why sir, I should say a perfect gentleman.'

'Very good,' said the vicar. 'Send Ellis [his coachman] here.'

'Ellis,' asked the vicar, 'what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?'

'An ostentatious man, sir?' replied Ellis. 'Why, I should say an ostentatious man meant what we calls—saving your presence—a — jolly good fellow.'

It need scarcely be told that the vicar substituted a less 'ostentatious' word.

We may excuse the foreigner if, in speaking our language, he occasionally misapplies an ambiguous word, however oddly it may sound. Dr Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to 'kippered salmon.' The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word 'kippered,' and was told that it meant 'preserved.' Soon after, the Switzer made use of this newly acquired expression in a public prayer, when he offered a petition that a distinguished divine might long be 'kippered to the Free Church of Scotland.'

Here is another example of a possible misconception of language. 'I fear,' said a country curate to his flock, 'when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say "specie," which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake.'

It matters little to some church-goers of what words a sermon is composed, for the effect of 'a pulpit discourse' is to them provocative of slumber. Dean Ramsay relates that one of the Earls of Lauderdale was once alarmingly ill, one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which, the medical man said, he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat 'simple,' was playing on the carpet, and cried out: 'Send for that preaching man frae Livingstone, for fayther aye sleeps when *he's* in the pulpit.' One of the doctors thought the hint worth attending to; and the experiment of 'getting a minister to him' succeeded, for sleep came on, and the Earl recovered.

In contrast to those persons who assiduously attend church, there is, unfortunately, a much larger class of persons who can rarely, if ever, be induced to enter a place of worship of any description. There is a story of a village curate who, after much persuasion, had got an old woman of this class at last to go to church on Good-Friday. On his way home he overtook her, and after expressing his pleasure at the success of his exhortation, he spoke to her of the awful event just commemorated by the church. On taking leave, she inquired how long it was since that cruel piece of business occurred. 'Nearly two thousand years ago,' replied the curate. Alas for his hopes that he had made a serious impression upon the old

lady! 'Two thousand years ago!' she exclaimed, with a brightening countenance. 'Then let's hope it's not true!'

Parish clerks, especially if they happen to be shoemakers, are generally of a philosophical turn of mind. Here is an example related by an old rector, who was standing with his clerk in his churchyard ruefully contemplating the fallen grandeur of a stately elm which had lately ornamented the picturesque burial-place of the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet.' After gazing for some time on the wreck, the clerk at length broke the sorrowful silence by addressing the rector thus: 'I daresay you remember, sir, the violent storms of the spring of 1833. I have heard there were more elms blown down then, than was ever before known; and in the autumn of that year we had the cholera. Now coffins, you know, are made of elm: these trees, therefore, were doubtless blown down on purpose to supply the extra number of coffins which Providence foresaw would be required before the year ended.'

The present writer was once standing in a churchyard with an aged sexton, who complained that it was so full now that his work had ceased to be a pleasure. 'You see,' said he, 'it's all 'od-work now; and though I have parcelled out places for all the parish, it'll be a tightish fit to get 'em all snug. As for Johnson Blower, he's a long un; and to keep all square I shall 'ev to do what I never did afore; he'll go north and south across the feet of his family, where there's a odd bit that 'ull just 'old 'im.' Poor old man! though he spoke as if he were immortal, he has been dead for many years, and many of those for whom he piously planned, have survived him.

Clergymen, like other mortals, occasionally find out that they have chosen unaccommodating help-mates. One of these ladies made a rather awkward mistake. Her husband having brought a brother-clergyman home to dine with him, went into another apartment to speak to his spouse about the repast, when she attacked him and abused him for bringing a parcel of idle fellows to eat up their income. The husband, provoked at her behaviour, said in a pretty loud tone: 'If it were not for the stranger, I would give you a good drubbing.' 'Oh,' cried the visitor, who overheard the remark, 'I beg you will make no stranger of me.'

REST.

Nor in the torpor of a stagnant pool,
Where never ripples on the waters rise,
And which in stillness almost death-like lies;
But in the calm of ocean strong and full,
Whose waves, late tossed about like snow-white wool,
Are cradled now upon their mother's breast
Into a beautiful and sun-lit rest:
Nor yet again in that serene repose,
Where magic silence clings about a face,
Most exquisite in marble sculptured grace—
But in a sleeping child, whose beauty shews
Faint semblance of the grace the marble knows,
Yet glorious as the waves that sleeping shine;
For *Life* is there, with its impress divine!

H. K. W.

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AMONG THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

For a pleasant summer tour, few places are better than the Southern Highlands of Scotland. By this is not meant the more southerly district of the Highlands proper; but that great irregular belt of mountainous country stretching across the lower half of Scotland, from Portpatrick on the west coast to St Abb's Head on the east. It has been called the Southern Uplands of Scotland; but this expression is defective, and fails to convey an adequate idea of the real magnitude and extent of this mountainous region. At the place where these hills may be said to form the water-shed between the counties of Selkirk and Peebles on the north, and that of Dumfries on the south, the range culminates in a majestic congregation of mountain-summits, heaped and massed and mounded together, like the petrified billows of some antediluvian sea. To such as delight in scenery that blends within it something of the wildness and desolation of Alpine heights with the beauty and sweetness of pearly stream and tangled dell, the district referred to is sufficient to afford much pleasant gratification for many a quiet hour. Besides, if you are fond of ancient tradition and story, if you love to look upon scenes hallowed by their poetic or enriched by their romantic associations, you are in the very midst of them here.

But how, you ask, are we to reach the place? Nothing is easier. It lies on one of the best known and most frequented routes in the South of Scotland—a route that has been traversed times out of number by angler and sportsman, tourist and sightseer—by young poetic natures nursing their dreams of far-off distinction—by old men declining in the vale of life, wishful to bring back once more to their jaded hearts the youthful buoyancy, the delight in natural beauty, which they felt in the days of old. The route we refer to is that of the Yarrow and St Mary's Loch, connected by coach and rail with Moffat on the south, Selkirk

on the east, and Peebles and Innerleithen on the north; yet the ordinary tourists who frequent this route, know as a rule but little of the great tract of mountainous country of which we have been speaking. They pass through it without seeing it. They are perhaps satisfied—as who at a pinch would not?—with the sight of Yarrow flowing on in its hushed solemnity, as if the dead were near; of Mount Benger and Altrive, each for years the home of the Ettrick Shepherd; of St Mary's Loch, shimmering in shine and shadow; of Tibbie Shiels's, of the Gray Mare's Tail, of Bodsbeck, of Craigieburn. But behind and beyond those flanking lines of picturesque heights that hem the valley in, is a vast region of mountainous territory, with sequestered glen and beetling cliff, limpid pool and roaring linn, grass-green holm and bracken-shaded brae.

The conquest of these hills is not only possible, but comparatively easy to those who choose to put up for a few days at any one of the numerous places which may serve as headquarters during operations. But before proceeding to notice these, a few words of advice to the tourist may not be amiss. In the first place, in attempting a tour among hills, do not go alone; have in any case one companion, if not more. Second, let such luggage as you carry be light and useful—a suit of water-proofs, an extra pair of stockings, and a change of flannels, are enough for a few days' tour. Heavy knapsacks, with elaborate appliances for outdoor dining and all such luxuries, are mere bits of mountaineering foppery, and should be discarded. He travels best who travels light. Take sandwiches or other eatables with you in the morning to suffice till you reach your destination in the afternoon or evening; and with your little wardrobe made up in a small parcel and slung over your shoulder, you may travel easily and travel far. In the third place, you ought to have with you an Ordnance or other good map of the district to be traversed, on a scale not less than a half-inch to the mile, and shewing all the streams that descend from the hills, as also the lines of contour. A pocket-compass and guide-

book, both easily acquired, should not be forgotten.

To reach this land of mountain and moor, pleasant dell and meandering brook, it will be necessary to leave the beaten track of the tourist, and to make your way over the lofty ridges that are seen from the valley of St Mary's or of Moffat Water. This may be done also from other points. From Peebles, you may proceed up the valley of the Manor, visiting by the way the grave and cottage of 'Bow'd Davie,' the prototype of Scott's Black Dwarf. This valley contains some of the finest mountain scenery in the South of Scotland, rising into a kind of gloomy magnificence as you approach the higher reaches of the stream, where it issues forth from deep dark gullies, narrow and steep, leading with tortuous winding up into the high hills beyond. To reach St Mary's Loch from this point you may follow various routes; the simplest perhaps is to walk up Glenrath till you reach the water-shed leading on to Blackhouse Heights, whence you will see before you Douglas Burn flowing away down to the Yarrow. Or you may reach this water-shed by Innerleithen and the Quair, instead of by Peebles and the Manor Water. Either route is a good one; the former having the advantage of being the shorter of the two to the Loch. It leads from the supposed locality of *St Ronan's Well*, by the ancient residence of the Earls of Traquair, and up the 'long glen' which tradition associates with William Laidlaw's plaintive song of *Lucy's Flittin'*. Once on the water-shed above mentioned, it is in your option either to keep along the ridge to Blackhouse Heights, or immediately to descend into the Black Cleuch, and thus reach the Douglas Burn, whose exit from between the hills is at a point within easy access of the Gordon Arms in the one direction, and of Tibbie Shiels's (St Mary's Cottage) in the other, at either of which places excellent accommodation is to be had. In walking down the Douglas Burn, you will pass the ruins of the old tower of Blackhouse, the original seat of the Douglasses in this quarter, and the scene of the tragedy of *Lord William and Lady Margaret*, one of the most darkly romantic of Border ballads. Blackhouse is further of interest as being the farm long tenanted by the family of William Laidlaw, above referred to, the warm and attached friend and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott. It was here, in one of his 'Border raids' for ballads, that Scott first met James Hogg, who had previously been a shepherd for ten years on this farm, which is the scene of his graphic description of a terrible snow-storm that occurred in the winter of 1794. From Peebles or Innerleithen to St Mary's Loch by this route is a fair day's walk; and if you are an angler, and start betimes in the morning, so as to afford yourself the necessary leisure, you may pick up a nice basket of trout in the course of your journey.

To explore the hills that hang around St Mary's Loch, either the Gordon Arms or St Mary's Cottage will be suitable as headquarters, and from them excursions may be made up the Meggat Water to Cramalt, the hunting residence of the old Scottish kings, and on the way to which the ruins of Henderland Castle, the scene of *The Border Widow's Lament*, is passed. Or you may strike south across the hills, and spend a day in exploring the valley of the Ettrick, and

visiting Tushielaw, and Thirlestane Castle and Thirlestane Mill, all places familiar to the readers of Hogg's writings. Or if you wish to go higher into the hills, then Birkhill, about four miles beyond Tibbie Shiels's, will afford comfortable quarters, and place you in the very centre of the wildest of the Southern Highlands. Here, as a matter of course, a visit will be made to the Gray Mare's Tail, foaming down its gloomy chasm of rock; but not so many turn aside to see an equally striking place, namely, Dobb's Linn. It is a wild spot, the meeting-point of two or three hill-streams, that have cut their way deep down through successive strata of black shale, making terrific gashes in the steep hill-side. Where the harder basaltic rock obtrudes, and has resisted the disintegrating force of the water, fine falls have been formed, one of these being famous in the district, as also to the readers of *The Brownie of Bodsbeck*, as the place where two zealous Covenanters wrestled with and vanquished the Evil One, casting him over the linn; but who, to save himself from the natural consequences of such a fall, became immediately transformed into a bundle of hides, and thus accomplished the descent without fatal results. This is the haunt of scores of geologists; and eminent names may be found in the visitors' book at Birkhill, where for many years 'Kind Jenny' was the beneficent rival of Tibbie Shiels, of St Mary's Cottage lower down the valley—both, alas! with all their humble excellences of character, passed away. The black shale beds at Dobb's Linn belong to the fossiliferous deposits of the Silurian system, and are rich in graptolites—may be said indeed to swarm with them; and one who can use the hammer, and has a true scent for such game, may soon carry away a boxful of specimens.

Then, a visit to 'Dark Loch Skene' is a memory of itself. The experience of Sir Walter Scott in visiting this place has been the experience of many others—it is a land of fog and solitude and desolation, and some caution requires to be used by the tourist who tempts its waste of bogs and quaking morass. But the sight, to the lover of scenery that is wild, yet majestic in its wildness, is such as more than repays the trouble of reaching it. The description given by one of Scott's companions of the visit made by him is applicable still, with the exception of the eagle, which has now disappeared from the rocky islet in the lake which a pair of these birds were said to have frequented. 'In our ascent to the lake,' says the writer referred to, 'we got completely bewildered in the thick fog that generally envelops the rugged features of that lonely region; and as we were groping through the maze of bogs, the ground gave way, and down went horse and horsemen pell-mell into a slough of peaty mud and black water, out of which, entangled as we were with our plaids and floundering nags, it was no easy matter to get extricated. Indeed, unless we had prudently left our gallant steeds at a farm-house below, and borrowed hill ponies for the occasion, the result might have been worse than laughable. As it was, we rose like the spirits of the bog, covered *cap-a-pie* with slime, to free themselves from which our wily ponies took to rolling about on the heather, and we had nothing for it but following their example. At length, as we approached the gloomy loch, a huge

eagle heaved himself from the margin, and rose right over us, screaming his scorn of the intruders; and altogether it would be impossible to picture anything more desolately savage than the scene which opened, as if raised by enchantment on purpose to gratify the poet's eye; thick folds of fog rolling incessantly over the face of the inky waters, but rent asunder, now in one direction, and then in another, so as to afford us a glimpse of some projecting rock or naked point of land, or island bearing a few scraggy stumps of pine, and then closing again in universal darkness upon the cheerless waste. Much of the scenery of *Old Mortality* was drawn from that day's ride.

From Birkhill also, another pleasant journey may be taken eastward to the head of the Ettrick—to Ettrick village, where Hogg was born, and to the churchyard where he sleeps. Then, when you are satisfied with your excursions from this centre, you may start some morning early, and ascending the White Coomb to the south of Loch Skene, pass downward by Gameshope Burn and Talla Water till you reach the Crook Inn, on the Tweed. In this journey, much of the most characteristic scenery of the district is to be witnessed. The numerous mountain-heights heaving their rounded summits up to the sky, or, as is more rare, presenting to the elements a rugged front of impregnable rock; the deep dark glens on every side—some of them, like that below the Carifran Gans, terrible to look into; the great hollow basins between the hills filled with miles on miles of unproductive bog, black and desolate, cracked and rifted in every direction, and veiling under its treacherous covering of gray mosses many deep and dangerous quagmires and sloughs. In moving through these, the pedestrian has to exercise much care, and would act more wisely by walking round than through them, even at the sacrifice of a little additional time and labour.

Though there is, in one sense, a certain uniformity in the character of the scenery, yet this is by no means unpleasant, as the devious windings of the elevated tracks through which you wander are ever opening up fresh effects, and giving now and again delightful glimpses of the sunlit summits above or the shadowy glens below. Professor Geikie, referring to this peculiarity, says: 'There is something irresistibly attractive in the green monotony of these lonely hills, with their never-ending repetitions of the same pasture-covered slopes, sweeping down into the same narrow valleys, through which, amid strips of fairy-like meadow, the same clear stream seems ever to be murmuring on its way beside us. There is a tenderness in the landscape that, in place of subduing and overawing us, calls forth a sympathy which, though we cannot perchance tell why it should be given, we can hardly refuse to give. It may be, indeed, that with this feeling human associations have much to do; for all this wide region of hill and valley is a part of that Border country which has been hallowed by song and story.'

Once within the hospitable shade of the Crook Inn, on the high-road to Moffat, the pedestrian may think he has had enough of the hills; if, however, he is still unsatisfied, then he may start for the source of the Tweed on the one hand, or to Culter Fell and the Broad Law on the other; while within easy distance he has such places of

historic or poetic interest as Logan Lea, The Bield, Oliver Castle, Polmood, and Linkumtodie, 'where Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed;' or such places of tragic association as the Hunter's Well, at the head of Kingledores. He may also find occupation for many a delightful hour in exploring the numerous little glens of romantic beauty which here open upon the valley of Tweed. And when he is satisfied with his work, or time presses, he can find his way back, partly by road and partly by rail, to Moffat, or Peebles, or Innerleithen, whence he started. Such a journey as we have indicated, if attended with due care, and pursued with becoming leisure, may be found very full of much that is pleasurable and health-giving, both to body and mind.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXI.—HISTORY.

Lived like an anchorite, and worked like an apostle.

CHANGES fell upon Bolter's Rents, and it was known to the people of that dismal region that the proprietary of the court had changed hands. There are grades of respectability. There were people even in Bolter's Rents who formed a sort of local gentry by contrast with their surroundings. To these, and to all with a remnant of decency, the alterations instituted by the new proprietor were matter for almost unmixed congratulation. But there lurked in that foul den, known to the police, scores of old criminals and young ones, burglars, pickpockets, shop-lifters, utterers of base coin—a terrible tribe. These marauders were all of too low a class in their own profession to be able to hold their own in it, and some of their time was spent in the performance of casual honest work. Amongst the more prosperous scoundrels who lived in better lodgings, they were known contemptuously as 'ale-and-porterers,' a term used by the British thief to signify people who are occasionally forced by pressure of poverty into honesty's ways. The true professional criminal despises that sort of person, just as an honest mechanic does, and for the same reason—namely, that the person lives in a constant base desertion of principle. The only difference is—though it may be confessed to be considerable—that the mechanic's principle is industry, and the scoundrel's laziness. Now and again, an aristocrat amongst the 'smashers' or the 'cracksmen' hid himself in Bolter's Rents, and was unearthed by the vigilance of the police; but the predatory creatures who regularly dwelt there were amongst the meanest even of their own mean kind. To them the proceedings of the new proprietor did not seem an unmixed good. A sort of informal official, whom the police were always ready to support, dwelt in the place after its first purification by whitewash; and all who lived disorderly, were by him despatched to seek a residence elsewhere. The leaning walls were straightened by huge hulks of timber—the broken floors and windows and roofs were all repaired, and every room was scoured weekly. For this, some dozen charwomen, who lived in the court, and had hitherto starved, were engaged, and by it they made a plentiful living. Some of the indwellers fiercely resented the advent of soap and water and whitewash; and one hunchbacked hermit of a crossing-

sweeper, who had been born forty years before in the room he lived in, and had never seen it scoured in all his life, repelled the intruding charwoman with his besom, and threatened to be the death of anybody who laid a scrubbing-brush upon the time-consecrated filth of his apartment. Him the informal official grimly 'chucked out' until such time as the ancient solitary reign of dirty chaos should be molested. The hunchback bore it better afterwards, though he took an Englishman's privilege, and grumbled, declaring that since these new ways came in, Bolter's Rents was no place for a decent man to live in. The new proprietor, who was a gentleman with one arm, interviewed this original, and was so charmed with him, that he gave him half-a-crown, though he refused to adopt his principles with regard to sanitation.

The new proprietor indeed was in and out of the place all day at first; and was so excessively liberal with his money, that Bolter's Rents rose at him almost to an infant, and begged of him and lied to him with such persistent fluency that he avoided the place afterwards, until the official he had appointed had grubbed out the most poisonous of the human weeds, and little but honest poverty dwelt within the walls of those tumble-down old buildings. Hastings was very tender at first about throwing the thieves adrift. 'Poor beggars!' he said, talking the matter over with the Doctor. 'What *can* they do but prey upon society? If I take your advice, a score of them will be homeless to-morrow. I do not care to be followed by the curses even of such a little drab of a shop-lifter as that we saw this morning. Why not let them stay?'

'As I am an honest man,' proclaimed the Doctor, 'you sicken me. Whoso gives knowing shelter to a criminal, gives countenance to crime, and stands responsible for it in the sight of God and man. If there were no thieves' shelters, there would be no thieves.'

'A good round sentence, Doctor,' said Hastings, laughing; 'but a shaky aphorism.'

'When a man speaks earnestly,' said the Doctor, 'he speaks broadly. And the Flippancies—of whom there are too many—take truths broadly stated, put a strained meaning on them, and lightly set them down as lies.'

'I am none of your Flippancies,' responded Hastings. 'I am a Social Reformer, and the proprietor of Bolter's Rents—wherefore let the wise and gentle pity me. Doctor, I pity a scoundrel more than an honest man who is in trouble.'

'Do you?' said the Doctor.

'I do. Because he is a scoundrel. Think, Doctor, what a terrible thing it is to be a scoundrel by nature. How would you like to be a shop-lifter? I tell you, sir, the doom of these poor thieves is tragic.'

'You are right,' said the Doctor. 'Let us go out and form a Thieves' Phalanstery, where pick-pockets shall eat turtle and drink Burgundy, and burglars shall go attired in purple and fine linen, and every man shall have full right to rob his neighbour.'

'When a man speaks earnestly, Doctor,' Hastings answered, with a quiet twinkle in his eyes, 'he speaks broadly. And the Flippancies—of whom there are too many—take truths broadly stated, and'—

'Go to Bath!' cried the Doctor, laughing.

'No,' said Hastings—'to extremes.'—The Doctor laughed again; and Hastings added: 'You are right; but I have some right on my side too. It is a pitiful business; and I am very sorry for the poor wretches, and could almost find it in my heart to bribe them into honesty, rather than try to whip them there.'

'Bribes make no man true!' said the Doctor.

'Nor stripes either,' added Hastings.

'They teach at least that first stern and necessary lesson, that the way of transgressors is hard.'

'Ay!' said Hastings, with more feeling than he commonly displayed; 'their way is hard. Poor transgressors! Heaven help them!'

These talks did good to each of them, and advanced the scheme they both had at heart; and though the Doctor often laughed at the owner of Bolter's Rents, and often with him, the wildest theories that young gentleman broached had always a kernel of good sense and feeling. And the Doctor in his turn, whilst Hastings softened his sterner creed somewhat, bullied the younger man out of most of his extravagances; until between them, with the Doctor's wife to lend a helping hand, Bolter's Rents was transformed to an abode of honest and cleanly poverty.

And Hastings had no more effective coadjutor in all this than his old friend Frank Fairholt, whom he thought he had buried years ago in the Crimea. If one good deed, as Portia sweetly said, shines in this naughty world, as wide as the light which burned at home to welcome her, Frank's blameless life shone like a beacon in the Cimmerian darkness of Bolter's Rents. Had one blackguard dared to insult the quiet, shrinking, broken, ever-helpful man, another blackguard would have been there to knock his fellow-scoundrel down. Though amongst them, not of them, nor like them in ways or speech, he helped the poverty-stricken, nursed the sick, did a thousand menial gentle offices, was tireless for good, lived like an anchorite, and worked like an apostle. Deep in the ruffian hearts of this abominable crew, his tender and persistent gentleness was cherished in the one honest spot which generations of vice had bequeathed to them. His pitiful charity fell, like heaven's light and rain, upon the just and the unjust. He lost two days' work at one time in nursing a desperado through an attack of delirium tremens; and the man, who was the terror of the court, loved him at the bottom of his ugly nature—as a bulldog loves his master, with a regard which only shews itself by tearing the master's enemies.

It had chanced one night long before Hastings became the owner of this unpromising property, that the statuesque policeman whom he had met there on his first visit, stood posturing with lumpish grace at the entrance to Bolter's Rents, gazing with a placid grandeur of demeanour down Oxford Street. A woman stood a little way within the entrance with her hands beneath a tattered apron. Frank came up in the twilight, and the policeman and the woman each had to make way for him. The officer recognised him, and in his curiosity at finding him so far afield from his labours, his dignity relaxed, and he said, 'Hillo, my good woming!' in a lordly condescending tone, and beckoned the woman with a Berlin-gloved forefinger. 'Do you know the party as just went

down?" the Peeler queried when the woman came to him.

'Yes sir,' said the woman. 'Leastways, he lives here, as I believe; but I don't know no harm agen him.'

'Has he lived here long?' continued the guardian of the peace, interrogating.

'I've only been here three 'cars myself, sir; but he was here when I come.'

'Egstrornary!' said the officer in reverie. 'He works five mile off at the Docks. They calls him "The Duke" and "Your Grace," down there.'

'I'm told he's quite the gentleman, sir,' the woman responded, tremulously grateful for the official's urbanity.

'They say,' said the policeman, who found his beat dull, and was glad to unbend—as a Prince, suffering from *ennui*, might care for once in a way to converse with a ploughman—'they say as he was wuth 'alf-a-millying o' money at one time, an' lost it on the Derby. What's the name he goes by?'

'Jones, I believe, sir,' said the woman respectfully.

'Ah!' continued the official, scraping his chin with his thumb and finger—an act in which the stipendiary magistrate of his own court looked unusually magisterial—'same party, I make no doubt. Good-night.' The officer swung with majestic even tread along the pavement; and the woman looked after him admiringly, recalling the time when her Joe was just such a fine figure of a man. And in this wise the fact and the fable about Frank had followed him to Bolter's Rents. All minds, cultivated or vulgar, have a liking for romance; and Frank became after this an embodiment of mystery to many of the people who surrounded him; and some of the women were persuaded that the title by which he was known had once of right belonged to him. Altogether, he was the one remarkable figure in the place; and Hastings heard much of him, and was interested in him. Frank in his turn heard of the new proprietor with a terror and a longing which struggled against each other. Had he lived beyond the extremest span of human years, it is not probable that his horror of his own crime would have perceptibly fallen from that level flood of shame and loathing which had washed his heart ever since his return to London. The storm whose violence had driven those terrible waters over him, had died away, and they were calm now; but he lay drowned in a living death below them. But since he had been so long undiscovered, and had grown so changed, his fears had learned to sleep, until on the night when he was nursing his old enemy, the friend who had thrown him into his enemy's hands appeared beside him. Then they started up, wide-eyed and quivering. They grew so morbid, that he was afraid even to run away, lest the act should awake suspicion. The danger as it seemed to grow nearer, fascinated him, as some snakes fascinate birds, until it seemed almost to drag him into Hastings' way. He had wearied Mrs Brand's determined efforts to conciliate him; for he had never, since the only occasion on which I have shewn them together, so much as answered her a word, though she had approached him often. A score of people whom he had known, knew Dr Brand, and his unreasoning fears kept him at this distance from her, sorely against

his will. His obstinate silence puzzled her the more, that she heard continually of his goodness.

'He would only answer me in German,' Hastings said, when, with the Doctor's wife, he stumbled upon this subject of common interest.

'In German?' asked Mrs Brand. 'He speaks English beautifully. I don't mean that he speaks English beautifully as a foreigner might, but that he speaks it like an English gentleman. The people call him "The Duke," and are full of stories of his generosity and tenderness. Some of the women have cried to me in talking about him and his kindness.'

'I confess to a share of curiosity in this mystery,' said the Doctor from his armchair, for it was evening, and his day's work was over. 'I don't place much reliance on that sort of legend; but the people in the Rents are all ready to swear that he had a great fortune and lost it by gambling. If the man is a gentleman, I can understand his reticence. If I were brought down to such a position, I should not be inclined to accept the patronage of any lady or gentleman, however kindly disposed it might be.'

'Nor I either,' said Hastings. 'But if we could get him into co-operation with us, he might help us, and might do himself a great deal of service too. You must allow me to try him, Mrs Brand.'

'Pray, do,' cried the little lady. 'But be careful not to go too far. He has spoken to me once only, and then he told me, in a weary sort of way, which I can't at all describe or imitate, that he had but one thing left in the world, and that was his solitude, and that if I persisted in speaking to him, he should be driven to leave the place.'

'He hasn't left?' inquired the Doctor briefly.

'No,' said Mrs Brand; 'but he has never spoken to me since.'

'I must try him,' said Hastings; and learning, by inquiry at the Rents, when the object of his search was generally to be found at home, he sought him on the following Sunday afternoon. The faithful Ali followed his master up the winding stair; but at a signal from his hand, remained without the room. Hastings rapped; and the voice which cried 'Come in,' made his foot pause at the threshold. The voice awoke no memory, though it might well have awakened many; but it brought a strange mood to Hastings—a mood which most people have known at one time or another. The time, the darkened stair, the light within the room, the tawny face beside him in the shadow, his errand there, the voice—all seemed familiar to him. He seemed to know what would meet him within, and what would be said and done, as though this were a re-acting of the doings of a former life, and he remembered just this fragment of it. He entered with this mood upon him.

There sat before him on a rough bench near the window a man who looked past middle age, and yet prematurely old; by which I mean that you would have said he looked seventy, but could not be more than five-and-fifty. His long hair, which curled inwards at the ends, was silver white; but the beard which flowed from throat and cheek and chin had still a few jet black hairs in it, and the heavy moustache which drooped above his lips was scarcely gray. The arched black eyebrows marked the face in a singular way, and the pathetic eyes held a most memorable sorrow. All this

Hastings had time to notice as he stepped from the shadow into the light. He could not fail to see the look of terror which took the place of sadness in the man's eyes as he advanced, nor could he fail to be surprised at the sudden drooping of the head, and the silence, undisturbed except by his laboured breathing, with which the man encountered him.

'Forgive me,' said Hastings, advancing a little further, 'for intruding on you. I am afraid I startled you.' He paused for an answer, but none came. 'Won't you ask me to sit down?' he said a minute later. The lodger, with his chin still crushing his beard against his breast, spoke not a word, but waved his hand towards an unoccupied bench at the far end of the room. Hastings drew the rough seat towards the light, and for a time kept silence, not well knowing what to say. He felt that there was nothing sullen in the silence which confronted him, and he was disposed to be patient with the unreasonable fear which made the man shrink away. 'I must ask you not to think that I am intruding,' he said at length, a little disconcerted by the other's passivity. 'The fact is, I bought this place some time ago, and ever since I have been trying to make it decent. You have been working at that task longer than I have, and I want for one thing to thank you for it. You have done good work here—manly work. You've been very kind to these poor beggars, and I am personally obliged to you.'

The lodger's irresponsive silence built a wall about him. He did not move, and only his breathing, which was agitated and uneven, shewed that he was alive. Hastings sat discomfited, regarding him keenly all the time, and almost gave up his attack already. But as he regarded the shrinking figure and the bent head, a pang of sympathy and pity shot through his heart, and he discerned a tragedy. The vague tales which were afloat about the man indicated a surprising folly; but Hastings was one who had a great deal of sympathy with a certain sort of fool. So far as the stories told of his strange tenant might be true, the follies therein set down were so like the madness of his own youth, that he could not be pitiless with them; and the man's charity to the poor in his own poverty, and his unostentatious and continual patient tending of the sick, seemed to bespeak a very fine and lovable nature. Under the pressure of this new feeling, Hastings spoke again.

'You have done much for the cause I have at heart. Let me do something for you.'—A motion of the listener's hand waved him back from that theme in such a fashion as to bring a blush to his face.—'No,' he said, hurried into saying more than he had meant to say in the eagerness of his explanation; 'I am not insulting you by offering charity. I want a *quid pro quo*. I want to offer you an engagement, which will suit you better than your work at the Docks, and be more congenial to you. I want you to act as my almoner amongst the poor here, if you will. I want you to distribute relief among them, and to live with them as you are doing now. I must find somebody to do the work, and I shall get nobody who knows the people and their wants as you do. They know better than tell lies to you, for you know all about them.'

Frank sat before him motionless and speechless.

'Does he know?' he thought; 'and will he not appear to know? Is this his way of trying to lift me from wretchedness? He recognised Tasker. He himself is changed, and I knew him. Does he know me? Has he discovered all?'

Had he dared, how he could have cast himself before his friend! But there is no space in material nature, though fancy reach from limit to limit of the starry hosts, which can do more than image the gulf which seemed to stretch between them.

'Every man,' said Hastings, resolving not to be beaten by this silence, 'has his rights, and one of yours is to order me out of your place if you want me gone. So long as you rent this room, it belongs of course to you, and not to me. You want quiet; you hate to be intruded upon. Well, you shall have your way. I'll tell you what you shall do, if you like. You shall have a messenger to go between you and Mrs Brand, and none of us will trouble you. I'll get some furniture sent in here, and make you a little more comfortable; and you shall just go about among the people and see to them, and do what you can for them. If any of them cannot possibly pay their rent, your statement shall be a sufficient acquittance of their liability; and if any deserving person is in want of food or medicine, or fire or clothes, you shall get what is wanted at my charges; but you must be down like a hammer on idleness and pretence. You shall set all your expenses down; and Mrs Brand will see that the money has been properly expended. That will be only fair to you, of course, and will be quite proper and business-like into the bargain. Now, what do you say?'

He said nothing. He listened to the tones of his old friend; and though the flippancy which had marked them once had vanished altogether, he knew that he could have sworn to the voice with absolute certainty, and he would not trust his own even with a word, lest it should betray him. He was not sure of the truth, but he was almost sure, and Hope came hand in hand with Belief to persuade him that he was not recognised.

'If you do not care to give me an answer, now,' Hastings went on with a gentle patience which surprised his listener, 'you can send me word when you like. Or I will call for your decision this day week. That shall be the arrangement. If you do not send to me before Sunday next, I will come here for your answer. Good afternoon.'

Still no answer came; and with a repetition of his farewell, Hastings left the garret; and the faithful Ali came out of his dusky corner and followed him down-stairs, into the street, and home. Frank was greatly shaken by the interview. Whilst Hastings spoke, his own struggling griefs and longings took him by the throat so strongly, that the force by which he held his peace and made no sign exhausted him, and he sat trembling with hysteric tears after his friend's departure. He thought of the proposal Hastings had made, and his own way seemed clear to him. Whatever duty declared itself, that must he do, and no other, until it should be done and life should be over. The way was open to him; and before the end of the week came, he spoke to Penkridge.

'Go to the landlord, and tell him from me that

I will undertake the work he offers. Tell him I shall have time enough to see to it all when my work at the Docks is over. Tell him also that I only undertake it on this condition—that I am left alone. If any attempt is made to intrude upon my quiet, I will go away.'

Penkridge, who had little enough good left in him, had at least some sentiment of gratitude, and Frank had done so much for him, that he was his willing servant. He needed to have the message again and again repeated, but having at last mastered it, he delivered it faithfully; and Hastings sent back word that his strange tenant's wishes should be respected. There grew up in Bolter's Rents a power for good which worked amazingly. The almoner of the rich man's bounty had a heart and hand for it, and his charities were done charitably. Many forlorn ones heard their first word of human comfort from Frank's lips, and the gladness he brought to others was reflected upon himself. And although his burden was one which must needs be borne until the restful breast of Mother Earth closed over it and him, he grew slowly to a strength which was equal to his day, and Peace dwelt with him, mournful-eyed.

THE FORTHCOMING CENSUS.

In 1881 we are to have another Census, another numbering of the people. Without entering upon the consideration of long rows of figures, we are desirous of explaining how the census is taken. Many thousands of the present readers of this *Journal* were too young ten years ago to have read much about these matters. To them the information will be welcome; while adults generally are perhaps not fully up in the subject.

The first thing done is to obtain a special Act of Parliament. The powers intrusted to the Commissioners are too large to be exercised without this express sanction; and therefore the government for the time being prepare a Bill, which becomes an Act when it has passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament. Such was the course pursued in 1801, 1811, and 1821; then again in 1831, 1841, and 1851; and next in 1861 and 1871. Usually two or three statutes are necessary; for Scotland and Ireland require rather a different arrangement of details from that of England and Wales. To describe briefly the latter mode only will suffice for our present purpose; and to take the actual proceedings of 1871 as a tolerably close approximation to that which we may expect in 1881.

The Act empowers the Crown to appoint Commissioners, usually three in number; the Registrar-general of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is the chief, while the others are able and experienced men. The fifty-two counties of England and Wales are grouped into twelve Divisions—Wales forming one and Yorkshire another, all the others comprising a few counties each. The divisions are split up into Superintendent Registration Districts, and these into Sub-districts, containing all the multitudinous hundreds, tythings, townships, cities, towns, parishes, villages, hamlets, &c. The whole comprise so many small patches of land, that more than thirty thousand enumerators are employed to attend to them. It is necessary that the census should be taken

on one particular day throughout the kingdom; and in order to do this, the enumerators have to prepare matters beforehand. They are required to make themselves acquainted, each in his own locality, with every street and court, every village and hamlet, every cottage and homestead, every barn and hut in which human beings might perchance sleep. It was in this way that the Commissioners for 1871 obtained the names of upwards of three thousand districts, sub-districts, boroughs, cities, towns, villages, hamlets, hundreds, &c. The police everywhere rendered assistance in ferretting out and enumerating the homeless poor; the managers of all kinds of asylums supplied the necessary information concerning the temporary or permanent inmates; the Admiralty made the proper returns for the seamen of the royal navy, whether on home or foreign stations; the Horse Guards did the like in regard to the Queen's soldiers; the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs undertook the necessary inquiries touching British subjects abroad; while the Registrar-general of Merchant Seamen, aided by the Custom-house officers, did what was necessary in regard to the mercantile marine.

The enumerators voluntarily offered their services—no compulsion being used in the matter. They were required to be intelligent, trustworthy, active; to write a legible hand; to be tolerably healthy; and to be prudent and civil in manner; of any age between eighteen and sixty-five. They comprised among them many clergymen and other ministers of religion, clerks, and persons in various stations of life—including a few ladies, who are reported to have done their work well. They were paid by a fixed sum—one guinea—for the routine of duty, besides so much for every hundred schedules delivered and received.

Census night has usually been fixed for a Sunday night, because on that night all the scattered members of a family are most likely to be at home. The appointed enumerators are busily engaged for some days beforehand in the house-to-house delivery of schedules or census papers, in order that they may make the house-to-house collecting on the following Monday. There being something under forty million acres in England and Wales, and something over thirty thousand enumerators to attend to it, this would give more than a thousand acres on an average for each. But this is by no means the plan on which the system is managed. An acre of ground in the densely populated portions of London, Liverpool, and other large cities, contains a vast number of houses and inhabitants; whereas in remote country districts dwellings and people are alike few—in Anglesea, for instance, where there are less than four inhabitants per average acre. In towns the dwellers are too numerous to be counted by one enumerator except in a very small area; whereas in the regions of mountain and moor many miles would have to be trudged to hunt out a very small number of persons. In one enumerator's district there were found to be only sixty souls, all told; whereas at the other extreme an enumerator had to give an account of nearly five thousand persons. The Commissioners make allowance for all these things in forming their arrangements. We say 'trudged,' for the enumerators cannot always afford to ride or drive, even if roads of any kind reached the secluded mountain homes,

which is by no means always the case. Difficult enough the work frequently is; for in many small towns the streets are not named, nor the houses numbered. The local postman perchance lends a little help in this matter. Nor is danger altogether absent; seeing that, besides encountering rough and brutal people, the enumerators may happen to enter houses where small-pox, typhus, or other dangerous disease is or has been at work. The enumerators therefore consider themselves to be underpaid; and many persons admit the justice of the statement.

The experiences of the enumerators in 1871 were—as in previous articles we have shewn—in many instances curious and amusing, arising partly from the ignorance and partly from the distrust or prejudice of the householders. Some of the schedules, when filled up, were sent *privately* to the Registrar-general in London, in order to avoid the eyes of the enumerators in country districts—especially on the delicate subject of the real age of spinsters. This irregularity was condoned by the Commissioners in special instances. An elderly single lady, somewhat wealthy, fastened up the door and windows of her house, forbidding access to the enumerator; declaring that even a fine of twenty pounds would not induce her to give him the required particulars. In reply, however, to a soothing letter, she sent her filled-up schedule privately to the chief Commissioner. A gentleman of landed property declared he would pay a fine of any amount, indeed would rather cease to exist, than commit the offence for which David suffered, as recorded in the Old Testament—'Numbering the people.' His religious scruples were respected; and the particulars of his family were obtained with tolerable accuracy by other means. One enumerator was insulted and assaulted by a morose householder, so much so that he summoned the man before a magistrate, who inflicted a fine. A middle-aged man was fined one pound and costs by the Devon county magistrates for refusing to fill up a census paper for himself and his child; he declared that he knew neither his own name nor place of birth correctly, and he would not perjure himself by making a false entry. At St Austell in Cornwall, a gentleman possessed of considerable property refused to allow the schedule to be taken into his household; for which he was summoned and fined. An author wrote in one of the schedule columns, 'Wife says I am both idiot and lunatic.' Many other rural districts in England and Wales presented similar instances. In Scotland, where the inhabitants of some of the secluded districts know little about any other language than Gaelic, they were often greatly puzzled as to what the whole affair meant. So much was this kind of difficulty felt in Wales, that some of the schedules were printed in the Welsh language, for distribution in localities almost denuded of English-speaking people. In Ireland, poor Pat in many cases was made seriously uneasy by a doubt whether a census might possibly mean more taxes and rates, a raising of his rent or a curtailment of political, social, and religious privileges—regarded by him as being too restricted already.

Railway officials must give in lists of persons travelling on the various lines; captains of ships report who have been at sea; barges and boats

have to be visited; gipsy encampments and travelling caravans are not neglected. Dark arches, to be found in some of the large cities and towns, are sometimes used as sleeping-places by the wretched and homeless; and so are barns, haystacks, brick-fields, and underneath carts and wagons. One enumerator found a boy soundly sleeping in a hollow iron garden roller! These exceptional instances were over and above the regular householders, to whom no less than five million schedules or printed forms were delivered: divided into separate columns for pen or pencil entries as to names, ages, sex, occupation, and many other particulars, which the householder was bound to fill up to the best of his ability, under penalty of a fine.

It may serve to elucidate one of the reasons why night is selected for taking the census rather than the day, that some great towns are visited every day by scores of thousands of persons who do not reside there. 'The streets of the City of London,' said the Commissioners, 'are empty and almost silent during the night, presenting a very different aspect from that of the daytime.' The corporation deemed it right, in order to determine the number, to take a day census. They found that in addition to the ordinary sleeping population, the mercantile men engaged daily in the City amounted to more than a hundred and seventy thousand. We may add that this number is increasing rapidly every year; and that the census of 1881 will probably tell us that the sleeping inhabitants are less and less. Ordinary dwelling-houses are being pulled down in great blocks, to make room for warehouses, insurance and Companies' offices, banks, new streets, and gigantic railway stations—compelling the hitherto resident inhabitants to seek abodes elsewhere.

It may perhaps be of interest to know that, at the date of the last census, about a hundred thousand of the Queen's British subjects were 'living beyond the seas;' and somewhat over sixty thousand in boats, barges, vessels on canals, rivers, &c. in coasting craft—augmenting the population of the British Islands to thirty-two millions in round numbers.

An unexpected difficulty presented itself thirty years ago, coming from a quarter that, it was hoped, would render important aid—namely, the clergymen and ministers of religious bodies. The Commissioners intrusted with the management of the census of 1851, said in their Report of the results: 'Religious parties of every denomination, in the estimates they have endeavoured to form of their comparative strength in this country, have hitherto felt the great disadvantage resulting from the absence of official returns on the subject of public worship. It has been attempted, by means of the information recorded by particular communities, in some measure to supply this deficiency; but the statistical information obtained by any one denomination has never been deemed authentic by any other. After all the efforts made by particular bodies, it has been found that the results have been of little practical value; not only because their accuracy was suspected, but also on account of their meagre and limited character. Now, however, for the first time in the history of this country, a census of religious worship has been obtained by the govern-

ment. We are now able to ascertain the entire number of places of worship, the particular sects to which they respectively belong, the number of sittings provided by each sect, and the actual attendance on a given day.' Alas! the attempt to give satisfaction only raised a storm. The government responding to appeals from various quarters, made the necessary arrangements; but when the Report appeared, all the denominations were discountered on one ground or other. The authorities deterred by these obstacles, made no similar attempt in 1861 or 1871.

We look forward with great interest to
THE CENSUS OF 1881.

SOPHIE: AN INTERLUDE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I GAVE up all idea of running away; but I did not confide my little adventure to either Severn or his wife, feeling that it was much better not to say anything about it. But I did hear of it before many hours had gone over my head; nay, before we met at dinner.

After tea, Mrs Severn called me to look at a new species of lily which had just put forth its blossom in the greenhouse. I trembled like the guilty mortal I felt myself to be, for I knew what was coming. She said laughingly: 'So you have discovered the trick which we have been playing on you.'

I felt extremely sheepish, and looked it, I am sure; for she laughed good-humouredly, and went on: 'You are not the only one Sophie has taken in. Her impersonations are wonderful. She acted my grandmother to the life not long ago. We had a friend of Alfred's staying here, who is fully persuaded that my grandmother is the most wonderful old woman in the world. I must say, however, her little joke with you was purely unpremeditated. The accident of your finding her asleep gave rise to it all.'

I managed to get out some incoherent words of regret for what had happened; but Mrs Severn smiled. 'Sophie is quite aware that, having put herself in a false position, she must take the consequences,' she said; and we returned to the house.

At dinner we met. She swept into the room, a grown-up young lady, trailing two yards of cream-coloured satin after her, clad in the height of the fashion, apparently taller, and enchantingly pretty.

Severn took her hand. 'Walter,' he said, 'here is a young lady you used to know as a child.—Miss de Burgh, allow me to present my friend Mr Walter Dennis.'

She made me a sweeping courtesy; and I bowed low, feeling very foolish, and very much ashamed of myself. I scarcely dared to look into her face; but at last I ventured. There was just the least little twinkle in her wonderful eyes, as she glanced at me through her long lashes; and I knew I was forgiven.

That night, in the smoking-room, Severn said: 'So Sophie played her joke out. Silly child! She has learned a lesson.'

'And so have I,' I answered. 'But she completely deceived me. I had no idea she was anything more than a child of twelve or thirteen.'

'Luxmore thought her eighty or ninety. She is a wonderful little actress. But surely you saw the likeness'—Severn's voice broke—I knew at once to whom he alluded. He went on: 'She is wonderfully like poor Valérie. She was with us all through—nursed her. You never saw anything like it, sir; never seemed to require sleep or rest or anything. I don't know what I should have done but for her. We hope'—

The door opened before I heard what it was that Severn hoped—though I half suspected; and Alfred, who had been dining out, entered the room; and Harry, with bursts of laughter, told how at last I was undeceived, and how entirely taken in I had been. I must say Alfred was never very cordial with me. I was ten years his senior, and perhaps I lorded it over the young fellow. Once I fancied he was jealous of Sophie's manner to me.

For a day or two I treated her with the most ceremonious politeness; but afterwards we glided into an easy familiarity very sweet to remember. She laid aside her childish frocks, but did not lay aside her charming childish manner. Of course I called her Miss de Burgh; but sometimes 'Sophie' came so naturally to my lips, I could not refrain from calling her so. Perhaps—but I hope not—she really did care for me. Be that as it may, we were great friends. She discovered that I loved Shakespeare and Spenser and all the quaint old-world poets. So many a happy hour passed by on golden wings while we sat and read together.

About this time—I had been nearly two months at the Elms—Alfred left us for a while. I fear we did not miss him overmuch, although I observed a cloud upon Sophie's usually sunny face more than once; but when I rallied her about 'grief for Alf's departure,' she blushed furiously, and ran off. Harry Severn grew kinder, if possible, to me; and Mrs Severn treated me as if I were one of the family.

Poor Alfred! Long before he left, I saw how much he loved Sophie. No wonder. She was one any man must love. But I am not sure she ever manifested anything more than sisterly kindness to him. One thing I do remember—she never played any of her pranks on him, but rather, I think, avoided him.

But I must hasten to the winding up of my sweet Interlude. Summer was gliding into autumn. I had entered upon the third month of my stay at the Elms, prolonging my visit to a most unreasonable length. I therefore determined to leave in a few days, go abroad for two months, return to London at Christmas, spend the remainder of my leave between Lucy's house and Severn's, and return to India in the spring. I must acknowledge that I felt not a little melancholy at the prospect of bidding my loved friend and his household farewell; but it must be done. I had a long, dreary, desolate future to face, and the sooner I quitted the oasis I had found, the better fitted I should be for my solitary lot. And yet—and yet—

Might I not lure this beautiful bird, this child-woman, to fly with me, and make bright and beautiful that future, so dreary in prospect now? May I plead guilty to having asked myself that question once?—once only. It fell upon this wise. One delicious balmy September afternoon, we were

walking through the pleasure-ground together, Sophie and I. She was graver than her wont when we set out on our stroll. Alfred was to return that evening. I had dropped a word about a speedy departure, at luncheon; a word which Mrs. Severn loudly declaimed. I was thinking of a thousand things, and silent. She walked by my side silent and thoughtful too. At last, a bird carolled merrily overhead and broke the spell. She laughed her old merry child-like laugh, and we began to chat away much as usual.

Quite suddenly she turned, laid both her little hands upon my arm, lifted up those eloquent, wonderful eyes of hers to my face, as if to read my inmost soul, and said: 'Mr Dennis, what is the trouble you have deep down? You laugh and are merry upon the surface; but within, you have always a settled grief. What is it?'

How could I answer her? I tried to pass the question by; but she would not suffer it. 'No, no!' she persisted. 'You won't baffle me. Will you tell me?' She coloured slightly, and hung her head. 'Tell me, is it anything about—money?'

'Remotely, money is the cause,' I answered.

'Oh, can money mend—can money put it away?' She betrayed great agitation, and was flushed and pale by turns.

I could not imagine what had agitated her so strangely. I took the little hands in mine—she was still a child to me—and said: 'Why do you ask me that, my dear?'

'Because—because—I have too much, far too much money for a little girl. Oh! you don't know how much I have; and—couldn't you take some of it, and get rid of your trouble?'

I looked down into the sweet anxious face uplifted to mine; and a fancy that she might fill the aching, empty heart to which she stood so close, with light and sweetness, and the desolate life with bloom and sunshine, shot through my brain; but I put it from me—at least I resolved to consider the question before I said or did anything definite. 'Dear child,' I said, 'if money at first caused my trouble, it is, alas! beyond the power of money to cure it now.'

'Do you think it cannot be cured?' She had hung her head, and cast her beautiful eyes to the ground.

'Time only can cure me. My dear, when I come back again, and find you in your own home—when you have discovered that your fortune is not too much to give to the man you love, then I will tell you all my sorrow, and you will see how hard it was to cure.'

She lifted up her eyes and looked at me steadily. She had removed her hands from my arm and stood up alone, her eyes looking straight into mine with the strangest expression in them I had ever seen. Was it reproach? Was it surprise? Was it pain unspeakable? Whatever it was, it made my heart beat quick.

Before I had time to speak, I heard a footstep on the gravel behind. She looked past me and cried: 'Oh, you good Alfred, do come and fetch me into the house, I am so tired!'

Then I saw Alfred Severn, who had just returned, take her on his arm, and go towards the house; she walking erect, her head thrown back, her hand clinging to his arm, he bending above her tenderly. She was laughing gaily, and even a snatch of a

song came wafted on the still September air. I must say I felt ill at ease with myself and my surroundings all that day.

We met at dinner. She was gay as a lark, her little face red as a rose, her eyes shining like stars. Besides, she was much more easy and intimate in her manner to Alfred than I had ever seen her before; she joked and jested, mimicked one or two of our acquaintances, was the life and soul of us all. After dinner, she sang for us, her bird-like voice trilling and warbling deliciously.

Next morning, shall I ever forget the quick rush of blood to brain and brow—the sudden throb of agonised surprise when I saw that letter which changed my fate, lying upon my plate at breakfast-time! I remember clutching it up and flying to my room, not to read, only to wonder over it. How well I knew the bold firm characters! How every dot and line made my heart thrill! The vague indefinable perfume which hung around the letter. The monogram, J. E. M., which I knew so well. A letter from Juliet—from London! I sat speechless in my room, dreading to open it and learn the truth. At last I found courage, and tore it open. It was dated from a West End Hotel, and was only a line:

'Walter, I am in London. Come to me.—
JULIET.'

I forget how I said good-bye at the Elms. I think I told Severn some incoherent nonsense. I found myself at the station by some means or other; and in an hour I had my beloved clasped to my heart. She had a long story to tell. I will relate it briefly. I would not tell it, only that I feel it justifies my subsequent conduct. She was free. She had been most cruelly coerced by her relatives from first to last; the miserable half-witted Viscount, upon whom they were thrusting her, persecuting her with unwelcome attention; her father's affairs in a tottering condition; her step-mother railing at her from morning until night. She wavered, for very peace-sake, and consented to become the peer's wife, to save her father. Just a week before the day fixed for the wedding, a well-known bank failed, dragging down many commercial houses in its fall, Mr Morewood's amongst the number. Thereupon Lord Rathalan's yacht got up steam, and vanished in the night. The next day, Mr Morewood died of apoplexy, they said; but I knew from Juliet's face the real truth—by his own hand. Juliet took what portion of goods remained for her—a very scanty one—and came to me, penniless, well-nigh heart-broken, but still my own true love, my Queen of Women.

Before I left her, she had promised to be mine at once. The lady and gentleman with whom she had travelled home, arranged to stay in London until all could be settled; and half delirious with happiness, I almost forgot my friends at the Elms.

I wrote a long letter to Severn, however, telling him the happy sequel of my love-story. Strange to say, I received no answer. So, just before I was married, I resolved to run down and bid them good-bye at the Elms; and I confess I wished my interview with Sophie well over. Yet why? I had done nothing for which I ought to blush, I reasoned with myself.

To my amazement, the gates were locked, the house shut up. Only an elderly woman, grim

and soon to look upon, appeared at a side-door in answer to my ringing of the bell. She told me: 'The family 'as gone abroad'—to Paris or France, or might be Germany. She wasn't used with foreign parts. The master's address was at the office. If I wanted it, I could get it there.

I explained to her how I had forgotten some books and papers in my hurried departure some time since; and with evident reluctance, she admitted me. Even the few days' neglect and desertion had sadly altered the beautiful lawn and terraces. It was now mid-autumn. An early frost had scorched and blackened the blooming parterres. Fallen leaves bestrewed the unmown turf. The bright geraniums had been removed from the porch; and a long trailer, covered with rosebuds, frost-nipped before their time, swayed loosely in the freshening wind across the library window. A chill of sadness and desolation struck upon my heart. My grim companion unlocked the door. I entered—under protest, as it seemed. A small *douceur*, however, improved the temper of my cicerone, and I cross-questioned her to some effect. The Severns' departure had been strangely sudden. Only a day's preparation had preceded it. They were, however, to spend the whole winter abroad. They would be a great loss to the poor; they were all so good, 'specially Miss Sophie.

With an inexplicable feeling of regret—nay, self-reproach—I entered my room. It was just as I had left it; my books and papers laid neatly together. One book only was out of its place—a volume of Browning's poems. It lay open on my dressing-table, a withered rose upon the page. I bent and read one stanza which was underlined:

Never any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.

I put back the dead flower, and closed the book. I have never opened it since. Poor little Sophie!

In a few days I was married. In a fortnight I was in Switzerland with my wife. I wrote to Severn from Basle; but I suppose the letter never reached him, as I had no reply. In the spring we went back to India, the happiest pair on earth. I have been truly blest in my noble wife; but—shall I confess?—I often remember Sophie, and wish I could hear of her, and wonder if we ever are to meet again.

I wrote the above more than a year ago, when my life's cup seemed full to overflowing and not a cloud dimmed the sky. I write the sequel to-day, a lonely, worn-out man, with no tie left upon earth save my motherless babe. A month ago, I returned from India, a broken-hearted widower. Lucy has tried to console me. Childless herself, my dear sister has taken the poor orphan to her heart, and watches over him with a mother's care. 'But, dear me, Walter,' she said yesterday, 'you will be sure to marry again. There is your friend Harry Severn, how inconsolable he was after the death of his first. See how happy he is now with his second.'

Severn? His name recalled much to my memory. That very hour I visited him at his office. He received me at first, as I thought,

coldly; but when I told him of my great sorrow, the man's kindly nature asserted itself; he became friendly and affectionate as ever. There was a subject I longed to ask him about, a name I longed to pronounce, yet dared not.

As I rose to leave, he said: 'I won't ask you to the Elms, Walter. Mary could not bear it. She has never been quite herself since'—

'Since what?' I asked eagerly, my heart sinking strangely.

Severn looked at me in dumb surprise for a moment or two; then he said: 'Can it be possible you have not heard'—

'What?' I gasped, clutching at the back of my chair.

He looked fixedly at me, and said slowly: 'About Sophie?'

'I have heard nothing. For God's sake, what of her?' I could not pronounce her name.

'Dead!'

The room spun round. I sunk into a chair overwhelmed.

Severn stood before me looking solemnly in my face. 'She faded from us,' he said in a voice husky with emotion, 'like a flower. One day she would rally, the next decline. It lasted for a year. We did all we could—took her everywhere. But no use. She drooped away, and died in autumn—a year after you left us.' He paused and wiped his eyes. My own overflowed; I could not speak. He went on: 'Our happy home is altogether broken up. Alfred could not bear to stay in England after—he lost her. You know how much he loved her, and how we hoped they would come together; and how—that was all put an end to. He has gone to Rio. I have opened a business there, of which he has taken charge. Emily Rufford belongs to a Sisterhood. She works very hard. Only Mary and I are left.'

I have been to her grave in the beautiful country churchyard. Some kindly hand has made it bright with flowers. A wreath and cross of snow-white blossoms are laid above the warm, loving heart, now still and cold for ever; and a memory of what was, and what might have been, keeps green within my heart a thousand tender recollections.

IN THE TEMPLE.

ENTER the Temple whichever way you will out of Fleet Street, and your foot is at once on ground which, though full of interest on account of its associations with historical personages, is nevertheless but little known to most Londoners, and to none more so perhaps than to the majority of those whose daily occupations lie within its precincts.

In the rooms above the gateway nearest to where stood Old Temple Bar, there lived for many years a state prisoner in the person of Sir Amyas Pawlett, not the least of whose titles to distinction is that he once put Cardinal Wolsey in the stocks when that eminent personage was still only parson of Lymington. By way of revenge, when Wolsey attained to power, he sent for Sir Amyas to London, and forbade him on pain of death to leave the boundaries of the city without permission. In those days, Wolsey's word was all-powerful; so Sir Amyas made the best of it, and

whether from design or not, getting as near as he possibly could to the confines of the city, took up his abode in rooms over Middle Temple gateway, where he amused himself, and at the same time endeavoured to propitiate his enemy, by decorating the walls of his abode with the armorial bearings and other insignia of the great Cardinal.

Passing under this gateway, the passenger finds himself in the narrow thoroughfare of Middle Temple Lane; to the left of him a few houses with overhanging gables, now about the most ancient in the Temple, and in one of which (No. 3) the Lord Chief-Baron Kelly is said to have had his first set of chambers so long ago as 1824. To the right are the buildings which form an addition to Child's Bank, where Nell Gwynn kept her banking account, and where are still to be seen receipts under the hand of that frail fair one. This addition is on the site of the old *Devil Tavern*, which was a favourite haunt of Ben Jonson and other wits and poets of the seventeenth century. Further down the Lane, and still on the right, is Brick Court, in which, at No. 2, second floor, lived Oliver Goldsmith; and immediately opposite is a low archway, leading through Pump Court into Inner Temple Lane, where for five years (1760-65) Dr Johnson had his chambers. His name remained inscribed on the doorpost till a few years ago, when the house was pulled down, to give place to the new one, now known as Johnson's Buildings. Farrar's Buildings, in the same Lane, was the residence of Boswell, who was thus within a stone's-throw of his idol. It is no very difficult effort of imagination, as we pass under the ancient archway that leads out of this Lane into Fleet Street, to fancy we see the forms of the three friends sauntering home after a jovial night spent at the neighbouring *Rainbow*, or issuing out at three o'clock in the morning for the *frisk* immortalised in the pages of Boswell.

At No. 4 in this Lane too, lived Charles Lamb, the back windows of whose chambers looked on Hare Court, the trees in which were in those days so luxuriant that, to use his own words, 'it was like living in a garden.' The gentle kindly 'Elia' was a native of as well as a dweller in the Temple, having been born in Crown Office Row, which faces the Inner Temple Gardens, about which, whilst yet a boy, we can fancy him watching the Benchers, those Dons of the Inns of Court, promenading to and fro; and thus affording him material for his future essay, 'Some Benchers of the Inner Temple.' Fenced round by an iron railing in this garden—all honour to the present Benchers for their reverent care—are the remains of the thorn planted by Oliver Goldsmith; but the walk by the river-side is gone, being now separated from it by the Thames Embankment. On one side of this garden is the modern successor to the old Paper Buildings, where, in a top story, looking on the gardens, Selden lived; and here also Fox Maule, of sarcastic memory, had his chambers. The old buildings were burnt down about forty or fifty years ago, owing, as some assert, to the inadvertence of a wine-bibing Bencher of those days, who retiring to rest after a night spent in the consumption of his favourite liquor, carefully placed his shoes on the chair beside him, whilst he put the lighted candle under the bed. Readers of Shakespeare will recollect that the poet makes the

Temple Gardens the scene of the choice of the red and white roses as their insignia by the rival factions of York and Lancaster.

But the brand-new buildings recently erected for chambers, and which, both by their material and by their pretentious style, appear to our minds so incongruous among these 'Bricky towers, whilom,' as Spenser sings, 'went the Templar knights to bide'—make us glad to quit the gardens, and to wander back through King's Bench Walk, where Mr Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, once had chambers; and past the New Inner Temple Hall to the church, which stands almost immediately opposite to Johnson's Buildings. The curious circular nave of this church was built by the Templars in 1185, after the model of one still more ancient, which they forsook when they migrated from the other side of the Strand. The name of 'Temple' had its origin in the fact that the quarters allotted to the order in King Baldwin's palace at Jerusalem were close to the ruins of the Temple; and hence in England, as elsewhere, the Knights designated their residences Temples. The choir, in the Early English style, was completed about 1240; and here, near the altar, the learned Selden was buried in 1654; whilst outside its walls, on the 9th April 1774, were committed to the grave the mortal remains of Oliver Goldsmith. In the circular nave—or 'Round,' as it was called in former days—the barristers belonging to the Inns received their clients, each having his particular post, as nowadays merchants have their stands on 'Change.

The cloisters, immediately facing the church, burnt down in 1678, and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, were the acknowledged resort of the students. After the fire, the Benchers of the Middle Temple desired to abolish these cloisters altogether, and to build chambers on their site. The Benchers of the Inner Temple, however, opposed the scheme with much warmth; and gained their point, aided by the Attorney-general of the day, who read the Middle Templars a severe lecture on their inhuman proposal to oust the students from the only place where they could assemble to discuss doubtful matters of law. As far back as the reign of Henry VIII., we learn from a contemporary account of the Middle Temple, that the question as to where the students—or as they were then termed, the *clerks commens*—might be properly accommodated, was one which troubled the breasts of the authorities not a little. Now their wants in this respect are well provided for in the libraries attached to each Inn, both of which contain a splendid collection of law-books. From the account already referred to, we glean some curious information as to the manners and customs of lawyers in these days. 'The House' of the Middle Temple, it tells us, 'was governed by a Treasurer annually chosen by the Elders or Benchers, and his auctoryte is to assign to such as are of the fellowship their chambers or lodgings; to collect of 'certen of the fellowship a tribute yerely of ijs. iijd. [3s. 3d.] apiece, and to receive a rent of certen chambers; also 'to pay of the said money the rent due to the Lord of St John's for the house they dwell in.'

The fellowship was divided into two companies—(1) The *Clerks Commens* or students already alluded to; (2) the *Master Commens*. This second company was further subdivided into three com-

panies—No-utter Barristers, Utter Barristers, and Benchers. The no-utter barristers were 'such as because they did not study or profit in lernyng, are not by the elders called upon to dispute or argue some doubtfull matter of law, which among them is called motyng.' The utter barristers were those 'who had profited by study,' and who had continued in the house for five or six years, and who were called upon to dispute at the motyngs or moots—a word derived from the French *mot*. It should be mentioned that these arguments were carried on in what one authority terms 'homely law French;' which we may take it was somewhat near akin to the French spoken 'atte Bowe,' alluded to by the poet Chaucer. The moots of the Middle Templars were conducted in their Hall, which has remained virtually unaltered, and presents the same appearance as when first built in 1572.

But the lawyers of those days were not forgetful of the homely proverb as to the results of 'all work and no play,' and at certain stated periods in each year held in this Hall feasts, which they termed 'solemn revels,' at which the judges and sergeants-at-law were often invited guests, and where eating and drinking formed no small portion of the amusements. All such as were 'in commons' at the time were expected to attend, and absentees were fined iij*s.* iij*d.* (3*s.* 3*d.*); whilst barristers and students who were present, and refused to carry up beer to the Benchers' table, rendered themselves liable to fines varying in amount according to their degree. It may surprise modern readers to hear that those grave and reverend seniors were not above delighting themselves and each other with specimens more or less graceful of the Terpsichorean art; and not only the students and barristers, but the very Benchers themselves would favour the company with a minuet, or whatever was its Elizabethan equivalent, as well as with a song. It was in this Hall, on the 2d February 1601, that Shakspeare's play of *Twelfth Night* was first acted by Shakspeare himself; and it is much to the credit of the Benchers of this learned society that on the same day in this year, the two hundred and seventy-ninth anniversary of this interesting event was celebrated by the recital of this same play by that able and talented expositor of Shakspeare, Mr S. Brandram.

The interior of this ancient building is well worthy of inspection. From and even before the date of its erection, 'the Readers' of the Inn—whose office, now merely honorary, was originally to preside over the moots—were privileged to have their heraldic insignia emblazoned on the oak panels, now nearly black with age, which skirt the Hall; a privilege of which they have pretty freely availed themselves from 1540—the date which appears on the earliest of these shields, and which was presumably transferred from the old Hall—down to the present year. The windows also contain the armorial bearings of several of the sovereigns and other royal personages, including those of the Prince of Wales, who is a Bencher of the Inn. The screen at the entrance of the Hall, and which serves to support a gallery, is said to be made out of wood from some of the wrecked ships composing the Spanish Armada. In this Hall, during a limited number of days in term-time, the students eat those dinners which for centuries have been looked upon as in some mysterious

way forming the best—at one time indeed, the only—qualification for a call to the Bar, and to which they are summoned a few minutes before six o'clock by the 'panyer man' blowing a silver horn.

And now, passing out of the Hall, we find ourselves in Fountain Court. Between two broad flights of steps—one leading down to the Embankment, the other up into New Court—stands on a broad terrace, shaded on all sides by trees, the stone fountain from which the Court takes its name; the most picturesque spot, as some one has said, in all London. Here it will be remembered Ruth Pinch used to pause for a moment or two on her way homewards, in the hope of being joined by her brother, honest Tom; and here, listening to the plash of the water under the shade of the trees, with the quiet semi-monastic-looking buildings on all sides of him, the gardens at his feet, the river in the distance, we will take leave of our reader, assuring him of the fact—which amidst the silence of his surroundings he may be apt to forget—that the busy Strand and Fleet Street are actually within but a stone's-throw of the place where he stands!

MRS FITZPATRICK'S DIAMOND RING.

TWELVE months ago last November, I ran down into Warwickshire to spend a few days with my cousin Horace Mason. It was an odd time of year to choose for a country visit; but as a matter of fact I did not choose it—it was chosen for me. Until that year, I had always managed to get away for an eagerly snatched and greedily enjoyed holiday in August, and had generally been lucky enough to secure some good grouse-shooting or pleasant yachting. But all at once the Fates turned perverse, and that particular August had brought with it a throng of professional engagements which could be neither dismissed nor delayed. Of course they were welcome in a way; for I was near the bottom of the ladder, and was glad of any chance that would enable me to mount one or two rungs higher; but I certainly thought that the fickle goddess Fortune, having apparently forgotten me so long, might have postponed her visit for another month without any marked impropriety. The worst of it was that when September came I was as busy as ever, and even October found me still in the whirl of that Maelstrom of work.

Not until the morning of the first day of November did I waken with the blessed consciousness that the load was gone from my shoulders, and that I was once again comparatively free. I lay awake in bed, feeling serenely happy, wondering whether I ought to celebrate my emancipation by having my breakfast brought up to me, and vaguely speculating as to how and where I should give myself the holiday I had so fairly earned. I decided against the sybaritic breakfast in bed; rang my bell, and informed my landlady that I should be down-stairs in twenty minutes; and on entering my snug little sitting-room, found on the table a solitary letter. I digested the kidney and it together, and they were both eminently satisfactory. The former was perfect—Mrs Higgins had been a cook—and the latter was equally to my taste. It was from Horace Mason, who said he was completely bored—Horace is always complaining of being bored, though no

one enjoys life more than he—and that he would be eternally grateful to me if I would sacrifice myself by coming to share his boredom for two or three weeks. This was the very thing. Winthorpe, though only a bachelor establishment, was a most delightful house to stay at; and as it was surrounded by other houses almost equally delightful, the inhabitants of which understood well the great art of enjoying themselves, I need hardly say that I accepted the invitation by return of post.

Three days later, shortly after six in the afternoon, I was met at the door of Winthorpe by Horace himself, who as usual assured me, in tones which seemed symptomatic of perfect health and spirits, that he was more bored than ever, and that he would never, never forget the good turn I had done him by coming so soon. Of course, as *Pinafore* was then in the ascendant, I was bound to raise my eyebrows and inquire: 'What, never?' and he, to shew that his boredom was tempered by news of the great world, was ready with the orthodox reply: 'Well—hardly ever.' These highly intellectual greetings being exchanged, I was escorted up to my room, and then down to the drawing-room, where I found Mrs Patton, Horace's lady-housekeeper—his duenna, as he was wont to call her—and Mr Fitzpatrick, the rector of the parish. Mrs Patton, I knew well. She was a most amusing compound of dignity and jollity, and we were the best friends in the world, though she always declared that I did nothing but make fun of her. Mr Fitzpatrick I had never seen before; for during my previous visits he had always happened to be from home. He was a tall, portly, elderly gentleman, with a rather florid complexion, and a magnificent head of perfectly white hair, the effect of which was increased by a pair of bushy and perfectly black eyebrows. He greeted me very cordially; and as soon as we were seated at the dinner-table, I discovered that his forte was conversation and his foible monologue. I have heard some good steady talkers in my time; but I am prepared to back Mr Fitzpatrick against any of them. Reminiscence succeeded reminiscence, and anecdote jostled anecdote; and though he was undoubtedly very amusing, I began to think that if one lived in his parish, one might possibly have for him some of the feeling that Sindbad the Sailor had for the Old Man of the Sea. I have forgotten most of his stories; but one of them had a certain ghastliness, which impressed me a good deal at the time, and makes me think it worth telling again.

I had noticed during dinner that, as is the habit of some widowers, he wore a wedding-ring, which had presumably been his wife's; and over this another ring, of the kind usually worn by ladies, in which were set three very handsome brilliants. After dinner, when Mrs Patton had retired, the conversation somehow or other took a turn in the direction of precious stones, and Horace, who at last managed to get in a word or two, said something about the difficulty of distinguishing, in the absence of tests, a true stone from a really well executed imitation, and took from his waistcoat pocket a manufactured diamond which I certainly should have pronounced genuine. For purposes of comparison, Mr Fitzpatrick slipped from his finger the ring of which I have just spoken; and after it had been examined and

replaced, he said: 'There is a curious story connected with that ring, Mr Mason. I daresay you have heard it?'

'I've heard something about it,' said Horace; 'but I don't know all the particulars; and I don't think my cousin has heard anything of it.'

'Well, then,' said Mr Fitzpatrick, 'I may as well tell it you, if you care to hear it. The story begins and ends a long time ago. It is forty years this very month since I became engaged to be married. I was then a curate, and had not much money to spare; but I had just received a legacy of rather less than a hundred pounds; and in a fit of extravagance, hardly excusable even in a lover of five-and-twenty, I spent the whole of it and a few pounds more in purchasing a ring for my future wife. We expected the engagement to be a long one; but the rector of this parish died suddenly, and my great-uncle, in whose gift the living was, presented me to it. The rector's death took place in February. I read myself in on Easter Sunday; and on the first of June we were married. I suppose that every newly married husband and wife think themselves the happiest people in the world; but I honestly believe that we really were so. We had not only each other, but we had everything else that we could possibly desire—a larger income than we needed, work that was thoroughly congenial to both of us, a few real friends, any number of pleasant acquaintances, and an utter freedom from all anxiety.

'This unalloyed happiness lasted for six months, when my wife's health failed in a mysterious manner. She began to be subject to strange fits of languor, physical depression, and drowsiness, which gradually became longer and more frequent. I had advice at once; but the doctors seemed completely at sea. The organs, they said, were perfectly sound; and though the action of the heart was not quite so strong as it ought to be, there was absolutely nothing to account for the symptoms. At all events, they could only recommend tonics, gentle open-air exercise, and an occasional stimulant. In spite of them all, however, my wife grew worse and worse. At last she took to her bed; and she had not been in bed a week, when one evening I left her, apparently much the same as usual, and went into my study to spend a couple of hours over my next Sunday morning's sermon. I had been down-stairs only about three-quarters of an hour, when my wife's sister, who had been sitting with her during my absence, burst into the room and threw herself upon me, exclaiming: "O James! she's dead! Our darling Kate's dead!"

'You can imagine the shock she gave me; but it never occurred to me to imagine that what she said was really true. I thought nothing but that the strain of anxiety had been too much for the poor girl, and that she had temporarily lost her reason. I did my best to calm her; and soon succeeded, for she began to talk so lucidly, that I was compelled not only to listen but to heed. She said that she and one of the servants had been watching by my wife, who was apparently sleeping peacefully, when they had both been startled by a peculiar change in her countenance. They listened for the sound of her breathing; but heard nothing. They had then held a hand-mirror to her mouth; but it remained unclouded. They had felt for the pulsation of her heart; but

it had ceased to beat, and her body was deathly cold. The servant had gone to tell one of the men to saddle a horse and ride hard for the nearest doctor; while she had come to me to tell the terrible news and bid me be calm. Calm was out of the question. I tore myself away and rushed up-stairs. They were idiots—they were demented; but still there was a haunting fear which I must dispel for myself. And yet I was so sure that my wife could not be dead, that I summoned sufficient presence of mind to open the door gently and walk softly to the bed. I leaned over it, and said, not loudly, but distinctly: "Kate, darling, are you asleep?"

"But before I had spoken the last word, I was convinced. I had seen death often, and was sure that I knew it too well not to recognise it at a glance. I now shrieked instead of whispering; but there was no answer, and I flung myself full length upon the bed in voiceless agony. I must have become almost or entirely unconscious; for I never knew of the doctor's presence in the room until I felt his hand upon my arm. He said: "My dear Mr Fitzpatrick, you must try and bear it like a man and a Christian; for your wife is dead: she has been dead more than an hour."

"How I felt, I cannot tell you. I was prostrate with grief; and prostrate I remained for three days. The necessary preparations for the funeral were made by my wife's brother, and I really was unaware of what had been done. On the evening of the third day I heard stealthy footsteps ascending the stairs, and I felt rather than knew that they were the footsteps of the men who had come to close up the coffin. I heard the door open; then for a few minutes there was silence: and then I heard other and lighter footsteps descending, followed by a tap at the study door. I said: "Come in;" and when the door opened, I saw that it was an old nurse of my wife's, who had come to see her living, and had found her dead. "If you please, sir," she said, giving my wife the old familiar name, "they cannot get the rings off Miss Kate's finger; and they want to know what they must do."

"I had been apathetic; but in a moment I was enraged, and I shouted: "Leave them on!" in tones which made the poor woman beat a terrified retreat. I was completely unnerved by what seemed an outrage upon the remains that were so dear and so sacred to me; but I could not move to make a more effectual protest, and I soon sank into the lethargy from which I had been aroused. The night passed, as the preceding nights had passed, sleeplessly and wearily. I rose at dawn, and sat in the study until noon, when they came to tell me that the time for the funeral had come, and that I must follow my wife to her last home.

"You won't know the rectory well, Mr Browne," said Mr Fitzpatrick, addressing himself directly to me; "but you must have passed it. The front-door, as you will remember, opens to the turnpike road; but there is also another door with two glass panels which opens directly into the churchyard. My wife was in the habit of using this door very frequently; for there ran from it a path which crossed the churchyard and ended at a stile, which was just opposite the gates of the Grange, then rented by the Hardings, who were her oldest friends. When she had returned and found the door fastened, which sometimes happened, she

had been used to let me know she was there by a peculiar tap, and I had always gone to let her in. It was out of this door—which somehow seemed to belong to her, and out of which she had often tripped so gaily—that I followed her corpse; and as it was closed gently behind me, I think I fully realised for the first time what a changed thing my life must henceforth be. The service was gone through; I heard the clods fall upon the coffin; and I returned to the house that was now so awfully solitary. The vicar of the next parish, who had performed the last sad offices for my wife, returned with me, and tried his best to bring me to myself; but I refused to be comforted. At last he left me; and I was glad to be alone, for in solitude I could feel that my wife was somewhere near me.

"They brought me food; but I could eat nothing. The hours passed slowly; but I took no note of them. I did not even know that it was dark until one of the maids came and asked if she should light the lamp. I let her do it; and then mechanically took a book down from the shelves and tried to read. It was only a mockery of reading; but it acted as a sort of narcotic; and I had dropped into a doze, when I was aroused by a knocking at my door, sharp and decisive, as if the person knocking were not asking but demanding entrance. Just as the knock came, the clock struck twelve, and I knew that I must have been sleeping for nearly three hours. I got up from my chair, opened the door, and inquired what was wanted of me. Standing in the lighted hall were the three indoor servants and the old nurse: and the faces of all were absolutely blanched with terror. One of the girls, in an agony of fright, caught hold of my sleeve and panted out: "O sir, do come!"

"I shook her off somewhat roughly and, addressing the nurse, said: "What's the meaning of this?"

"She was clearly as frightened as the others, but more self-possessed, and she replied: "If you please, sir, Jane and Margaret say that their mistress is standing at the side-door, tapping on the glass; and that they will leave the house if you do not come and see."

"I called them fools, and bade them go to bed; but they crowded behind me as I hastily crossed the hall, and strode down the short corridor to the side-door. I approached the door; and I must confess that my blood ran cold as I distinctly heard the well-known tap, and thought I saw something white behind the glass panels. I turned my eyes to the bolt, which I drew back, and flung the door wide open. If I were to live for a millennium, I could never forget the sight I saw then. There stood my wife, with bright open eyes, a flushed face, dishevelled hair, and her night-dress stained with large patches of blood!

"James," she said; "don't be frightened; it is I." She may have said more; but this was all I heard. They told me that I gasped, "Kate, my Kate!" and fell down senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in bed. My wife, dressed as she was used to be dressed, was sitting by my side; and I looked around and wondered whether I had been awakened from some horrible nightmare. At last the reality of the events of the past few days came back to me—my wife's illness, her death, her strange return from the world of spirits. When

I summoned strength for the task, I asked what it all meant; and though she could tell but little, that little was enough to solve the mystery. She said she had felt as if she were being rather roughly awakened from sleep; and that when she became thoroughly aroused, she found she was sitting up in an open coffin at the bottom of a grave, with the blood running quickly from a deep cut in her ring-finger. The grave was shallow, and she had managed to climb out, when she discovered that she was not twenty yards from the door by which she was accustomed to enter the house. She made her way to it; and we knew the rest.

'It had been a curious case of trance, catalepsy, or whatever name men of science may give to these inexplicable simulations of death in which all the functions seem to be arrested while the vital principle remains intact. She had been restored to conscious animation by the cut given to her finger by the ruffian whose cupidity had tempted him to a deed from which many a hardy scoundrel would have shrunk. The perpetrator was of course one of the undertaker's men, who had been struck by the glitter of the gems in the diamond ring; and who, to obtain it, did not hesitate to violate the sanctity of the grave, and even to mutilate a corpse.'

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, 'what an overpowering story. Was the rascal ever caught?'

'No; he disappeared, and nothing was heard of him.'

'And your wife? What effect had it on her?'

'Curiously enough, her general health became better from that dreadful day; but I think her nervous system must have received a permanent strain, for she entirely lost the physical courage which she had possessed in an extraordinary degree for a woman; and about two years afterwards she became subject to attacks of asthma, which is, I believe, a complaint that often has its origin in some nervous shock. She lived, however, to be over fifty, and was bright and cheerful to the last, though she had been a confirmed invalid for five years before her death.'

Mr Fitzpatrick ceased speaking for a while; and we were allowed to interject a few sentences of comment upon the remarkable story we had heard; but silence with him was never much more than a flash, and in ten minutes he was in the middle of another narration. We did not separate until after midnight; and I saw him again several times during my stay at Winthorpe, which was more than usually pleasant. He had certainly an inexhaustible fund of stories; but I did not hear one that was, in the current literary slang of the day, so thoroughly 'sensational' as the story of Mrs Fitzpatrick's Diamond Ring.

[The foregoing narrative, which is founded on an actual occurrence, is another illustration of the danger of interring a human being apparently dead, but in whom life may nevertheless still linger. To be buried alive is a contingency the very thought of which fills the mind with horror; and yet it is notorious that instances have occurred, and may yet occur, through neglect on the part of those in charge to use even the most ordinary precautions.

The subject is of such importance, that though it has been dealt with in these pages on previous

occasions, we gladly take this opportunity of again offering to our readers a few of the signs which usually distinguish actual from supposed death:—

The arrest of the pulse and the stoppage of breathing. No movement of the chest—no moist breath to dim a looking-glass placed before the mouth. These stoppages of pulse and breath may however, under certain conditions be reduced to so low an ebb, that it is by no means easy to decide whether or not they are *completely* annihilated. Cases too have been known in which the patient had the power of voluntarily suspending these functions for a considerable time. The loss of irritability in the muscles (a fact which may be readily ascertained by a galvanic current) is a sign of still greater importance than even the apparent stoppage of the heart or of the breath.

The contractile power of the skin is also lost after death. When a cut is made through the skin of a dead body, the edges of the wound close, while a similar cut made during life presents an open or gaping appearance.

An important change termed the *rigor mortis* takes place after death, at varying periods. The pliability of the body ceases, and a general stiffness ensues. This change may appear within half-an-hour, or it may be delayed for twenty or thirty hours, according to the nature of the disease. It must however, be borne in mind that *rigor mortis* is not a continuous condition; it lasts for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and then passes away. Commencing in the head, it proceeds gradually downwards, the lower extremities being the last to stiffen; and disappears *in the same order*.

One of the most important of the various changes that indicate death is the altered colour of the surface of the body. Livid spots of various sizes occur, from local congestions during life; but the appearance of a green tint on the skin of the abdomen, accompanied by a separation of the cuticle or skin, is a certain sign that life is extinct. To these symptoms may be added the half-closed eyelids and dilated pupils; and the half-closed fingers, with the thumb turned in. It is important to note that the slightest motion of the heart may be detected by the stethoscope even though breathing and the pulse have ceased. If the heart, therefore, be silent to this delicate instrument, the vital spark has fled.—ED.]

G L O A M I N G.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

TWILIGHT downward softly floateth;
All, once near, seems dim and far;
High aloft now faintly gleameth,
Pale and clear, the evening star.

All in doubtful shadow quavers;
Up and up the slow mists creep;
Down, the lake, 'mid deepest darkness,
Mirroring darkness, lies asleep.

On the eastern sky appearing,
Lo! the moon, bright, pure, and clear;
Slender willows' waving branches
Sport upon the waters near.

Through the playful, flitting shadows,
Quivers Luna's magic shine;
Through the eye this freshness stealing,
Steals into this heart of mine. G. S. U.

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OVERWORK AND UNDERWORK.

ONE of the many Associations working for good in the metropolis is the National Health Society, which has been some years in existence, and whose object, by means of popular lectures, is to diffuse well-established facts connected with sanitary knowledge. Addressing itself especially to families and households, with a view to the prevention of disease and preservation of health, it has, we understand, been of material service in disseminating useful information among various classes of the community. The principal lecturers are medical men; but the number of non-professionals is by no means inconsiderable. Some of the lectures are, by the courtesy of families connected with the Society, delivered in Drawing-rooms to fashionable audiences; while in other cases the lectures are addressed to bodies of artisans, on subjects of professional importance. For example, we see that the Society proposes to organise a series of lectures and demonstrations to working-plumbers, a class of men on whose handicraft not a little of the health-comfort of households now depends. Desirous to promote the objects of the Society, which in some respects are what we have long been labouring at, we offer the following specimen of one of the more interesting lectures, slightly abridged. It is by Dr Samuel Wilks, on Overwork and Underwork, and has been obligingly handed to us for general circulation.

Dr Wilks begins by speaking of the human body as a machine, some parts of which go on continuously, while others are at times at rest; and this period of rest and activity is intimately associated with darkness and light as the earth makes its diurnal revolution on its axis.

‘If we take a working man or mechanic, and allow him sufficient time for his meals and for sleep, his body can produce enough force to keep him employed for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. There are many instances where this has been done, so that when it is asked whether a man can work the whole day, the answer is,

assuredly he can; but this always implies that he is allowed time for his meals, and that he has so many hours for sleep. It is idle to ask if a man can work the whole twenty-four hours for an indefinite time, since Nature has made us in such a way as to necessitate a period of rest. If this is allowed, then we may safely assert that he can work the whole of the day. Health is perfectly compatible with this idea, if the day be regarded in its true physiological sense. It would seem to you a self-evident fact that the work got out of a steam-engine must be proportioned to the supply of fuel; and a similar law prevails in the animal machine; or in general terms, as the best work can be got out of a machine when it is well taken care of, so in the same way the most work can be got from the men or women who best take care of themselves. This, you say, is a self-evident proposition; and yet it is one which half the world disregards. If you keep in mind that your body is a furnace, having a temperature of nearly a hundred degrees, whilst perhaps the surrounding air is only sixty degrees, you can imagine the amount of combustion which is going on within us: the body is a furnace in which the food undergoes chemical changes, and in which the tissues are burning, so that it may happen, as I witnessed in a consumptive patient the other day, that the animal heat may reach a hundred and thirty degrees.

‘As motion is a form of energy taking the place of heat, so all these chemical changes in the body produce movement as well as warmth. For instance, if you have to carry your body up a mountain, which is the same thing as walking up, a very great amount of chemical action must have taken place in the body to produce the necessary power, and you know when you arrive at the top how very ready you feel to replenish the system. Now, if this same amount of chemical change had produced heat instead of motion, you would be lying on a sick-bed, utterly prostrate, and consumed by your own fires. That is one great difference between health and disease. Now we know pretty well what amount of food is

necessary, and what its nature must be in order to supply the furnace of the body, so as to obtain from it the full amount of heat and motion; and it seems a self-evident fact that in order to obtain the most effect from this or any other machine, its requirements must be first attended to. Yet remarkably enough, this first law of Nature is absolutely unheeded. For example, I lately had a young curate under my care, who was much devoted to his work in a poor suburb of London, but who, getting overdone and overworked, came to me for advice. I sympathised with him in his desire to use all efforts for the benefit of the poor, but unlike him I regarded his body as the necessary instrument to perform his object; he had some vague notions about energy, will, religion, and other metaphysical principles which could aid him; and therefore it was almost a revelation to him to be told that all of his forces came out of his body, and if he wished to strengthen or multiply these, he must not ignore the laws of Nature, but rather make a study of his bodily organism. By making this one of his objects of life, he would find that he would get much more work out of himself than heretofore. He took my advice; and called on me some weeks afterwards to report himself well and equal to all his duties. He had desisted from sacrificing his meals and sleep time to his avocations; but on the other hand made a religious duty of thinking of them, and found himself doing more and better work than before.

'One of the hardest-working men in my profession, on being asked how he could get through all his daily toil, answered, by first having regard to health and physical requirements.

'A lady of good mental powers, engaged much in school-teaching and home missionary work, became at length so devoted to what she considered to be the great aim of her life, that she began to deprive herself of some of her ordinary meals, and often to debar herself from her customary food, that she might have more for the poor people around her. Never was there a more high-minded devotion, or greater sacrifice, combined in so great a folly. I apprehended that she never let so low a thought cross her mind that she was a mechanical or chemical machine; she consequently fell into a wretched state of health, wasted away to a skeleton, and became so feeble, that when I saw her she could not walk from her sitting-room to her bed-room, and at last fell a victim to her ignorance and to her disrespect of the first laws of physiology.

'In minor degrees we see every day that work cannot be done with an impaired bodily organisation; this is self-evident; but it is not so clear when it arises from insufficient or improper nutriment. I see a very large number of persons who suffer from nerve-depression, and I find their mode of life is quite sufficient to account for it, being one altogether incompatible with health. When, therefore, we discuss the question of the amount of

work which a person can do, the very first and obvious condition is, that the machine is kept in order; and yet this prime necessity is often overlooked in the calculation.

'The physical work or muscular exercise is that in which the labourer is solely engaged, and we might therefore ask ourselves in the first place, can this be wholly replaced by mental work? This can only be answered by appealing to the result of experience; and in this respect, I think it may be said that although there have been some very remarkable instances of persons who have taken no bodily exercise whatever for several years, and during this time accomplished much literary and other mental work, yet at last they have broken down from the want of it. I think we must admit the necessity of bodily exercise for all, and therefore the question to be solved is the amount of that exercise. Now, every-day observation is sufficient to shew that the requirements vary with different people; so that we are forced to explain this difference on the principle that use is second nature, and maintain that the necessity for much exercise has been artificially acquired; and, on the other hand, that those who have never accustomed themselves to it, do not require it. Some persons find it necessary to take a measured walk every day; others a ride on horseback, or perhaps on a bicycle; others an occasional run with the hounds, or a day's shooting; whilst some find their walk to and from business sufficient for them. Some make an occupation in order to exercise their muscles, and take to gardening or cutting down trees; or they keep a lathe in the house, and supply all their neighbours with handles of drawers made of every wood in the known world. There seems to be a real necessity for some employment of the body for those who have not the opportunity of out-of-door exercise. Some will walk up and down their garden, or pace round and round their room, like those unhappy beasts in the Zoological Gardens who circulate round their dens, giving now and then a jump over a bar in order to work off their superfluous energies; or as the errand-boys do in the street, put down their goods to fight with other boys, or not happily meeting with an antagonist, get rid of their forces by jumping over all the posts on their road.

'At school or college, the various games have become a part of the constituted curriculum of duty, and every lad or young man rows, plays at football, or cricket. Young ladies also have their lawn tennis, and are ever ready for a dance. During a frosty winter, their enthusiasm for exercise on the ice often surpasses due bounds; but then nothing can tell more in favour of the pursuit than the joyous exhilaration of the young lady as she drives against the cool bracing air.

'We, however, get a step further in our problem, and ask if we add so much time for exercise to that already allotted to sleep and meals, may we occupy the remainder in mental labour? I should

say assuredly we can. We have only to look around amongst our friends and take a glance at public men, to see that they waste not a moment. The whole of their time is occupied, and this month after month.

‘Having determined these broad principles, another question arises, which is one of greater practical issue in every-day life, and it is this. Supposing the whole of our time—that is, the time fixed by physiological consideration—can be occupied by mental work, can it be profitably or even possibly employed in one kind of labour or intellectual pursuit, or must these be varied? This can only be answered by appealing to experience; and I think all will agree in the answer that the mind cannot be occupied on one subject alone with impunity; that in order to allow full occupation for the brain during the whole of the working hours, many of the faculties must be employed; not only is this a necessity, but it is advantageous, by invigorating the mind itself. Every one should therefore have more than one object or pursuit in life. A professional man might be wholly devoted to his pursuits; because, after the monotonous and bread-earning toil of the day, he could direct his thoughts towards the scientific or philosophical side of his calling; but even for these, be he parson, lawyer, or doctor, it is better for him to spend a part of his time in an occupation quite foreign to his daily allotted task. But with the business man, or with him who is at his ledger all day, the case is far different; and I believe a second occupation is an absolute necessity, otherwise some small and limited faculty of the mind is put on the stretch for hours daily, and at last breaks down under the pressure put upon it.

‘Lord Palmerston was considered a marvel for work, but the work was much varied. Lord Brougham’s brain was a mine of wealth, but it could only become thus by legal pursuits being changed over and anon for literary or scientific ones. A late judge, who only retired from the bench at a very advanced age, was accustomed to recreate himself after leaving his court, by working out mathematical problems. This was not additional labour, but a mode of giving rest to wearied portions of the brain. Need I mention one of our greatest living statesmen, than whom no better example can be afforded of human capabilities—he loses no single moment of his time, and can pass from politics to theology or classical literature as he will; but in order to accomplish this, he has found it necessary to use some muscular exercise, and if ordinary information can be relied upon, he sleeps well and sound. A case proving that after the physiological laws have been obeyed as to meals, sleep, and exercise, the whole of the remaining time may be occupied; and shewing also that in order to produce a vigorous mind, a number and variety of subjects must be brought under contemplation.

‘A similar law of Nature prevails with respect to other organs besides the brain; as, for example, the muscles. A working-man—say a carpenter—may be employed for several hours in manual exertion of various kinds with impunity; but no one can employ a certain set of muscles alone for any length of time without fatigue. Let any one try and keep his body or his arm in a fixed position for only a few minutes, and he will soon discover

that it is attended with the utmost weariness. Artisans who use some special muscles often suffer from their complete paralysis, as the hammermen at Sheffield or the telegraph clerks; and in the same manner, those who sit several hours a day writing, become the subject of what we call writer’s cramp or palsy, just as dancer’s cramp is a spasm affecting the muscles of the leg. Out of all this comes the practical issue, and which I find most important to inculcate, that not only is the occupation of all the faculties, or a number of them, less fatiguing than the employment of one only, as is the use of the whole arm rather than a particular set of muscles, but that the mode of giving rest to one faculty is by the employment of others.

‘For instance, a man occupied in business, or in speculation in the City, becomes worried—his health fails, appetite impaired, and his nights are sleepless; he is recommended rest. He has not resolution to take a journey; but goes home, occupies his time in wandering about his house and garden, with his mind never off his affairs—is constantly talking of them to his wife, and goes to bed with his ledgers on his brain. This man is worse off than when at his office, for then he was doing something to distract his mind; but now he has the opportunity to dwell on his affairs morning, noon, and night. The only way to get him out of the rut and break his train of thought, is to surround him with new circumstances, which may excite in him novel thoughts and fresh ideas; and so by the process of exclusion the old worries are thrust out.’

The lecturer next insists on the necessity for sleep at the proper times, in order to give repose to the brain, and then proceeds: ‘It is possible, after allowing time for meals and sleep, to fill up the remainder with manual work. If the work be mental, then a small portion of time must be given to exercise or physical labour, and the remainder of the day may be wholly occupied. Of course, as a matter of fact this is not done, nor is it advisable, since a portion of time should be given to amusement or recreation, as to the enjoyment of music or the stage. It is not true, as many seem to think, that it is not possible to fill in all the hours with work, as this would soon wear out the machine, and that therefore several hours of absolute rest are required. Now this is a very prevalent error, and in my profession I do not pass a day without having to combat this mistaken view. What I daily witness, is the fact that young persons suffer from want of occupation. This does not so often occur in the male sex to the same lamentable extent as amongst young women; but occasionally I get confirmed hypochondriacs amongst men, and I then very frequently find they have no occupation, and have fallen a prey to morbid feelings which their idleness has induced. A friend of my own in the medical profession, and working hard in general practice, enjoyed good health until a very rich aunt left him a large fortune. He threw up his business, and then his miseries commenced: after visiting friends and enjoying all the ordinary pleasures of life, he at length became weary of them; he sank into a listless state, and of course his health suffered; he then began to think he had this disease and the other, until he became a prey to a thousand fancied ailments; he became feeble both in body

and mind, a confirmed hypochondriac, and is at the present time slowly dying. The bodily machinery is like all machines of human device—it must be worked to be kept in order, for, like them, if left at rest, it will much sooner rust out than wear out. One of the firm of Broadwood lately said to me: You ought to have your piano played upon daily, for nothing is so detrimental to an instrument as to let it lie idle. The numerous joints must be kept in movement if you wish it ever ready for use. The case of my friend is an extreme one; but lesser degrees of it I constantly meet with, and, as I just now said, daily in women. I see families containing several daughters who literally do nothing. Just think of going to bed to-night, and to know the morrow is coming, with no object before you to fill the day, much less for the whole year to come! When I consider the bodily organism with its moral and spiritual aspirations, and think of the numbers of women who have no object to bestow these upon, I do not wonder at all the hysterical and nervous vagaries which I have to treat.

We reserve the remainder of the lecture for a second article.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

He poured forth an impetuous torrent of self-accusation.

'To be well in chambers,' Thackeray writes in that novel of his which has always been my favourite, 'is melancholy and lonely and selfish enough; but to be ill in chambers—to pass nights of pain and watchfulness—to long for the morning and the laundress—to serve yourself your own medicine by your own watch—to have no other companion for long hours but your own sickening fancies and fevered thoughts: no kind hand to give you drink if you are thirsty, or to smooth the hot pillow that crumples under you—this indeed is a fate so dismal and tragic, that we shall not enlarge upon its horrors, and shall only heartily pity those bachelors in the Temple who brave it every day.' All this I suffered; and with it, in such lucid moments as the fever afforded me, I made myself worse by the rebellion in which I raged against my Uncle Ben's suspicion. I learned afterwards that three days after my seizure, Gregory, who had paid several visits to my rooms, and had succeeded in making no one hear his summons at the door, waylaid the laundress in his anxiety about me; and finding the state I was in, rushed boldly after Dr Brand, and told him not only the fact of my illness, but the reason of it. The good Doctor attended me, and sent a practised nurse, who superseded the laundress; and having discovered her in a state of intoxication, with a bottle of my brandy on the table before her, took upon herself to discharge that faithless functionary. The laundress, as I learned afterwards, revenged herself by pitying statements to the other men whose chambers she attended, as to the sorrow she felt at seeing such a nice young gentleman take to drink so early.

The Doctor's medicine and the nurse's tending brought me round; and for some days after the fever had left me, I lay quite tranquil and at rest; but my after-recovery was made slow by the misery of mind which I endured. I came out

of my sick-room aged and altered. The Holborn lawyer had no comfort for me when I called upon him, though his manner was distinctly sympathetic and gentle. He offered to pay me at any time the first portion of the allowance my uncle had proposed to make me; but I refused it sullenly, and told him that until Mr Hartley had withdrawn his accusation, I would hold no dealings with him, and would nevermore accept a farthing at his hands.

'How do you propose to live?' Mr Bilton asked me. 'You have no profession as yet.'

'I do not know,' I answered, with a bitter and resentful sense of the injustice which had been done me. 'No man with a pair of hands need starve.' He shook his head at that with a pitying smile, which in the soreness of my heart, I received almost as if it had been a blow.

'When you change your mind,' he answered, 'you can come to me.'

'My mind will not change on that matter,' I responded. 'Let me know if you learn anything from the police.'

He promised me that; and I left him, and went back to my rooms, to survey the prospect which spread itself before me. It looked very barren; and I was groaning in spirit over it, and was lashing myself into a great state of rage against Uncle Ben, as the author of my misery, when Gregory came in.

'Jack,' he said with a friendly hand upon my shoulder, 'what do you propose to do?'

'I don't know,' I answered fretfully. 'I think I shall sell off the things, send the proceeds to Bilton, for my uncle, and enlist.' He kept his hand upon my shoulder whilst I spoke, and gave me a little pull at the last word, which indicated a decided negative.—'What else can I do?' I asked him gloomily.

'It is quite clear,' said Gregory, 'that you can't receive any more money from your uncle until this cloud between you disappears.'

'I will never take another penny from him,' I cried hotly. 'And if any chance present itself, I will pay back every farthing he has spent upon me, though I have to pay it to his grandchildren.'

'You can't do that on a shilling a day, you goose,' said Gregory, with his hand still upon my shoulder. 'Do you know what I do for a living?'

'I didn't know,' I answered, 'that you did anything. I thought your father made you an allowance.'

'My father's money,' he said gravely, 'has been sunk in mines, and swallowed in the Gulf of Mexico, and strewn broadcast over the tracts of Patagonia, and invested in the great vineyard speculation in Smith's Sound, and dissipated generally on hopeful experiments which bade fair to yield a rich profit to—the promoters. I suppose the promoters have profited by them; but his children have been keeping him these past two years, and he hasn't one financial feather left to fly with. I don't blame him,' said Gregory, making a curious grimace. 'He meant well. He never cared for money, or understood it; but he thought it would be nice to leave us all millionaires, and in the attempt to do it he ruined himself. That's all. Now, how do you think I live?'

'How do you live?'

'By teaching my grandmother the art and mystery of egg-sucking,' he answered. 'I am a public instructor. I have this morning completed an article on "Sugar" for the new Encyclopædia. I did one on "Soap" last week. I am the author of that instructive volume *The World's Workshops*. I write for reviews, magazines, newspapers. A farce of mine will be played next week at the Olympic. You must come and see it. I am writing a novel for a firm in Manchester who will publish it simultaneously in thirteen provincial weekly journals. "The pen is mightier than the sword," as the Dandy of Literature most truly saith. You can only earn a shilling a day with the sabre. I make six hundred a year with a quill, and hope to make more in time. All is fish that comes to my net. I shall be in parliament next session—not as a member, but as a salaried censor of the House, a leader-writer to a daily journal. I have been at this work now for four years, and I am doing well at it. Now this brings me to my question again. You must earn a living somehow, and you must do it like a gentleman. Why not try my plan?'

I flushed at the suggestion. Of all the fairy palaces I had built in fancy for myself to live in—and they had been many in my hopeful days—none had seemed so well worth living for as that in which Hope enshrined certain literary works of mine, as yet unwritten.

'But who would pay for any work that I could do?' I asked. 'I am untried. I—I—*think*.'—

'O yes,' cried Gregory, 'you think! I know you think. Put your thoughts on paper. Jack, I can give you a chance. This is a secret, mind you, and it must be kept.' I nodded 'Of course;' and he went on: 'Lord Chesterwood is aiming at a place in the ministry, and he is establishing a daily journal. Stone will be editor. He leaves the *Daily Mail* on purpose to rule over us. I am parliamentary leader-writer. You shall be "Our Special Commissioner," if you will, and you shall hit on a theme at once and write a series of articles. Let me give you a hint. Suppose you take the London Slums, which have been "done" again and again, and *will* be "done" again and again, so long as they and newspaper writers live side by side. Attempt no fine writing. Be as accurate, as uncompromising as a photograph. Say all you see. Make your sentences short and curt, and let each sentence petrify a fact. Keep your eyes open, and set down everything. Don't be afraid of being commonplace or vulgar, but be rigidly and strictly true. Imagine nothing. Use no too-powerful adjectives. There is nothing simpler than the style I mean, and nothing that takes better with the public, which is made up of matter-of-fact people for the most part, and doesn't care for high-falutin?'

I asked with some misgiving if Gregory had influence enough to secure this work for me.

'Yes,' he answered; 'if you only do these first things decently. Set about them at once. We shall be ready to begin in a month, and you must start with us. I have named you to Stone already—promising, brilliant young fellow, did well at college, nephew of Hartley, great millionaire, anxious to join literary guild, win his spurs, that sort of thing.'

'Why did you speak of my uncle?' I asked gloomily.

'He is your uncle, isn't he?' said Gregory. 'Very well,' I said he was.'

'He must know,' I said, 'that my uncle and I are parted, and that I have no hopes from him. I will not sail under false colours.'

'You Quixotic young idiot,' said Gregory with rough amity; 'don't talk rubbish. What's Hecuba to him—meaning your estimable uncle—or he to Hecuba? You set to work on your articles. Think of a title, crisp, alliterative if possible, and accurately descriptive. Let me see the first, and I'll tell you if it'll do. You'll find me a cruel critic; so take care.'

I had at that time thirty pounds in hand, and half of that had to go in payment of a quarter's rental for my chambers; but I looked forward with new hope now, and under Æsop's directions, I went to work at once, to make this small sum a little larger. The following night saw me in Whitechapel, in company with an Inspector and a Sergeant of Police; and in a week I was fully acquainted with the locale of the slums, and knew something of their characteristics. Every night when I came home, I wrote the story of the evening's adventures in complete detail; and every morning after, I trimmed and polished with zealous care. Then I gave a week to the complete rewriting of the series, and began to regard it as a masterpiece of literary effort. My note to Gregory in which I announced that they were ready for inspection was written modestly enough; but I felt within myself that the articles would stagger him more than a little. When he came to read them, I had arrived at the belief that they were filled with perhaps the vilest trash which had ever been put upon paper; and when he took them away with the simple statement that he thought they would do, I felt immensely relieved.

By-and-by there came to me by post a bundle of damp strips of paper in which the articles appeared in type; and though I knew them by heart already, I read them through and through with an ever-increasing pride and joy, and resolved that they would take the town by storm. At last the paper appeared; and on the placard of contents I with my own eyes beheld in the public streets the printed title of my series. The Strand waltzed with me. I paid a penny for a copy of the new journal, and wondered if the boy who served me knew that there was an article of mine in it, and what he would think if he did know it. I opened and folded back the paper, and read the article anew as I walked to my chambers. If all the hurrying crowds that went between Charing Cross and Clement's Dunes had formed in rows to see me pass, and had cheered me like a Royal Procession on a gala-day, I could not have felt prouder. Every placard on the walls from which the words my pen had written looked upon me, was a tribute to me; and when at last a long file of sandwich-men came along the street, each bearing at back and front an invitation to the general public to purchase the new journal and to read my articles, specially mentioned in large type, I was almost beside myself, and was glad to walk into the quiet of the Inn, lest my emotion should be observed. The upshot of the business was that I received a cheque for the series, and that I was engaged at a settled weekly salary as a

descriptive writer on the new daily journal. The salary I received opened no visions of El Dorado to my gaze; but it was enough to live on quietly. I dropped out of my place in the hospital; and nobody there, except Dr Brand, knew why. But the crowd of friends who had sought the society of the acknowledged nephew of the great millionaire, dropped off when the great millionaire's supply had ceased to gild me; and I knew on whose help and friendship I could rely.

In all the devious ways in which my life has been guided, I can but recognise a Master Hand. I have been moved inexorably here and there, against my will, apart from my will. The plan of my life has no more been mine than the words written by my pen this moment are dictated by it. And now in the halting-place of life at which I tell this story, I can see the plan which my unwilling movements here and there have traced, and I know that I was guided to a settled end.

My articles did not take the town by storm; but they attracted at least the notice of the Editor, who made up his mind from them that the low life of London was my especial track. He kept me on it. He found for me series after series, until at last he set me upon the great religious revival, which at that time was agitating the lower classes of London; and I followed the course of this strange wave into such curves and hollows of the human shore as I could reach.

On a certain night, when the rain was falling dismally, I crossed the river afoot, and walked towards a great wooden tabernacle in which the chief services of the revival were held. It was Sunday, and the streets were blank. I remember the look of the flickering gas-lights in the dusk—the grimy perspective of the mean houses as they stretched out towards the dark in dreary monotony of ugliness—the sullen pools of rain in the breaches of the pavement—the chill discomfort of the fretful wind. When I reached the place, I was a little surprised to find that the service had begun; but a glance at the bills upon the wooden walls shewed me that I had mistaken the announced time by half an hour. It mattered little; and I entered, finding even standing-room with difficulty. A man upon the platform was frenzying himself in prayer, and the vast crowd followed his appeals with cries and groans. When the prayer was over, another man gave out a hymn, and some thousands of voices rolled it to the roof. I have heard nothing like that rough singing elsewhere. The hymn over, a third man offered prayer; and then, with first a rustle and a curious swaying in the crowd, and then a dead silence, the congregation settled itself to hear the sermon. A tall and commanding figure clad in black, came forward to the platform's edge. The light was dim, and there was a positive cloud of steam from the damp clothes of the crowd; but I seemed to know the poise of that golden head, and the slow imperious motion of the arm by which the preacher seemed to command silence. And with the first tones of his voice, I knew him. It was Gascoigne. At first, I was so amazed to see him there that I could scarcely find a thought for what he said; but remembering that more than one clergyman of the Church of England had given countenance to this movement, though none, so far as I knew, had spoken from the platform, I composed myself to listen. If such a sermon

as he preached had been written, few men of taste could have approved it. Had it been delivered in a church and to a cultivated audience, its force would have been lost. But Gascoigne, as I knew now, was an orator, and somehow he knew his people, and he swayed the crowd with the passion and the pathos of his words. Every simile was trite. There was nothing beyond the comprehension of the meanest; but everything was dramatic, and instinct with a fire that set even my veins tingling, though I was bent rather on criticism than devotion.

His voice was wonderful to hear. It rang over us like a clarion; it moved us like a wind; it rose to height beyond height of passionate denunciation. It fell to dead silence for a moment, and then its rare music took a softer mood; and in a while it passed to exultation, and rose again majestic, and thrilled and awed and melted the rough souls that heard it. But if I had been amazed before, astonishment transcended itself when the preacher poured forth an impetuous torrent of self-accusation. He, vilest among sinners, he most faithless to the truth, must yet preach, for the hand of God was upon him. So he spoke; and the strange discourse continued with an appeal to the Divine Mercy, which was echoed in sobs and prayers about the place, and closed amidst a storm of tears and cries. I made an effort to struggle through the crowd towards the platform; but the stream was all against me—crawling slowly to the front door; and when I had resigned my effort, and had made a way round the building to the preacher's retiring-room, it was dark and empty. I went home in a condition of uneasy wonder, with a fear about Gascoigne in my thoughts which no reasoning in his favour could altogether stifle.

He had never been a good correspondent; and of late years, our letters, though full of heartiness, were brief and rare on both sides. That had never made a difference in my friendship to him, or indicated any, as I believed, on either side. I had written to him once concerning my Uncle Ben's suspicion of me, and had received a letter of sympathy and indignant protest; but my later letters setting forth my new prospects had not been answered. I began to ask myself if Gascoigne had thrown away his prospects in the Church; but I could resolve on no belief, and was left—as I have said already—in uneasy wonder.

On the following night I went again through the wintry rain to the tabernacle, and reaching the place early, took advantage of my occupation as a journalist, and secured a seat in front. Gascoigne did not appear; but I learned on inquiry that he was to preach on Wednesday. I cannot tell by what instinct I did it; but on that night I waived my privilege, and took a place some twenty rows down in the middle of the central division. When the doors were opened for the admission of the populace, men and women stormed into the building headlong and fought for places. The aisles were choked, and the whole place was crammed almost to suffocation. After a long pause, a sudden swaying in the aisles, and a sudden cessation of the coughing sounds which had hitherto filled the building, sent my eyes to the platform, and I saw, amid the half-dozen square-set, white-tied, bullet-headed men who took their places on it, the tall form and the golden hair of my friend. From

where I sat, I could see him clearly. Even his lips were pallid, but his eyes were ablaze with the fire of an intense excitement. After one keen glance, which seemed to take in all the faces in the crowd but mine, he bent his head, and through all the preliminary service his eyes were fixed upon the floor. Once or twice he raised his hand to his forehead, and I could see a little tremor in it, which told clearly how high his nerves were strung. The service over, he arose and gave out his text, and waiting until the rustle of leaves with which many of the congregation confirmed his citation of the words, was ended, he began to speak, at first slowly and with labour, each syllable falling distinct and clear in spite of the agitation which shook him. In a minute that agitation had left him, and he was master of himself, and thenceforth master of the crowd. I watched him intently—my glance was fastened to his face, but he never looked at me until he seemed to approach the end of his discourse. Clean in the middle of a word, some mortal-seeming pain struck him at the very instant when his eyes met mine. His face grew on a sudden deathly in its pallor, and a terrible hush struck over the place. Both his hands went to his heart for a moment, and then he cast out his arms and threw his head backward like a swimmer in heavy waters who gives up the struggle. 'Gascoigne!' A cry tore the air. Was it mine? I scarcely knew whether it were mine or no; but it rang wildly in my ears as I rushed—how I cannot tell—towards the platform. He was down. He had measured his length upon the floor, and mine were the first arms about him. I could do nothing but hold up his head and look round in an imploring agony; but there were steadier hands and better nerves than mine about him. The crowd began to storm the platform, and I can dimly remember that a burly man with a loud commanding voice ordered them to stand aloof and wait. As we bore the limp figure to the retiring-room, one followed busy at the cravat which bound Gascoigne's throat; and when it was loosened, the head rolled back so lifelessly, that I turned sick with horror at the thought that he was dead. He was not dead; but he had swooned, and he had fallen heavily, and his head was injured. When his pale eyelids raised themselves at last, and his ghostly eyes met mine, he turned with a faint moan and a shudder of the limbs, and his eyes closed again. But after a time, he sat up with my arms about him.

'What was it, brother?' one of the busiest of the helpers asked, as Gascoigne looked round with troubled ghostly eyes and faint quick breathing.

'The heart,' he answered, feebly striking his breast with his left hand, 'pierced—by a pain—like a knife.'

Some one had bound a white handkerchief, dipped first in water, about his head, and there were a few drops of blood upon it. His face was touched with blood also, and the water-spots hung upon his lashes like tears.

'Will some one be good enough to call a four-wheeler?' I asked, gathering a little courage. 'You will come home to my chambers?' I said to Gascoigne; and he answered with a tremor which alarmed me anew.

'Yes, I will—come.' Then feebly wandering

round with those ghostly eyes among the troubled and sympathetic faces which surrounded him, he said brokenly: 'It is—the hand—of God.'

'Ay, brother,' said the man who had just spoken. 'Cling to that.'

Gascoigne could only moan in answer. His eyes closed again; and once more I felt a swift shudder run through him as he lay in my arms.

After what seemed to be a long pause, a cab was brought; and Gascoigne, supported on each side, walked down the broken way which ran by the wooden structure. The builders had left it full of hollows and ends of timber, and we went stumbling about in the dark with the sick man between us until we reached the road. There we helped Gascoigne into the vehicle; and I, taking a seat beside him, bade the cabman drive to Clement's Inn. When we reached Waterloo Bridge, and the cab paused whilst I paid the tollman, Gascoigne laid his hand upon my arm, and called me by name. I begged him to rest; and he lay back murmuring to himself, but made no further effort to address me. When we reached the gates, I gave him my arm; and the cabman helping him on the other side, we went slowly to my chambers, and set him in an arm-chair there. When I had dismissed the cabman, I gave Gascoigne a glass of brandy; and the room being chill and dismal-looking, I put a light to the fire, which soon began to burn up cheerfully. I drew off his boots, though he made what seemed a fretful effort to oppose me, and brought him slippers, and he sat sipping his brandy-and-water and gazing at the fire.

'Jack,' he said suddenly in an excited voice, 'I will tell you everything. I will make a clean breast of it; and then what will come may come.'

I could see a feverish light in his eyes, and I noticed too that his complexion changed rapidly from red to white and back again.

'You shall tell me what you will to-morrow,' I answered; 'but you shall tell me nothing now. You are not fit to talk. You shall sit here quietly, and I will fetch a doctor.'

'No,' he said excitedly; 'I need no doctor. I can tell what ails me without a doctor. There is only one cure in the universe, and I have it in my hands. Listen to me!'

'You shall not hurt yourself by talking now,' I said, beginning to fear that his mind was affected by the excitement of the night and the sudden illness which had attacked him. 'If you will not have a doctor, I shall insist upon your going to bed. Come now; let me help you.'

He submitted, but with a chafing restlessness. He was so weak, and his mood so variable, that when he was at last in bed, and I laid my hand upon his shoulder in bidding him good-night, he broke into hysterical sobs, and I had hard work to calm him. Thinking he would be more likely to sleep if alone, I left him, and sat beside the fire thinking and smoking. I looked in upon him once or twice; and at length finding that his slumbers, at first feverish and broken, had grown settled, I ventured to go to bed myself. I lay awake for a long time, and could hear his regular breathing from the other room; but at last sleep overpowered me.

I awoke in the morning with a sense of trouble, which resolved itself into a remembrance of

Gascoigne's sudden illness. Slipping out of bed, I opened the door of his room noiselessly and looked in. To my surprise, I found that he had left his bed; and I became alarmed when a visit to the sitting-room assured me that he had quitted my chambers.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSES.

BOARDING-HOUSES have long been an essential feature in the social system of our kin across the Atlantic, and are conspicuously so to-day in all the cities of the northern continent from Halifax to Galveston, and indeed wherever the nucleus of a population begins to appear. They are especially well adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the United States, where society is not as yet a very settled element, and where population is subject to fluctuations unknown in countries of less recent origin. Consequently, we find boarding-houses patronised in the States not merely by single persons, and by a class in particular corresponding to the class who in our own country live in lodgings, but also by married couples and families, to an extent which may seem incredible to people with old-country views of what constitutes domestic comfort and seclusion. High rents, difficulty in procuring servants, and other troubles in private housekeeping, are the predominant causes of the success of boarding-houses on a large scale. Sudden movements of trade also produce unsettled habits of life, and so tend to maintain the boarding-house system.

As regards the difficulty with servants, the maid's incapacity to *help* is sometimes matched by the incompetence of the mistress to manage. Indeed, this is exceedingly likely to be the case if the latter has been brought up in a boarding-house. In such an event, that convenient institution naturally suggests itself as the most ready refuge from housekeeping vexations, and is again resorted to by married people whose efforts to maintain an establishment on their own account have been probably brief, and at anyrate abortive.

The condition of things above indicated goes far to account for the prevalence of the boarding-house system in America. It is a system which has no counterpart among ourselves, and which indeed, with our more settled circumstances and steadier-going ways, would be impossible. It is designed, however, to answer all the wants of young and single people, and may even bestow contentment, at least for a season, on such married folk as have found housekeeping a source of constant vexation and discomfort. For a stipulated sum per week, the boarding-house furnishes lodging, three meals a day, and attendance; in fact the arrangement is much the same as in a family hotel. The price paid varies only according to the room accommodation occupied, boarders being all on the same footing as regards meals and attendance. They sit down to meals together; and it is only just to say that the barbarous manners depicted in *Martin Chuzzlewit* would now be looked for in vain, even in much humbler boarding-houses than the renowned establishment of Major Pawkins. In the matter of attendance—which is less even than is given in most hotels—married boarders are no better off than single, both having to employ people specially to do clothes-washing, boot-blackening, and all merely

personal services. Even the lighting of fires, when fires are needed, becomes an extra item of expense; and by these means, as well as by the labour-saving conveniences introduced into city dwellings, the work of domestics is reduced to a minimum. Hot and cold water are found in all the rooms to the very top of these houses; and in winter the heating is supplied by a furnace in the cellar, the warm air from which is admitted into the hall, dining-room, and common parlours, in a regulated current through a grated aperture in the floor of each. This is decidedly not the pleasantest kind of artificial heating, but it is not the least effective, and dispenses with a vast amount of work about grates. It is true, nevertheless, that by such expedients comfort is often ruthlessly sacrificed to convenience.

The cost of living in boarding-houses ranges from strictly economical to profusely extravagant terms, without anything like a corresponding difference in the degree of comfort obtained by these extremes of expenditure. The scale of charges made by an establishment depends mainly on the character of its surroundings without, and its pretensions to style within. Even in the United States style is not despised, and commands quite a fancy price; but it is not very obvious why a boarding-house, where the table-maids are fair and tidy daughters of the soil, cannot pretend to the same degree of that somewhat indefinable quality as one where the guests are waited on by a black man in a black coat and white necktie. In New York, a well-to-do boarder thinks nothing of paying thirty dollars a week for very much the same material comforts as a clerk or shopman can command at an outlay of ten dollars; but the first occupies apartments in Fifth Avenue, while the other remains content with a 'hall-bedroom' or sleeping closet over the lobby in less fashionable Fourth. If bed and board of a plain but comfortable kind in an unobtrusive neighbourhood will content a man and his wife, these they may procure for fifteen dollars a week; but if they desire more than the bare necessities, or if they go to live in some fashionable 'brown-stone-front' in an up-town locality, then they may pay forty, fifty, or even a greater number of dollars. As a rule, middle-class people do not consider it extravagant to pay for board at the rate of from ten to twenty dollars for individuals, twenty to thirty-five dollars for married couples, and for families in proportion—five dollars being about equivalent to one pound sterling. Nor can these rates be deemed exorbitant, seeing that the fare provided in the better class of establishments does not fall very far short of what some boarding-house advertisements promise—namely, 'the best the market affords, with all the luxuries of the season.'

Seasonable luxuries are made a feature on the table, and a regular boarder would think himself defrauded if he did not get shad in April, strawberries in June, buckwheat cakes during winter, and ice all summer. The hour for breakfast is rarely later than eight; luncheon follows at one, and dinner at six. Supper is a meal unknown in boarding-houses; but abstinence from late eating is recompensed by untroubled sleep and a morning appetite which does not disdain porridge. 'The halesome parritch' has been gradually establishing a place on American break-

fast-tables in the past few years. It is eaten in every way which unaccustomed palates can devise to create a relish—with milk and sugar, or with sirup and butter; to begin a meal or to end it; or even as a concomitant to give coherence throughout. But at anyrate, so strong is the belief in 'oatmeal,' that there are now few tables on which it is not a standing dish. Potatoes also are generally served in some form at the morning meal; and as a dainty, strawberries, blackberries, and huckleberries—otherwise called whortleberries, bilberries or blaeberrys—are presented in summer, and 'griddle-cakes' with maple sirup in winter. Luncheon calls for no remark; while the evening meal scarcely differs from a plain English family dinner, followed by tea and coffee; and here it may be added that the charge of keeping a scanty table is one seldom brought against even the lower-priced establishments.

Boarding-houses are mostly kept by elderly married women and widows, who devote themselves wholly to the business; and when such is the case, the comfort of boarders is likely to be well cared for. On the other hand, when a boarding-house is kept merely as a means of eking out the existence of a family, the family is more likely to obtain support, than the boarder to derive satisfaction from the experiment.

From what has been said, it will be inferred that living in boarding-houses has its conveniences as well as its drawbacks. The system appears objectionable only when it is adopted by families. Young married couples, in the perhaps novel satisfaction afforded by properly cooked food, punctual meals, and relief generally from all care and concern, are ready to believe themselves more than compensated for whatever privileges they may miss, and whatever unwonted restrictions they may discover; but this satisfaction soon wears out. To wives especially, the life becomes irksome and unsatisfying. If they have no children, they are hard beset to find relief from the *ennui* which attacks them in the solitude of their apartments day after day. In the lack of daily household duties, other occupation fails, visiting resources get exhausted, and inveterate novel-reading is apt to become a habit. On the other hand, if they have children, the maternal anxieties which such tender charges awaken under the most favourable circumstances are inconceivably intensified in a boarding-house, which is not a desirable nursery for the rearing of a family. The evidences of this fact are most marked in the United States, where children are thrust while quite young into the company of grown people, and expect to be made much of by strangers, and so become noticeable for their forward manners and love of shewing off. But the boarding-house also imposes restrictions which are felt by husbands as well as wives. Married people soon find that it is impossible to entertain their friends adequately, or to allow personal whims the indulgence which is accorded them in one's own house; and in a general way they experience the fact, that in getting rid of the responsibilities of housekeeping they also surrender to a great extent the privileges of a private establishment. There must needs be in boarding-houses, in the interests of boarders themselves, a certain routine; and although the routine really conflicts very little with the free-and-easy habits engendered by home-

life, yet a boarding-house offers little seclusion and less freedom to any one whose domestic creed is summed up in the pithy axiom that a man's house is his castle.

In short, a boarding-house never can be made a substitute for home. There is therefore a touch of irony in the fact, that the familiar words which are sung wherever the English language is known as a pæan of tender feeling for *Home, Sweet Home*, may truly be said to have issued from a boarding-house; for it was among these institutions of his native land that John Howard Payne had his shifting domicile. Indeed, from the time when he left his father's humble dwelling on Long Island, a boy just entering his teens, till the day of his death in a palace at Tunis—at which place he was for a short time American consul—the writer of *Home, Sweet Home* had no home better than a boarding-house, and knew no sweet more wholesome than the bitter-sweet of unsettled bachelorhood.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

EIGHTH PAPER.

ON one occasion I was acting the principal character in an equestrian adaptation of *Richard III.*, in which every arrangement had been made with the view to a grand striking display at the close of the piece, immediately after the encounter between Richard and the Earl of Richmond, in which the monarch is killed. About forty horses and a body of supernumeraries representing the rival armies are massed within the ring, forming an imposing *tableau*. The dead king being then thrown across a horse, the procession winds slowly out. The fight commenced. My fierce and relentless opponent Richmond was represented by Miss Ada Jacobs—once famous as Mazeppa—who, after a long and terrible passage of arms, thrust her cruel blade between my left arm and my side, and I fell to the ground as dead as Julius Cæsar. My eyes were closed; but I heard the tramp of the horses' hoofs as they entered the ring, some of them coming unpleasantly close to my head. I was wishing that they would not come quite so near, when suddenly a foot came down firmly upon my chest. I struggled over and sprang up—I, the dead monarch!—and in doing so, well nigh upset my opponent Richmond, who, to add an unrehearsed feature to our *tableau vivant*, had set her foot upon the breast of her fallen foe! The reader may imagine the burst of laughter which greeted this absurd conclusion of a highly tragic display; nor was the merriment confined to the audience, for the performers joined most heartily in it; though they knew that for a moment it had given me a terrible fright. However, 'Richard was himself again' with a vengeance, though at the wrong part of the performance; and his humble representative had proved anew the truth of the adage, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Had I space at my disposal, I might recount many little incidents to shew how thoroughly the advantage of mutual help is appreciated by actors and equestrians as a class, and to what extent their belief in its efficacy is put into every-day

practice among them. The following example, however, is highly characteristic, and will serve well to illustrate my meaning. One of our apprentices, Miss Polly Abbott, a clever and graceful rider, was the fortunate possessor of a beautiful mass of long, silken, dark-brown tresses, of which she herself was justly proud, and others less favoured were unjustly envious. Miss Abbott's younger sister having obtained an engagement with Hengler's circus, and being on the point of departure, Miss Polly asked and obtained leave of absence in order to see her sister safely off by train. On her reappearance amongst us, she was scarcely recognised. Her long wavy tresses were all gone, and nothing but a very short crop remained.

'What on earth have you been doing to yourself?' I exclaimed.

'Had my hair cut a bit—that's all,' replied Miss Polly with a little laugh.

'So I perceive,' I answered. 'But why have you had it cut so short?'

'Well,' she replied, 'you see my sister's taken this place at Hengler's; and she's got no hair herself worth speaking of, so I've given her mine—just to help her to make a more presentable appearance.'

Many years ago, a novelty was offered to the wonder-loving public in the shape of a so-called 'Man-monkey.' The name is misleading; for instead of this specimen being a monkey having some resemblance to a man, it was, on the contrary, a man endowed with the activity and nimbleness of a monkey, and in addition, imitating the tricks and peculiarities of our poor relative. The remarkable agility he displayed in running up poles, &c., and leaping about from point to point, as a monkey does in his cage, was in itself a sight worth seeing. As years rolled by, Martini dropped the 'monkey,' and ultimately became an equestrian agent, or middle-man between proprietor and performers. At the present time, these agents are plentiful enough; but Martini had it almost all to himself, and thrived accordingly. Notwithstanding this, he was a man of unpretending appearance and extremely simple habits. His 'office' was 'situated' at the front of the bar of the *Pheasant* public-house in Standgate, near to the Westminster Bridge Road, in which immediate neighbourhood equestrian and other artistes were thickly congregated. Here then, at the bar of the *Pheasant*, he transacted all his business, engaging men for masters, and finding masters for men; his contracts when signed, sealed, and delivered being usually celebrated in a drink. The question being asked in some form or other: 'What would he take to drink?' 'What did he fancy?' or, 'What was it to be?' one stereotyped answer invariably came from Martini: 'Two without.' And these two-penny nips of gin, which came pretty frequently during the day, with an occasional nibble of plain dry bread, constituted for several years the whole of this man's aliment. Nothing else would he touch. Once indeed, when he was complaining of feeling weak and ill, I took him to task on the score of his diet, and told him that he ought to take more nourishing food. I persuaded him to come along with me and have some oysters. He ate one or two; and it happened that a few days

afterwards he was taken seriously ill, and that this illness, from which he never recovered, terminated in his death. The poor fellow repeatedly assured the people about him that his illness had been caused by eating those few oysters; they had been far too nourishing for him, and more than his system would stand!

A peculiar circumstance occurred to me once while I was at Cheltenham. It was Whitsuntide, and I had organised a grand fête with special attractions, to take place in a cricket-field just outside the town. The chief feature of the day was to be the roasting of a bullock whole, in which I had had considerable previous experience. I therefore prepared drawings of the necessary structure, and gave full instructions to the caterer how he was to proceed. But after waiting some time, I found that no one had begun to construct the fireplace; so I determined to start the men at the work myself. Calling to one of them to bring a pickaxe, I pointed to the spot where he was to begin.

'Now drive your pick in just there,' I said, 'and loosen the earth a bit.'

Down went the pick into the loose soil; up came the lumps of earth, and with them what looked like some pieces of old iron, corroded with age, and with the earth firmly adhering to their surface. There were three or four at this first pick, and the man put down his tool to examine them.

'Never mind them!' I cried impatiently; 'for goodness' sake, get on with the work.'

As the man proceeded, more of the same articles were unearthed, until at last a dozen in all were discovered, and thrown aside to be examined afterwards. But Percy, one of the caterer's men, happening to come by at the moment, picked them up and examined them; afterwards offering the workman half-a-crown for the lot. This the man accepted; and Percy took the articles, whatever they were, away with him. I thought no more of the incident until a day or two afterwards, when a couple of policemen called upon me and began questioning me in a most mysterious manner about some treasure-trove that had been discovered in the cricket-field by some men who were working with me. I replied that I knew nothing about any treasure-trove. I knew some bits of old iron had been turned up, and that was all. Where they were then or who had got them, I neither knew nor cared. I suppose that as far as the police were concerned, the matter dropped. But I heard afterwards that these dozen pieces of 'old iron' turned out to be what are known to collectors of curiosities as 'apostle spoons.' They were of solid silver; and each had upon it, as a continuation or elongation of the handle, an upright figure of an apostle—the twelve spoons together furnishing the twelve apostles. They were decidedly cheap at half-a-crown the lot.

Driving with my man along a rather unfrequented road from Warrington to Lymm in Lancashire, I observed at a little distance ahead a group of women collected in the road, up and down which they appeared to be casting anxious glances. Presently, they appeared to have espied us, and were pointing in an excited manner towards us. Then they beckoned wildly with their naked arms—and such arms!—to other groups of women

standing about, who immediately rushed to the spot. It may appear that I am a coward, if I confess that I was somewhat alarmed. I knew what Lancashire women were; that if they got a notion into their head, nothing but superior force would turn them from their purpose; that if—to suppose a case—these women had imagined, through mistaken identity or false information, that I had in some way injured them, they would have horsewhipped or duck-pounded or killed me first, and inquired into the merits of the case afterwards. But coward or not, I drove on towards them, slackening my pace as I approached the group, but shewing no signs of an intention to stop. The women put up their hands, beckoning me to pull up; two of them rushed to the horse's head and seized the reins; and then we found ourselves surrounded by a gesticulating and jabbering mob of bare-headed, bare-armed, wooden-shod Amazons, their faces betokening an immense amount of excitement, but nothing worse.

'Well, my good women,' I exclaimed as calmly as I could, 'what do you want? what can I do for you?'

They all answered together, as I should judge from the clamour of tongues; but they all replied to the same effect, in their broad Lancashire dialect: 'We want you to give us something that's good for whooping-cough.'

What a strange request! I replied that I supposed they mistook me for a doctor. I was very sorry, but I could not help them, or I would.

'Oh, but you must!' they all sang out, with an emphasis that quite unnerved me.

'Well, but I can't!' I replied with equal vigour.

This parlying went on, until my man quietly said to me: 'Write 'em something down; it'll most likely satisfy them; anything will do.'

I adopted his suggestion, determined to be a doctor for once in my life, even if only a quack. Alighting from my trap, I repaired with the entire army to a little roadside inn a few yards away, and called for pen, ink, and paper. I then wrote down a kind of prescription, directing that eighteen grains of rhubarb were to be made into four pills and administered to the sufferer.

The poor ignorant creatures were as delighted at my action as I was perplexed at theirs. They thanked me, invited me to 'have a drink,' and were in every way as pressingly hospitable, as they had before been apparently hostile. They accompanied me back to my trap, and wished me God-speed as I drove away. Still wondering at this strange adventure, I arrived at the hotel at Lymm, and narrated the whole affair to the landlord, who at once furnished me with an explanation. He had seen me drive up to the door with my piebald horse, and through that, was ready with the interpretation. There was in those parts, he informed me, a superstition that if a traveller were met driving a piebald or skewbald horse, and were asked to give or recommend something that was good for the whooping-cough, whatever he gave or recommended would be an unfailing remedy for all the children round about that were suffering from that complaint. Such is the belief indeed of these simple folks up to the present day.

Whilst staying at an hotel in the Eastern

Counties, I made the passing acquaintance of a commercial traveller—an important man in his own conceit, and familiarly known as 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Respecting this individual, some quaint stories were afterwards told me, which I might have felt justified in putting down as mere gossip, had not their probability been amply proved to me by the manner of the good gentleman himself during my short stay in his company. He was a persistent and systematic bragger—not confining himself to generalities, or speaking of bygone matters, where refutation of his assertions might be difficult, if not impossible; but boasting openly, and to any one who chose to listen to him, of all such matters as would tend to increase his importance in the eyes of others; making statements without reference to their truth, or to the possibility of his lies being found out. Say, for instance, that the conversation turned upon pictures. 'Ah,' quoth Sir Roger, 'if you want to know what a private collection ought to be like, you should see *my* gallery. Finest specimens of the Old Masters, and the leading men of the modern schools. Cost me thousands of pounds; and I could have ten times what I gave for some of the pictures. Why, only the other day Agnew offered me five hundred pounds for a little bit of Turner's that cost me only thirty-five guineas;' &c. Or it might chance that wines formed the subject of discussion, and then there was more big talk about his 'cellars' and 'choice vintages' and 'rare wines worth three guineas a bottle,' and sundry other trifles. When at a good distance from his house—which was at Bradford—he would put a clench to his boastings by inviting some stranger, whom he had previously ascertained by artful questions to be quite sure not to accept the invitation, to come and see his pictures and taste his wines. On one of these occasions, a gentleman thus invited repeated the polite promise that so many others had given, that if he should chance to be in Bradford, he would do himself the pleasure of looking in. Time went by; the gentleman happened to be in Bradford, and he 'did himself the pleasure' of hunting up the address given him. After some inquiries, he was referred to one of a row of small houses in a very second-rate suburban street, which, however, turned out to be the right place. Mr Blank was not at home, but his wife was; and when her visitor informed her that he had been invited by her husband to call and inspect his picture-gallery, the good woman exclaimed: 'Picture-gallery! Lor' bless you, sir, we've got nothing but a few prints hung up in the parlour!'

These and other tales respecting this individual were told me after I had met him. On the evening in question, there was no one in the room but 'Sir Roger,' a dissenting minister, and myself. The usual dose of brag respecting his own affairs having been administered to us, he then proceeded to learn all about his two companions. (I must mention here, by way of parenthesis, that this happened at a time when, owing to successive failures of the grape-crops in France, French brandies had risen considerably.) Having told him as much of my business as I thought proper, the inquisitive fellow turned to the minister with the question: 'And what line might *you* be in, sir?'

The gentleman replied with a quiet smile: 'Oh, I am in the *spiritual* line.'

'You don't say so!' answered the loquacious man; adding in a sympathetic tone of voice: 'What a confounded price brandy has gone up to!'

AN INDIAN STORY.

I WILL give it in almost the same words my friend W—, an officer of the Indian army, told it.

'Very many years ago,' said he, 'I was ordered from Secunderabad in the Deccan, to Kamptee in the Central Provinces of India. Those were not the days of railway travelling. No Nizam's State and Great Indian Peninsular lines took you from near your very door in the former place to within a few miles' drive of the latter; but palanquins with bearers, or—when anything like decent roads permitted—bullock-carriages, were, as you know, the means of transit; and it goes also without saying that, barring a skin-and-bone fowl or a piece of goaty mutton, a handful of coarse rice, or the commonest of bazaar curry-stuff obtainable for food at most of the dak bungalows, every eatable and drinkable for the journey had to be carried. And above all things water, or—as more portable and refreshing—soda-water, for in the impure element of the wells, tanks, and streams by the way, cholera probably lurked in every drop. On that same soda-water hangs my tale.

'Fully provisioned, and with a large supply of the aforesaid aerated drink, my wife, one little daughter, and I, with of course a large retinue of servants, started upon our long but by no means unpleasant march; for what with going through villages and old tumbling-to-pieces, mud-walled strongholds—what with skirting grassy plains and fields of cotton, rice, and other grain—and what with traversing strips of jungle and belts of forests—in which my gun often got us an addition to tiffin or dinner—the route was neither unpicturesque nor monotonous. Then besides, we were always meeting or passing a somebody or other along it; horsemen or footmen all armed to the teeth with long matchlocks or spears, tulwars, daggers, and pistols; and each and every one having his head and jaws thickly bound up with cloths, as if either chronically affected with neuralgia, or suffering from the very worst of toothache. Now and again too, a closed *palkee* (palanquin), contents invisible, but presumed by my wife to be concealing from masculine gaze the *belle*—save the mark!—of a harem; a native swell on his elephant or Arab charger would, so to speak, hustle and jostle us; and many times a day a gang of male and female *brinparees*—the ubiquitous carriers of that part of India—would block the road with their well-laden bullocks and asses. Yes; it was a diversified and attractive but rather fever-stricken beaten track, that old north one by the Neermul jungle.

'Well, early one morning my cavalcade arrived at a large river, name forgotten, and called a halt for *chota hazree* (little breakfast). A venerable man with a long white beard, and really of prepossessing appearance, was squatted under a tree on the bank reading, or rather chanting aloud; and presently seeing my child busied with some biscuits or what not, came up to me, and salaaming politely, asked—in Hindustani of course—"Would the Burrah Sahib permit the little Miss to add a newly made *chupatty* [flour-cake] to her meal?"

"With thanks," replied the Burrah Sahib; that is, I myself.

"Good!" said he. "I will fetch them from my hut close by;" and soon the cakes appeared on a fresh green plantain leaf.

'The child munched and munched, became thirsty, and called for beverage; but neither milk, nor tea, nor coffee was just then available.

"Boy!" I sung out to one of my servants, "bring *Belahetee Pawnee*?" (Written as pronounced.) Anglicè and literally, Europe-water, but generally used to designate soda-water.

'A bottle was brought, the wire removed; out flew the cork with the loudest of "bangs." The much bubbling fluid was soon fizzing from the mouth of the flask itself, and trickling into that of the child. The native gentleman stared and stared, and looked flabbergasted. Clearly, *Belahetee Pawnee* was to him a startling novelty—never dreamt of in his philosophy.

"God is great!" said he, after an astonished pause; "and this is most wonderful, that you Englishmen should feed a child so small and delicate as that on water, boiling up and as strong as gunpowder."

"Boiling! gunpowder! what do?"—

But before I had time to continue my intended query, he broke in: "Yes, Sah'b! Did not my ears hear a report as loud as a jingall? Did not my eyes see a cork driven with the force of a shot from the mouth of that glass vessel? Did they not observe as well, a sort of thin smoke issue at the same moment, and the water—if water it be—rushing out, and spurting as if it boiled? Behold! even now, that which the little girl has not drunk is yet gurgling and murmuring. It is indeed most marvellous!"

'I saw that my friend was nonplussed; and unfair as I own it was to impose upon his ignorance and credulity, the idea of ice, which of course he could never have met with in his burning-hot, out-of-the-way habitat, crossed my mind, and I could not resist the opportunity of puzzling him still more. "Indeed," I said, "it is wonderful and marvellous what we can do with this *Belahetee Pawnee* of ours. We can if we choose walk upon it, run with iron shoes upon it, ride or drive upon it. We can light fires upon it, roast oxen or sheep upon it. We can take it liquid, as you have seen, about with us; and nature or our art can make it solid—as I could shew you in Bombay or Madras—and then too we can also pack it up and carry it from place to place. Ask Lazarus there, if what I am saying is not correct."

'Lazarus, my *khitmilghar*, who has been listening to and appreciating "Master's" talk, corroborates every word, and puts in a little chaff on his own account. "The Colonel Sah'b speaks well, my father," says he; "and when I went with him across the big waters, I saw in his country more than all he has told you. But also in this our own land have I myself done thus. I have gone on many occasions to the bazaar, bought *seers* upon *seers* [pounds] of *hard* Europe-water, which I have wrapped up in a *cumlie* [blanket], and carried in a wicker-basket; and when I arrived at the bungalow, little or none of it had gone. Then I have taken a hammer or a stone, and with a knife or chopper, beaten the big piece into little bits, which the Sah'bs have eaten."

"God is indeed great!" once more exclaims the

astonished old man. "And now I marvel not—as I have marvelled hitherto—how it has come to pass that the Feringhee has conquered us warlike people, and possessed so much of Hindustan. If he can, as you say—and indeed as I have just seen he does make water his slave and obey him, even to the extent of exploding with the noise and the strength of gunpowder—how could we withstand him? No indeed! I know now that in the *Belahetee Pawnee* rests the might and the success of the Feringhee. Give me, I pray you, what yet remains of it in the bottle, and the bottle itself, that I may shew and tell of its power."

'He got them of course; and no doubt recounted to his friends, in village conclave assembled, all that he had witnessed and heard; but I am very much afraid that practically he was unable to demonstrate the gunpowder-like noise and force he talked of with the stale, flat, and unprofitable *Belahetee Pawnee* he took away with him.'

WIRE TRAMWAYS.

IN our recent article on 'Tramways' (May 1, 1880) it was stated that the working expenses of Hodgson's remarkable wire tramways are too heavy to yield an adequate return. This, we are glad to learn on the best authority, only applied to the early days of the operations. The patent, and the system to which it relates, now belong to a joint-stock Company, of which Mr W. T. H. Carrington is the Engineer and Manager. We have been favoured by Mr Carrington with some interesting details concerning the various ways in which the system is employed.

In mining countries abroad, wire tramways are found very advantageous in conveying minerals and ores from mines situated high up the slopes of mountains down to a valley, river, or seaport; and in conveying workmen and stores of all kinds in the reverse direction. One such line is at Lebu in Chili, where the suspended wire spans no less a sweep than seven hundred and thirty feet. Another is at the Somorrostro Iron Ore Mines near Bilbao in Spain. A third is at Nanaimo, in British Columbia; coal is carried down from a considerable elevation on a mountain-side to a seaport, a distance of over three miles; some of the posts that support the wire being no less than eighty feet high. At the Mayo Salt Mines, in the Punjab, is a wire tramway ten miles in length, which conveys salt not only down to but across the wide river Jhelum.

Some of the mines in this country are similarly provided; but more generally useful, perhaps, are those lines of short length which connect the different departments of factories and mills when too widely separated to allow of bridging, and when the intermediate space or spaces are occupied by lower buildings, streams, roads, &c. In many such cases the transport of goods becomes a matter of considerable expense, entailing as it does the lowering of the commodities from the higher stories of the works to the ground, their removal by a circuitous road, and ultimately their elevation to a higher level. Here the wire tramway becomes at once useful; especially when steam-power to work the wire can easily be obtained from the shafting of the general steam-machinery of the establishment. The system has in this way been adopted in Messrs Worrall's dye-works at

Salford; in Messrs Ashton's print-works at Hyde, to connect the bleaching department with the calico and muslin printing department, and passing over several large reservoirs at a height of thirty feet; in Messrs Knowles's print-works near Bury, where the wire tramway, starting at an upper floor of one factory, passes across meadows, over a river and a large reservoir, and ends on the ground-floor level of another factory belonging to the same firm; in the manure-works of Messrs Adams at the Victoria Docks, to facilitate the removal of manure during various stages of preparation from mixing-rooms to cooling-floors; in the extensive chemical works of Messrs Pattinson at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to carry the refuse from the furnaces and retorts over intervening sheds, workshops, and a street to the banks of the river, where it is shot into barges. Similar wire tramways have been established at Messrs Butterworth's mills near Rochdale, the Linoleum Company's works at Staines, Messrs Norton's works near Huddersfield, Messrs Harrison's brick-works at Otley, the Marquis of Bute's near Cardiff, Messrs Ensor's fire-clay works at Gresley, &c.

The carriage of field and farm produce offers another opening for the use of wire tramways. In Mauritius they are employed to convey sugar-cane from the fields where it grows to the sugar-mills for crushing. In Jamaica, the wires bring down, at an incline of one to three, cane that grows near hill-tops to mills situated in the valleys beneath. In Martinique and St Kitt's the same plan is adopted, delivering the cane in uniform quantities on the carriers, and in some instances carrying the plucked canes right over another field in which sugar is growing. In many countries wire tramways are employed for carrying the crops from large beetroot farms to a railway or a port of shipment. The Netherlands Land Inclosure Company uses one of them to convey farm-produce from their estate reclaimed from the sea.

This system is also ingeniously employed for the construction of a kind of pier-head. Ships sometimes are prevented by the shallowness of the water from coming near the shore. In such a case, ten or a dozen piles are driven into the bed of the sea at a suitable spot; and minerals are raised at that spot from vessels or lighters to the level of a wire tramway running thence to the shore.

ANECDOTES OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE are villages in the Dales and elsewhere in the north of England whose inhabitants are remarkable for the untutored character of their minds and the simplicity of their lives. Mostly excluded from the busy walks of life, seldom seeing any but their own neighbours, and reading little besides the Bible and a few elementary religious books, they are as different from their like in towns and cities as can be. For the most part they are a quiet, orderly, and industrious class of people, enjoying every essential of life with many of its comforts. And not being exposed to temptations such as are common to those who live in more populous places, few are given to intemperance, or to the frivolities and pleasures which characterise the latter.

My object in writing this paper is to illustrate certain phases of life peculiar to these northern rural districts. No one can long mingle with his country brethren without seeing that, while they are generally given to the love of money, they are remarkable for hospitality and neighbourly kindness. It is not uncommon to find many tillers of the soil so fond of hard cash as to feel it a hardship to part with sixpence for almost any kind of benevolent enterprise; yet they begrudge not a hearty meal to any who may call; and I have seen the tables of such groan beneath the good things of this life, to the best and most of which you were made heartily welcome. And at any hour of the day or of the night, they or theirs were ever ready to give a helping hand in any work either of need or mercy that might present itself.

Though not deficient in good sense, yet their ignorance of the ways of the world, especially of the tricks which are often played on the unwary, exposes them to the artful ways of the designing. A woman in one of the many obscure villages in the northern Dales had the misfortune to lose her husband by death; but she was consoled by being told by her minister that he had gone to be better off in Paradise, where in time she would rejoin him. Now, it is well known that in the coal-mining districts of Durham and Northumberland fine names are at times given to some newly formed settlements. One such was designated 'Paradise.' Well, it happened that a hawker of some kind, living in that village, found his way in his peregrinations to this poor woman's house, where he offered his wares for sale. While conversing with this man, the widow got to know that he came from Paradise, which was his home. 'Why,' said she, starting to her feet and looking earnestly at her visitor, 'that's where ma good man hes gone ta live: happen ye know him?'

Now, whether the hawker saw a chance of enriching himself at the poor body's expense, or that he was leading her on, at first for the fun of the thing, I know not; but true it is that he told her that he saw her husband when he entered the village; 'and,' said he in reply to her eager inquiries, 'he was well and all but happy when I left; but if I could take him a little of something, he would be perfectly content with his lot.'

The consequence of this was that the hawker left the poor woman's cottage considerably richer in money and in apparel than when he entered it; she actually believing that what she gave the man would find its way to her husband and heighten his happiness. This may not be credited by many; but the incident really occurred not over thirty years since. I believe, however, that the hawker was made to disgorge most of his spoil, the police having heard of the case.

I was well acquainted with a woman, the wife of a farmer, who resided in an obscure hamlet amongst the hills. She had lived till beyond mature life before she married, and had saved during her life of domestic servitude nearly two hundred pounds. Most of this sum she had out at interest when she married. One day a female gipsy entered her house in her husband's absence, and telling her that a fortune had been left her years ago by a relative, and that the money was then

in the national funds, only awaiting certain acts which she (the gipsy) could easily perform in order that it might become hers, an arrangement was entered into at once for the getting of the fortune, one requirement, however, being absolute secrecy. Acting on the vixen's instructions, the woman called in one hundred pounds of her investments, and had the money in 'golden sovereigns' when the gipsy called again.

'Now,' said the hag, 'this money must be put into a blue stocking; it must be tied up, and hung on a nail in the kitchen here, and there it must remain for fourteen days, when I will call again, and the fortune will be yours.'

A blue stocking was fetched; the money was put therein, and it—or rather another stocking of the like colour, brought in the gipsy's basket, and dexterously exchanged for the other—was hung up as described; and away went the gipsy. That same night the tents of the Bohemians were struck, to be planted fifty or more miles away. Need I say that when the stocking was taken down, instead of revealing the hundred gold sovereigns, a number of round pieces of lead appalled the gaze of the deluded one!

The following incident will illustrate the shrewdness and ready resource of these simple-minded Dalers. In a village in one of the Dales a kind-hearted but somewhat hot-headed woman resided, who entertained the minister when he came to preach there. On the occasion of the first visit of one of this fraternity, she deemed it necessary to ascertain his preference for tea or coffee for breakfast; so as she was going on with the preparation of the meal, she went to the stair-foot and called out the name of her guest. But no answer was vouchsafed her call. Wonderingly, she waited a while, and then, repeating her call, she was answered by, 'What do you want?' in anything but a gentle tone of voice.

'I want to know whether you'll have tea or coffee to your breakfast.'

'I'll have either, or both,' was the odd and stinging reply.

'You've got out on the wrong side o' the bed ta morn,' said the irritated dame to herself; 'but I'll fit up yer order, my man;' so saying, she went to the cupboard, took thence another teapot, and putting therein equal quantities of tea and coffee, she made a strong decoction thereof for the preacher. Presently, he felt that he had a strangely flavoured beverage before him; so, pausing, he asked: 'What's this, Missis?'

'It is both, sir; and you sall either sup it or gang without.'

Some young men are possessed of a shrewdness not expected in them when judged by their appearance. The writer was once on a journey among the Dales. The morning was frosty. As he went along a highway, he was overtaken by a big, burly, half-witted looking lad on the back of a pony, which was fearfully affected in its lungs, as its loud wheezing testified.

'Your pony is short of breath, my lad, this morning,' said the writer.

'Duv yo think soa? Naa; aw think it's gotten ower mitch, an' can't git shut on 't.'

And away trotted the pony, with its philosophic rider, leaving the writer to his reflections.

In these villages, Methodist 'revivals' are common. A young farm-servant had been 'brought in' in one of them, and in the heat of his enthusiasm he was heard at times praying aloud in the barn. On one such occasion, a man stopped to listen. With vehemence the lad was saying: 'O Lord, send the devil aat ov aar village wi' twa hats.'

'What does the lad mean?' said the listener to himself.

The meaning at length became plain. It was the custom of farm-servants, when they left their places to return after a holiday, not to take with them more than the hat they wore; but when they left for good, the sign thereof was an extra hat in the hand. So the zeal of this young convert led him to ask that his Satanic Majesty might be sent away from among them, not to return—that is, that he might go 'with twa hats.'

A clergyman fond of pedestrian exercises was in the habit of strolling through the Dales almost daily in nearly all weathers, and of entering into conversation with any one whom he chanced to overtake, as, he said, 'I can get an idea from even a fool.'

'One day,' he said to the writer, 'I overtook a young fellow who was leading a wagon laden with manure. He was a real specimen of a Daler. After a few words of general conversation, I asked: "How much may you get for your job?" "Power millin' a-wick an' me shurt weshin," was the prompt reply. I was in the act of taking stock of the lad's garments, to see if a shirt was the only item of apparel that he might need to have washed weekly, when—looking me earnestly in the face—he said, with a coolness and a deliberation that was perfectly comical: "An' what may thou hev for thy job?"'

My friend did not say whether he enlightened his rustic companion; but it must be acknowledged that he had equal right to know the earnings of the parson.

An instance of an inventive genius in an illiterate farmer's boy is too good to be forgotten. A small farmer hired a youth to assist him in the work of his farm as an indoor servant. The first piece of work he was set to do was to thrash out some corn. As the farmer was passing the barn in which the youth was at work, he heard the flail lazily keeping time to a tune the lad was singing. Stopping to listen, he ascertained that the words were, 'Bread-and-cheese, tak' thy ease.'

Going into the house, the farmer said to his wife: 'This is a queer sort of lad we have gotten; he seems to think that the speed at which he ought to work should be measured by the kind of food he gets.' And then relating what he had heard, he suggested: 'Suppose we give him something different to dinner to-morrow, and see how that acts?'

This being agreed to, he had apple-pie added to his bread-and-cheese. This brought down his flail somewhat more rapidly, for it was going to the speed wherewith the lad sang 'Apple-pie accordin'-ly.'

'Bob's doing a bit better to-day, lass,' said the farmer to his wife; 'let us mend his dinner again to-morrow, and see what that will bring forth.'

So, when the next dinner-time came round, he

had a good plate of beef and pudding set before him, which went down right grandly, and brought the flail into splendid action to the words, 'Beef and puddin', I'll gi'e thee a drubbin', and to a jolly good tune.

'I see plainly,' said the farmer, 'if we wish to get good work out of Bob, we must feed him well;' so Bob had his bill of fare improved without having recourse to a strike.

In a village in a district crowded with inhabitants in the same latitude but in a different longitude from those hitherto spoken of, and wherein the introduction of manufactures has produced a change in the habits of the people, a friend of the writer's once spent a Sunday. He dined at a farmhouse on a hill-side where the good things of this life were both abundant and good. The after-dinner conversation between him and the heads of the household was interrupted by the ingress of a young woman, who began to rummage a chest of drawers in an impatient style. After a while, seeing that she did not find the object of her search, the mother asked aloud: 'What art ta *lateing*?' [seeking].

'I's lateing me shift,' was the girl's reply, snappishly.

'Ugh! thaa needn't late it ony langer,' said the mother, with perfect composure; 'for seein' nowt else, aw tuck th' lap on't ta boil t' puddin' in.'

'I could not refrain from laughing outright,' said my informant; 'and felt glad that the task of eating the pudding had already been an accomplished fact.'

Before the passing of the Ballot Act, an election often gave 'free and independent electors' no small amount of anxiety, especially if their landlord was of a different political creed from his tenants. But I knew an instance of another kind. A large estate in the district about which I write was owned by a peer of the realm, who seemed to guide his political action more by the candidates in the field than by principle; for the tenants did not know how they would have to vote until the steward made known his lordship's will. So these sixty or seventy possessors of the franchise never suffered electioneering excitements to come near them until the day of the poll, when, having received a circular the day previously to say 'that the Right Hon. Lord So-and-so wishes you to support Mr So-and-so, and his lordship will be pleased if you can arrange to go to the poll in a body,' they dressed in their best, and drove, with most serene and contented countenances, to the town in which the polling-booth was situated.

One man there was who farmed under two landlords of diverse political creeds. During my residence in the Dales, there chanced to be an election for the division in which this worthy lived. Walking out with him one morning just before the day of election, I asked him if he had made up his mind as to the giving of his vote.

'O yes,' was the reply; and then, without waiting for another question, he said: 'I got a papper first fra th' General axing me to vote yellow. Of coorse I said "I will." Th' next day there com' a papper fra Maister Green, my uther landlord, axing me to vote blue. "Of coorse I will," was my reply.'

'What! do you mean to vote both ways, Mr Claypole?'

'Sure-ly,' was the prompt reply; and then he added: 'Dun yo think as I would vex owther o' my landlords for the sake o' politics? Noa, noa; not soa. I knaws better nor that. I've written 'em boath to say, "I'll do as ye desire me;" so nowther on 'em can say as I've gone contrairy to his wishes.'

This Mr Claypole was proverbial for his avarice, though he kept a capital table; but then most of what was served thereon was grown on his farms. It was therefore not a little surprising to the writer when the old gentleman said to him one day, as they were slowly walking through one of his fields: 'I breeds about fower dozen geease ivery year; but I doesn't sell yan; I either eats or gies 'em all away.' Seeing that my look was an incredulous one, he promptly added: 'But mind! aw taks varry good care wheere aw gies 'em;' then looking me steadily and earnestly in the face, he said, with perfect *sang-froid*, compressing his lips and nodding at the close of the utterance: 'Aw gies a goois wheere aw believes aw sall git a turkey.'

'Exactly!' was my response.

The writer happened to be present at a preaching service which was held in Claypole's kitchen one work-day evening. His better-half was an earnest member of a Methodist body, and was vastly more liberal than her husband, who, however, kept her bare of money, so that it was with much difficulty that she could keep up her subscriptions to the 'cause.' There was to be a collection on this occasion, and it had been a subject of contention beforehand how much each of them should give. Claypole said he would not give more than a few coppers; but Mrs Claypole said she would give a shilling, 'that she would,' which she had managed to save somehow. 'You mun dew nowt ov th' kind,' was the imperious order of her liege lord. As the collector neared the person of Mrs Claypole, the old man's eyes were fixed upon her with a steady and earnest gaze, believing that he would thereby frighten her into compliance with his wish. Mrs Claypole saw the movement and quailed beneath the stare. But waxing bold as the crisis came near, she clutched the shilling between her thumb and forefinger, and holding it up before his steady forbidding look, she said, loud enough for all to hear: 'It's gangin', see thee!' and down it dropped into the hat that did service as a collecting-box. I need not add that the poor woman had a bad time of it that night.

Upon the whole, there is much to reconcile one to a residence in these out-of-the-way places. The people generally are clean both in their persons and houses, and there is a solid comfort which cannot be found so prevalent among their kind in large places; and their kindness endears them to us. Their simplicity and credulity may now and again bring upon them certain pains and penalties, but for the most part they only result in harmless mirth. The iron-road is beginning to penetrate these regions, and this will ere long be the means of greatly altering the character of the people; for when able to mingle with persons of a different mental calibre, and of being made familiar with the vigour and acuteness of their more instructed brethren, they themselves will be inoculated with

similar influences, and thus become incapable of declaring, as did an old lady when taken for the first time to the top of a neighbouring hill: 'Hay! I didna think th' world wor soa big!'

ON THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

O LOVE, before we part to-night,
Before the last 'I will' is spoken—
Before the ring has touched my hand,
Of pure, true, endless love the token—
Before the Church with holy rite,
Her blessing on our love has given,
Look straight into my eyes with yours,
And answer me in sight of Heaven.

Is there within your heart of hearts
One lingering shadow of regret—
One thought that you have chosen ill?
Oh! speak—'tis not too late even yet.
Is there in all this world of ours,
One you have ever known or seen,
Whom, if you had earlier seen or known,
You would have crowned your chosen queen?

Is there!—I pray you, tell me now,
And I will hold you bound no more.
I will not flinch to hear the truth.
It could not be so sad, so sore,
To know it now, as it would be
If by-and-by a shadow fell
Upon the sunshine of our home;
So, if you ever loved me—tell.

I'd hold you pure from blame, dear love;
And I would leave you free as air,
To woo and win that happier one.
All this for your dear sake, I'd bear.
I will not say how I would pray
That God might have you in His care;
That would be easy—when I think
Of you, my heart is all one prayer.

But could I join her name with yours,
And call down blessings from above
On her, who had robbed me of my all—
My life—my light—my only love?
Yes! even that I'd try to do;
Although my lonely heart should break,
I'd try to say 'God bless her!' too,
Through blinding tears, for your sweet sake.

I'm looking up into your eyes;
But though my own with tears are dim,
I read that in their true, clear depths,
Which tells me, 'You may trust in him.'
I will—I will! It needs no words,
Though yours are flowing warm and fast,
And eloquent with truth and love.
Forgive my doubts—they are the last!

BESSY FRANKS.

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FOOD AND FASTING.

THE recent experiment of Dr Tanner, in proving the possibility of sustaining life during a long fast upon air and water alone, affords a text whereon some interesting particulars concerning food and starvation at large may be hung. Apart from their notoriety, such experiments can have little interest. They can certainly never overthrow established physiological ideas regarding the necessity not merely for solid food, but for that due and natural mixture of food-principles which we can easily shew Nature insists upon our receiving day by day. Unless we could rationally indulge in the wild supposition that man's constitution is susceptible of fundamental alteration and sweeping change, the idea of living for any length of time on water and air alone must be viewed as a dream, worse by many degrees than Utopian. These may be strongly expressed opinions, but they can be more than justified by the most elementary study in physiology.

Why do we require to take food? or in plainer terms, why do we eat our dinner? are questions demanding no great exercise of knowledge for their clear solution. It constitutes a great fact of Nature that every action we perform entails a corresponding amount of waste on our physical frame. Work means waste, equally to a human body and a locomotive engine. 'More work, more waste,' is a motto alike true of the mechanic's apparatus and of the mechanic himself. Not an action, we repeat, is performed by us which is not accompanied by an expenditure of force derived from and accompanied by a proportional waste of substance. The movements of muscles, the beating of the heart, the winking of an eyelid, the thinking a thought, entail wear and tear upon the muscles that work and the brain-cells that think. Every action necessitates bodily waste and corresponding physical repair. Waste, however, cannot of necessity be a single and final process in a living body—unless, indeed, we were born with a full complement of matter, and were permitted in the order of Nature to live on the principal with

which we had been provided, instead of wisely using that principal as a means of gaining a livelihood through the interest it acquired. That we are not so constituted is an evident fact; hence our bodies demand pretty constant repair as a companion action to that of work, labour, and duty. This process of repair consists in the reception of matter from the outer world, in the transformation of this matter into ourselves, and in its utilisation in the work and repair of the frame. Such matter we shortly name *food*, and the processes whereby it is converted into our own bodily substance we term *digestion*.

One of the plainest rules for taking food is that which insists that we must find in our nourishment the substances of which the body itself is composed. If we think of it, such a rule is in strict conformity with the dictates of common sense. We are bound to obtain from our food the matter the body lacks; and any food, however pleasant to the palate, but which does not contain elements naturally found in the frame, may be unhesitatingly rejected from the lists of our dietaries. It follows, therefore, that to know what foods are required for our sustenance, we must investigate the chemical composition of our frame. In this way we discover, for instance, that we are largely composed of *water*. Two-thirds of a human body by weight are composed of water. A body weighing one hundred and sixty-five pounds, will include in its belongings one hundred and ten pounds of water. Water further permeates or enters into the composition of every tissue; hence, the reason why thirst is so much more painful than hunger is, that whilst the latter is a comparatively local condition, the former affects the entire frame. And we also see the importance of water as an article of diet—a phase in which we are not usually accustomed to regard it. If we take even the most cursory survey of our bodily composition, we find that our chemical structure is of the most motley and varied description. Thus we shall find a large selection of minerals in our tissues; lime, magnesia, &c., in our bones; common salt in our

stomachs and elsewhere; iron in our blood; and phosphorus in brain and nerve. Then coming to our soft parts, we find that these may be divided into what physiologists call the *nitrogenous* and *non-nitrogenous* compounds. Of these, the former contain the element *nitrogen* in addition to other elements, whilst the latter want this element. Thus the 'albuminous' or white-of-egg-like substances existing in our frames, contain nitrogen; whilst the fats of the body and the sugars and starches, do not. To these latter, we may add water and minerals as also *non-nitrogenous* in their nature.

Now in such a simple study of what we are made of, we have already made some important discoveries as to the kinds of food on which we are intended to subsist. If these matters compose our frames, and if further the substances just enumerated waste and wear and disappear in the work of life, it must follow that we shall require to find new matters of like kind in our food. And it is in accordance with such plain information afforded by chemistry, that we find physiologists dividing foods into two classes—the 'nitrogenous' and 'non-nitrogenous' groups just alluded to. When, for example, we eat a piece of beef, we are receiving 'nitrogenous' food in its juice and in its fibres; and we are also obtaining the other variety of foods from its water, its fats, and its mineral matters which are not nitrogenous in their composition. If we eat an egg, we are presented with a more perfect compound and union of the two classes of foods; for in an egg, water, fats, and minerals are present, in addition to the white and other parts which consist largely of albumen or nitrogenous matter. It is perfectly clear therefore, that for health we require a mixture of the two kinds of foods just mentioned. We cannot live either on a diet solely nitrogenous, or solely lacking nitrogen. And this great truth as to foods can be proved very directly by an appeal to Nature herself. On what food, let us ask, does Nature intend and cause us to subsist during the earliest or infantile period of life, when bones, muscles, sinews, nerve, and brain are all growing rapidly, and laying the foundations of their future? The reply bears that *milk* is the fluid-food upon which Nature relies for the perfect support of man in his early life. Hence it is but proper to acquire a knowledge of the component parts of milk. In one thousand parts of cow's milk for example, there are eight hundred and fifty-eight parts of water and one hundred and forty-two parts of solids. Here again, we find a proof of the importance of water, even in Nature's typical food. The solids of cow's milk are distributed as follows: of casein there are sixty-eight parts, this substance representing the nitrogenous element in milk; of butter or fat there are thirty-eight parts; of sugar thirty parts; and of mineral matters six parts. Thus milk, then, is purely and simply a mixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods. Nature

teaches us through the composition of her own fluid food, that on both classes of nutriment we must rely for support; and experiment shews us that one kind of food alone, however nutrient it may be, will not nourish the body or maintain it in a normal state. In an egg too, we find much the same composition. From this body which forms the young animal and which affords all the nourishment necessary for growth, we obtain a combination of the nitrogen-bearing substances with the non-nitrogenous, such as milk itself contains. We are not at present concerned with discussing the merits of a vegetable or a mixed dietary. From plants alone, or from animal matter alone for that matter, both kinds of foods can be obtained. All that is required in any dietary is to insure that a due mixture of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous parts should enter; and we obtain such a mixture most readily from a mixed, that is, an animal and plant diet combined, than from a purely vegetable or a purely animal dietary alone.

Bearing these facts in mind, the folly of attempting to sustain life, without having recourse to those substances which can give heat and restore waste, is plainly apparent. Water and air alone cannot support life adequately. The water will, of course, enter into combination with the tissues, and will in that sense prove itself a necessary condition for normal and healthy existence. The oxygen of the air entering the blood in the lungs into which it has been breathed, will give heat, but only through entering into chemical union with the carbon found in the body, and most notably in the fats. Hence mere atmospheric air itself is relatively useless, unless we can supply it with substances with which it can combine; and these substances it need hardly be said are daily renewed from the solid foods we eat.

So much for the foods we require. It may interest our readers to learn that even plants require something more than air and water to support them. True, a plant is a more wonderful organism than an animal in one sense, because it can live upon inorganic or lifeless matter, and also because it has the power of converting that matter into a living plant. Plants live upon water, minerals, ammonia, and carbonic acid—the latter being the gas which is exhaled from the breathing organs of animals. From these matters, the life-forces build up the living plant. On the other hand, an animal demands living matter for its support. It could not live on the water, carbonic acid, and other matters with which the plant is perfectly contented. And we accordingly find animals requiring the matter of other animals or plants for their food. There are some plants—such as the fungi and lower plants at large—which resemble animals in that they demand living matter for their support. A mushroom, for instance, can only thrive where there is decaying living or organic matter. It likewise breathes oxygen as if it were an animal, and utterly rejects the carbonic acid gas which the green leaves of its plant-neighbours are greedily drinking in. So that the boundary lines between plants and animals are but faintly drawn in the matter of

foods; and we also learn that even the plants which we are accustomed to regard as lower than animals in their feeding and dietary, may in reality approach very near to the animal world in the essential characters of their nutrition.

When the human body suffers from a lack of food, it practically feeds upon itself and absorbs its own substance as food. Every one knows that certain animals normally exhibit this process of feeding upon themselves under certain conditions. The humps of the camel or those of the Indian cattle visibly decrease and may disappear altogether, if the animals are starved. A superfluous store of fat, in other words, is made use of under the exigency of hunger. So is it also with the bears and other animals which hibernate or sleep through the winter's cold. The bear, which in autumn retires to winter-quarters in a well-favoured condition, comes forth in spring lean and meagre. His fats have been absorbed in his nutrition, and the succeeding summer will lay the foundation of new stores of stable food to be utilised during the next winter. With man, we repeat, the phenomena of starvation are essentially similar. In the starving man, the fats of the body are the first substances to disappear. The fats lose weight to the extent of ninety-three per cent.; next in order the blood suffers; then the internal organs such as liver and spleen suffer; the muscles, bones, and nervous system being the last to lose weight. In due time, also, the heat of the body decreases to such an extent that ultimately death in a case of starvation is really a case of death from loss of heat. When the temperature falls to about thirty degrees Fahrenheit, death ensues. This decrease arises from want of bodily fuel or food; but the immediate cause of the fatal ending of such a case is decrease of temperature. It is likewise a curious fact that the application of external warmth is even more effectual in reviving animals dying of starvation than a supply of food. In exhausting diseases in man, in which the phenomena are strikingly like, and indeed thoroughly analogous to those of starvation, the same facts are observed.

A highly interesting and important observation in reference to starvation is, that life may be prolonged well-nigh indefinitely by fluid nourishment alone, and for long periods simply on water. Life will continue surprisingly long if water be within reach; but, as a rule, it terminates in from six to ten days with a total deprivation of food and water together; though much depends upon the state of health, condition, and weight of body. As can readily be understood, the stout will last longer than the lean, and the healthy and strong will possess a plain advantage in starvation over the diseased or weak.

Many interesting cases are on record, in which the phenomena of starvation have been practically even if painfully illustrated. As illustrating the fact of the prolongation of life when small quantities of water have been at hand, we may cite a case quoted by Foderé, who mentions that some workmen who had been accidentally buried in a damp vault by the fall of a ruin, were extricated alive after fourteen days' entombment. The dampness of the atmosphere doubtless materially aided their preservation through retarding the exhalation from the skin. It is on the same grounds that shipwrecked sailors assuage

the pangs of thirst by soaking their clothes in seawater. It was formerly believed that the water was inhaled by the skin. It is not any longer matter of doubt however, that the skin is but a poor absorptive medium, and that therefore the wet clothes of the sailors merely act through lessening the skin-evaporation which in its turn causes thirst.

Cases of extreme prolongation of life under a dietary consisting of fluid alone are familiar to every physician. In exhausting diseases, life may be sustained, as already noted, on small quantities of fluid nourishment for lengthened periods of time. Dr Willan records a case in which a gentleman, the subject of religious melancholia, and who abstained from solid food, lived for sixty days on a little orange juice. Dr Carpenter quotes a case in which a young French lady who was insane, ate nothing during a period of fifteen days; whilst in hysterical states, as Carpenter remarks, 'there is frequently a very remarkable disposition for abstinence and power of sustaining it. In a case of this kind,' continues Dr Carpenter, 'a young lady who had just before suffered severely from the tetanic form of hysteria, was unable to take food for three weeks. The slightest attempt to introduce a morsel of solid matter into the stomach occasioned violent efforts at vomiting; and the only nourishment taken during the period mentioned was a cup of tea once or twice a day.'

By way of shewing how much depends on the weight of body prior to starvation, we may by way of conclusion mention the case of a fat pig weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and which, by the fall of a Dover chalk cliff, was buried beneath a mass of *debris* for one hundred and sixty days. At the end of that period it was dug out lean and meagre, and weighing only forty pounds. Here the heat of the body had been preserved by the utilisation of the fat, and to this circumstance the preservation of life must be chiefly attributed. A case equally in point appeared in the *Times* only a few weeks ago, of a Skye terrier belonging to a gentleman in Devonshire, which went amissing about the time of its master's departure on a series of visits. On his return home, after an absence of one month and five days, he unlocked the library, the doors and windows of which had been bolted and barred during his absence, and to his astonishment the missing dog crept out into the light, a living skeleton, and totally blind. Being well cared for, he quite recovered his health and sight. 'During this period of cruel imprisonment he had neither food nor water, and had not gnawed the books or obtained sustenance from any source whatever, but had subsisted by the absorption of the fatty parts of his own body.'

To sum up our inquiries, we thus learn, firstly, that in the healthy adult the requirements of Nature demand daily a due supply of food, liquid and solid, equal in amount to the wear and tear of the body. About eight and one-third pounds of matter are thus on an average daily given off and daily received by the healthy adult frame; or about three thousand pounds of matter are excreted and received in the year. Secondly, we learn that the food must give to the body the substances of which the body consists, and that mere air and water are in nowise

sufficient to sustain life beyond a varying period of days. Whilst, lastly, we may form the opinion that experimentation on foods to be of practical value should lie within the lines which physiology has clearly enough marked out.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—HISTORY.

'I am glad that you have a good heart; I hope you will be happy.'

It came to pass, when many years had gone thus heavily by, that Frank felt in his heart a great yearning for green fields; and it came into his mind that he was not much longer for the world. And the yearning drew him day by day, until he had no power to hold himself against it; so he made ready for a journey, and set out in the autumn-time, when the harvest was yellowing towards the sickle, and the fruits were ripening on the trees. He had been more than sixteen years a prisoner in the town, and the solemn sad delights of the fields and woods filled him with awe, and with new longing towards the grave. He went bowed and oppressed with the weight of the slowly revolving years; and the rural people whom he met looked with surprise at his sorrowful face and his silver beard and his heavy long-shore dress; but somehow, for the dignity that was upon him, forbore to mob him.

He went, as though an invisible chain had drawn him, in the direction of his old home. Even the most morbid cowardice may feel secure after years of escape, and Frank's dread had given way to a certainty that he need fear no recognition. Yet when he came to Hetherton, he trembled a little inwardly as he walked the main street and saw Mr Crisp at the bank door talking with a friend. The place was greatly altered; but the bank was unchanged; and neither the corn-chandler nor the baker had invested as yet in plate-glass windows. But there were new shops and new names; and he had no more of friendly greeting at heart for the old town than it had of welcome for his coming. He felt it alien and foreign; and the few familiar things left, reproached him.

But when once he had skirted the new and raw-looking houses which made a cheerless fringe to the town, and seemed an appanage altogether ill suited to it, the fields gave his tired soul a melancholy welcome. He had climbed that oak as a lad, and its mighty arms and luxuriant foliage were pictured on the first canvas he had sold. Red tiles of a little cottage, blue smoke from the hearth, the deep green of foliage with a leaf sienna-coloured here and there, and here and there a flash of red and yellow like a flame—this was the scene which had made his first successful picture, and had been painted at this season a score of years ago or more. He could almost see under the hedges amid the quaking grasses and the ferns, the children who were nutting there in his picture. There was a gap in the distant belt of foliage before the landscape faded to the hill and mingled with the tints of the softly clouded

skies, and he could remember the shape the departed trees had taken. Half a mile farther was a meadow in which his brother Will and he had fought in boyhood; and Frank remembered that he had won, though he had the wrong side in the quarrel. There was scarcely a field that had not its memories for him; and here at last was the entrance to the lane in which he had persuaded his brother to lend him his name for the last time. That lane led nowhere save to his father's house, and he was full of fears as he set foot in it. But the longing which drew him on was not to be resisted, and he went with slow steps, reluctant and yet eager. Did his father live? he asked himself, or was the old house given over to his brother? or had even his brother vanished with the years? The place might be in the hands of strangers. Who could tell what had happened in such a lapse of time? He heard a step in the rustling leaves beyond a bend in the lane, and stood uncertain whether to retreat or to advance. He longed for a familiar form, and dreaded it; but the footstep coming nearer, brought only a groom in sight. The man regarded him curiously, but spoke civilly enough.

'Did you want anything up at the house?'

'No,' Frank answered, shaking his head; 'nothing.'

'This road don't lead nowhere else,' said the groom.

'I know,' said Frank.

'You don't belong about here, do you?' asked the groom.

'I knew the place many years ago,' Frank answered. 'Does the old family still live here?'

'Yes,' said the groom; 'Squire Fairholt lives here.'

'Is the old Squire alive?' Frank asked with outward calm, but inward misgiving.

'Ah!' said the groom, a little ungraciously; 'he's alive, right enough.'

Frank, with a farewell motion of the head, was passing on, when the groom added warningly: 'This is a private road, you know.'

'I know,' Frank answered again. 'But I want to see the old place. That is all.'

'Well, there ain't no harm in that, as far as I see,' the groom responded. 'Only, don't let the Squire see you. He don't like no one a-trespassin' on the grounds. Good-morning.'

'Good-morning,' Frank responded, and passed on, whilst the groom stood to look after him. He reached the gates which opened on the drive, and saw through a gap in the hedge behind which he ensconced himself, the figure of an old man, who walked to and fro on the gravel. He knew the old man for his father, and his heart yearned over him with indescribable love and sorrow. Whilst he watched with tear-dimmed eyes, there came another figure to join that upon the walk—a portly gentleman of middle age, with square shoulders and a brown beard; and after he had watched awhile, the outcast knew him for his brother. He could hear the murmur of their talk, though only a disconnected word reached him, with no meaning, now and then; and he turned away.

'They have buried me years ago,' he thought, 'with my disgraces.' He strove to be calm; but the regrets and loves and yearnings which wrestled in his heart overcame him before he had left the

lane, and he sat down on the bank and struggled to recover his composure. Whilst he sat thus, fighting down the passions which fought within, another step came rustling through the dead leaves, and looking up, he saw a face which almost brought him to his knees. For it seemed to him that his mother was before him; but the wild thought lasted only for a flash of time; and though he had not seen her since she left infancy, his heart told him that this was his sister. Her glance met his with pitying inquiry.

'Are you ill, or in pain?' she asked.

'No,' he answered gently; and arose and stood before her without fear. She at least could have no knowledge of him—no remembrance.

'But you were crying,' she said simply. 'Are you in trouble? Do you want anything at the Hall?'

'I was born near here,' he answered, looking upon her with a sad and tender pleasure; 'and I have not seen the place for many years.'

'You have been abroad?' she asked, looking with frank and unfearing interest in his eyes.

'No,' he answered. 'But I have been many, many years away.' He looked older than his father, and she took him to mean fifty or sixty years.

'And are your friends all gone?'

'I am alone,' he said, not mournfully, for he thought rather of the sweet face and pitying eyes than of his own condition.

'That is very sad,' she said. 'Do you'—She stopped short with a little blush; and he, seeing that she had drawn forth her purse, waved his hand against it with a melancholy smile.

'No,' he said gently; 'but I am glad that you have a good heart; I hope you will be happy.' Then seeing that she scarcely knew what response to make, and that she surveyed him with a little trouble in her eyes, he bared his head and bowed to her, and stood on one side, to let her pass. But she lingered still. She was the Queen of all the country-people, and her fearless candid nature shone out in her lovely eyes and her beautiful imperious face, which was stately and yet tender.

'You do not speak like one of the country-people,' she said, as he stood bareheaded before her. A look of wonder and inquiry crossed her face, a glance almost of recognition, lost in perplexity. It alarmed him, and he cast his eyes upon the ground and bent his head.

'I have spent my life in London,' he answered. 'Good-day, madam.' For a second she lingered; but there was something in the figure and face before her which forbade the cross-examination with which she would have assailed any of the village people. Her answer included an involuntary 'Sir,' at which she crushed her lips a second later, fearing that it might have sounded like a satire. It was not until she had left him far behind that she asked herself what it was in the stranger which had made her answer him so. 'It was no wonder,' she said then, 'for he took off that old hat like a nobleman.' She thought of his voice, and could almost rehear its words: 'I am glad that you have a good heart; I hope you will be happy.' The approval of the shabbily dressed, picturesque, strange old man, though it seemed familiar, did not offend her. 'He is like somebody,' she thought, pleasantly interested, 'or perhaps he is like a picture I have seen. A head

of Rembrandt's? I am sure he has been a gentleman. Only a gentleman could speak as he did.' And she went away, weaving romances about him—mere cobwebs of invention to catch flies of fancy. 'I should like to know all about him,' she said to herself, little guessing how happy her ignorance kept her.

Frank watched her tall and graceful figure out of sight, losing it now and again in the dimness of his eyes. Then he journeyed into the main road, and walked until the well-remembered walls of Hartley Hall appeared. He did not pass by the great gates, but took a by-road which led him to the village through the corn-fields, where many a shock of corn stood ready for the wain. Emerging upon the high-road, he was aware of a great arch of evergreens at which workmen were still busy. A man on a scaffolding was nailing over the foliage of the arch a linen scroll on which in scarlet baize were marked the words, 'May their Union be happy.' There were flags everywhere in the village street; and there were two other arches visible in the distance. The village people were looking on at the completion of the display; the butcher with his hat at the back of his head, and his hands tucked beneath a white apron; the landlord of *The King, God Bless Him*, at the door of that loyally named hostel, with a pint jug in one hand and a yard of clean clay in the other, blinking comfortably in the afternoon sunshine; the local constable in official cap and trousers, but unofficial coat; the grocer in his snowy shirt-sleeves, with a pen behind his ear; the curate directing the proceedings of the decorators; many children; two or three old women in blue or scarlet cloaks; and one old man in a smock-frock. A pleasant rural picture in the autumn sunshine. Frank saw that it indicated the approaching marriage of some local magnate, but took no great interest in the matter, being filled with his own thoughts. He was thinking chiefly how much less burdensome it would be to spend his last days in the quiet of the country, than amidst the din of town. He would rather that his grave were green, and that the sun should shine upon it sometimes. But he knew, in spite of his desire, that duty held him to Bolter's Rents. He had found a work there; and he could but know, if he were never so humble in his thoughts, that there were some there who could ill spare him. 'I will rest here to-night,' he said to himself, 'and to-morrow I will go back to London.' He entered the common room of the little inn and called for a humble meal.

'Theer ull be rar' doin's yer, in the mornin',' said the landlord, as he set the brown loaf and the cheese before his guest, and flanked them with a cup of thin cider.

'Ay?' said Frank, but little interested.

'Ay indeed,' said the landlord. 'Theer won't a-be such a thing again for many a 'ear, and theer ain't a-been nothin' like it, not in *my* time afore.'

'What is it to be?' Frank asked, being civil by nature with all sorts and conditions of men.

'Did you ever yeer o' Mr Hartley?' asked the landlord. 'Well, his niece do be a-goin' to be married to-morrer.'

'Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall?' said Frank, feeling his heart beat like a sledge-hammer.

'That's him,' said the landlord. 'Her's a-goin' to be married to young Squire Fairholt up to

the Hall theer—Island Hall, up Wrethedale-way, like.'

'I know the place,' said Frank, controlling himself to quiet speech.

'They do say,' the landlord went on, 'as her an' young Squire's brother used to be very thick together in bygone times. But I doan't know naught about that, for I warn't settled yer not till later. They be both middle-aged; but they do seem to ha' struck up a match at last. Young Squire ull be main rich now, um do say. Be you a foreigner?'

'I have not been here for a long time,' Frank answered.

'Ah!' said the landlord; 'it doan't much matter. Annybody ull be welcome up at the new Hall to-morrer. Theer 'ud be enough an' to spare, if the country-side was to come in. Theer's three sheep and a ox 'a-goin' fur to be roasted, whole. An' Squire Hartley he ain't the man to be sparin' with the poor, that I will say. He ain't like one o' th' old gentry, as they talks about sometimes, as is as poor as poor, an' as proud as proud. I doan't hold along o' they,' said the landlord, who in spite of the loyalty of his sign, may have been something of a republican.

Frank answered his further talk as well as he was able; and when at last the innkeeper went away to the door and resumed his watching of the final decorations of the triumphal arch, he noticed that the guest stayed an unusual time above the bread and cheese, and went back, on pretence of having something to do in the room, to see what was happening to the provisions. He saw that there was little to fear on that head, but cleared away to prevent the chance of mischief. Frank had drawn back from the table, and was sunk fathoms deep in memory's waters. He was trying to divine whether or not Will had long cared for Maud; and he came at length to see that Will had always cared for her. 'Why so patient? Why so patient?' he murmured. Perhaps Maud had only now yielded; and yet one negative in such a matter would have been enough for Will. Could he trust himself to see them go by to-morrow? Yes; he would trust himself. He would see Maud once more; and she should have his prayers at least, though she would never know it. 'All these years,' he muttered in his beard, thinking of the changes which time might have made in her, and questioning, should he know her face? He strayed about the village fields till nightfall, and then went back to the little inn, and was shewn to a low-pitched bedroom with clean walls of carved oak, whitewashed after the manner of British rusticity dealing with carved oak. There were two beds in the room; and a lanky lad who was a sort of factotum to the inn, would sleep in one of them. Frank sat awhile on the bedside, looking out at the open window, round which the ivy talked in leafy whispers. The night was warm and silent, and the voices from the taproom went far afield on the still air. All the talk was of the morrow's festivities—of the ox and the three sheep and the limitless ocean of beer. One by one the people below took leave, and their voices died away on the widespread tranquillity of the harvest-fields. The moon, as yet a sickle, hung steadfast in the violet of the lower skies, with one keen star for a companion. A sound of clanging bars and

grating bolts warned him that the house was being closed; and he went to bed before his room-companion came up, and lay still, looking at the sharp outlines of the leaves against the fathomless clear dusk of the heaven, with here and there the crisp light of a star in it.

No sleep had visited him; but he lay wan and worn in the darkness, and arose ghostlike with the dawn, and awaited the coming of the wedding cortège. Straying along the highway, he noted silently all the preparations. Here was a stand from which the school children would sing a hymn. A carpenter was putting the finishing touches to it; and Frank stood to watch, not guessing that he had lain ill of fever under this man's roof. The carpenter, with his lips full of nails, gave the onlooker a muffled good-morning, not guessing that the one great tragedy on which his life had edged, stood now in bodily form before him. The time passed, and the sound of bells came over the woods and the corn-fields—a merry peal. They had rung for Maud in his dreams years ago, and now their sound drew him as his longing for the fields and for home had drawn him; and his footsteps, eager yet reluctant, took him to the church. The bells were silent; but there was a voice within the church. He had reached the churchyard from the fields, for he knew every foot of the country; and looking over the close-trimmed hedge that bounded it, he saw many carriages in the road. He entered the churchyard and walked to the door of the church, and stood there in silent waiting. Suddenly above him the bells clashed out again with a very cascade of cheerful noise, and the church poured forth its people. He had eyes only for the wedded pair; and now they came, the bride and bridegroom, Maud leaning on her husband's arm. He could have put his hand upon her as she passed him. His brother Will looked him in the face with eyes full of joyful pride and kindness to the world, and had no more thought of him or knowledge of him at that second than if he had never existed. An old woman, scarlet cloaked, who stood beside Frank, cried out: 'God bless you, Madam Fairholt!' in a quavering old voice with tears in it; and Maud's placid eyes passed Frank's face as they thanked the well-wisher. For a mere second of time the soft eyes rested upon him; but it was enough. Calm, good, gentle, almost angelic, they seemed. Grief had made a home there long, and had left signs of his dwelling behind him. Her delicate beauty had none of its old atmosphere of vivacity. There were one or two straight lines upon her forehead, and her face was paler than it had used to be. Yet she seemed wonderfully little changed; and he could see that the ancient sorrow had departed. The bells clashed on, the people cheered; the little procession had passed him. Her image dwelt with him. He could set them side by side, his lover who was almost a child, his brother's wife who was so sweetly grave a woman. In their society he turned his back upon the pealing bells, and set out for London.

He wept often by the way, for he was weak, and the fountain of his tears was full. But whereas of old they had tortured him with their scaldings, they fell now like the dew upon Hermon. And this heart-broken saint, who had sinned so terribly, and so sorely suffered,

went back to the congregation to whom he ministered, and dwelt with them, waiting with yearning patience until it should please God to lead him to his rest.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUTH-AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

THE Diamond Fields of South Africa, though now comparatively unheard of, present a busy and wonderful contrast to the rest of South Africa generally; they support a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, of various nationalities; and although the excitement of the first discovery of diamonds has long since passed away, a sketch of the Fields at present may prove interesting to many of the readers of this *Journal*.

The first discovery of diamonds took place on the Vaal River, and caused the burden of the immigration to set towards there, where during 1869-70, hundreds of tents might be seen pitched, the diggers for the most part doing all the manual labour themselves, instead of relying on Kaffir labour, as at present. The method of working was very primitive, and consisted merely in washing a sieveful of the diamondiferous soil in a hand-sieve, to clear it of mud; then turning it over on the sorting-table, and laboriously searching for the hidden gems. This style of work sometimes was the means of enriching a digger; but the majority of them lost more than they made, the amount of diamondiferous soil worked by each digger in a week being comparatively trifling. In 1870-71 the dry-diggings at Dutoitspan began to be talked of; and the river-diggings were gradually deserted, until now they support a very trifling population, the most of the work being concentrated on what is still called the Fields—namely, the four mines, Kimberley, De Beers, Dutoitspan, and Bultfontein; all lying within a radius of three miles, about midway between the Vaal and Modder rivers, in the territory known as Griqualand West, on the western border of the Orange Free State. The most productive of these mines up to the present time has been that of Kimberley; but as the depth of this mine increases, the difficulties of working it become greater, so that during the last year or two the neighbouring mines have been more worked than formerly, the lesser quantity of diamonds being compensated for by the lessened cost of obtaining them.

The Kimberley Mine as it now is, consists of a huge excavation in the earth of a slightly oval form, about ten or eleven acres in size, and about three hundred feet deep at the deepest point. The walls of this huge quarry are formed of non-diamondiferous rock, or reef as it is called, and are a fruitful source of annoyance and loss to the diggers, as they are perpetually crumbling and falling upon the top of the diamondiferous soil, causing much expense in hauling out and carting away; the work thus done being utterly unremunerative.

The diamondiferous ground in all the mines for the first eighty or hundred feet deep, consists of a sandy soil intermixed with gravel and pebbles; below this the ground changes to a bluish colour, and has to be subjected to various processes before it is fit for the extraction of the diamond; in addition to which the blue soil is much harder to excavate, and is for the most part dislodged by blasting; the sale of explosives forming no inconsiderable item in the merchandise of the Fields. The diamondiferous ground is divided into claims of thirty feet square, the value of which varies from one hundred to six thousand pounds, the richest ground producing, as a matter of course, the best price.

The system of working—not to trouble the reader with too much detail—is, briefly as follows. The ground being picked loose by natives and broken up, is hauled out of the mine in tubs running on inclined wires; from these tubs it is transferred to a sifting cylinder, which removes the coarser stones; the remaining soil being mixed with water and slowly stirred in a flat pan of circular form, by means of arms fitted with teeth; this pan varying from six to fifteen feet in diameter according to the amount of work to be done. The effect of this is to leave the diamonds, which are heaviest, at the bottom; the lighter soil escaping over the edge of the pan, to be taken up by a dredger, and trucked away. At the end of the day's work, the contents of the circular pan are cleaned out and washed up in hand-sieves; when in turning over the sieve on the table, the diamonds can be at once seen from their brilliance, some being of most perfect octahedron shape and as clear as crystal. In the case of the blue soil, the process of washing is the same; but the latter has this disadvantage, that it has to be exposed to the sun and sprinkled with water for some weeks before it is fit to be washed, which of course increases the expense of manipulation. The value of the yellow soil varies from two to fifteen shillings per load of sixteen cubic feet, and the blue soil from five to thirty shillings—in some cases in Kimberley, even reaching sixty and seventy shillings; so that a claim-holder who can wash from three to four hundred loads per day, has a fair chance of a good profit; the cost of working the yellow soil being about three shillings, and the blue six to nine shillings per load.

It is almost needless to remind the reader, that diamonds when first taken from the earth are in a rough state, and are destined to lose much of their weight by the after-process of 'cutting.' Those found are almost invariably below ten carats in weight, the average being about the size of a pea; indeed in the Bultfontein mine, a ten-carat stone is looked upon as a curiosity, though specimens exceeding a hundred carats in weight have on rare occasions been secured. The value of a stone depends entirely on its colour, shape, and freedom from spots or flaws; those of faultless shape and perfect whiteness taking the precedence of all others. The diamonds exceeding twenty carats in weight are mostly of various

shades of yellow, a large white diamond being a comparative rarity.

The natives who work in the mines are of various nationalities and tribes of Kaffirs, Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, Baralongs, &c.; and receive about three pounds per month in addition to their food. On the whole, they work fairly well, although many of them have no hesitation in appropriating a diamond and selling it by night to one of the numerous illicit buyers, who are the greatest pest on the Fields. These illicit buyers generally pursue some ostensible calling, and have natives in their employ who 'tout' amongst the claim-Kaffirs for diamonds, sometimes buying for a few pounds a secreted stone which may be worth two or three hundred; the profits being so enormous, that no punishment seems to deter them. Until some means of removing the soil from the mines by other than Kaffir labour is discovered, this will always be a drawback to the profits of digging. There can be no doubt, however, that a large working community like this being planted in the centre of South Africa has done much to civilise the natives and bring industrious habits more into vogue with them, as during the last ten years they have increased much in worldly comfort, and become large purchasers of cattle, their chief recognised standard of wealth.

The system of government on the Fields is by means of an Administrator and a Legislative Council, consisting partly of elected and partly of official members; but as the official vote is always in excess of that of the electors, it does not give universal satisfaction. But this and other anomalies may disappear with the annexation of Griqualand West, which is announced to take place in October next. The various mines are managed by Boards elected by the diggers; and Kimberley has an organised Town-council with a Mayor and various municipal officers.

The people of the Diamond Fields are of most varied nationalities, the Jewish people forming a large portion of the community, most of the diamond-buying business being in their hands; but there are representatives of all countries—France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, India; and a great proportion from Holland, the chief town of which (Amsterdam) is the great emporium of diamond-cutting. The language most in use is English; but Dutch, or rather Cape Dutch, is spoken to a far greater extent than one would imagine in an English colony. Very few of the natives speak anything but their own language; and to those with whom they are employed, this is a great source of difficulty.

The cost of living is very great, and the Diamond Fields cannot therefore be recommended as a field for emigration; the country producing absolutely nothing but meat, maize, on which the Kaffirs feed, and a few vegetables, which realise enormous prices, five and six shillings being no uncommon price for a good cabbage or cauliflower. The greater proportion of the food is in the shape of tinned provisions, which come from all parts of the world. The cost of transport is also very great, as all goods are brought by bullock-wagon, a fifty or sixty days' journey from Algoa Bay, at the rate of twenty to thirty pounds per ton. Those readers who are conversant with the weights of machinery, can form some estimate of the cost

of bringing up a twenty or thirty horse-power engine at this rate. The railways are slowly approaching from the Cape Colony; but it will be years before they reach the Fields.

The population mainly reside in the towns of Kimberley and Dutoitspan, about two miles apart. The buildings are mostly of galvanised iron lined with brick; and considering the amount of population, there are quite a number of places of worship—three English churches, three Wesleyan, two Dutch Reformed, two Roman Catholic, one Presbyterian, one synagogue, one Mohammedan and four Kaffir churches; and a place of worship of some unknown denomination frequented by the Indian coolies, of whom there are a good number here.

Copper money is not in use, the smallest transaction being of the value of threepence, commonly called a 'tickey'; and change is very scarce, the principal monetary transactions being by cheques and notes. The natives, however, must be paid in gold, and mostly convey it to their own homes, the value of a sovereign being known as well at the Zambesi as here. On no account will a native take paper money; it possesses no value for him.

Water and fuel are amongst the dearest articles; the water supply being mainly derived from wells sunk at great expense in the hard rock, at a cost of from one to four pounds per foot. Firewood is brought from a distance of sixty or seventy miles by bullock-wagon, and costs from three to four pounds per ton. The supply of fuel is one of the most serious questions for the future, as most of the mining-works now being carried on by steam-power necessitate the use of a large amount, and the supply is rapidly being exhausted. Coal of fair quality is found in the Transvaal about two hundred miles north; but the cost of transport precludes its use at present.

In the matter of recreation and amusement, the Diamond Fields are about the worst place one could be in. There are no rivers near; and the mines stand in the centre of a vast undulating plain, without tree or shelter of any kind for miles, so that promenading or driving has no particular attraction. A few enthusiasts go in for coursing; but as the game is scarce and the prairie or *veldt* full of holes made by the mere-cat, a ride after the dogs is more to be remembered for the bother of dodging the holes, than the pleasures of the chase. Athletic sports are not much indulged in, the temperature for the greater part of the year being too great. Kimberley has a tolerable theatre, in which performances are given occasionally by wandering companies, who make this the limit of their African travels; and a small good company can make it pay very well if they only stay a fortnight, by which time everybody who will go has seen them twice. The Kennedy family, with whose pleasing vocal powers the readers of this *Journal* are familiar, visited us in 1878, and gave about twelve nights' performances to thoroughly appreciative audiences.

Taking everything into consideration, the Diamond Fields are not a desirable place of residence. Plenty of money is made and lost here, as elsewhere; but there are few, if any, who seem to think of making them a permanent residence; although, from its position, Kimberley must long continue to be the centre of a large inland African

trade, even if the mines were to be worked out altogether. This, however, is not likely to be soon the case; as in Dutoitspan alone, at the present rate of working, it would take thirty years to bring the whole mine to a depth of three hundred feet; by which time, no doubt, other mines will have been discovered in this vast region, which as yet has been only imperfectly explored.

A STRANGE WEDDING.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A WELSH valley on a summer's day. A little cottage peeping up from behind a clump of ruddy fir-trees. A broad blue lake stretching along the vale, with a white, sun-baked road skirting its southern shores; while on the opposite side, rising upwards from the water's edge in all its towering majesty, its bold and rugged outline, its massiveness of colouring, stands the mountain-monarch Snowdon. An old man is sitting outside the cottage-door, enjoying the fresh fragrance of the early morning and the gentle breeze that blows upwards from the lake. A child is playing at his feet. The sound of a voice—strong and powerful, with a silvery ring in it—suddenly breaks the peaceful stillness of the spot, causing the old cottager to turn hastily round and scrutinise the intruder. A tall, well-built, handsome-visaged man, clad in loose, tourist attire, is walking up the garden pathway. 'Good-morning, friend,' he exclaimed as he neared the house. 'I am a stranger in these parts, and would be glad if you could tell me where a Mr Penrose lives hereabouts—a Mr Archibald Penrose?'

The old man shook his head. He did not understand the stranger's foreign, English tongue; but after calling to some one within the house, a comely damsel soon appeared at the porch, and courtesied, with a blush, on seeing the strange gentleman. He repeated his query.

'O yes, sir,' she answered in very good English; 'you mean Mr Penrose of the Hafod Gwynant. That is the *plas*, sir, over there on the *bryn* across the road.'

'That?' he cried with a look of surprise; 'that fine old house yonder among the trees? I had no idea I was so near. Then this lovely sheet of water must be the Lake Gwynant I have so often heard about?'

'Yes,' the girl answered with a pleased look; 'this is the Llyn Gwynant, and the bonniest bit o' water in all Wales.'

'It is, my dear,' he continued gaily with a smile. 'I quite agree with you, though it is the first of your larger lakes I have seen. I only arrived in Beddgelert late last night from Tremadoc, and have walked up from there this morning. I have been in ecstasies the whole way with your charming country. I had no idea Wales was half so beautiful.—So that is the house I seek, round the lake there? I wish it had been farther off, so that I might have extended my walk through this lovely scenery.' So saying, he slipped a coin into the girl's hand—whose face was aglow with pleasure at hearing her native land extolled by so grand-looking a gentleman—and with a smile and a nod to the old man, he strode away to reach the road that wound by the lake-side.

The Hafod Gwynant was a picturesque old

house close by the shores of the lake, and lying on the slope of a little fir-clad hillock. Its tall gables rising from amid the trees were all of it that could be seen from the road; but the windows of the house itself commanded uninterrupted views of the valley stretched out below. The young pedestrian as he walked up the avenue thought it a perfect paradise. On being informed that Mr Penrose was at home, he sent in his card, and was ushered into a sitting-room.

Soon afterwards the door opened, and the gentleman he sought for entered. He was a tall, elderly man, with a benignant countenance and well-cut features. 'Mr Nelson—Mr Guy Nelson, I believe?' he said, alternately looking at the card he held in his hand and his visitor, who had risen and bowed to him on his entrance.

'Yes; that is my name, sir,' replied the younger man. 'You are not acquainted with me personally; but I believe you will remember my father—Mr Henry Nelson of Cloughborough.'

'Henry Nelson! Remember him! I should think I do. Why, he was my old schoolfellow at Rugby. We were the closest chums in those days.—And—and you are his son? Let me grasp your hand, for dear old Harry's sake.'

The two men shook hands warmly.

'And how is my old friend? I have not heard of him for a long, long time now,' continued Mr Penrose.

'Alas, sir, he has been dead these eight years. I am his only son. He often spoke of you to me, and told me many and many a story of the school-boy frolics you two had had together.'

Tears were fast rising into the other's eyes. These old memories of our boyhood's happy past, how dear they are to us all; how vividly they come back to us across the ocean of a lifetime!

The two were silent for a few minutes, when the young man continued: 'I am rambling through North Wales on a tourist expedition. Having heard at Beddgelert that you had a residence in the neighbourhood, I have taken the liberty to call and introduce myself to one whom my poor father so often spoke of, and so dearly loved.'

'And I am only too pleased to make your acquaintance,' replied Mr Penrose. 'A son of Henry Nelson's will ever find a true friend in me. Come and let me introduce you to my wife and niece. You must stay the day with us.'

He led the way into another room, where two ladies were seated at work. One was an elderly little woman; the other, a pretty, coquettish-looking girl, scarcely nineteen, with a wavy mass of rippling golden hair, and soft gray eyes under dark eyelashes. These were respectively Mrs Archibald Penrose and Miss Amy Brightwell. The latter was Mr Penrose's dead sister's child—an orphan, and his ward. She was a frivolous little creature enough; but her pretty, caressing ways made her a favourite everywhere. Her life though, was not so gay as she would have liked it. She sighed for the gaieties, the fashions, the frivolities of the age. Her uncle, though very well off, was but a Manchester cotton-spinner after all; and between a red-brick villa in the suburbs of Cottonopolis and this summer resort by the Welsh lake, their days were divided. She had never been to London; but longed for its gaieties, as a child longs for a beautiful toy it has heard of and has never seen. Her delight on

seeing this tall, handsome stranger was unfeigned. Visitors were not every-day occurrences at the Hafod, by any means; and a fine-looking man like Guy Nelson was a special rarity.

Amy had a good deal of romance about her, imbibed no doubt from the vast amount of fiction with which she filled her little brain. Indeed she knew literally nothing of the world but what she had gleaned more or less from novels—with all that unreal glamour of impossible life which too often pervades works of this kind. So before she had known this new acquaintance ten minutes, she had put him down in her mind as one of her model heroes. It was indeed a red-letter day for Amy; a delightful change from the dull monotony of her every-day life. She found the young man as agreeable to talk to as he was to look at. He was evidently a polished cultured gentleman. He told her about the great world of London she so longed to see—of its life, its gaieties, its vortex of unending amusements and rounds of pleasure-making. She listened to him dreamily and happily. The story of these unknown glories was to her the next best thing to sweet reality itself.

When evening came, he rose to take his departure; to walk back to Beddgelert in the rosy stillness of the summer afterglow. Before leaving, his host pressed him to come and spend a few days at the Hafod, if his time were his own, and he were not in too great a hurry to see all the 'lions' of Wales. Amy was delighted on hearing the invitation. Would he accept it?

'You are very kind, Mr Penrose,' the young man replied warmly; 'but I could not trespass further on your hospitality. I have done so already too much, I fear.'

'My dear sir, don't talk nonsense. It would be quite a charity to us all if you would come. Look at poor Amy there. She says she is moped to death in this quiet old house. Do come, if it will not be a bore to you.'

And so it was arranged that Guy should come back again on the morrow by the coach, and bring his luggage with him.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, when the sun's first rays were tinging Snowdon's summit with all manner of prismatic hues, Amy was up with the lark, and busily employing herself about the house, rearranging and adjusting everything to her own entire satisfaction. When her aunt came downstairs, she was quite astonished at her niece's unwonted industry.

'It is all for our handsome visitor to admire,' remarked Uncle Archie slyly at breakfast, explaining the reasons for Amy's handiwork.

The young man arrived at noon; and the rest of the day was spent in strolling about the grounds and down by the margin of the lake.

Day succeeded day, and there was always plenty for the stranger to do and see in this lovely Cambrian district. The young people were left pretty much to themselves to find out new amusements and plan excursions. Sometimes Uncle Archie would accompany them in their longer trips; but in their many walks and mountain-climbing scrambles about home, the two were nearly always alone. Perhaps the old people were to blame in not keeping a stricter watch over their

wayward little niece, and in not checking her too constant companionship with a comparative stranger; perhaps the stranger himself was hardly honourable and straightforward enough in allowing such a state of affairs to go on so long; but however it was, in a very short time Amy had fallen madly, hopelessly in love with her new companion. In love—with all the exuberance and delight of a first giddy passion—with all the romance of her young girlish nature. He had become her hero, her idol!

One day, down by the reedy lake, under the shadows of the mighty mountain, he asked her to be his wife. In a moment she consented. With all the wild impetuosity of her temperament, she gave herself up to him—only that she might love him, love and adore him always. And then came a great temptation. He told her that for reasons she would not understand, he was unable at present to ask her guardian formally for her hand. And in a flood of passionate entreaty, he asked her to leave her home and kindred; to go with him to London, and there be married secretly. Once married, the rest would follow easily. Her uncle and aunt would pardon and forgive.

Poor Amy listened, believed, and trusted. For his sake she would do and dare anything. She tried to look upon it all as a mere frolic, this secret elopement. Had not hundreds done so before-time? Did not all her cherished romances hinge on clandestine marriages? Why should not she have a romance of her own? And happiness was sure—so sure—to follow. Of course Uncle Archie would forgive her, and only laugh at her foolishness, as he had done oftentimes before over her girlish pranks and foibles. Thus carefully she shaped her argument to convince herself.

A night was fixed for the *escapade*. Guy was to procure a trap; and they were to start an hour after midnight for Tremadoc—a distance of fourteen miles—where they would be in time for an early morning express that left for London.

The eventful evening arrived. A portmanteau or two had been packed, and carefully secreted amongst the bracken by the entrance-gate, to be in readiness at the time of departure. Amy, in spite of all her romance, was thoughtful enough to leave a letter of farewell and explanation on her dressing-table. At the appointed time she was ready and waiting for him. Her window opened on a balcony, which conducted by a flight of steps—in the old Italian fashion—to the garden below. Thither Guy came for her in the moonlight. Amy fondly pictured him as ardent Romeo of old; while she—poor foolish girl—imagined herself a very Juliet. And so she passed out into the night, and he led her to the waiting carriage; passed, without one last look behind her at the old home she was leaving; oblivious of everything save the unutterable happiness of the present. And the carriage rolled on, through the moonlit woods and sleeping villages, past sombre lakes and mountain streams; away—through the starry stillness of the night, through the dusky shadows, through the faint beams of the waning moon, through the soft-breaking gray of the dawn; away—to a new world, a new life; away—to the dim horizon of an unknown future; away—to what fate, who could tell?

CHAPTER III.

Married, and in London! Dreams realised, hopes fulfilled. The wedding had taken place by special license soon after their arrival, in a little church down Paddington way. They then remained at an hotel until their own apartments should be ready to receive them.

Once duly installed, however, in what was to be their permanent abode, Amy found everything comfortable, and even elegant. Guy seemed a really well-to-do man. What his business or profession was, she had never troubled herself to inquire. Her love had been far too ethereal ever to descend to such a mere worldly consideration. But as the weeks went by she began to lack one thing—the one great thing, society. No one called upon her; nor did Guy take her out visiting or introduce her to a single soul. He too began to be less at home; generally being away all day, and not returning until late at night. The days grew as monotonous as they used to be in the old time at her uncle's house; though she had now plenty of money at her own disposal, and every opportunity for spending it. In one thing only did Guy put a check on her expenditure—he forbade her to give anything away in street charity; the reason for which prohibition she could not understand.

Soon after her arrival in London, she had written to her dear old guardian, telling him she was happy, and beseeching his forgiveness in true novelistic fashion. He wrote back to her a long severe letter, which made her weep bitter tears of repentance; but from its tone, she knew that he would not carry his righteous indignation any further than this mere written reproof. In fact, she was married, and it was too late to do anything now without raising a public scandal.

At length, tired of her loneliness, Amy appealed to her husband. She wanted friends, society—the life of fashionable gaiety she had so long sighed for.

'Amy,' he replied, almost angrily, 'I married you for yourself, and I had hoped that you married me for a similar reason. I have never contracted friendships; and do not wish you to contract any.'

What a cruel, bitter blow to all her bright anticipations! She did not answer him, but brooded over what he had told her for days in silence. What a life lay before her! No friends, no gaieties, no amusements. The dull humdrum of a solitary married life, in which even her husband took but little part. She looked back upon the old, happy, daily companionship of a loving uncle and aunt with regret—the old life she had deemed so listless, so monotonous, so void of pleasure.

At length Guy gave her permission to write for Mrs Penrose to come and stay with her. She did so, but feared the invitation would be declined. Were not all home-ties cut asunder for ever? But no; the kindly old lady had forgiven her, and promised to come. With her arrival, Amy's spirits revived. Though the two went to many of the metropolitan places of amusement, Mrs Penrose was considerably surprised at finding her niece friendless; without even an acquaintance. She wanted to know too what was Mr Nelson's business. Amy had some confused notions that he

had a large warehouse in the City; but beyond this, was utterly ignorant of her husband's doings. The old lady shook her head. A pretty wife indeed, not to know how her husband earned his living! She questioned Guy herself that evening, but received only an evasive answer.

The weeks went by, and the state of affairs between Guy and his wife began to grow more and more unsatisfactory. He was away from home more than ever—sometimes whole nights without properly accounting for his absence. He grew less communicative. She knew literally nothing of his daily life. Mrs Penrose, however, continued to remain, and to her Amy confided all her troubles. Some sort of mystery seemed to hang over this married life of hers. Why had not Guy told her everything about himself before she married him? 'Why did he keep secrets from her now?' She began to suspect and fear all sorts of evil, so greatly did her husband's reserve and strange habits puzzle and alarm her. Mrs Penrose found her becoming strangely altered; no longer the sprightly girl of six short months ago. An appearance of settled melancholy and unhappiness came over her; the passionate love that had been, seemed dead within her.

'My dear Amy,' exclaimed her aunt one day, when the young wife was sadder than usual, 'I have made up my mind to put a stop to this unhappy state of affairs. So strange a position between a newly married couple is not to be tolerated. Try to be more cheerful, and leave everything to me. Depend upon it, I will clear up this mystery, if there be one; and for your future peace of mind, I trust satisfactorily.'

The next day Mrs Penrose went out alone, and returned after several hours very agitated, and apparently ill. She would not, however, tell Amy the cause of her uneasiness. The day following she went again, and on her return in the evening, went straight into Amy's little boudoir. Taking her hands gently into her own, she said gravely: 'Amy, I have discovered all. Do you wish to know your husband's secrets, which are improperly held from you? Do you wish to know how he obtains a livelihood?'

'O aunt,' she cried in an agonised voice, 'I must know everything, even the worst. A fearful presentiment has been with me night and day for months. Let me know the worst at once!'

'To-morrow, darling, you shall see it with your own eyes. Be prepared to follow your husband with me after breakfast.'

Amy passed a dreadful night, as may be imagined, full of vague forebodings of coming troubles. In the morning she rose unrefreshed but resolute, determined to put an end to all this unrest and suspense. After breakfast, Guy as usual wished them a good-morning, and departed. They hastily put on bonnets and shawls, and followed him.

It was all they could do to keep up with him; following at a safe distance behind, through streets and squares, courts and by-lanes. Two long miles had been thus anxiously traversed, when he suddenly turned into a long narrow alley in one of the lowest quarters of 'the great city.' The distressed young wife was too excited to talk. All she could do was to follow blindly whither her companion led her. What was this horrible truth that was about to be revealed to her? this terrible

artifice or deceit, that thus needed bringing to the light of day? She half repented of the loathsome task she had set herself—of this underhand method of learning the secrets her husband chose to keep hidden from her; but an irresistible impulse held her forward; and the two women hurried on, tired though they were, and straining their eyes to keep in view the footsteps of the mysterious man they were following. At length he paused at the corner of a shabby little street; looked carefully round; drew off his gloves; and—to Amy's amazement—descended into a cellar, down some steep crooked steps.

Amy awaited his reappearance with trembling anxiety and fearful expectation. Minutes seemed hours of torture to her. It was all Mrs Penrose could do to prevent her rushing forward and following her mysterious husband. At last, after half an hour's weary waiting, there came up the cellar-steps what appeared to be an old decrepit soldier, bent double almost with age and suffering. He had but one arm, the other sleeve of his coat hanging loosely by his side. On his right eye there was a large black patch. His cheeks looked seared and hollow; while long shaggy locks of thick gray hair hung down his shoulders. His dress was that of a by-gone military fashion. On his arm was hung a basket, filled with the cheap vulgar ballads of the day. He was supported by a crutch, with which he hobbled along at a shuffling gait.

The two ladies on his reappearance had hurried up to the spot whence he emerged. Amy was aghast, horror-stricken, bewildered, hardly crediting her senses. This wretched spectacle that stood before her was her husband—a common tramp, a wayside beggar, an artful impostor in the streets of London! In a moment he had seen her standing there and looking at him with dilated eyes and face of abject terror, unable to speak or move. For a second he stood still and watched her, his face livid under his disguise with rage and baffled fury; then turning suddenly in an opposite direction, he fled down the street, unchecked and unfollowed, till he was lost from view in the maze of winding lanes and alleys that everywhere surrounded him.

With a wild scream, Amy fell forward. The utter stupefaction into which the first horror of her discovery had thrown her, had for the moment prevented her from realising to the full the truth of what had just been revealed. She had been like one in a momentary trance, unconscious of what had caused the sudden change in her condition. But as reason came back and the truth began to dawn, in all its hideous terrible reality, she cried aloud in the agony of her despair, and would have fallen, had not her aunt supported her. A little crowd soon collected round them—gaping women and gutter children of the usual street pattern—and one or two helped to carry Amy, who had fainted, into an adjacent house. When she had sufficiently recovered, the woman who resided there—a gossip old soul—asked what had so alarmed her.

Of course Amy returned an evasive answer; but Mrs Penrose questioned the woman as to what she knew of the street tramp, who had behaved so strangely, and who appeared in some way connected with the neighbourhood. She told them that she knew very little; there was a

deal of mystery about him; but of one thing she was quite sure—he was making a deal of money by the practising of his deceitful trade. When he was dressed up, she said, he appeared quite the gentleman; and—this with an odd, curious look at Amy—it was reported he had a grand house somewhere at the fashionable end of London, where he had lately brought home a rich young-lady wife, who knew nothing of his way of living, or that he had already another wife—a beggar like himself—alive in London.

Amy could bear to hear no more. The horror of it all was more than she could endure. She fell back in her chair, once more unconscious. A cab was hurriedly called, and Mrs Penrose got her into it. She took her to an hotel in the Strand, then telegraphed for her husband to come immediately.

Poor Amy—broken-hearted, anguish-stricken, almost wishing she might die—lay languishing for weeks upon a bed of sickness. The memories of that frightful past would haunt her to her grave.

Six months afterwards there was once more a household of three in the old Hafod down by the margin of the fair blue lake in sunny Carnarvonshire. Amy had gone back again to the old home, the old life, the old ties of kindred. But she was no longer the bright happy girl of yore, when she had neither a care to trouble nor a remembrance to embitter the gay spring-time holiday of her youth. No longer a girl, but a woman—aged if not in years yet in experience; a woman who had known bitter sorrow, cruel suffering, grossest treachery, and deepest shame; the rude awakening from a first fond dream of passionate, all-trusting love, the total breaking of a heart that had given itself up wholly and entirely to the man who had so basely, so wickedly deceived her.

Of him they never heard again; only that he was an impostor from first to last; for Mr Penrose had made inquiries, and found that his old friend Henry Nelson had died childless. How the man had obtained sufficient information to enable him to pass himself off as his son, ever remained an unsolved mystery.

And Amy lived on with her uncle and aunt, contentedly and even happily, as far as happiness could be her portion now; lived a better and more useful life than in the old days of her youth. She had no longings now for mere worldly joys and pleasures, no ambitions to gratify, no earthly prospects to look forward to. Perhaps, after all, she was the better for the change in her existence—a change which could never have come about had it not been for the sudden ending to her bright young dreams and the cruel blighting of a lifetime. No; the romance was over, the illusion was dispelled. She was left—heart-broken, and the love of her glad young nature was dead for evermore; but still the best part of her life lay before her, and there is little doubt that she would spend it profitably and well.

[The moral to be derived from the foregoing story—which is faithfully true—is never to place too much confidence in strangers until their antecedents are beyond doubt, and their good intentions put to practical test. Let the fair

reader beware of adventurers who in the guise of plausible gentlemen, haunt nearly every fashionable watering-place. The attentions of a man who obtrudes himself without introduction, or minus a letter from some well-known friend, ought to be regarded with caution by every well-conducted young lady.]

YOUNG JERMYN STREET.

YOUNG JERMYN STREET is fresh-coloured, ruddy, and full of life. He comes up to London to enjoy himself, and he does so to his heart's content. His stay is not long—a fortnight or a month at the outside. He is up from school, or Aldershot, or the university. In Boat-race week and Derby week he abounds—a little over-dressed perhaps, and very shiny as to his hat and his boots. He is great at breakfasts, and usually rather late. Breakfasts in Jermyrn Street are the great feature of that locality. It is only a stray old foggy who would ever think of dining at his rooms or hotel there. From ten to twelve A.M. the prevailing odour in most of the houses is that of broiled soles, deviled kidneys and chickens, frizzled ham, fried potatoes, curried eggs, grilled chops, and mushrooms; and the way young Jermyrn Street does justice to dish after dish, winding up with a few table-spoonfuls of 'squish' (jam), the whole washed down with the inevitable tankard of beer, is enough to make any one with the smallest respect for his digestion ill for a week. He makes a tremendous row while he is tubbing, and splashes everything within six feet of him. He whistles or sings at the top of his strength—a little out of tune generally—the airs from the last burlesque while he is dressing; and so full of spontaneous activity is he, that if he were not permitted to shout or jump or throw himself about, he would almost infallibly break a blood-vessel or do himself some injury.

He doesn't care much for the Opera, and goes to the Academy to see the people, not the pictures. He hires a hack, and takes a couple of hours in the Park of an afternoon. He flirts with and is treated kindly by the young person who pins the flower in his coat; but he is such a handsome, open-hearted young fellow, that it is not surprising that the women are fond of him. He pays ninepence apiece for cigars, and has always some for his friends. He goes to his club at six to see the evening papers and take a glass of vermouth, and thence back to his rooms to dress for the evening. One of the West End restaurants supplies him with dinner if he is not dining out; but he usually has plenty of friends of his own kidney, and if he is not dining with them, some of them are dining with him. He carefully avoids family people, and it is not kind to ask him to solemn repasts when he is up for a holiday. He is the last man in the club of an evening; and anchovy toasts, lobster salads 'laced' with plenty of Cayenne pepper and tarragon vinegar, and deviled bones, are in constant demand while he is there.

His landlady in Jermyrn Street is a very haughty female, of a commanding presence, much given to black silks and bullying the housemaids. Her husband 'valets'—as he calls it—the young gentleman, and spends his happier moments in this occupation. He is not averse to a glass of wine,

and always has a little joke or some of the scandal of the clubs to impart while serving breakfast or brushing clothes—just something to mark him off from an ordinary servant. He has usually been a hall-porter at a club, or has seen service—in the butler's pantry.

Ordinarily, young Jermyrn Street lives at something like ten times his income while he is in town; but then it is a holiday, and does not last long. He does not usually come to much harm; but if he should, there are plenty of the hook-nosed fraternity about Piccadilly and Sackville Street to 'help' him out of his difficulties. It is refreshing to see him 'doing' a bill—for which he pays eighty or ninety per cent.—with those highly respectable solicitors Meshach Brothers. He smokes a cigar and takes a glass of dry sherry—both of exquisite brands—with the sporting member of the firm, and has a friendly chat about the coming Derby or Leger—while the business partner covers a slip or so of stamped paper with the needful promises and figures. He leaves their office with a light heart, and protests to his comrades afterwards that they really are very decent fellows to do 'business' with. If this should prove to be only the first of a series of visits to Messrs Meshach, and young Jermyrn Street should unhappily come to the length of his tether, he will find that the talons of those hawk-faced usurers will strike as surely and swiftly as ever those of any falcon on his quarry.

Young Jermyrn Street does not often become a great general, a distinguished lawyer, or eminent in the walks of art, literature, science, philosophy, or theology. But where there is fighting, he will be found in the thick of it; or, what perhaps requires even more courage, when the happy and extravagant days of school and college are over, he will accept his position as a working member of society with boldness, unenvious of those with whom he has mixed on terms of social equality, whose means enable them to flutter about Pall Mall and St James's Street for an indefinite—sometimes a wearying—period. A few years change him into the active, good-tempered, gentlemanly young man who is found at Westminster or the Temple from eleven to four; or in the City; or at the hospitals; perhaps holding a curacy in the country; or perhaps in these few years he has been half round the world, or roughing it in the North American or Australian Bush. He plunges into matrimony—often on insufficient means—without any misgivings, and regards his increasing family with perfect composure. He brings his boys up as gentlemen, and his girls—well, as English girls. And when the lads are in a scrape, he helps them out of it, and gets into their confidence as an elder brother might; and if an extra heavy cheque is required to cover that week or so in Jermyrn Street which the boys in their turn indulge in, he remembers how in his own youth he conducted himself, and how pleasant have been the memories of that time; how he feels he has never been the worse for it—and he pays up without a grumble. He is never better pleased than when they ask him to stroke their boat on the river, or to make up the team for a cricket-match with a neighbouring Eleven.

Middle-aged Jermyrn Street is rather 'vapid.' The gentlemen usually addressed as 'Captng,' who live no one knows how, and rarely go to bed

before four o'clock in the morning—who are faultlessly attired, and to be found wherever fashion wends its course—the gentlemen with bird's-eye neckties and knowing scarf-pins, who drive very smart traps with high steppers accompanied by imperceptible tigers, and who are often visited by clean-shaven men with tight trousers, straws in their mouths, and with a habit of flicking their calves with a cane or whip—old dandies vainly endeavouring to renew their youth—are all to be found in this region; but none are so pleasant to contemplate as our friend young Jermyn Street.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN 1878, Mr C. W. Siemens, while delivering a lecture to the Society of Telegraph Engineers, expressed his belief that the dynamo-electric current would in time be employed for purposes then supposed to be beyond the scope of electricity. In the two years since elapsed, that belief has been verified; for the current is now used for transmission of power, for great chemical operations, for illumination, and as Mr Siemens explained, for effecting the fusion of refractory materials in large quantities in an electric furnace; for horticulture, as a promoter of the chemical changes by which plants take their chief ingredients of food from the atmosphere; and for mechanical propulsion, in which the current enters the lists as a rival of steam, to work either stationary machinery, hoists, or lifts, or to propel trains along rails or tramways.

The fusing capabilities were demonstrated in a remarkable way. A crucible was charged with one pound weight of broken files; the dynamo-electric current was passed through them, and in thirteen minutes they were melted and poured out of the crucible a coruscating fluid. The crucible having become heated, a second charge was melted in eight minutes. Mr Siemens finds by calculation that one pound of coal will melt nearly one pound of mild steel. The coal is burned in the steam-engine which drives the dynamo-electric machine. By way of contrast, we are told that 'to melt a ton of steel in crucibles in the ordinary air-furnace used at Sheffield, from two and a half to three tons of best Durham coke are consumed: the same effect is produced with one ton of coal when the crucibles are heated in the regenerative gas furnace;' while with the furnace to which the dynamo-electric current is applied, a ton of steel is produced by the burning of twelve hundredweights of coal. The electric furnace thus has economy in its favour, but will doubtless be further improved. Meanwhile, as Mr Siemens says, it will be useful 'for carrying on chemical reactions of various kinds at temperatures and under conditions which it has hitherto been impossible to secure.' Chief among the advantages is the enormous temperature attainable. An American Professor estimates it at three thousand five hundred degrees Centigrade. According to Mr Siemens, it is 'theoretically unlimited.'

The application of the current to locomotion has been exemplified at Berlin, where last year a circular narrow-gauge railway of nine hundred yards was laid down. A train was put on of three or four carriages, two wheels of the foremost being worked by a dynamo-electric machine. The rails, supported on wooden sleepers, were sufficiently insulated to serve as electric conductors; and when proper connections were made, the trains, crowded with passengers, travelled round the circle at from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. This success has led to a scheme for an elevated electric railway in the streets of Berlin, and as we mentioned three months ago, to the suggestion that dynamo-electric machines should be used in tunnels.

There is something almost marvellous in the exhibition of machines and other appliances used by printers and stationers. The cutting of paper into shapes and sizes is no longer a slow sawing or squeezing operation, for a whole ream can now be cut through at a single blow. A machine that seems alive, makes envelopes at the rate of two thousand four hundred an hour; and books and pamphlets can be stitched by wire ten times as fast as in the ordinary way.—An instrument for preventing a faulty position of the hand or body in writing, was shewn at the last International Exhibition in Paris.

Cornwall is a far-away county, but shews itself as alert as the counties near the metropolis, and maintains a good character for invention and enterprise, as is well shewn in the annual meetings of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society at Falmouth. In the Report of the forty-seventh meeting there are articles which appear entitled to wider publicity: for example, corrugated tubes for boilers, furnaces, and flues, manufactured by the Leeds Forge Company. These tubes are 'immensely' stronger than ordinary tubes, because 'their resistance is measured by that of the material to crushing, and not simply by the resistance to distortion: they do not strain the boiler-shell by unequal expansion: they evaporate twelve and a half per cent. more water; keep much cleaner; break and throw off all incrustation and sediment; have more heating surface, strength with lightness, safety, endurance, and economy in fuel, than any other flue made or used.' After this, the bursting of boilers should be of rare occurrence.

Mr Brenton, of Polbathick, Cornwall, exhibited a Lock-pin Safety Bolt, and Anti-burglar Sash Fastener, which will hardly be regarded with favour by housebreakers. The Bolt is described as suitable 'for cattle-houses, because it is impossible for cattle to unfasten it; for railway doors and gates, because it dispenses with pins and chains, and will not unfasten through oscillation; and for dwelling-houses, because it is more difficult to pick than any other bolt or lock, being fitted with a stop which prevents the lock-pin being lifted from the outside.' Concerning the Sash Fastener, we are told that 'by simply turning the knob from right to left, the operation of fastening a window securely is completed. A tongued bolt draws both sashes together; and it is impossible for any one to pick the fastener from the outside without breaking the glass.'

Specimens were exhibited of iron oxidised by

Bower's patent process. Air, as is well known to everybody, rusts and destroys iron; but in this case, deposited as magnetic oxide, it becomes protective. The castings to be operated on are placed in a retort or chamber, and made red-hot, at which they are maintained from six to twelve hours, while a slight current of atmospheric air is passed through the chamber. They are kept closely shut up two hours more, and then are found to be covered with a coating (the magnetic oxide) beautiful in appearance, and of lasting effect in preserving the articles from rust. Thus it will now be possible to erect ornamental iron-work out of doors without risk of damage or destruction from rust.

Follows & Bate, of Manchester, exhibited an Agate-centred Archimedean Ventilator. It comprises a tube and hood side-vanes, and an Archimedean screw. The shaft of the screws rests on a polished agate footstep, and the friction being small, rotates easily inside the tube. It may be made to move by wind or steam, when, as stated in the Report, it draws accumulations of hot air, sulphurous gases, dirt, waste flyings, and other effluvia from gassing rooms,* or from any other part of a factory. In like manner, steam may be drawn from dye and bleach works, foul air from printing-offices and tailors' workshops; and hospitals, prisons, and sewers may be thoroughly ventilated.

We mentioned last year the utilisation of waste clays in the manufacture of certain kinds of pottery. The meeting at Falmouth shewed that the search for clays had been extended to other parts of Cornwall, and that slimes and sands accumulated by mining operations can be converted into bricks, tiles, drain-pipes, vases, models, and figures of animals varying in appearance and character from 'vitrified stone-ware to a fair average quality terra-cotta.' If he who makes two blades of grass grow in the place of one deserves well of his contemporaries, so does he who converts waste into articles of use and ornament.

The electric light has been brought into use with great advantage in the slate quarries of Angers, France, for instead of digging away the upper strata to get at the good merchantable slate—an operation that required months of unremunerative labour—the quarrymen get out the slate by mining. It is in the deep underground workings that the electric light is employed, the result being that with the increased light the labourers do not require their hand-lamps, that the work is better done than before, that a greater quantity of slates is produced, and the liability to accident is diminished.

The trial at Portsmouth of a new screw for steam-vessels gave a very encouraging result. From the name of the inventor, an American, it is called the Mallory Screw; and especially remarkable is the fact that a vessel fitted therewith requires no rudder. The cylinders are at the stern: they act directly on the shaft which turns the screw; and the screw, obedient to the movement imparted to it, effects the steering. The trial was made with a steam pinnace forty-two feet in length; and the

little craft behaved like a fish, darting hither and thither, or turning within its own length, or going through the movements of a quadrille with astonishing swiftness. The engines can be reversed from full speed ahead to full speed astern in ten seconds; and it is thought that the Mallory Screw may render good service in torpedo warfare. But (there is a but) the vibration at the stern of the little vessel is so severe that extra strength will be there required to make her entirely trustworthy.

An experiment tried in the port of Kiel proves that heavy weights can by means of a balloon be raised from the bottom of the sea. The balloon is made of canvas and metal plates, with an attached cistern containing carbonic acid gas compressed to a liquid state. When made fast to the sunken object, the communication between the cistern and the balloon is opened; inflation takes place; the sunken vessel or whatever else it may be, is lifted, and can be towed away at pleasure. In the experiment at Kiel, an anchor-stone weighing fifteen tons was thus raised from a depth of thirty-two feet. The lifting power of a balloon ten feet in diameter is said to be more than one hundred and thirteen tons.

Mr Latry, 12 Boulevard St Martin, Paris, has invented historical cards and geographical dominoes, with a view to interest children and young people in their own education, and to provide a means of instructive recreation. For example: the departments of France are represented by different series of picture-cards: the name of a department is called; the players immediately produce the prefectures and under-prefectures of that department or any other particulars. In the same manner, on specifying a reign, the cards are played which illustrate the incidents of that reign; and the best player is the one who places the incidents in true chronological order. In geography, the cards aid in defining the ancient provinces as well as the modern departments; they illustrate, moreover, the leading historic facts and the characteristic manufactures of the towns and cities.

The dominoes, inscribed with dates instead of the usual numerical spots, convert the study of history into a pastime; or, applied to geography, may represent the principal river-valleys of France or any other country. In practice, it is found that a child soon learns the names of the water-courses in a river-basin, of the towns through which they flow, is able to identify their position and form a mental picture of the whole. The name chosen for this new game is 'Magister,' because any one of the players by clever moves may become master. So far as can be judged from these particulars, it is an amusing as well as instructive recreation.

At what height does the aurora appear? Messrs De La Rue and Müller have attempted to answer this question at a meeting of the Royal Society, their experiments on the electric discharge in various gases and in vacua being taken as evidence. They believe that at a height of about thirty-seven miles, the display of the aurora is at its highest brilliancy; is much less brilliant at eighty-one miles; and scarcely visible or even possible at one hundred and twenty-four miles. The colour varies markedly with the tenuity of the air. At a pressure of sixty-two millimetres, the magnificent

* The gassing room in a factory is the room in which the fluff is singed from woven goods passed rapidly over an array of lighted gas jets.

carmine tint prevails which is so characteristic of auroral phenomena ; but as the pressure is reduced, the tint changes to salmon colour, and from that pales off to milky whiteness. 'The roseate and violet tints,' say the experimentalists, 'are always in the vicinity of the positive source of the electric current. The positive luminosity fades away gradually, and frequently becomes almost invisible at some distance from its source.'

Mr W. H. Pickering of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in making photometric researches, has discovered a few important facts, and shewn new methods of observation. On one occasion he found the total brilliancy of the sun to be equal to about three hundred and fifty thousand full moons. Or, as he remarks: 'To understand this comparison better, we may add that, if the whole visible heavens were turned into one extensive full moon, it would give rather less than one quarter of the light of the sun.' On the question of heat, his observations lead him to conclude that the temperature of the sun is twenty-two thousand degrees Centigrade.

The American Arctic enthusiasts are making their way through the icy latitudes to the spot chosen for their experimental colony. Captain Cheyne in this country is preparing his expedition, and rehearsing the balloon trips that serve as a preliminary to the aerial voyage which, when the time comes, is to discover the Pole. And it may be said that Polar exploration is assuming an international and comprehensive form.

The Danish government have agreed to establish an observing station at Upernavik ; Russia undertakes one at the mouth of the Lena, with a branch at the Siberian Isles ; an Austrian nobleman will defray the cost of one on Nova Zembla ; Point Barrow has been selected by the United States Signal Service as their place of observation ; it is thought too that Canada will maintain an Arctic station somewhere within her vast territories ; and the Dutch government one on Spitzbergen, the scene of their early discoveries. These are all northern projects ; but the south polar regions are not to be neglected, for a ship is to be despatched by the German government to explore the coasts of South Georgia.

The so-called Celluloid, to which we have on several occasions referred, is manufactured under that name in the United States. In England it is called Xylenite ; and the manufacture thereof is carried on by the British Xylenite Company at Homerton, London, E. The production of the substance in this country was, we believe, an independent discovery.

We observe that Messrs Field and Tuer, whose elaborately got-up work on *Luxurious Bathing* we recently noticed, have produced a cheap and popular edition. This, in the interests of Sanitary Science, is a proper step.

With regard to remedies for Sea-sickness, a correspondent writes: 'Allow me to recommend a very simple and almost certain cure for this dreadful malady, and tried by my advice by many who have suffered. It consists of a broad, or as it is called an abdominal belt, put on before going on board, and worn as tight as comfort and convenience will allow. I have never suffered myself from sea-sickness, being a good sailor, but I have the assurance of a great many of the efficacy of my remedy.'

CRAIG-Y-BARNES.

(NEAR DUNKELD.)

'Tis years since thus I rested,
To watch the Tay broad-breasted,
From thy cliffs with pine-woods crested,
Craig-y-barns.

Through all the world a ranger,
In many a storm and danger,
Now, alas ! at home, a stranger,
Craig-y-barns.

For *Death* has laid down lowly,
In yonder graveyard holy,
All the hearts that loved me solely,
Craig-y-barns.

And *Life* has brought new treasure,
Fair joys beyond all measure ;
But to me, they bring no pleasure,
Craig-y-barns.

O dear days, long departed !
And dear hearts from me parted,
Since we climbed thy crags light-hearted,
Craig-y-barns.

More fair than poet's dreaming,
With fullest beauty teeming,
Is the scene before me gleaming,
Craig-y-barns.

I see the river wending,
And classic Birnam blending
Purple light with blue unending,
Craig-y-barns.

And yet, that valley shining,
That placid river twining,
Only mock my heart's repining,
Craig-y-barns.

Each beauty but a token,
That tells with words unspoken,
Of a charm for ever broken,
Craig-y-barns.

H. K. W.

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THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

THIRD ARTICLE.

ST GILES' CATHEDRAL church, Edinburgh, of which we have now to speak, has, like many similar buildings, had its days of tribulation, but is at length in the course of being set to rights. Its history can be satisfactorily traced to the early part of the twelfth century, when it superseded a much older but less imposing structure. Occupying a prominent central position in the old city, its lofty and beautiful spire is seen from a great distance. No existing ecclesiastical edifice in Scotland has passed through so many vicissitudes, or has been so cruelly maltreated, and yet has so tenaciously survived as an interesting memorial of the past. Identified with many stirring events in Scottish history, St Giles' may claim a national character, while it invites examination as a relic of art from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. We shall try to tell its story.

The date of St Giles' Church is about 1120, in the reign of Alexander I., king of Scots. At this period the Norman style of Gothic architecture was in vogue, and in that strong sturdy style of art it was erected in the usual form, with choir, nave, and transepts; the spire or tower being supported on arches, and octagonal pillars at a central point between the choir and the nave; the whole producing a singularly solemnising effect. Endowed by royal and local munificence, the church was ministered to by a Vicar, probably deputed from a distant Priory, with his assistants. In a preceding article we attempted to shew how the higher class of ecclesiastical edifices in Scotland lying south of the Firth of Forth suffered by ruthless warlike invasions from England. Suddenly, with a vengeful sweep, abbeys and churches were laid in ruin. We are perhaps not to impute these attacks to unprovoked hostility. For centuries, with little intermission, there were wars between English and Scotch, in which it would now be difficult to say which of the two contending nations was in the right. Anyway, there

were vast devastations, extending from the Tyne to the Forth, which might be called the international battle-ground, where there was no absolute certainty at any time of settled peace and comfort.

St Giles' came in for a share of these unhappy disasters. Richard II., in retaliation for alleged wrongs, invaded Scotland in 1385. He laid waste the country, took possession of Edinburgh, and after an occupation of five days, committed the city to the flames. St Giles' perished in the conflagration. All that remained of the building were the entrance porch, a part of the choir and nave, with the heavier portions that formed the base of the spire. One wonders how so very substantial a structure should have been so effectually laid in ruin by burning; but the fact is beyond dispute, for on the occasion of late repairs, the marks of the disastrous fire were still visible.

Rallying after this grievous calamity, the town was rebuilt, and the civic authorities made a strenuous effort to reconstruct St Giles'. They entered into a contract for the building of 'five chapels' in St Giles', with pillars and vaulted roofs, covered with stone, and lighted with windows. The contract was dated 29th November 1387, in the reign of Robert II., and we may assume that the reparation was completed early in the fifteenth century. The part so executed was on the south of the nave. The style of art was lighter and more ornamental than that which had been destroyed. Afterwards, some aisles were added through the munificence of pious individuals. The most remarkable of these additions was the Albany Aisle, which occupies the north-west corner of the nave.

In the centre of this beautiful aisle stands a light and graceful pillar, which sustains a groined roof all around. The aisle takes its name from Robert, Duke of Albany, the second son of King Robert II., who, having been intrusted with the custody of his nephew, David, Duke of Rothesay, cruelly starved him to death in a dungeon in the castle of Falkland, 1402. Though escaping punishment for this atrocious act, Albany and his prime

associate, Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, seem to have been haunted with a consciousness of guilt. According to the practice of the period, they are said to have built the Albany Aisle in St Giles' as a chapel expiatory of their crime. The capital of the pillar in the centre of the aisle bears two shields. One of these bears the Albany arms, in which the Scottish lion is quartered with the fess chequé of the Stuarts. The other shield has the heart and other armorial bearings of the Earl of Douglas.

Our historical sketch now brings us to the middle of the fifteenth century, when the renovated edifice received an extension of the choir or chancel eastwards in its present form. The new part embraces four pillars with arches in the ornate fifteenth-century style, with royal shields corresponding to that period. We place the date of this newer part of the building at 1460. About the same time, the community of Edinburgh, in grateful acknowledgment of the services of William Preston of Gorton, built an aisle with vaulted roof on the south, divided from the choir only by a row of pillars. Shortly afterwards, the ecclesiastical organisation of St Giles' underwent an important change. In 1466, a charter of James III. converted the parish church of St Giles' into a collegiate foundation, with a chapter to consist of a Provost and other officials. One of the early Provosts of the new organisation was Gawin Douglas, third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, and who with poetical tastes did good service to Scottish literature, which was still in its infancy. His longest poem was the 'Palace of Honour,' an apologue addressed to James IV. The most remarkable of his productions was a translation of Virgil's 'Æneid' into Scottish verse, being the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. Gawin Douglas was promoted to be Bishop of Dunkeld, and died in 1522.

From his literary attainments, as well as from his social position while Provost of St Giles', we are to imagine Gawin Douglas as a favourite guest at Holyrood, where James IV. held court with his queen, Margaret, both of whom were encouragers of learning and the useful arts. The art of printing had been introduced by Caxton into England about 1477; but it was unknown in Scotland until it was introduced by Walter Chepman and Andrew Myllar, under the auspices of James IV. and his queen, in 1507. The types, apparatus, and workmen appear to have been brought from France. Chepman was the moneyed man in the concern, and from all we can learn, he was a person of extraordinary energy. The first work attempted was a collection of ancient ballads, forming a thin quarto volume in black-letter, which appeared in 1508. A fac-simile was reprinted in 1827, under the editorship of Dr Laing; but copies of it are exceedingly scarce. Myllar finally gave up the printing profession, which continued to be carried on with success by Chepman, who became a wealthy and respected citizen.

The wealth, piety, and munificence of Walter Chepman, the Scottish Caxton, were manifested in various endowments connected with St Giles'. On the 21st August 1513, he founded a chapel, or aisle, in honour of his royal patron and kind friend, James IV., the Queen Margaret, and their offspring. In less than a month, James perished at Flodden, 9th of September 1513. This unfortunate event did not stop the completion of the aisle. It projected southwards from the Preston Aisle, one of the windows of which was appropriated to form the entrance, and was immediately east of the south transept, of which exteriorly it seemed an enlargement. This handsome aisle became a family chapel and place of burial. Walter Chepman died in 1532. A brass tablet has lately been set up to his memory in the aisle he founded.

In 1558, at the dawn of the Reformation in Scotland, a tumult occurred, in which the ecclesiastical organisation came to an end, and the interior of the church was disfurnished. It was a clean sweep. Excepting, perhaps, a pulpit or a reading-desk, and a few benches, nothing was left in the old edifice. At the settlement of affairs in 1560, St Giles' resumed its original character of a parish church, with John Knox as pastor, and here he sometimes preached to three thousand people, his voice resounding through the far withdrawing aisles. Knox occupied a conspicuous position when acting as chaplain at the funeral of the 'Good Regent,' James Stuart, Earl of Murray, who was assassinated at Linlithgow, 23d January 1569-70.

Now ensues a remarkable incident in connection with St Giles'. The death of Murray led to a keen contest as to who should be Regent. The choice fell on the Earl of Lennox, paternal grandfather of the young king, James VI. This gave offence to Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, who had hitherto belonged to the king's party, and as such was Governor of Edinburgh Castle. He now changed sides, went over to the party of the exiled Mary Queen of Scots, and commenced a fierce civil war, in which he fortified Edinburgh, and on the 28th March 1571, placed a military force on the roof and steeple of St Giles' Church, to keep the citizens in awe. The craftsmen of the city, however, were not easily daunted. They broke into the church, and to bring matters to a crisis, proposed to pull down the pillars which sustained the roof. Alarmed for their safety, Kirkaldy's men, on the 4th June, began to make holes in the vaulted ceiling, from which they fired down with muskets on the crowd of assailants. Calderwood, the church historian, says they 'made the vaute like a riddle to shoot through;' which gives us an impressive idea of this warlike strife inside a church. Kirkaldy withdrew his forces in July 1572. Under the merciless Regency of Morton, he was hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, 3d August 1573.

The roof of the church being duly repaired after the late hostile visitation, things went on in their usual quiet way. But St Giles' was destined to suffer infinitely more damage than anything that had been done to it by the operations of Kirkaldy of Grange—damage that has taken three centuries to remedy, and is not remedied yet. Previous to the death of Knox, the magistrates and council began to section the church of St Giles' into

separate divisions. This proceeding was commenced within twelve years after the Reformation; and ultimately, by means of built partitions, there were four places of public worship, besides accommodation for other purposes, under one roof. To aggravate the violation of all taste, the different churches were fitted up with galleries and staircases, while the practice continued of interring deceased citizens in the building.

Consequent on the introduction of Laud's Service-book into Scotland by Charles I., an overturn ensued in the ecclesiastical character of St Giles'. Edinburgh was erected into a bishopric 23d September 1633; and an order was given to the magistrates and council to convert the edifice into a cathedral church. The tumult that took place on the attempt to introduce the Service-book—Sunday, 23d July 1637—along with subsequent events, restored the church for the Presbyterian form of worship. St Giles' ceased to have the status of a cathedral; but this was resumed on the establishment of Episcopacy in 1662, and it remained so until the Revolution of 1688. The building, however, is still popularly designated St Giles' Cathedral Church. In point of dimensions, it equals that of the medium-sized English cathedrals, being a hundred and ninety-six feet in length within the walls, by a hundred and thirty feet wide at the transepts.

Possessing the possibilities of grandeur, and interesting as an historical monument, what will strike every one with surprise is, that throughout the eighteenth and the early years of the present century, there should have been such a general acquiescence in the hideous internal condition of St Giles'. Accomplished men of letters, now reckoned as national luminaries, did not imagine there was anything unseemly in the condition of this ancient edifice. Within our recollection, in 1817, there were still four churches, and the city Police Office in St Giles'. Twelve years later, a plan was matured by W. Burn, an architect, for partially remodelling the building at a cost of about £20,000, towards which sum the government contributed £12,600; the remainder being paid by the corporation. Burn commenced operations in 1829, and the work was finished in 1833. At this period, there was no proper awakening among architects or the public to the necessity of preserving the Gothic character impressed on the ancient ecclesiastical buildings. The chief idea was to make things pretty. Burn made dreadful havoc with St Giles', and nobody found fault with him. As has been observed by Lord Cockburn in his 'Memorials,' the building 'might have been painted scarlet, without anybody objecting.'

Mr Burn changed the entire aspect of St Giles', the spire alone excepted. He removed two of the five aisles founded in 1387, and made changes on the west end of the nave. Picturesque roofs and pinnacles disappeared. The whole fabric was cased in a bald style of art. Whether these alterations were executed under special orders from the public authorities, has never been explained. The best thing done was the expulsion of the Police Office. At this time, the number of churches accommodated in the building was reduced to three, and by a subsequent statute, the number that remained was only two—namely, one in the choir, and another in the nave, with a strip of

vacant aisles in the south. In the course of the later alterations, the custody and administration of St Giles' passed by statute from the civic corporation to a body of local Ecclesiastical Commissioners; the heritable proprietary rights of the Magistrates and Council being rendered of no substantial avail.

When the present writer, or to speak more personally, when I had the honour of being Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1865-69, I had often occasion to attend public worship officially in the choir or High Church of St Giles'; and so offensive was the cram of old-fashioned pews and galleries, and such the mustiness of the atmosphere, that I conceived the idea of clearing out the whole building, and of bringing it back, as far as practicable, to its original condition. I was not able to commence the scheme of Restoration until 1871, when, with the concurrence of the civic and ecclesiastical authorities, a Committee, of which I was chairman, was appointed for the purpose, and began operations. The design was to restore the edifice, bit by bit; no second part to be begun till the first was finished; and trusting that the requisite funds might be obtained by public subscription. The part earliest executed was the choir, which was thoroughly cleared out. Every pew and gallery was removed; the walls and pillars were repaired; and from the floor there were dug up and taken away cart-loads of mortal remains. Finally, the interior was fitted up with open oak benches for the congregation, an elevated ornamental pew for royalty, pews for the judges and magistrates, and a pulpit of Caen stone, richly carved, for the officiating minister. Altogether, including the cost of heating by hot-water pipes, the expense amounted to four thousand four hundred and ninety pounds. The subscriptions actually realised fell short of that sum to the extent of six hundred and fifty pounds, which deficiency was made good by several members of the Committee, myself included. The newly restored church was opened for public worship, 9th March 1873, and was much admired. Under the incumbency of the Rev. Dr J. Cameron Lees, the church in its improved form has become one of the most attractive in Edinburgh. All the windows in the choir, nine in number, are now filled with stained glass, representing scenes in Biblical history, executed as memorials of deceased relatives by private individuals. Others are in preparation.

The second step in the process of Restoration was the clearing of a series of aisles along the southern side of the building, which had formerly been a separate church, and now lay in a very uncouth condition. A similar consent being obtained for the restoration of this part of the edifice, I went to work upon it at the beginning of 1879. The estimated outlay was fifteen hundred pounds, which, looking to past shortcomings, I resolved should not be left to the hazards of a subscription list, but be undertaken by myself. Operations on these aisles extended over eighteen months. With the professional assistance of Mr W. Hay, architect, the restorations have been most effective. Lath and plaster partitions between the pillars which divided the Preston Aisle from the choir have been removed, and the pillars which were grievously shattered have been repaired. The roof of the aisle, reckoned to be the gem of St

Giles', has been cleared of plaster and whitewash, and now exhibits a remarkably fine specimen of groined vaulting in stone, with ornamental bosses. The other side aisles have been laid with encaustic tiles, and the remainder properly paved. At the western extremity, Mr Burn had left a huge ungainly doorway, like that for a coach-house. This has been superseded by a lesser doorway of antique character, surmounted by ornamental carved work in stone representing the Royal shield environed by the national thistle, with the legend 'Robertus II. Rex Scotorum,' and the date of foundation 1387. The doorway is specially designed as an entrance for the judges of the Court of Session, but it is also available as a door of exit.

In the course of general operations, it became necessary to examine some vaults which were reputed to contain the remains of the Marquis of Montrose and several other distinguished individuals. The search was disappointing. The remains sought for had vanished. During the alterations in 1830, and I have no doubt without Mr Burn's knowledge, some leaden coffins had been emptied into heaps of rubbish, and the lead carried off and sold to plumbers. Such was the explanation offered by an aged individual acquainted with the circumstances. The tomb of the Good Regent, James Stuart, Earl of Murray, had been spared this desecration. There we found three leaden coffins in a partially decayed condition, with their contents undisturbed. One of these coffins was that of Alexander Stewart, fourth Earl of Galloway, who died 1690. The coffin of the Regent had disappeared; but there was a mass of bones in the tomb, with a skull of excellent development, which it was conjectured had been his. As a concluding measure in the work of Restoration, the tombs have been carefully indicated by marble slabs with names and dates in the pavement. The monument to the Earl of Murray, which had been removed as insecure, has been re-erected in the Moray Aisle, immediately adjoining the tomb. By the munificence of the present Earl of Moray, the window of the aisle is to be of stained glass; the upper lights representing the assassination of the Regent, and the lower lights representing the memorable funeral service over his remains by Knox.

The cost of restoring the southern aisles has considerably exceeded the estimate—it is unnecessary to say how much. All that is now required for the complete Restoration of St Giles' is the clearing out of the nave; but here an unpleasant interruption has taken place. The nave is occupied as a parish church, known as West St Giles', and nothing can be done till a new church is found for the congregation. In April 1879, I made the offer to restore this portion of the building at my own expense, provided such offer was accepted on or before the 15th May 1880, and the keys delivered up by Whitsunday 1881. The proposal was seemingly appreciated. An Act of Parliament was procured to authorise the removal of the congregation on the payment or guarantee of paying the sum of ten thousand five hundred pounds. Following up this measure, an effort was made to raise the requisite sum by subscription; but it signally failed. Only about half the sum was subscribed, and the offer accordingly lapsed.

Here the narrative must suddenly break off. At the time this is written, nothing has been definitely settled as to when the nave shall be rendered up, so as to permit of an entire restoration of the edifice by myself or others. In a future number of the *Journal*, an account of final proceedings may be given. So much remains to be done, that were the work to be commenced immediately, it could not be completed in less than two years.

W. C.

June 5, 1880.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXV.—HISTORY.

The cruel road seems lovable, though the feet bleed and are weary.

THERE are many places in London where the struggle of poverty for its daily bread is visible to the eye of the most careless wayfarer. But there are not many places where the simile of a fight for life is so palpably true as it is at the gates of some of the London Docks, twice a day. At almost any of the docks you may see this strange conflict at early morning, or at the close of the time set apart for the mid-day meal. Round the closed gates are gathered some scores of men in rough working-dress, who lounge about with their hands in their pockets, kicking the pebbles on the highway in a listless fashion; or leaning in listless fashion against the gate or the walls; or standing listlessly, with humped shoulders, on the kerbstone, spitting at a mark on the road. They are for the most part sturdy fellows, with a general aspect of uneasy massiveness; an aspect strengthened by the cut and weight of their loose clothing. Suddenly the incurious traveller who observes these things is startled by a yell in which many voices mingle, and the lounging crowd is thrown into a state of mad activity. Everybody converges to one point, and there is a fight to get there. At that point a human head and shoulders appear above the high dock-wall, and a hand showers down a little snow-storm of limp tickets. The snow-storm lasts for a second or two only, and every man in the crowd fights for a flake of it, for dear life. Like other flakes, it will melt in his hand, though somewhat more slowly than the common, since it will at least last until meat and drink are found. The scrambling fight goes on until the last ticket is rescued from the dust or mud; and never did men put their muscles to the task more strongly, though it were round the last banner of an army on the battle-field, and hand to hand with an overwhelming enemy. When the last ticket is secured, the winners in the fight range themselves outside the dock-gates; the losers subsiding suddenly from their heat of passion, lounge again as listlessly as ever; and the two who have torn a ticket between them toss up for it, or bargain for it, or fight for it, as chance or their nature may determine. The small gate within the large one being opened, the winners go in, and are allowed to work; and the losers hang about outside on the chance of being wanted in the course of the morning or afternoon. And by

this conflict, twice renewed daily, men earn the right to earn their bread in the capital city of the world's most prosperous empire.

Two days' rest had restored Frank to something of his old strength, and had left him penniless. For a shilling and a halfpenny husbanded never so carefully, will not find food for any great length of time in London. On the morning of the third day he arose, and wandered into the street before the faintest light of dawn had touched the sky. With returning strength came appetite; and before he had gone far he pulled from his coat-pocket the heel of a loaf saved from last night's meal, and munched it as he went. His mind had not lost the power to grasp, but he had lost the will; and all mental outlines were dim and clouded to him. Hardship in itself is not so pitiable a thing. It is the feeling in a man's mind that he suffers hardship, which crushes and kills. The young athletes of the Thames every year challenge discomfort with joyful hearts, and flourish in it, and go back to the routine of business or professional strife, made strong by it. But if they faced the same discomforts—light as they are, when compared to those of poverty—with a spirit already broken by the insupportable burden of fruitless hope, the very things that bring health might carry death with them. As for Frank, he had borne the chief agony of his remorse, and a dull rest which had no sense of rest in it had taken the place of pain. It was rather that the passion of his grief had wept itself to sleep, than that Peace had as yet even touched him with one feather of her healing wings. But if he had not the jocundity of spirit which makes hardship pleasurable, he had at least a careless contempt for it, which made it a thing of no moment to him. He was in the wilderness, with no land of promise in sight, even for the soul's eyes; but he had no longings after the flesh-pots of lost Egypt. He scarcely went back to his old life, in thought, at this time; and whatever change went on within him, whatever process of gathering strength, whatever growth in duty, was unconscious. Creeds shift and change, and the light fades here and flashes there in broken gleams on nebulous faiths and hopes which are not steadfast. But in their midst stands one rock solid and fast-rooted, and he who sets his foot thereon is blest even though he be not happy. The name of that rock is Duty, and who walks the harsh and difficult way which lies along it, gathers no clogging load from quagmire, dies no soul's death by the miasma of that murky world which swelters down below it. We slip, we fall, we bemoan ourselves, we choke in the deadly fog; but to the sincere soul the hand of guidance comes, and the weak feet find a standing-place again, and the cruel road seems lovable, though the feet bleed and are weary.

It was but a dim sense of Duty which left death by starvation in its budget of obvious chances, yet threw suicide out of it. Yet it was something; and the light broadened above the head and about the feet of this forlornest soul, and lo! the firm eternal rock was there beneath him and the way was clear.

Frank walked, vacuous and unobservant, as the day grew. The twilight was chill and faint, and the wind swept in shivering gusts along the line of street-lamps, and the little pools of water in the road. He had travelled altogether out of his

knowledge of London, taking no note of the unaccustomed streets. There were few signs of life in them, and the steps of here and there a solitary workman sounded with a strange and melancholy distinctness. But at length the road he took brought him to a high brick wall, into the colour of which the smoke of myriads of chimneys had entered—a desolate bleak black wall which stretched as far as he could see along the lonely road. Rounding the corner of this wall at length, he saw before him a small mob of men, who lounged with lazy shoulders at the roadside, or propped themselves against the wall, or talked in uninterested knots with each other. Whilst he noticed them in that vague way which had now become habitual with him, he was startled into interest by a simultaneous shout from half the unoccupied assembly; and almost before he had time to ask himself what this might mean, the men before him were tied in one great knot of struggling legs and arms. He walked on faster than before, and reached the place just as the crowd dissolved of its own accord and melted back to its own elements. Though he did not yet know the reason of the struggle, he could single out at a glance those who had won and those who had not won. The former were full of alacrity, and moved with a definite step, like men who had got what they wanted and knew what to do with it. The others fell back into the old lounge, or moved irresolutely from side to side of the road, and were evidently undecided as to whether they should go or stay. Whilst Frank stood still to see what would come of it all, a heavy hand came down upon his shoulder, and a hoarse voice with a genial chuckle in it cried: 'Hillo! shipmet. Want a day's turn at work? Eh?'

Frank nodded.

'You look as if you did,' said the man with the hoarse voice. He was a red-faced, bright-eyed fellow, past middle age, and had a grizzled beard of a fortnight's growth. He stood something over six feet high, and his shoulders were broad and square. He had on a sou'-wester, and big sea-boots very much the worse for wear; and his great arms and chest shewed their swelling muscles through a tight-fitting gray jersey. 'I've picked up two tickets,' he said, 'and you're welcome to one of 'em.' Two or three of the unsuccessful loungers stood staring hungrily at Frank's new acquaintance; but when they saw him hand over the little ticket, they drew back with disappointed looks, and joined the scattered throng in the road.

Frank had no notion as to the nature of the work or the character of the pay; but he ranged himself beside the man who had befriended him, and when the little gate opened, followed his companion through it. They were employed in ordinary dock-labour, and were kept at it until noon, when they were paid and dismissed. Frank had no fear of labour; but he was unused to it, and was not altogether grieved when he failed to secure a ticket in the afternoon's scramble. The pay was poor, but it was better than nothing; and Frank was on the ground early next morning. As Fortune had it, the shower fell about him as he stood a little apart from the rest, and he secured two tickets. Looking round, he saw that the man who had helped him the day before was going away; and bethinking him of that good turn, ran after the burly figure.

'One good turn deserves another,' said Frank. 'I have two tickets.'

'You're the right sort,' said the Dockman with an oath, to make the statement more emphatic. 'Half these dogs ud kick your heart out as lief as look at you, even if you saved 'em from starving a day before.'

All that morning he worked alongside Frank and lightened labour for him; but by mid-day the unaccustomed muscles were tired and stiff again, and Frank was glad to betake him to Bolter's Rents before nightfall. He walked on calmly enough until he reached the boundaries of his old haunts, and there his heart began to beat with the fear of recognition. He bent his head and slouched along, determined to give as little chance to any scrutiny as possible; and as he walked, he thought how necessary it would be to get lodgings out of the way of his friends, if he meant to live in London. I do not know if I have yet made this clear, that Frank Fairholt's sole dread was that a further sorrow might fall on those whom he had so much wronged already. If it had been possible to surrender himself to justice and to suffer the penalty of his misdeeds without their knowledge, he would even have rejoiced so to quiet his conscience. Therefore he dreaded detection, not for his sake, but for theirs. It is not easy to see how any wretchedness could have added one pang to his sorrows. Walking along, bent on nothing so much as escaping without notice, and feeling that now and again the eyes of passers-by were upon him, and knowing what a blot on the spring sunlight he must look as he crept through the streets, he heard his own name mentioned by a familiar voice. Those genial young people the Messrs Brooks and Bonder were at his elbow, and were talking of him. His heart almost stood still; but he bent his head yet lower, and they passed him by unnoticed.

'Poor Fairholt!' one said. 'What has become of him, I wonder?'

'I think he went to the bad about Tasker's business, and bolted somewhere,' said the other.

'Hastings has been spending money like water, trying to find him.'

With that they went on out of hearing, and a new dread arose in the listener's mind. It gave him an impulse, and he began to make an effort to see and understand. He reached his lodgings, and sat down alone, to think. What were the chances of detection, and what would come of it? It was clear that Frank Fairholt and the crime of Spaniard's Lane were not associated, or Hastings would not be hunting for him, and Brooks and Bonder would have had some inkling of it. If it were true that his friends were seeking him—and that he could not doubt—they were striving to restore him to his old place in the world. From the lifelong hypocrisy and horror involved in such a restoration, he shrank back appalled; and rising from his seat, he paced to and fro along the crazy floor, turning over in his mind the chances of escape. Here in London, he thought—I am safer than I could be elsewhere. Who could look for him, he thought, contrasting what he was with what he had been, in such a den as this? What better hope of escape could he find from that inexorable love, which was harder to bear than any severity of punishment, with which he now felt sure some of his old friends would pursue

him? Remembering how Maud's uncle loved her, it came into his mind that Hastings had received from him the money he was said to be so lavishly spending, and he trembled as he thought how far Maud's love might follow him. The image of her tenderness, the thought of the heart-breaking sorrow and anxiety he knew she bore, the place he dwelt in, the clothes he wore, the life he lived, the black secret that lay hidden in his own soul, love, remorse, self-loathing, the hideous prospect of his life—all these were in his mind, and tore him with unutterable anguish. How sweet seemed the quiet of the grave! How the chill voice the river's waters uttered as they lapped against their oozy banks called to him! No, no, no! Not that! He cast out his hands in resolute refusal of that drear enticement, as the voiceless words shaped themselves within him. Then a thought came to strengthen his resolve. 'If I were hunting,' he said within himself, 'for any one I cared for, who had vanished out of life as I have, I should look out for suicides. What if that dread is in their minds, and they should find their search rewarded *there*!' And the Water-Siren beckoned no more.

He kept his place till dark, and then stole out for food. In the darkness before dawn he set out for the scene of his chance labours; and failing, hung about till noon; and failing again, lounged there still until night came on, and under the shelter of its gloom stole home again. It was a hard life; but it held body and soul together, if by a most uncertain tie; and since nothing else opened, he stuck to it. As he became inured to the labour, his daily fatigue decreased; but that was scarcely a thing to be thankful for. His broad-built acquaintance, who answered to the improbable name of Gorridge, stuck to him with great faithfulness; and the two entered into a sort of unspoken compact to supply each other's failing in the fight for tickets, whenever occasion offered. Frank bethought him often that he might avoid the familiar parts of the town, and the risk of detection which attended his travels through them; but the solitude he generally secured at Bolter's Rents, made the place more easily endurable than any other. As time went on, his clothes by small additions here and there began to assume a heavy long-shore look; and his hair and beard were rapidly whitening, whether with suffering, or from neglect, or by purely natural causes. After a month or two, a change came over his life, and the coarse employment he had fallen upon became secured to him. The man whose business it was to distribute the tickets took a fancy to this gray, quiet, inoffensive Dockman, who was always to be depended on, who never squabbled, never drank, never shirked his work, and who now began to go about his business with an air of sense and aptitude which the rougher and stronger had no chance to reach to. So whenever Frank was thrown out in the scrimmage, which was not very often, since the distributor meant to help him, it came to pass that another man was wanted, and he was called in. His needs were so few, that eight-pence a day supplied them; and the residue of his poor earnings anybody in want was welcome to. This was the sacrifice to which he set himself—to live among these people, and do his duty as one of them, and to help such of them as stood in need. It came about that after a while the rough fellows

got to know him, and seeing how his money was mainly spent, forbore to envy the favouritism shewn by the ganger, and some of the set whom he had helped in times of especial hardship, would have belaboured an who dared to offer him an insult. It got about somehow—for he never spoke a word concerning it, and might indeed almost have been a dumb man—that he had a special dislike to the vile blasphemies which seasoned their common talk; and though they were as coarse and hard a set as might be found in London, they were contented after a time to let their conversation go without that gruesome flavour.

In his old life, Frank had been remarkable for the sweet clearness and manly delicacy of his speech. The accent of an English gentleman is not a thing to be acquired by a dock labourer, and it is not easily mistakable. He had never given a thought to the rare beauty of his own speech. He was unconscious of that gift of nature and breeding, and so made no attempt to hide it. It went with his blameless conduct and his unfailing industry and his open-handed generosity, to make him noticeable in that rough crowd; and they conferred upon him the name of 'The Duke,' half in genuine admiration, and half in satire. When it happened, as it sometimes did, that Frank found himself addressed by any of those in authority, his speech surprised them; and there were legends about him among the clerks, one of which was that he had been worth half a million, and had lost it every penny on three successive Derbies. Had he known these things, they would have re-awakened the fears that slumbered in him, and he would have left the place and returned no more; but he knew nothing except that the inward burden was no lighter, whilst the outside burden seemed too light to think of.

Under these conditions, his bodily health returned, and his native dexterity made him more than a match at his work for those who were vastly stronger. Meantime, there came even to his ears the news of a great war. The recruiting sergeant became a common figure at the dock-gates at mid-day; and Frank had longings to be out in the Crimea, where, haply, Fate might be good to him and give the only thing it had to give—an unknown grave. But his gray beard made the recruiting sergeant laugh at his proposal to enlist, and he went back quietly to his work again. The sergeant might well be excused, for the gray beard and wrinkled face doubled the applicant's apparent age; and Frank passed commonly amongst those who knew him for a man of fifty or five-and-forty at the least. Sundays were the days on which his inward burden seemed heaviest, for he dared not leave the house to wander in the streets, safe as he might have been, and the hours were leaden-footed. But one day he picked up a scrap of pencil in the docks and absently put it in his pocket. Finding it there next Sunday, he began to sketch upon the dingy whitewash of the wall; and growing interested in the task, wore the pencil down to a stump, sharpening it roughly with an old table-knife, the back of which was keener than the edge. He was a born artist; and his old passion awaking again within him, he took to saving all manner of scraps of paper and bearing them home with him. There on Sundays he would sketch all day, for Penkridge was generally absent; and at night would

burn his work carefully, lest any of it should by any chance get abroad and betray him. Many faces of old friends, many scenes in which he had been happy, his busy pencil traced as he sat alone; and many a time his eyes were too full of tears to see the lines he had drawn.

The old habit took such a hold upon him anew, as old abandoned habits will when reassumed, that he caught himself sometimes in lonely corners at the docks in disengaged moments sketching on the walls, on fragments of board, on anything, with any bit of charcoal or chalk that came to his fingers. There was a certain English official there who for some occult reason had an ambition to pass for a Yankee, and always spoke through his nose, in transparently unsuccessful imitation of the American twang. This man's face was in Frank's mind, and somehow went from his mind into his fingers, which conveyed it through the medium of a piece of chalk to the top of a tea-chest. It was an absolute likeness; and when the man came that way and saw it, he stared in amaze.

'Come yer,' said he to a passing clerk from the Customs. 'What do you think o' that?'

The clerk laughed, and said it was an amazing likeness.

'Now,' said the depicted one, in nasal following of the typical down-Easter of the British stage, 'who could 'a done that thar? Ain't it like? Why, if I didn't think I'd took a white outline and got spread out on that old tea-chest. Petrified fact. I did.'

The official did little else that day but march up to the tea-chest with newly-caught friends and acquaintances, to whom he displayed the outline with the same unvarying formula. No man with whom the official had the slightest acquaintance went through the yard free of that joke, until in the course of the evening the tea-chest was removed. Frank was at work in the neighbourhood, and overheard it half-a-dozen times; but it carried no merriment to him, though every one to whom it was offered was complaisant enough to smile at it. It awoke anew his dread of discovery, and he thought: 'I must do no more sketching here. It would surely be too strange a thing to find an artist in a place like mine to pass without some comment or suspicion.' He kept watch upon his fingers after this; and in Bolter's Rents he still burned his Sunday's work with rigid care. The inhabitants of that doleful region saw but little of him, and for a long time his evident desire for solitude was humourous to the full. He learned from Penkridge occasional news of the doings of the place, which otherwise would not have reached him. He relieved that broken creature's necessities at times; and once or twice bestowed some charity upon the neediest, where all were needy. Very often his companion talked to him for an hour together on his return from the docks; and Frank sitting stock-still, heard scarce a word, but murmured mechanically Ay and Yes and No.

One evening he sat thus; and Penkridge's talk gurgled on unnoticed till the current of Frank's thought suddenly ran silent, and his companion's voice went on to this effect: 'Which she's a reg'lar angel, if you'll believe me, sir. It isn't what she gives, though I do assure you as that's quite considerable; but it's how she gives it. Many's the 'elping' and she's lent me sence I've been brought

so low; and many's the 'elping 'and as 'er 'usband lent my poor dear pardner.'

'Ay,' said Frank, not caring whose praises were thus spoken; and turning to the dingy window, he looked out upon the night, where for once the moonlight laid a sanctifying hand upon the squalors of Bolter's Rents. For the pure light of the moon seems only to rest on beauty, and makes ugliness lovely when it beholds it; as the light of a kindly spirit lays a kindly glow on the hard world, or as love beautifies that which it loves. And for a while the laden heart rested itself upon beauty, and Frank's thoughts roamed sadly, but without anguish, into the autumn fields. He came back from his reverie in time to hear a creaking on the stair—perhaps that awoke him—and a second later, the jarring door was pushed back on its one creaking hinge. But for the moonlight, the room was dark; and as the door was in shadow, Frank could not make out even the outline of the new-comer. The new-comer looking towards the light, saw a bent figure with a long beard which looked white in the moonbeams. Frank stood to listen, and his profile was thrown out clearly against the light. There was silence for a second, and Penkridge cried: 'Who's there?'

'Have you a candle, Penkridge?' a female voice asked in tones of great sweetness. The owner of the voice looked at the profile from where she stood, and could have borne to look longer, such a picture the clear-cut face and sweeping silver beard and the bent shoulders made. But Frank moved away from the window, and when Penkridge struck a light, had thrown himself upon his rough bed in a shadowed corner, and was shrouded from observation there. With a side-glance thrown towards him swiftly, the new-comer sat down upon a tea-chest placed for her by Penkridge, who was imprecating blessings upon her with a whining fluency.

'I have been to see Mrs 'losky,' she said when she could get a word in; and Frank's eyes, as he regarded her from his shadowed corner, confirmed his ears, and told him that she was a lady. 'I am pleased to hear so good an account of you as she gave me. But why don't you give up drinking altogether, my poor fellow? I think that if I knew you had signed the pledge and would keep it, I could take you out of this place, and put you into a situation where you could live in greater comfort. Will you try?'

Mr Penkridge, who had that evening taken much more than was good for him, and who bade fair to go on taking more than was good for him daily to the end of the chapter, shed maudlin tears at this appeal. Which, he said, he would do anything to oblige such an 'evingly lady; but the lady perceiving his condition, forbore to press him. 'Is this,' she asked Penkridge, 'your companion?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Penkridge, sobbing audibly. 'That's the gentleman which I spoke of, ma'am. And a real good sort he is, ma'am. O yes, ma'am, that he is indeed.'

The visitor turned round, and looked to where Frank lay upon the heap of shavings in the corner. 'I know,' she said pleasantly, 'that you have been helping me already; and I want you, if you can, to help me more.'

'In what have I helped you already?' asked Frank, speaking unwillingly from the darkness.

'I should have said rather that we had worked together without knowing it.'

'How?' said Frank, helping to keep the talk going, but much against his inclination.

'There are many in Bolter's Rents who are very poor and comfortless. I have been trying to help them a little; but I am almost helpless. I do not know them; and those who are really poorest will not let me know them; though the undeserving come to me with all sorts of terrible stories. Now you who know them, might'—

'I do not know them,' Frank made answer.

'I have tried to meet you before now,' the visitor continued; 'and finding that you were never at home in the daytime, I came down to-night on purpose to see you. Will you help me?'

'I am as poor as most of those about me,' he answered; and his tone shewed more clearly than he intended, how little he desired to speak at all.

The visitor persevered. 'You give me the best of all reasons for believing that you will help me. There is no generosity in giving away that which you do not want.'

'I want one thing only, madam,' Frank answered, 'and that I cannot give away.'

'What is that?' the visitor asked quickly.

'My solitude,' he said in answer; and with that he turned his face to the wall.

'I shall try again,' said the visitor, rising to go.

'A second trial can have but one result,' he answered, raising his head, but not turning it. 'It will drive me from the only home I have; and wretched as it is, I have no wish to leave it.'

'Then,' said the visitor, as she moved towards the door, 'I will trust to time.'

GOSSIP ABOUT TRAVELLERS.

IF it does not necessarily follow that the study of travellers is travellers, there is—at least to the older members of the fraternity—an almost never-failing fund both of amusement and pleasure to be derived from it in the persons of all classes of the genus Traveller, from the tyro who is making his first trip, to the seasoned old veteran whose bronzed face testifies plainly to many a year passed under other and brighter than our own British skies. Between those of the last-named class there exists a sort of freemasonry, the signs of which, although not easily explained, are quickly recognised by the brotherhood, and are a ready passport to a mutual introduction. The proverbial stiffness of the English traveller is not for them, for thoroughly national in their national feelings, they are cosmopolitan in everything else. Whether it be among our continental neighbours or with our American cousins, in Mexico, South America, or Africa, they have a way of adapting themselves so thoroughly to circumstances and people, doing in Rome as the Romans do, that none but one of themselves would be likely to make the discovery, on meeting with one of them away from home, that he was probably for the first time in the country where he appears as entirely at his ease as though he were an old resident.

We were once travelling by rail to Southampton, the compartment being occupied by an elderly gentleman, a younger man apparently about thirty-

two or thirty-four, and ourselves. One or two furtive glances at our companions were enough to make it quite plain to us, that although the elderly gentleman would respond with a quiet 'Certainly, with pleasure,' should we request the loan of one of his newspapers; and the younger of our fellow-occupants would courteously reply to any observation we might venture to make, there was no need for us to count upon their society for making the dreary journey on a cold dismal autumnal day seem either shorter or more agreeable. By and by a full-bearded, middle-aged gentleman made his appearance at the door of the carriage, and giving a glance into our compartment, was about to turn away, when our eyes met. He understood our mute welcome; for he at once entered, and took the vacant seat opposite. We almost immediately entered into an animated conversation; for there was no need for any hesitation here. We were, or rather we felt mutually assured of our ground. That we were both travellers, and both going by the *Moselle*, was learned almost without surprise; and that we should stay at Radley's was a matter of course. Our lively conversation was listened to with evident interest by our companions until they left us at Winchester; and after a few hours' pleasant interchange of experiences and inquiries about mutual acquaintances in various parts of the world, a friendship was formed; and renewed when we again met, some years afterwards, under a tropical sun.

How easy on board an ocean-going steamer to pick out, from a crowd of about two hundred passengers, those who are embarking for the first time! Their anxiety about their luggage, the greater part of which they want in their state-rooms; the constant persecution of stewards, who are busily engaged in preparing luncheon for the passengers and their numerous friends; annoying the purser with requests that their room may be changed; asking every one but the right man the most absurd questions about time of starting, sending letters ashore, and the exorbitance of the baggage-agent's charges—all betray the individual whose inexperience, and more especially his want of coolness, are so productive of worry to himself and to those around him.

Let us advise intending travellers never to annoy even the most obliging of all the obliging pursers of the numerous steamship lines, with requests during the bustle and confusion of sailing, for other rooms than those assigned to them on their ticket, nor with complaints about baggage which they are 'certain has not come on board.' Let them take things calmly. If it be possible, the first will be attended to on the day after sailing; and the latter is certainly in the ship, and will be found sooner or later. We were once in trouble with our luggage. It could not be found after we had started, and our entire available wardrobe consisted of a few things in a dressing-bag. It was only after a hunt lasting several days that the missing portmanteaus were found in the very bottom of the hold. But such *contre-temps* rarely occur; and neither our temper nor our appetite suffered from the fact that we were dependent on the good-natured little doctor for nearly a week's supply of clean linen.

We like to see the boyish enjoyment of some young *voyageurs* who are determined to make the

most and the best of everything, and who invariably get entrapped into that part of the bow where a mystic chalk-line is drawn on the deck by one of the sailors, cutting off all retreat except by the door which is only opened by a silver key; grudgingly used by some, but willingly enough by sensible passengers who are not of the class to indulge in threats of complaint to the Captain or the Company.

Do you see those three hearty-looking old gentlemen with white hair and beaming countenances? No second glance is required to tell us that they are thoroughly at home here, and that the number of their voyages can be counted by teens. They are old West Indians, on their way out to Jamaica; and we know, without asking, where their places at the table will be; so, quietly placing our card on a vacant plate at the purser's end, we feel that we are now sure of the quartet for evening whist, excellent company, capital stories, and a most enjoyable time while the voyage lasts.

There is one class of travellers, happily not a very common one, and indeed it would not exist, could those who comprise it see how ridiculous they make themselves in the eyes of sensible people. They have travelled a little, perhaps on the continent during the vacation; and on their return, affect a superior distaste for everything at home, and an exaggerated admiration for all things foreign; which is the more amusing from their mistaken impressions and hastily formed opinions, the result of a few weeks' residence. We once knew a youth who had spent a few weeks principally in the French capital, where he had acquired what he no doubt imagined was a thorough acquaintance with France and its people. On his return to his native town he affected *café au lait* in the morning on rising, and a ten o'clock breakfast in town, with claret instead of coffee as his beverage. His sisters Mary and Jane were 'Marie' and 'Jeanne' to him. He forsook the local paper and the *Times* for *Le Temps* and *Galignani*, and would insist on translating for the benefit of the home circle the news from Paris, which could have been more correctly obtained from the English journals of the previous day. The Englishman's 'I beg your pardon' found a substitute in the Frenchman's *pardon*; and in short he carried his affectation to such an extreme that he was voted a bore at home and laughed at by his friends.

Stay-at-home people may be long in the society of a man who has perhaps seen half the world, without their even suspecting it; and the reason is, that although travellers may write about their wanderings, they are averse to speaking of them to those who are unable to sympathise with them, or to enter into their feelings and into the spirit of old recollections. Only travellers are able to thoroughly appreciate travellers' stories. The necessity for explanation which constantly interrupts the relation of an incident, mars its effect, and takes away much of the interest. But let an old East or West Indian meet with one even of the younger generation who has been over the same ground, and watch the enthusiasm which brightens his face as experiences are compared and inquiries are made about the old places and the old life which he knew fifty years ago. Incident crowds on incident, and anecdote on anecdote, and for a

time the old traveller is again living in far-away lands. Though the veteran be seated round the funnel, or in the snug smoking-room of the gallant ocean-goer, the cigar he is smoking is being puffed away under the grateful shade of the broad veranda, with a cloudless sky overhead; or out in the cane-fields amid the rustling of the sea-breeze through the long leaves, and the shouting of the negro bullock-drivers as they goad on their slowly moving cattle. Or perhaps he is riding through the country, tall trees festooned with tangled creepers and clothed with parasites, shading his bridle-path, and the discordant screams of the parrots falling on his ear as he recalls and narrates an incident which occurred long ago, when the now gray hairs were brown and curly.

Where is there an old traveller who would not sympathise with the feelings of two old Anglo-Indians who have met for the first time in many years? There is no fear of either being bored by the other. Old campaigns are gone over again; and the hunt of 'that man-eater,' in which poor young Lieutenant Bungler lost his life, is as eagerly rehearsed as though it were an event of yesterday. And yet neither Colonel Dash nor Major Blank, who have long since retired on half-pay, disgusted with slow promotion and hard work, would care about talking over these old times with their military friends who have never seen India. The old Indian campaigner who is constantly pestering his friends with oft-repeated stories of his adventures at the storming of Suchabore, is, after all, oftener to be met with in novels than in real life.

Why is it that among a certain class of travellers there exists such a mania for rushing into print? Without the qualifications of a long residence in the country, and an acquaintance with the language, they will unhesitatingly give a description of the society, morals, and customs of a people, which is often little less than a libel on the place where they have met with so much hearty hospitality. This is neither fair nor just. In order to make their book readable, they caricature everything they see, and give it out as a faithful portrait of the country, in which they have probably passed but a few months. They describe habits and customs which to the English reader appear to be ridiculous in the extreme, but fail to shew how thoroughly they are adapted to the necessities of the country. Were they to do this, much would be made plain which is incomprehensible; and in spite of the many errors in the work, the reader would have a better if not altogether a correct idea of countries which are out of the beaten track of tourists. We know an author who, after making a trip lasting two or three months through a country as large as England, but without the same facilities for travelling which it possesses, actually wrote a good-sized volume as the result, and obtained for it a large sale in America. We never could understand why books of this class cannot be written entirely in English. Why should they be so interlarded with phrases in a foreign language, which are often left untranslated? To a certain extent it may be pardonable when French is used, since every one nowadays understands it more or less; but it is surely presuming too much and trying the patience of the reader too far when bad Spanish and Portuguese—or a

Creole jargon of both combined—are pressed into service.

One word to those about to travel. Try to remember, when you find yourselves elsewhere than in your native Britain, that your arrival is not going to cause a revolution in the customs of the country you are visiting. Nothing will be changed to suit your home tastes and home prejudices. Then, for your own sakes, study your own comfort, and gain the good-will of the people amongst whom you are a guest, by conforming as far as possible to their tastes, their customs, and especially to their prejudices. If you do this, you will meet with fewer annoyances and more enjoyment than usually fall to the lot of British travellers.

STORY OF PETER, THE TAME SEA-GULL.

No one ever knew exactly how the name 'Peter' came to be selected out of all the possible names that could have been chosen for a pet sea-gull; but 'Peter' was the name given to the tiny little creature which arrived one day in Falmouth from the Scilly Isles. And as time went on, Peter learned to know his name perfectly well, and answer to it in his own peculiar way whenever he was called. Until he got the use of his wings, his history was uneventful. He was well looked after in a house where pets of every description were received with special favour; and on a daily diet of fresh fish he grew to be a very fine bird. As it was altogether against our traditions to tolerate such things as cages, and as we were inclined to look upon cut wings as almost as bad as cut ears and docked tails, Peter was permitted to enjoy entire liberty. He soon discovered his privilege, and made good use of it.

At first his flights did not extend farther than the grounds in which his home was situated; but tempted most likely by the sight of the sea close by, he one day flew away, and enjoyed himself thoroughly in the bay and on the waters of the harbour. There was no anxiety about his absence. Firm faith in the power of kindness to animals made us feel certain that, if no accidents happened, Peter would return to his friends and his comfortable quarters. And return he did, generally announcing his arrival by shrill cries as he flew in circles over the house. These daily expeditions went on for some time, and no casualty occurred. At last one day Peter did not return after his morning swim in the sea. The afternoon wore away, and night came, but still Peter was absent. We then knew that something must have happened; and when days passed away without any signs of him, we came to the melancholy conclusion that our interesting pet was lost. Friends suggested that he had deserted us, and determined to live henceforth with his natural companions; and said that we could not expect to keep a bird which was allowed such liberty. We concluded, however, that he had in some way been killed.

A few weeks passed, and all hope of seeing Peter was gone, when some of the younger members of the family chanced to hear the cry of a gull coming from a cottage-garden not far from the harbour; and upon inquiry, there certainly was the truant! It transpired that he had been

captured in the harbour by some boys bathing. The poor bird suspecting no danger, and swimming close inshore, was thus easily taken prisoner.

After this episode it was decided to put a stop to Peter's flights and excursions to the sea. One of his wings, therefore, was cut just sufficiently to prevent his rising from the ground; but he was allowed to roam where he pleased in the extensive gardens surrounding the house. If he had been allowed to go away where he pleased, he would certainly have been either shot or captured again; for no pet of the kind is safe, unless most carefully guarded, as there are so many miserable people about who never lose a chance of capturing or destroying every living creature that they can attack with impunity.

Not long before Peter left Falmouth for a new home in Staffordshire, two young rooks were tamed, and fed daily in the same place where the gull took his food. These birds were never caged, nor was their liberty interfered with in any way. They lived in the trees with their feathered companions, but always came down when they were called, and were so tame that they would take food out of the hand of any one who offered it. Peter soon began to notice these frequent visits of the rooks, and with strong signs of disapproval. Whenever he got the chance, he attacked them, and did his best to shew them that he preferred their room to their company. A plate of food was often placed on a low wall for them; but if Peter was anywhere near, some one had to be present and keep guard while they took it; for if he found them at it alone, he at once chased them away; and in true 'dog-in-the-manger' fashion, remained close by to see that they did not return to enjoy it. However, shortly before we left Falmouth, the poor rooks disappeared. The probability is that in an expedition to the neighbouring fields they were shot; so Peter was no more troubled by their visits.

During the whole of the time that he lived at Falmouth, Peter was fed on fresh fish. He would eat nothing else; so on his removal into Staffordshire it became a serious question how to provide food for him. Fish it was impossible to get for his consumption every day; and he shewed the greatest aversion to meat or anything else with which we tried to tempt him. Nor did he seem to care about even the fish that was got for him, unless it was perfectly fresh. We were at last beginning to despair of keeping him alive, when a most fortunate discovery was made. There was at the time an unusual number of snails and slugs devouring the green-stuff in the garden. By way of experiment, a slug was given to Peter, when, to the great satisfaction of all his friends, he swallowed it with evident relish. This was his first change in diet; and as long as a slug or a snail could be found, Peter lived on the succulent food, when no fish could be got for him. But after having once learned to do for a time without fish, he soon became much less fastidious. Then, feeding him was a very simple matter. He took meat freely, did not object to a little chicken for his dinner, and soon displayed a decided partiality for mice. Every mouse that was caught in the house was at once given to Peter. If it was thrown to him alive, he killed it instantly by a sharp blow from his powerful bill. Then the dead mouse was carried off to the water to be prepared for

deglutition. It had often been noticed that Peter very seldom took his fish without first washing it in his pan of water. The snails he invariably treated in this way, as they always had some grit and dirt adhering to them. It was the same with the mice; but as they were hairy, and difficult to swallow, they were thoroughly soaked before they disappeared head-first down Peter's capacious throat. Sometimes he used to be seen standing for a few minutes with the tail of the partially swallowed mouse hanging out of his bill; he evidently had some little difficulty in accomplishing the process of swallowing.

With a constant eye to the main chance, our pet gull shewed the strongest attachment to the cook who always fed him. Whenever she called him, he invariably answered with his peculiar cry. Of other people's calls he took but little notice. One of the great objects of his life was to get into the kitchen and sit before the fire. If any one attempted to drive him out, he screamed and pecked vigorously, a blow from his beak being no joke. Shortly after he had been given the *entrée* to the kitchen, a couple of black kittens were brought to the house. Regarding them as interlopers, Peter at once displayed the same hostility towards them that he had previously shewn to the rooks. He would not allow them to sit on the hearth-rug under any circumstances. They might lie as close to it as they pleased, but not on it. The moment they ventured to place a paw on the appropriated rug, they were attacked, and compelled to retire; so that very often Peter was seen comfortably *rooting* in the middle of the rug, while the two little black victims reposed behind him, with their noses close up to its edge. Sometimes he objected to the kittens amusing themselves in their own mild way. If one of them began to play, according to the manner of kittens, with a bit of stick or a piece of string, Peter solemnly marched up and took possession of the plaything, placing it where he could see that it was not again touched. On one occasion he bullied one of the kittens in a very curious way. Out in the yard there was a surface-drain terminating over a sink in a tolerably large red pipe. While Peter and the kittens were out there, one of the latter ran up into the pipe. Peter, always keenly observant, noticed this; and before the kitten had time to come out, he had taken up his position close to the mouth of the drain. The moment the kitten shewed its nose, it received a peck, admonishing it to retreat within the pipe again. There the kitten was kept prisoner. At last some one saw Peter, and little Puss was liberated; but no one ever knew how long it had been kept a prisoner in the drain-pipe.

Peter certainly had the bump of mischief largely developed; consequently it was necessary to exclude him from the kitchen-garden, for he pulled up everything that he had strength to drag from the ground. Sticks or labels stuck in the earth at the roots of plants, he invariably pulled up whenever he got the chance. One day he happened to be in the garden when the gardener was bedding out some young vegetables in long rows. Peter watched the performance with great interest; and as soon as the man's back was turned, went to the bed and worked away until he had taken up every single plant! After this performance, he was never permitted to remain in the kitchen-garden

alone, as such curiously directed energy was not appreciated by the gardener.

Until he arrived at his inland home, Peter had never seen ducks, so it was greatly hoped that when they arrived he would recognise them as near relatives, and give them the benefit of his society. But such hopes were disappointed; for when the ducks made their appearance on the ornamental water where Peter spent much of his time, no notice whatever was taken of them by the proud little gull. So the ducks enjoyed themselves after their usual fashion, while Peter looked on at their performances from a distance. But he never went near them, not even after he had long been accustomed to swim on the same water with them by day, and sleep in the same yard with them by night. Evidently he did not care for their society, though, curiously enough, he became very much attached to a large black dog. Peter was often to be seen lying close up beside his big black friend. Sometimes the dog submitted to have his dinner stolen, and to have his tail pecked every time he wagged it. This friendship between Peter and the dog was an instance of the curious intimacies that are sometimes witnessed between the most unlikely looking creatures. It would have been natural enough if the gull had fraternised with the ducks and taken no notice whatever of the dog. It was also remarkable that the dog should have consented to such an intimacy. But strange friendships are often heard of in the animal world, as all lovers of our dumb pets know.

One of Peter's peculiarities was a love of perching himself on anything higher than the ground. If a load of earth was shot down anywhere within sight, he was not long before he got to the top of it. This partiality of Peter's for perching himself on anything high was so noticeable, that a little pillar of bricks about three feet high was erected for him in the duck-house. On this pillar he went to sleep every night; and there was no doubt that Peter preferred his elevated and cold bed to the warm place in which the ducks spent their nights. So his fancy was respected, and no one was allowed to disturb or remove Peter's bed.

Of course his wings were kept cut, for if he had been allowed to fly about in the neighbourhood of a large town, he would certainly have been killed by some of the hedge-and-road 'sportsmen'; but nevertheless poor Peter was doomed to perish a victim to that miserable propensity which prompts a certain class of Englishmen to destroy the life of every bird that comes within range of their guns. Although Peter's wings were cut, he was allowed as much liberty as the ducks. He was free to roam about the grounds and fields in which his home was situated. But he seldom went far from the water, which was close to the house; and generally when he had had enough swimming and bathing, he used to remain in the back-yard near the door or the kitchen-window. However, he sometimes did wander about the fields; and on one of these occasions, while he was in a field near the road, the gardener of a neighbouring gentleman espied him, and deliberately shot him. It is proverbial that pets generally come to an unfortunate end, and such was the fate of our pet sea-gull. The sorrow and indignation of his friends may easily be imagined by all who are capable of becoming attached to such pets. Naturally, no one was more distressed about the occurrence than the

employer of the fellow who had so wantonly destroyed the bird. He offered to send for another gull to replace the one lost; but pets are not always to be replaced, and no one cared to have a stranger in the place of the one that was lost. We still deplore the unnecessary and cruel death of the graceful little bird, with its quaint ways and interesting habits.

It is exasperating to think that there are numbers of people whose only idea when they see or hear of a rare bird in the neighbourhood is to kill and stuff it. No rare bird coming to our shores has a chance of settling down and living unmolested. Some one is sure to shoot it as soon as he gets the chance. The pleasure of seeing the bird and letting it live, perhaps to breed on our inhospitable shores, men of this class never seem to understand. Their one degraded notion seems to be to kill.

BRICKS AND BRICKMAKERS.

AGRICULTURAL labourers, who work out of doors, are not necessarily rough and savage, though often ignorant and rude-mannered; but from time immemorial, brickmakers have been credited with uncouthness, almost amounting to brutality. One reason of this probably is, that from the nature of their occupation, it is generally carried on in the most ugly and unattractive districts—districts so bare and marshy, that the agriculturist declines to have anything to do with them, and they are valuable therefore only for their beds of clay. Brick-fields, when of any size, are usually found on the flat banks of extensive rivers, such as the Thames and Medway, remote from the village populations, and consequently far from the moral supervision of the parson or the kindly visits of the Squire's family. Indeed, the only visitor, as a rule, is the policeman, in search of somebody 'wanted'; or of late years, the Factory Inspector, who is persistent in his endeavours to reclaim the little barbarians of the brick-fields, and to whom the undoubted improvement in their condition is due. But little is known by the outside world of many of our English trades, and still less of brickmakers; and I propose in this article to introduce them to my readers, that they may see what manner of men—and women—they are.

To look at a brick-field, whether in a country district or in the frowsy outskirts of a large town—to observe the kind of work—to hear the vernacular in which the conversation, usually very forcible, is carried on, one would scarcely imagine that woman had part or parcel in the matter, for she certainly seems out of place here. The brickmaker's wife and daughter, however, are very important items in the manufacturing brick community, although recent legislation has forbidden the services of the latter until they have attained a certain age, by which proceeding the master brickmaker considers himself very hardly used. Nevertheless, it was a happy thought of the legislature to include brick-fields under the Factory and Workshop Act, and thus be the means of rescuing so many young boys and girls from undue slavery.

For the ordinary building-brick, the principal districts are in Essex and Kent, by the sides of the

Thames, Swale, and Medway; Somersetshire in the vale of Parret, Norfolk near Thetford, and Bedfordshire in the flat valley of the Ouse. Poole and Wareham in Dorsetshire, with St Austell in Cornwall, are the chief repositories of the china-clay, the excavation and preparation of which form a special trade. Farther north again, when we get into the coal country, we have the clays which are required for fire-bricks and those for glass-making. Those who are anxious to study the habits of the common brickmakers on a large scale, should take a Chatham and Dover train to Faversham or Sittingbourne, the neighbourhoods of which are dotted for miles with the red fields and the huts or 'stools' in which brick-making is carried on. Uninviting as these great tawny flats are, they are worth exploring, if only to see what hard work young children are capable of performing.

The introduction of machinery into brick-making was in many places attended with violent contests; the men who had hitherto had a monopoly in making the bricks by hand, having united in bands to prevent the use of machinery in the trade. We have not lately heard of any such insurrectionary movements, and trust they are at an end, leaving the conviction in this as in other cases that in the long-run machinery increases the number of hands to be employed. But although machinery has been largely introduced, and has to a certain extent displaced some of the processes which required most physical strength and endurance, there are still plenty of places in England, and particularly in the Eastern Counties, where the machines have not penetrated, and probably never will; for in a small brick-field, the first expense would be too great; and the master-brickmaker, who is generally the owner of a family, would prefer seeing the family doing the work which otherwise the machine would be doing.

The first process in brickmaking is that of digging a quantity of clay from its bed, which is done by a workman called the 'temperer,' whose place it is to wheel it to the pug-mill, which is sometimes worked by steam, but more frequently by horse-power. Where the pug-mill is not used, the clay is trodden by children, who are kept at work tempering it from morning to night. Everybody knows what it is to have to walk through a deep country lane after wet weather, and how difficult it is to emerge with one's full complement of boots or shoes. We can fancy, therefore, the intense physical strain on the legs and feet of the wretched little urchins, who have not only to temper the clay by continually treading it, but also to load it in barrows and drag it off to the 'moulder' or master-brickmaker. One of the Factory Inspectors tells us that in Suffolk he found a child 'puny and half-fed, about nine years old; he had to load a barrow with stiff unworked clay, then wheel it to a grinding-machine; and so he went to and fro, harnessed like a donkey. The barrow was a heavy load even for a man; and this was admitted by the foreman.' In brick-fields where there is a pug-mill, the unnecessary cruelty is of course avoided; and as it is usually placed close to the moulder's stool and is self-delivering, there is no occasion for the pug-boy to carry the clay at all. The moulder then, having received the clay from the pug-mill

or boy, through the medium of an assistant called the 'walk-flatter,' who is usually his wife, and who gives a preliminary dab to the lump as it passes through his or her hands, empties it from his mould on to a pallet-board by his side called the 'page;' after which another child, the 'barrow-loader,' appears on the scene. These little helps were, like the pug-boys, fearfully overworked. The barrow holds some thirty bricks, or rather clay-moulds; and the weights which have to be lifted of wet sticky clay are very heavy. Twenty-five tons per day was an average estimate per child, who was as often as not a young girl; and if the weather had been wet, the weight and cohesiveness were of course increased.

It was an act of humanity when the legislature passed a law in 1871 that no child should work in a brick-field under ten years of age, and no girl under sixteen. A witness before the Children's Employment Commission in 1862, stated that from six to eight years was the usual age for this kind of employment; and mentioned the case of a little pug-boy who always went to his work at four or five in the morning, and never got home again till eight or nine P.M. and in the long days not until ten. Messrs Clayton and Bawden and other devisers of brickmaking machinery, have helped to lengthen the days of many an unfortunate child—and looked at in this light, have been, though unconsciously perhaps, true philanthropists. The greatest drudgery, however, is completed when the barrow-loader has delivered his tale; the next workman who takes it in charge being the 'off-bearer,' who places the bricks, or 'skintles' them in the 'backs' to dry. After that, they are taken to the kilns by the 'crowder,' who gives them over to the 'setter' to be burned.

It will be seen that even a simple building-brick—which is made in this country by thousands of millions every year—involves much treatment, and gives employment to at least half-a-dozen people during the short interval that intervenes between a lump of clay and a regular brick. It is impossible, of course, to arrive at any definite estimate of how many bricks are annually produced; but we are told of a single moulder in the Manchester district who turned out six hundred and twenty thousand bricks in the season, assisted only by his son, aged fourteen, who 'barrow-loaded,' and his daughter, aged seventeen, who 'walled' or 'set' them. He had, however, a third daughter, aged nineteen, who worked at another 'stool.' Twenty-four thousand bricks in a week of forty-five hours is considered an average—for it must be remembered that 'brickies' only work in fine weather. Go into a field on a wet day and it is deserted, the huts empty, the tools lying about, and not a living creature to be seen. Where are they all? Most probably in the public-house; for whatever other buildings are conspicuous by their absence, the beer-shop is sure not to be far off; and the moulder and his staff are probably engaged in drinking away the earnings of the last fine day.

No wonder, then, that brickmaking—though, it must be remembered, much improved—is still in a great measure a demoralised occupation. Within the last half-dozen years the testimony of an Inspector in the Eastern Counties described thus graphically the condition of these men: 'A most barbarous, semi-civilised, ignorant

set. Men and boys like Red Indians, the sand used in brickmaking being burned red, with which their bodies are covered, working bare-headed, bare-footed, with exposed breasts and wild looks. Drinking all day Sunday, Monday and Tuesday dog and man fighting, they resume work on Wednesdays, when the poor little unfortunates are made to toil away, stamping and carrying, and pressing a good fortnight's work into three or four days. One man, who last week earned in four days twenty-eight shillings, took his wife home a loaf of bread and sixpence.' Indeed, the Factory Inspector who has charge of these benighted districts deserves more than ordinary credit for his labour; for it must be remembered that he ventures single-handed and far from help amongst a set of the very rudest and roughest men in England. It is true that he comes backed by the Law, and so far would scarcely be exposed to maltreatment even by them; but the whole aim of the Inspector is to appeal to the common-sense and good-feeling of the brick-masters, and thus to win, when sternness and threats would only provoke bad blood; and by patiently pursuing this system, it is surprising how it softens the manners even of brickmakers, as any one may judge by reading the half-yearly Factory Reports.

Another great improvement was the prevention of the labour of girls under sixteen, though even for those above this age, the occupation is undeniably a bad one. But there is this favourable point about brickmaking—namely, that in most cases the work is a family one. The father may perhaps be a drunken fellow—the mother drunken too; while the girls and boys may be accustomed to strong language, coarse and rude. But at all events they are a family, and so far are free from the dangers of promiscuous companionship.

The class of children who always seem to be the most miserable and neglected, are those who are engaged in the brick-yards attached to the iron-works and collieries of the Black Country. Although in all practical points the process is the same, the surrounding circumstances are very different. Instead of working in a remote country district, where at all events the air is pure, the boys and girls live in an atmosphere black with smoke and reeking with foul odours. Of all the juvenile population that labour in the Midland Counties, the brickmakers are of the lowest grade, and the most difficult to supervise. There is here no family community of work; but the children come from all parts of the neighbourhood, and except during their actual occupation, are utterly without control. The girls are unsexed, alike in dress, manners, and language, and if possible, are ruder than the boys. But even here the presence of the Factory Inspector is making itself felt, though the difficulties are of a different kind from those of the country brick-fields.

So great is the anxiety to obtain employment for the children, that the law as to age is daily and hourly evaded; and the appearance of the Inspector—guarded against as well as may be by a system of scouts—is the signal for a general withdrawal and hiding of the delinquents. Indeed, Her Majesty's representative is obliged to be exceedingly wary in his proceedings; for he well knows that the moment he leaves the

railway station, every man's hand is against him and that he has nothing to expect in the way of active assistance. It is, however, cheering to learn that their success in the brick-fields of the county districts has already been most marked; not only has overwork been substantially checked, but great improvement has been shewn in the rough manners and defiant attitude of the workmen.

HOW I GOT PROMOTED.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

'Tom,' said the chief, 'there has been a rather mysterious robbery at Barrowtown, and it's likely to give the "locals" some trouble. So I wish you to go down as soon as possible.'

This order I received one hot day in August, or the day after the robbery had taken place. Of course I did not let much time pass before I was at the station and fairly started. Once there, Barrowtown is a quaint, picturesque little town, like many another in goodly England. It seemed almost too dull to be able to boast the doubtful honour of having had a full-grown robbery. Still I like the quiet little town, for it was there that I gained my first promotion. I was met at the station by the local inspector, a stout, pompous, excitable little man, who looked doubtful as to the prudence of the Scotland Yard authorities in sending down such an ordinary-looking mortal as myself.

'Oh,' he remarked at last; 'so it's you, young man, is it? I don't think we are likely to trouble you much this time. The fact is, ahem! we have caught the culprit ourselves.'

I merely bowed, and expressed a wish to see the prisoner; and we both set off for the county gaol, perhaps a mile or so away.

Well, it certainly seemed as plain as day to me that the unhappy wretch on whom Inspector Muggridge had laid his fell grasp, could easily have proved an *alibi*, had not that worthy officer continually interrupted him with: 'Better keep all that for your examination, my good fellow; or it'll all be brought up against you, my man, you know.'

I told him seriously, as soon as I could, in private, that the man he had arrested was no more guilty than I was; but he simply smiled incredulously, and asked who else could be the culprit, as this was the only really abandoned character of the town, and it was plainly the work of some one who knew the place. 'Besides,' he added, 'it isn't very likely that any one could beat me on my own ground, where I know everybody, you know; and if he didn't do it, who did?' With which really unanswerable argument he accompanied me to the scene of the robbery, where we were shewn over the premises by the mistress of the house.

When I saw the ground-floor window by which access had been gained to the house, I quite agreed with the worthy 'local,' that it was the work of a 'new hand;' and that from the fact that his footprints, wherever we could trace them, shewed no hesitation, but rather a thorough acquaintance with the grounds, the culprit, whoever he was, must have had some opportunity of visiting the scene of operations, and probably lived somewhere in the neighbourhood.

It seemed that the thief had entered the house

by a window in the rear, and carried off a small box of valuables from the room of the master of the house, who had been staying at a friend's on that night. Both these facts shewed an intimate knowledge of the premises on the part of the culprit, and strengthened our former belief. We were informed that the lost casket—an ordinary tin cash-box—had been almost filled with various articles of jewellery, and therefore the loss was rather heavy. Of course the knowledge that there would be a good reward for the recovery of the missing property did not abate my zeal. Still, in spite of my eagerness to discover the culprit, I could make but little of the case, and might even have come over to the opinion of the 'local,' but for one very important fact, namely, the foot-prints in the garden-bed were all smaller than those of the prisoner! Now, although a man may wear boots several sizes too large for him on occasion, yet he can hardly walk with comfort in shoes an inch or so too short.

Very much annoyed at my want of success, and dreading the chaff I would be sure to get when, compelled to give it up, I should return to town, I was not particularly delighted next morning to see Mr Muggridge coming up the road to the house, accompanied by the editor of the *Burrowtown Weekly Banner*, who had determined, he said, to write up the account of the robbery himself. But there was no escape; and so, prepared for a host of questions, I was walking slowly to meet them, when my eye was caught by something bright among the bushes by the roadside. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; there lay the lost box, empty of course. Without stopping, however, I walked as calmly as possible on to the inspector, and was introduced to Mr Shears the editor. It was simply wonderful how obliging I had become. I even, when Mr Muggridge hinted that he was pressed for time, volunteered myself to give Mr Shears the information he wished, and to go over the premises with him. Once left alone with the zealous representative of the press, I gave that gentleman all the points of the case, and a few more, as you shall see.

The next forenoon, as soon as a copy of the *Banner* came to the house where the robbery had occurred—I had for the last two days spent from the forenoon until dusk there—I turned to the end of the column devoted to the 'Great Robbery,' and read, with a chuckle, the announcement that 'the loss of the jewels would be less felt had there not been between the two bottoms of the box almost two hundred pounds in bank-notes, of which, unfortunately, the numbers had not been taken.'

Probably the intelligent reader sees my plan; but certainly I did not choose to explain it to Mr Muggridge, when, an hour later, that worthy but excitable gentleman rode, very hot and very red, up the shadeless road, to complain of my having 'made a confounded mess of the account, you know.' I simply advised him to wait for a very few days, and then I would be happy to explain everything.

That evening, as usual, I left the grounds at dusk, after spending most of the day in watching—though apparently engaged in something else—whether any one went near the spot, a few hundred yards from the grounds, where lay the box on which I especially depended as a bait to

hook the thief. By walking slowly, I managed to let the shades of evening close around me before I was far beyond the spot where I had made up my mind to watch and wait.

Eight! Nine! Were they never coming? and was my trap laid and baited in vain? Ten! Surely they should have come by this time. Still—Was that a sound on the road? Yes, and coming from the village too. There were evidently several of them, and I began to regret not having brought some help. Nearer they came, laughing and talking, as I cautiously drew farther back from the road. And now they were opposite the spot where the box lay hid. But—what! They've gone by; and in the hearty guffaw of the man farthest away of the three, I recognise Farmer Lobbins, an honest fellow, whose acquaintance I had made during my short stay. After this sell, I had almost given up, and was actually making up my mind to abandon the affair, when a faint sound from down the road made me crouch as low as possible once more. It was no hoax this time. A short thin man, whom I easily recognised as a man-of-all-work who had been helping the gardener that day, was creeping stealthily down the road, close to the bushes. As soon as he reached the spot where the box had been thrown, he lit a small lantern to aid him in his search. This time I felt sure; and so, when the man blew out the light, after securing the supposed treasure, the capture was made.

'Oh! why, yes,' observed the worthy Mr Muggridge, who was in the office when I brought in the prisoner that night, 'I thought as much; I've had my eye on that fellow all along.'

The man made confession; indeed, he was caught in the act, and could not deny it. The jewels were all recovered, and the reward proved very useful in helping me to marry and settle down quietly, when, one month later, I received my promotion.

MORE USES OF PAPER.

IN a former notice of the new uses to which paper has of late been applied, some allusion was made to the utilisation of this material as a lining for the garments of poorly clad persons in severe weather. We now hear that an invention has been patented for making bed-coverlets of paper. The difficulty, we are reminded, which has hitherto prevented the more general adoption of this simple but effective substitute for woollen blankets, has been the impossibility of free ventilation ensuing from the use of bed-coverings manufactured from paper. This objection, however, has, we are assured, been now successfully overcome in what are known as the 'Chartaline' blankets, patented and manufactured solely by one firm. When we are told that these new coverlets are light, cleanly, fully as warm as two pair of blankets, besides being comparatively cheap, it will be seen how admirably this invention is adapted to the purposes for which it was designed.

Mention has been made from time to time of bricks, planks, and various articles being manufactured from this useful material by ingenious inventors, so it is not surprising to hear that water and fire proof paper has been patented. According to the *Scientific American*, this is made by putting a mixture of ordinary pulp and asbestos reduced to

pulp, in the proportion of about two-thirds of the former to one-third of the latter, into a strong solution of common salt and alum. This mixture is put through the pulp 'engine;' and the paper thus made is run through a bath of gum-shellac dissolved in alcohol or other suitable volatile solvent of that gum. The effect of this strong solution is greatly to strengthen the paper and to increase its fire-resisting qualities. The shellac bath to which it is treated is said to cause the paper to become thoroughly permeated with the gum; so the paper becomes water-proof to such an extent that long boiling in water does not disintegrate it; and the presence of the gum in and upon the surface of the paper seems to present no obstacle to the proper and usual absorption of ink either in printing or writing. Thus, by the combination of the asbestos, salt, and alum in the paper, it is rendered so far fireproof that a direct exposure to an intense fire does not burn up the substance of the paper to an extent that interferes with safely handling it; and when exposed to great heat in books or between metallic plates, a number of sheets together, it is still less injured by fire. The addition of the gum-shellac to the paper makes it for all practical purposes water-proof; so that if account-books, bank-bills, and other valuable documents for which this paper is used, be subjected to the action of fire and water, either one or both, in a burning building, they will not be injured to such an extent as to destroy their value. Alluding to paper as a protector of documents, it may not be out of place to refer to a deed-envelope brought out not so long since for the convenience of the legal profession. It is lined with linen, and therefore nearly untearable; and is designed to contain a large packet of deeds, being capable of expansion according to the number required to be inclosed.

A possible rival to esparto grass, used so much in the manufacture of paper, has, it seems, been found in the red melac grass which grows in large quantities in parts of Ireland and Scotland. Straw is used in making millboard. A new use has been made of these straw-boards in America, which is worthy of notice in connection with our subject. Several sheets of these boards, such as are produced in paper-mills, are passed through a chemical solution, which softens the fibre and saturates it. They are then rolled, dried, and hardened; and emerge from the machine a compact block, closely resembling a hard wood, impervious to water, and capable of taking a polish. On sawing this material, it is said to be very difficult to distinguish it from real wood. This important innovation in the building-trade has attracted much attention, and is likely to relieve the great strain continually being made upon the American forests, extensive as they are. In San Francisco, kegs and pails are said to be made of this new material. As machines turn them out in hundreds daily, they can be purchased for the same price as wooden ones. How wood in its turn enters into the manufacture of pulp, is well known. This form of industry is shewn to have received a very rapid development in Norway, for instance, the wood-pulp manufactured for paper having increased from one hundred and ten tons annually to nineteen thousand tons in about eight years; twenty mills being, we are told, at work in that country on the preparation of this material.

As so much paper is made from wood-pulp, it is not a little curious hearing from time to time how the former material is used as a substitute for the latter. An attempt has been made, for example, in Germany, to substitute paper for wood in the manufacture of lead-pencils. The paper for this purpose is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the required thickness. After drying, it is coloured, and resembles an ordinary cedar pencil. The pencils, it is said, are sold to retailers at about sixty-five cents a gross. But a more useful application of paper for general uses appears to be the invention of pasteboard window-shutters, for which a patent, we hear, has been taken out in Ohio. Panels made of this substitute for the ordinary material can be covered with coloured or stamped paper, so as to resemble any pattern of wood that the purchaser may desire. The advantages claimed by the inventor for shutters of this description are, that they are lighter and cheaper than wood, can easily be fitted to new positions, and are not liable to warp or split; an undoubted desirability in these days of so much scamped work in a certain class of buildings. Moreover, being susceptible of a great variety of patterns, says the inventor, they will contribute to an improvement in the appearance of cheap dwellings.

MY LOST LOVE.

'He ran and shouted Lost! Lost! Lost!'

WHEN I awake from heavy-lidded sleep,
And through the sternest labour of the day,
And when I watch the dying sun's last ray,
And while my soul in fancy's dreams I steep—
For ever ringing through my work or play,
Those words, like a perpetual moan,
Make to my life a constant undertone.

What have I lost,
That such a murmur ever haunteth me?
What sad enchantment hath my life so crost,
And taught me such a minor melody?
I will look back into the past and see
If I can find why I so haunted be.

'This do I find:
That I have lost a love—a love that seemed
With such a passion to my own resigned,
That I had deemed
That love for ever mine; but Love hath wings,
And soon departs, as do all happy things.

And yet I had not sought
This love; it came unasked, a shivering bird,
Half frightened lest in seeking me it erred;
But I received that love with sorrow fraught,
And my whole heart opened to give it room,
And find for it a warm and friendly home.

It was a frail and weakly thing,
That little Love—and I did strive
Most anxiously to keep the thing alive;
And so it lived all through the early spring.
I did not know that when its wings were strong,
My bird would fly and leave me.
O Love! my love! whom I have loved so long,
How couldest thou so grieve me?

MARTIN DANIELL.

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LEISURE-TIME STUDIES.

To have a pleasant and intelligent companion during a holiday or leisure-time, is one of the greatest advantages possible. If your friend be a zoologist, then the varied forms of animal life to be met with in field and forest, by lake and river, and along the sea-shore, will have a new interest for you. Even the ditch with its stagnant pools, or the horse-trough with its scum of green confervæ, will each be found teeming with living things after their kind, from the water-beetle in his changing armour of bronze and green and gold, to the lazy larvæ and other incipient forms of insect-life that sidle and creep among the mud at the bottom. Or if your friend be a botanist, you will find lesson-books everywhere around you—in the trees of the forest, in the heath on the hill-side, in the sedges that brighten the fen by the water's edge, and in the greenery growing at your feet. Or if he have studied geology, then every crag and quarry and exposed surface of rock will afford matter of interest and information. Even the stones which you dislodge as you climb the hill-side or scramble through the glen, will be ready to divulge their story, as they ever are, to whomsoever has the skill to read it. Not only your leisure-time, but also your recreations, may be brightened and improved by this observance of Nature, and instruction will thus come to you as naturally as the ozone you inhale. If there be any royal road to learning of this sort, surely it exists beneath the blue sky, beyond the bounds of the class-room, with a companion who knows quite enough regarding his subject to be fresh and interesting without boring you; telling and translating these wonders into the familiar language of daily life. Such a pleasant and interesting companion in book-form we find in a volume of *Leisure-time Studies*, by Dr Andrew Wilson (London: Chatto and Windus), which we intend to glance at for a little.

The book is the result of a collection of lectures and magazine articles—some of them for ourselves—written under various conditions, but all aiming at the popularising of science. These

articles, diverse though they be, are so graduated and arranged that a perusal of the whole might form a good popular introduction to biology, and an excellent field-companion to the thinking and observant yet non-scientific reader. The two introductory articles strongly advocate the necessity of science-culture amongst the people. Our author contends that the study of biology in the schools of the country is in the most unspecialised state in which it is possible for any study to exist. Many heads of schools have not yet awakened to the importance of the question in the education of their pupils. Science-teachers and science-teaching will never flourish until the study is looked upon as a necessary part of a liberal education, instead of being made a matter of chance.

The late Charles Kingsley was a powerful and successful exponent of popular science-teaching for the young, and we need not mention how fully he himself refreshed both body and brain while fishing amongst sea-side pools or wandering on the sea-shore. This early teaching need only include the general phenomena of plant and animal life. Good diagrams are a necessity of the case; and thus early may be taught the metamorphoses of insects, in which each young mind could draw upon its own observation of what it had seen regarding such familiar instances as silkworm eggs or common caterpillars. Perhaps the *lecture* is the best form in which a teacher can impart his knowledge to the pupil, imitating so far the style of Professor Huxley, who condenses 'the substance of the hour's discourse into a few dry propositions, which are read slowly and taken down from dictation; the reading of each being followed by a free commentary, expanding and illustrating the proposition, explaining terms, and removing any difficulties that may be attackable in that way, by diagrams made roughly, and seen to grow under the lecturer's hand.' Forty or forty-five minutes is a quite sufficient length for such a lecture; the remainder of the time might be well occupied in an oral examination on the subject.

Frequent note-taking will also be found beneficial; the notes copious in number, but short in individual extent.

In their universality of application, their suitability to students of both sexes, and through a longer period of life, our author contends that the natural sciences present means of wider application than are afforded in the study of exact science. Thomas Carlyle well expressed the need for science-culture amongst the masses when he said: 'For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history—so far at least as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little winged or wingless neighbours that are continually meeting me with a salutation that I cannot answer as things are. . . . Why did not somebody teach me the constellations, and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?' How many boys and girls have grown up into men and women, with the same question on their lips! All of us have not the force of character of Hugh Miller, Robert Dick, and Thomas Edward the Banff naturalist, who, with persevering enthusiasm, settled this matter for themselves.

Is it because journalists have had other things to think of, that we have heard so little of late as to the sea-serpent? This may be so; but whether or not, the subject is always interesting. Everybody professes to laugh at it, but everybody all the same reads about it. And few pages of Dr Wilson's book will be read with more interest than those in which he pleasantly gathers together the gossip on this subject, giving details of many of the ancient and modern legends current regarding the mysterious animal. The weight of collected evidence amounts to this—that most certainly appearances like huge serpentine forms have been repeatedly seen at sea by trustworthy observers. Science has never been able to say that the existence of such a marine serpent is an impossible thing. A dried ribbon or tape fish seen in the Newcastle Museum of Natural History, suggested to the author's mind that a giant development of such an animal might very well account for many of the sea-serpent tales. The specimen mentioned measured twelve feet three inches in length, the greatest depth being eleven and a quarter inches, and the greatest thickness only two and three-quarter inches. The body of these fishes is greatly compressed, the breast-fins small, the back-fin long, and the ventral fins spine-like. As an instance of the remarkable dimensions these fishes may attain, it might be mentioned that the smack *Sovereign* of Hull, forty tons burden, in trawling in the Firth of Forth for Lord Norbury—at that time resident in Fifeshire—captured during these operations a giant tape-fish. When extended, it stretched beyond the limits of the vessel at stem and stern, and in length must have measured at least sixty feet. The fish was ordered to be cut in pieces and thrown overboard. The trawlers stated that they had met with even a larger specimen. Without making our interpretation either too decided or too

general, we may accept in the ribbon-fish a probable explanation of many a sea-serpent story.

We can fancy nervous housekeepers reading the section on 'Parasites and their Development' with horror; a knowledge of the facts contained therein being very useful, however, in the economy of human life. It is a history of the hidden enemies and the poison-traps which beset humanity, as also the lower animals. The lesson taught by the history of parasites of certain kinds which space forbids us to mention is, to avoid uncooked or half-cooked animal food in any form; the same holding good regarding unwashed vegetables, which may also contain the embryos of numerous parasites.

Speaking of the 'Genesis of Life,' our author regards the Germ theory—which holds that lower forms of life, developed in infusions of organic matter, proceed from the germs originally contained in the fluid, or which have gained access thereto from the atmosphere—as fully proved. The narrative of the crucial experiments which lead to this conclusion is extremely interesting, the result of these experiments being that 'the present state of our knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not living.'

In the 'Law of Likeness and its Working,' we have the very important truth expressed, that we do not come into the world like clean slates, upon which anything can be written; but that, in spite of ourselves, we are largely the product of past times; that the physical and mental constitution we inherit has been in a great measure wrought independently of us. It is interesting in this connection to note, in the words of Darwin, 'the wonderful fact that the child may depart from the type of both its parents, and resemble its grand-parents or ancestors removed by many generations.' Our mental, like our physical characteristics, often run in the blood. The offspring of parents of high moral and mental refinement, may be expected to shew some traces of their descent in their character; and in the same way the children of great criminals have a hereditary taint and natural impulse to crime. Moral infirmities, like moral sweetness, can thus be transmitted from one generation to another. Even genius may occasionally be but the gathering into one of many pre-existing shades of the same mental character; in much the same way as Sir Walter Scott became the voice which gave utterance to the latent poetry which had gathered round the lives of several generations of Border shepherds and yeomen.

We have all in our time suddenly lifted a stone and witnessed the fright of the tenant-ants beneath, as they raced to and fro in the wildest manner, until they recovered presence of mind sufficient to look after their eggs and other belongings. The common ants and their neighbours belong to the order of insects called Hymenoptera. The termites, or white ants of the tropics, do not, however, belong to this order, being more nearly related to that of the dragon-fly. The nests of these termites may attain a height of five feet, and when finished, have the appearance of conical hillocks. The ground in the neighbourhood of the nests is honeycombed with underground passages, along which the ants convey their building-material. The termites are small soft-bodied animals of a pale colour, and are of different

grades—males, females, and blind 'neuters.' The workers have a never-ceasing round of duties, building nests, making roads, training up the young ants, and attending the sovereign ant. The males and females form a class apart, and have wings, in order that they may move about and disseminate their kind. The soldiers and the workers are wanting in wings, and differ in the shape and armature of the head. While the mouth of the labourer-ant is adapted for the working of materials in hive-building, the head of the soldier is of very large size, and provided with horny processes resembling spikes, for offence and defence. The true parents of the colony are the king and queen, who are wingless, and of larger size than the others. When a disturbance occurs in a colony of termites, the ordinary workers disappear, and the soldier-ants appear ready to do battle in self-defence. The common ants also possess three grades of individuals, and more than those who come under the category of sluggard might be sent to witness their domestic economy.

Space compels us to limit our closing observations to but one more subject, namely 'A Summer's Day,' one of the most charming papers in the book before us. The history of a summer's day has all the brightness of the reality, and transports the reader to the brook-side, with its wealth of animal and vegetable life, and pleasantly records what is to be seen there. The locality the south of England, the brook a small tributary of the Thames. The greenness of the water-meadows, with the old mill standing out from a background of green foliage, and a side-setting of willows; the river beside it is innocent-looking now as it appears at its summer level, but in winter it submerges the haughs and undermines its banks, and sometimes deflects its course. Lazily dreaming by its banks, the author tells us what a medicine to mind and body he finds this utter quietude and greenness, surrounded alone by nature. The sight of a dragon-fly is suggestive of the history of that insect, which is given; a trout in the stream awakens a longing for a rod and memories of Izaak Walton, who speaks of 'anglers and honest men' in one breath. The harvest of wild-flowers and weeds; the duckweed, water-crowfoot, sweet-sedge, forget-me-not, butterwort, 'ragged-robin,' and others, all engage his attention, and are described in turn. Then the catching of eels is hinted at, closing with a sail in a punt down-stream to the Thames, amongst the gathering shadows of the night.

We cordially recommend this excellent book to the notice of all who would learn something of Nature in her most attractive moods.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVI.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'My delirium reached its height in the summer season.'

THE first sign of manly down had appeared upon my chin, and since the Crimean War—closed a few years before with great glory if little profit—had left behind it the fashion of beards, I shaved assiduously, to promote the growth of that appanage to manhood. I have above my mantel-piece a portrait of myself taken at that time; and though I know it on good testimony to be accurate, there is in it a flat contradiction of my own remem-

brances. At eighteen I felt myself quite aged, and I used to look not without pride on incipient wrinkles. In the smooth face which looks upon me from the wall, I find nothing of that stern manhood on which I prided myself. Poor lad! I am not an old man yet, but I am too old to wish for age; though at eighteen I should have been glad to have pitchforked myself into the forties, had such a feat been possible. I wrote a prodigious deal of verse, much of which I remember at this day with an odd mixture of shame and affection. Most of it was addressed to Polly or in some way concerned her, and she was still my deity.

The time came when I should leave school. I think I feel the emotions proper to that hour more keenly in the remembrance than I did in reality. What a gap it made in life, had I but had the eyes to see it! How many with whom I had spent eight years or part of these in life's journey, faded out of life there and then, and now refuse to be summoned even as the thinnest shadows! It was not of the break in life I left behind, but of the opening to the world which lay before me, that I thought, as the train whirled me homewards. I was not so distinguished in the school as Gascoigne or Gregory had been before me in their last days; but I had done fairly well, and Uncle Ben was amply satisfied. It was not easily possible for Uncle Ben to be balder than he had been in my first knowledge of him; but he was grayer than of old, and his face was more deeply lined. He was always genial and good-tempered, and I have known few happier men. His ambitions were satisfied, even to the gradual formation of a relationship with the country magnates; though he confessed to me privately that he didn't want them for himself, but only for the good of the house; and that if it had not been for his sons and Maud and me, he would rather they had continued to stay away.

'But I'll tell you what it is, Johnny,' said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. 'It's the golden bait as draws all them pretty fishes here. Don't you think now as I overvalue money. There's a lot o' things in the world as money can't buy, and they're mostly the things as are best worth havin'. But these nobs is a poverty-struck lot, and the poor Major's drove nearly off his head with invitations. There ain't a lord in the county as wouldn't jump at him for a son-in-law. But then you see I'm a weight to 'em. There's no more polish on me than there is on so much oak-bark. I begun too late, Johnny; and it ain't no use tryin' to train a tree when it's got stout and stiff—is it! Eh?' Therewith Uncle Ben would laugh and poke me in the ribs, and felicitate himself upon the polish which belonged to the Major and to Mr Horace St John, the Major's brother, and to Maud and me.

The time which came between the last of my school-days and the beginning of my career at college went smoothly, and held only one thing worth chronicling. At that time, a certain police

case was reported daily and at length in the London newspapers. An expert in handwriting gave the chief evidence in this case, and there were doubts expressed by some visitor at the breakfast-table as to the value of such testimony as the expert had to offer. The visitor, I remember, was an army-man, an old campaigning comrade of the Major's, and he pooh-poohed the whole business.

Uncle Ben broke in calmly. 'Well, I don't know as you can call it a science, but it's a knack. I've had to deal with more than one forgery in my time, sir, and I know a handwriting I've once seen. I don't care how good the disguise is; I can tell it. You may think you've drawn my signature stroke for stroke, and you may practise till you're black in the face if you like, but I'll pick my own out of a hundred; or yours, sir, if the cleverest forger as ever cheated the gallows spent a lifetime in copying it.—No, no, sir! Don't tell me,' said Uncle Ben, who was in some heat by this time. 'There's them as knows what time o' day it is about handwritings.'

'The gov'nah's quite right,' said Major Hartley. 'I've known him do it.'

'Don't you think there's a possibility of being mistaken?' asked the Major's friend.

'Not for a man as has the knack,' Uncle Ben protested stoutly. 'I ain't sticking up for the experts, mind you. They may be duffers and impostors. But the thing is to be done, and is done; and there's scores o' men about in business as wouldn't pass the forgery of a name as was known to 'em if they just so much as cast their eye on it.'

'M'm!' said the Major's friend, not yet convinced.

'Well,' said Uncle Ben, 'you get any clever feller to forge anybody's name on me, and see if I don't spot him.' There was a general laugh at this, and the subject dropped. It fell from my mind, until circumstances brought it back again, in a singularly unpleasant manner.

Uncle Ben accompanied me to Oxford, and put up at the *Mitre* until he had seen me fairly settled. I took the rooms of a man who had left his furniture and pictures to be sold at a valuation; but all these, at Uncle Ben's instigation, were cleared out, and he furnished me anew. I think he disapproved of the art decorations, which were probably a little too erotic for a quiet taste. When everything was arranged, he came up to the rooms and looked over them with much enjoyment; and finally we sat down together, and he gave me a great deal of advice, drawn from his knowledge of the world. 'I don't think,' he said, 'as you're the sort of feller, Johnny, to be stuck up because you've got a rich uncle; but if you don't think of that, there's them as will. Do you remember that feller Tasker coming to my place, three or four years ago?'—I nodded.—'Do you remember what I told you then about bills?'—I nodded again.—'Don't you disappoint me now,' he said with a show of feeling, which was rare in him. 'I shan't make you any reg'lar allowance, Johnny; but I shall trust you. Everybody'll know afore you've been here a week as you're the nevey of

old Hartley the great millionaire'—he grinned a little at that—'and they'll be on to you with offers of unlimited trust and credit. Now, I don't ask you to live stingy; but I ask you to be honest. Don't buy anything you can do without; but at the same time live like a gentleman. If you've got a head on your shoulders, you won't want to buy wine here. I'll send that to you from my own cellar, and you needn't spare it. Write to the butler when you want any. Don't bother me with that; but send me all your bills of whatever sort, and I'll pay 'em. I know what it is when a warm-hearted young chap makes friends, and one of 'em comes to him and says: "I'm in a bit of a hobble, I am. Just put your name on to a bit o' paper for me, will you?" Now this is my last serious word. If you get into a mess yourself, send me word. If you want money—no matter if you're ashamed of what you've come to want it for—send to me. If any one of your friends ever asks you to back his name, you tell him it's more than your income's worth to risk it. For that's the one thing I won't forgive; and now I've told you. If ever you put your name to a bill while I'm alive, I'll disown you. No, no, Johnny. I don't want to threaten you, my lad, and I don't mistrust you; but you must promise me.'

I gave the promise, and would have thanked him for all his countless kindnesses; but he stopped me. He gave me a cheque for such an amount that I should have been wasteful indeed had I exceeded it. 'Make it last as long as you can in reason, Johnny,' he said; and then, with a hearty shake of the hand and a slap on the shoulder, he went down-stairs, blowing his nose so violently that the hollow staircase echoed to the sound.

It is not within my scheme to relate the story of my college life. I fell amongst a wholesome set; and though I spent more time on the river and in the cricket-ground than I passed above my books, I contrived—considerably to my own surprise—to scratch through for a degree. Uncle Ben was greatly pleased at this, and prophesied that I should make a great man—seeming to regard the achievement of a B.A. degree as a thing till then unheard of. But it is not the life I led in Oxford which comes back to me most strongly when I recall that time. Mr Fairholt comes within the range of mental vision, for one. I do not think I read him too unkindly when I believe that he found a wide difference between the John Campbell who was cast a friendless orphan on his hands and the John Campbell who was acknowledged by his own rich neighbour. I do not think I read him too unkindly if I say that the money question made the whole difference. But when once Uncle Ben had, by sending me to college, made his responsibility for my future complete, Mr Fairholt made me a welcome guest at Island Hall. In spite of the enormous edifice Uncle Ben had built, I am fain to confess that Island Hall remained 'The Hall' to the country-people, as it had been time out of mind before Uncle Ben was heard of. Nor will I deny that apart from its one attraction for me, I liked it better than I liked the barbaric splendours of my uncle's palace. To me at that time it was a Bower for Beauty—nothing more or less. I was welcome there at all times; but I took an insane delight in wandering outside it, and making surreptitious sketches of it, as though

to go near it or to sketch it had been a thing forbidden. I used to rise at unearthly hours to ramble there; and I used to sketch her window with the Virginia creeper and the climbing roses about it until I could have almost drawn them with closed eyes, until closed eyes can summon them now at least and see them as clearly as if their fresh reality were before me. And the dreams I had! I would go into parliament, and become Prime-minister, though that went without saying if I once got there. Or I would go into the army, and distinguish myself in some tremendous campaign. Or I would go for authorship—in the poetic line—and write an epic, and be crowned with bays. But whatever I promised myself—and up to two-and-twenty one lives in the land of promises, if not in the Land of Promise—I never ventured to hope for a happy termination of the pangs of love. Nobody ever wrote more love-lorn verses. Nobody was ever more involved in a more hopeless passion. I used to go about in the moodiest fashion and watch the sunsets and the sunrises alone, and improvise verse, and declaim it in the silent lanes, to the great astonishment of the yokels, and my own shamefaced embarrassment when discovered. I confided my hopeless love to Gascoigne, who had a curacy hard by; and he used to smoke his pipe and listen to me with great forbearance. I confided it to Gregory, who accepted my belief in my own probable early death with marked composure, and undertook to provide an epitaph. Hawkins of Exeter and Bills of Watham knew of my helpless and hopeless slavery. I think that in a gloomy way I was rather proud of it. In all the castles I ever built upon this cloud-foundation, there hung no picture of a happy union. I was going to be great, and then I was going to die; and Polly was to know how splendid a treasure she had cast aside. Yet I cannot remember that she treated me with anything but kindness, and I know she must have had a difficult task at times.

My delirium reached its height in the summer season which followed the close of my time at college. Polly had a paid companion, and Miss Hurd and I were great in friendship. I suppose Miss Hurd was thirty if she were a day; but we were kindred spirits, spite of this disparity of years. She had a fine deep melancholy-sounding contralto, and she used to sing in what I took to be a patent allusion to my own case:

Let us talk of love no more
While the bat is flying;
Fitter friendship's solemn lore
When the day is dying.

Other ditties bearing on her own condition she sang, as though the lower octaves of an organ were concealed within her. She could not sing the old songs, and the like. Except for a general and uncultivated fondness for the art, I was not in any manner musical; but I used to shake my head at this, and murmur inly that I could not sing the old songs either—a question as to which there existed no shadow of a doubt. I supposed that Miss Hurd was aware of my passion, until one evening when I came across the fields on horseback and found Polly absent. Miss Hurd sat at the piano and played *The Heart Bowed Down*, and I sitting at the window sighed as I thought of my own.

'You are not well, Mr Campbell,' said Miss Hurd.

There was a dusky light in the room, and the window was open, and the quiet scents and gently stealing sounds of the country mingled with it soothingly. I rose and crossed to the piano, and said with much solemnity that I was well enough—'In body,' I added with a sigh.

'Thou canst not minister,' said Miss Hurd in her lowest contralto tones, 'to a mind diseased.'

'No,' I answered, sighing again, and carried on the quotation, though when I reached the 'yesterday,' I thought it a little inappropriate.

'What is it, Mr Campbell?' said Miss Hurd. 'Confide in me.'

I seized Miss Hurd's passive hand as it lay upon the keys of the pianoforte, and I told her in sepulchral tones that my heart was breaking. I believe I quite believed it.

'With what?' asked Miss Hurd. But I returned no answer. She pressed my hand, and murmured again: 'With what, Mr Campbell? Confide in me.'

'With love!' I answered, not unconscious of a comic side to the whole episode, the mere hint of which in my own mind made me perhaps a trifle more morose and tragic than before.

'For whom?' said Miss Hurd with my hand in both of hers. I laid my melancholy head upon the cold smooth polish of the top of the piano, and murmured my divinity's name. Miss Hurd dropped my hand, and sat still in the dusk of the room and made no sign. How she left the room, I know not. Nor do I know how I left it; but when I came to myself, I was in the fields again in the moonlight, putting Bob at a fence. I screeched with demoniac laughter. Miss Hurd! In love with Miss Hurd! Could she have dreamed of it? Could Polly have thought it? Horror! And I laughed bitterly to myself as I said that this was Fate's last and cruellest burden, and I would endure no more.

'When a tooth aches,' I told myself, 'the best thing to do is to have it out at once.' I resolved that I would go over next day, and compel Polly to turn spiritual dentist; but when morning came, the thought of Miss Hurd daunted me; and I hung about the stables in a weak irresolute way until, to my self-worrying mind, the very stable-helpers could read my vacillation and its cause; and I rode away in self-defence. Miss Hurd daunted me, as I have said; but though she held me back from the house with the memory of last night's episode, she could not keep me, nor could I keep myself, away from its neighbourhood. And there, as those serio-comic Fates who rule the destinies of lovers would have it, I found Polly alone in the fresh green lanes, with a frond of fern in her little gauntleted hand, and a wreath of young oak-leaves twined about her hat. I dismounted, and walked by her side, in a foolish compound mood of ecstasy and misery. Prompted by those serio-comic Destinies, I must needs drift in mystic and bewildering speech about last evening's episode with Miss Hurd. I tried at first to assume a tone of banter, which failed me miserably. Had Polly, so I asked her, ever deigned in her own mind to associate me with the matrimonial condition? Had she ever contemplated the possibility or probability of my being some day married? She regarded me gravely and frankly, but without a

suspicion of humour or confusion. No, she said; she had never thought of me in that connection.

'But,' she added, standing still to speak, and shading her eyes with the fern, held lightly in both hands, and making the sweetest picture with beautiful unconsciousness, 'you are getting to be a man, Jack. And I suppose,' with her eyes opening just a thought wider at the fancy, 'that I am getting to be a woman. One is a woman at nineteen, I think. Do you know?'—she spoke as though this were altogether a discovery—'I think that a girl is more a woman at nineteen, than a boy is a man at twenty.'

In my bewildered compound mood, this hurt my feelings. It seemed to widen the space between us, and to make despair more despairing. Canon Kingsley's charming novel of *Two Years Ago* was new just then; and I asked Polly, who had read it recently, if she remembered a passage in which it is declared—apropos of a Mr Creed, who carried a warlike message to Tom Thurnall—that if a man is ever to be a man he will be one at twenty.

'O yes,' said Polly, holding to her colours; 'but I think a woman is more a woman at nineteen.'

But, I persisted, with an aching feeling that my head was growing empty—had she ever thought that I was in love? With—with anybody?

'No,' she answered, facing round again, with the fern still lightly balanced in both hands above her eyes. I felt that I had a hangdog guilty look, and beneath her glance I could feel that unpleasant aspect deepen. A little light of humour in her eyes ripened into a full smile of friendly mirth. 'O Jack,' she said, 'is this a confession?' Before I could answer or think of answering, her sudden question had so staggered and bewildered me, she dropped the fern, and clapped her hands together. 'It is Miss Hurd!' she said with a gravity as sudden as the gesture; and with the swift vivacity which was a part of her, and is still, she passed her arm through mine, and in a tone of cosy confidential friendship, she said: 'Tell me all about it.'

'O Polly,' I cried, not thinking how answerable I was for the situation, 'how could you think such a thing of me?'

'I don't know,' said Polly, with a little shrug. 'Miss Hurd is very nice, I'm sure.'

'I daresay,' I answered with Byronic bitterness of soul.

'I beg your pardon, I am sure,' said Polly, moving her arm a little to-and-fro in mine, as if to decide upon the most comfortable position there. 'And now,' she said, giving my arm a little hug, as if to emphasise her own satisfaction in the approaching confidence, 'tell me all about it.'

I said: 'Never mind,' darkly; and Polly said coaxingly: 'Yes; now do tell me all about it.'

I responded still darkly that she would know some day; and at that she was a little offended, and withdrew her arm. The empty aching of my head left me incapable of doing or saying anything to retrieve myself; but it left me the power to make myself feel still more hangdog and more desperate. Perhaps, I said, she did not care to know. It could make no difference to her.

'How can you say so?' she demanded with a little flash of her old childish petulance. Then with stately gravity: 'You are a stupid boy. You are undecided and self-contradictory, and—with a complete change of face and voice, she took my arm again—'I am sure that you are not happy; and if I can help you, you must let me do it.'

I was quite melted at this, and told her that I felt I was a villain; but I added that it had been my fate all my lifetime to appear before her in an unfavourable aspect.

'That is all vanity,' she said with calm decisiveness. 'You have always been a little too self-conscious. Fight against it.'

'No,' I said, feeling desperately that the tooth was coming out at last; 'I have been awkward and constrained before you all my life.'

'Before me?' she asked in a voice which told me she was wounded.

'Yes,' I answered; 'and before you only. Ever since I saw you first, when Aunt Bertha took me to the nursery, and introduced me to you as your cousin.'

I had thought she would know my meaning; but her tone convinced me that she was still ignorant of it. She answered only: 'You are very unkind and cross to-day.'

'Unkind to myself,' I responded fatuously; 'but not so unkind as I deserve.'

'You are incomprehensible,' she answered in a tone of pique; and we walked on in silence until we came to the gate of the drive, when she asked me smilingly if I would 'Come in and be good.' Baffled in my purpose, and being altogether wretched and forlorn, I shook my head, and gave her my hand in silence.

'Bring your Odipus with you,' said Polly lightly, 'if you come again in so Sphinx-like a humour.'

'I will send him by the penny-post,' I answered, conscious of a lucid interval and a resolve.

'He shall be welcome,' said Polly with a laugh; and then with a nod and a bright 'Good day' she passed out of sight behind the curve of the trees.

I mounted Bob again, and in the tumult of my feelings, took him helter-skelter over the fields homeward. Arrived there, I sought the solitude of my chamber, and sat down to abuse myself for being so egregious an ass. I had said nothing I meant to say, and had said many things I had no right to say. I remembered my share in the whole conversation, and blushed over its inconsequence, its testiness, its want of purpose. I caught sight of my own face in the glass, and shook my head at myself savagely, announcing with perfect seriousness that if I could only get outside myself, I would kick myself from there to Land's End for an impracticable, disgraceful, unworthy idiot! I tried to write a letter to Polly, and made thirty or forty beginnings, and threw them all aside. So far as things went, I believe they all breathed unalterable devotion and a desire to die. I began one, I can remember, with: 'What am I, O pure and beautiful, that I should dare'—; 'Dear Polly' sounded too familiar; and 'Dearest Miss Fairholt'—apart from the distant coldness of the form—seemed to suggest that there were several Misses Fairholt—three at least. Why then, I thought, should I use any introductory phrase at all? Why not plunge in *medias res*, like 'some epic poets?' Whilst I sat thus bewildered, a message came from Uncle Ben, who

desired to see me; and having crammed the blotted and crumpled pile of unfinished notes into an escritoire and locked them there, I obeyed the summons.

Uncle Ben was strolling in the gardens, smoking a big porcelain German pipe. 'Have you got any notions, young un, about your future?' was the question with which he met me. I had within five minutes expressed the ideas I had upon that point, in writing; but feeling that Uncle Ben would scarcely care to know that I meditated an early death, and was quite indifferent as to what came before it, I contented myself by asking if he had thought about anything for me.

'I've thought about 'em all,' said Uncle Ben. 'Theer's the church, and theer's law, and theer's physic, and theer's th' army and navy. One, two three, four, five. Then theer's art, and theer's litterychewer. I take it for granted as you ain't got a special call to neither of them two.—I believed I had to each of them, but I kept silence.—'Well then, about the church?' he questioned, turning round upon me with a finger on a thumb in act to tell off the five.—I shook my head, having very serious and decided ideas on that matter.—'Very well. About the law? How should you like to be a barrister?'—I had but a mean idea of the legal profession, and I said so.—'Very well,' said my uncle, going on to the middle finger. 'Then theer's physic. Now, th' army and navy is only professions to them that's got a lot o' money, and don't want a profession. To anybody else they're slavery. How about physic?'

I thought I saw that 'physic' was what Uncle Ben most favoured, and I said 'Yes' tentatively.

'It's a honourable profession,' said my uncle, 'and it's a useful un. Now, what do you say to physic?'

I told him I thought I would say 'Yes' to physic; and he asked me then what I should say to Dr Brand.

'A real first-rate man, Johnny,' said Uncle Ben. 'Last time I was in town, I asked him if in a few years' time he'd be prepared to admit a smart feller into his place to look around him; and we had a bit of a talk about it; and he's willing to take you under his wing, my lad; and make a friend of you, and make a man of you. You'll see if you like it; and if you don't, you needn't stick to it. It's a great favour, mind you; but he'll look after you when you get up there, and you must cultivate him.'

It seemed all very easily settled; and Uncle Ben, who was always for striking whilst the iron was hot, advised me to go at once to London and spend a week there—see Dr Brand—walk through the hospitals, get a first general idea of things, and decide as soon as I could see my way to a decision.

'Look you,' said Uncle Ben, clapping me jovially on the shoulder, 'we'll go up to-morrer, and have a look round together. Eh, Johnny?'

That was settled at once. I made a fire of the blotted and crumpled fragments of notes, and sent a brief letter to Polly. Uncle Ben's proposal had cleared my wits a little, I suppose; for I wrote without overwhelming embarrassment that *Oedipus* and I were going up to town with Mr Hartley, and that we all three hoped to be improved by the trip, and that it was probable that the journey would result in my adoption of a profession. And having

despatched this letter, I lay for a long time awake, a little excited by the prospect of life in London, and a good deal less disposed to an early death on desert shores. When I fell asleep, I dreamed that I was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, and that I was Sir John Campbell.

ICE-MAKING.

WRITERS have always been fond of dilating on the contrasts that London presents, and some of them certainly are striking enough to an observant eye. It would, however, be difficult to find anything in the way of contrast more curious than that experienced by a parched and panting Londoner when he steps out of the heat and glare of a broiling day in July or August into an establishment in which one of the latest ice-making machines is at work—an establishment, for instance, such as may be found just by the side of the Thames, near the foot of Blackfriars Bridge. There, however hot it may be outside, winter reigns supreme. The van standing just within the entrance is being loaded with slabs of ice eight or ten inches thick, which have been dragged out from a glittering mass stowed away in an ice-house on the right. On the left-hand side as we enter, a roaring fire throws out intense heat, notwithstanding which the machinery in the place is patched here and there with hoarfrost and little tufts of what looks to be snow; while from several points are suspended glistening icicles—all genuine products of the more than wintry temperature which science has succeeded in producing and maintaining, in contempt of almanacs, and in defiance of dog-stars and noon-day suns.

This creation of a frosty temperature has long been a very simple matter. It is the result of the absorption of heat occasioned by the rapid conversion of a solid body into a liquid, or of a liquid into a vapour. When either of these changes takes place, the liquid or the vapour absorbs all the heat within its reach, and thus for the time being lowers the surrounding temperature. If in any way you can carry on the process so as to absorb so much of the surrounding heat as to reduce the air to thirty-two degrees, then your liquid will freeze and become solid. The temperature might in this manner be reduced far below freezing-point, even under the hottest of July suns. All this has long been understood, and scientific men have been able to produce any amount of ice. But to turn out the artificially made article at a moderate price has, till recently, been quite another matter. Now, however, the art has been brought to great perfection, and ice made by machinery can be sold at a very much lower figure than what we may term natural ice, taking cost of gathering, conveyance, and storage into account.

There were two things to be done in order to bring about these results—first, to discover the most efficient refrigerating agent; and secondly, to devise the apparatus by which it could be set to work in the freezing of water. Both problems have been solved with a completeness that seems to leave very little to be wished. The refrigerating agent adopted in the newest machines is ammonia. Everybody knows that different fluids will boil at different temperatures. Water boils at two

hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit ; ether at ninety-five degrees ; sulphurous acid boils at fifteen degrees, or seventeen degrees below the point at which water freezes ; while ammonia in liquid form, and under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, will boil at twenty-eight degrees below zero, or sixty degrees below the freezing-point of water. It not only vaporises or boils, as we say, at a very low temperature, but the vapour has an immense capacity for latent heat. The keen eye of modern science had noted these peculiar characteristics of ammonia, and machinery has been devised to take advantage of them. It would be useless to attempt to describe it without illustrations, and without a good deal of technical detail, for which few of our readers would care. It looks a little complicated, but the whole contrivance has just two objects in view—first, to reduce a quantity of brine to a very low temperature ; and secondly, to keep it circulating round the tanks in which water is to be frozen. The circulation is a simple matter of force-pumping, so we need not trouble ourselves with that part of the machinery. All the rest of it is merely an apparatus for changing the form of the ammonia from the liquid to the gaseous, and from the gaseous back to the liquid.

A certain amount of liquid ammonia is introduced into the machine ; and assuming that there is no leakage or breakage, it will do permanent duty. It will start here, go through the apparatus, and come back, ready to do duty over again as often as required. Here it is a liquid ; a little further on, it flies off into a gas ; then it condenses into a liquid ; and again a little further on becomes a gas, once more to settle into the liquid state towards the end of its journey at the original starting-point. Now, if the reader will bear in mind that liquid ammonia on changing into a gas absorbs an immense quantity of heat, and is bound to have it from somewhere or other, he will easily understand that just at the points in the machinery where the change takes place, there will be intense cold. The ammonia, as fast as it becomes a gas, must have caloric to generate, and it will suck what it requires out of the machinery and the surrounding air or anything else that happens to be near. It is at those points in the apparatus where this process is going on, that we find the icicles hanging and the little patches of snowy-looking ice and hoar-frost. Just at these points you may reduce temperature to almost any degree you please ; and if you want to cool your brine, all you have to do is to pass it through a coil of pipe winding round the receptacle in which this heat-sucking process is going on ; and if you choose, it may be made cold enough to freeze a tank of water in a baker's oven.

Most people know that ordinary brine, that is salt and water, requires a much greater degree of cold to freeze it than pure water. Hence salt cast upon ice or snow, melts it. A solution of chloride of lime, which constitutes the 'brine' in this machine, may be cooled down to fifty degrees below zero without freezing. In connection with the ice-making machine, it is not necessary to reduce the brine to such a temperature ; but after passing through a spiral pipe in the 'cooler,' it issues in a frigid torrent which freezes water more rapidly than the severest winter's night ever experienced in this country.

We will now leave the machinery and pass into the adjacent apartment in which the actual ice-making is going on. Here is a huge tank, nearly fifteen feet square, and three feet and a half in depth. This is divided longitudinally into a number of troughs by hollow iron walls, through which the brine, at a temperature representing sixty degrees of frost, or thereabouts, is pumped in one continuous stream, circulating round these tanks and back again to the 'cooler.' The 'ice-making by machinery' being nothing more than the natural process of freezing, is of course very slow work even at the lowest of temperatures. As soon, however, as the brine begins to rush round the tanks, a thin covering of glassy ice may be detected all round the inside of their walls, and this glassy covering grows thicker and thicker until, at the end of four-and-twenty hours, there is one solid lining about eight inches thick, hard as rock, and looking as though no strength short of that which would destroy the tanks themselves could ever detach it from the iron walls. Nothing, however, can be more easily accomplished. The stream of brine is cut off, and water at the ordinary summer temperature turned on in its place. This may involve an increase of some one hundred and thirty degrees of temperature, and instantly we hear a crackling and splitting on all hands, as the ice becomes detached from the sides of the tank. It may afterwards be lifted in huge slabs and blocks—eight or ten tons of it as the produce of one day's work.

There is one very curious feature in the process as here carried on. It is characteristic of the best ice that it is clear and transparent—free from those white, milky streaks which are commonly attributed to air. This appearance is not, however, attributable to the presence of air, but to the irregular formation of the crystal, which, by shooting out in various directions, present a broken and irregular surface, from which the light is reflected, instead of being allowed to pass through. Now it has been found that a slight, oscillating motion of the water in the tanks will give uniformity to the direction in which the crystals shoot out from the iron walls. The sway of the water determines the direction in which they dart out, and causes them to present a smooth and even surface to the play of light upon them. By a simple arrangement, this stirring is effected by bars of wood, which gently sway to and fro in the middle of each tank while the ice is forming on the walls all round.

It may safely be affirmed that ice turned out by this process is better than that which is taken from lakes and rivers. It is so for the most part in respect to its purity and transparency. But what is of more importance is its increased density and hardness. The harder the frost, the denser and more durable the ice produced by it. Nevertheless there are some purposes for which very hard ice is not desirable. Where it is to be mixed with salt for freezing purposes, for instance, the more rapidly it liquefies the better, and the ice that 'has the most gravy in it' is preferred. For such purposes, therefore, ice from our own ponds and streams has generally been used rather than that from the more rigorous climate of Norway or America. English ice can be got cheaper too. For merely cooling purposes, however—for use in the larder, in fishmongers' shops, in the cooling of

liquids, &c.—the harder the ice and the longer it will last, the better; and the produce of the tanks, or 'ice-boxes,' with their fifty or sixty degrees of frost, is far superior to the ice yielded by either our own or foreign waters. Bearing this in mind, and considering also that our native or imported 'natural' ice fetches from three to eight pounds per ton in the market, our readers may judge of the revolution that is going on in the trade, when we state that by one of these machines—Reece's for instance—some ten tons of ice may be turned out per day at a cost, as we are assured, of five-and-sixpence a ton.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

Two or three years ago, we lived in a lonely country-house at Dullenthorpe, a little hamlet twelve miles from the large seaport town of Liversedge. Being so far from a large town, was a great drawback in obtaining servants; and we had to pay high wages and put up with anything in the shape of 'help' that we could get. My mother had been wonderfully fortunate, and had retained her two good servants for nearly three years; so when our neighbours discussed their misfortunes, we listened with a feeling of superior pity. After my father's death, as she had four daughters at home, my mother no longer thought it right to keep two servants, considering that expense might be saved, and the extra work would keep us from moping. After several journeys up and down to different registry offices, I answered an advertisement that looked promising. Going down to Liversedge, a clean tidy-looking woman was presented to me by the name of Bridget Maloney. Her country was betrayed by feature and accent as well as by name. Her clothes, though very plainly made, were good in material; and there was a good-tempered and honest look in her dark-gray eyes that prepossessed me in her favour.

'Why did you leave your last place?' I said, after her capabilities in the cooking and washing line had been discussed, and both of which were satisfactory.

'Sure, Miss, there was a stepmother; and she used to bate the children of the first wife, and I couldn't stand it at all at all. Not but they was tiresome monkeys; and many a slap I've given them meself; but that's different to bating with a strap.'

I saw her last mistress, who gave her the character of being a 'thorough servant;' and I engaged her to come on the following day.

Bridget arrived while I was out; and on entering the parlour, my mother observed: 'That woman looks tidy and capable, Marian; but she is an awful talker. She nearly deafened me when she came, about the trouble she had to find the house; so, to get rid of her, I suggested it was five o'clock and she might like a cup of tea.'

Like most of her countrywomen, we found her wonderfully quick to understand when it suited her, and equally dense when it served her purpose to be stupid. However, as she was generally

willing and always good-tempered, her little eccentricities only amused us; and feeling quite comfortable about us, my mother and two sisters went off to pay a visit to some friends in the north, leaving Gwendolin and myself alone.

As one servant in a large house and in such a quiet country-place had a very lonely life of it, we talked more to Bridget than we should otherwise have done; and after a while it struck me she rather presumed on it. Her want of respect indeed amounted at times to an unaccountable mania.

It was now the end of November, and Gwen and I found the evenings very long and dull; therefore when the front-door bell rang about nine o'clock one night, though rather startled—for so quiet was Dullenthorpe, and so little given to visiting were its inhabitants, that we could generally account for every ring—it was with a feeling of pleasurable excitement we waited for the result. The bell rang again. As Bridget didn't attend to it, I pulled the one in the breakfast-room. She answered it in a great temper; and going to the front-door, pulled it open on the chain, and shouted out: 'Who's there?' so roughly, I was quite ashamed. As there was no answer, she opened the door; and then came in to say there was no one there. There was a large boys' school in the neighbourhood; so we decided one of the boys had done it for mischief. In about a quarter of an hour the bell rang again, with the same result; and Bridget retired, muttering sundry threats as to what she would treat the young spalpeens to, if she caught them. The next night the bell rung in the same way about six o'clock; but though annoyed, we resolved to take no notice, but let the boys tire themselves out.

About nine o'clock, Bridget appeared in great excitement. 'I was pickin' a chicken in the laundry, Miss, when a man with his head wrapped in a white cloth, came and pressed his face against the winder; and I want you to go round the garden with me and find him.'

'Is the back-door locked?' I asked.

'Troth, Miss. Don't I lock it every night when the milk comes.'

'Then put out the light in the laundry, and finish the chicken in the kitchen,' I said. I knew that if the back-door was locked, the house was safe; and our man, who was gardener and groom combined, was so careful, that I was certain the stables and outbuildings were quite secure. As we were not far from the station, where the natives congregated in the evening, and who were very fond of practical jokes, I was sure one of them had seen the light and had put his face to the window to startle her.

For several nights the bell-ringing went on with great regularity, always once or twice about six and nine o'clock. One afternoon, as I sat in the drawing-room, a violent peal echoed through the house. Now, our drawing-room had a large bow-window, commanding a full view of the drive and approach to the front-door. Resolved this time to see the provoking ringer, I moved to the window. At the same moment, Bridget opened the room-door and said very crossly: 'If it's the tea you're wanting, Miss Helyard, it will be in directly.'

'It was the front-door,' I said. 'See who is there.'

I heard her open the outer door ; it was now too cold to keep it open all day ; and a moment after she appeared in the drive, shaking her head. 'There was a man, Miss Helyard,' she called out ; 'and he ran first up to the stables, and when he found that door was locked, he ran down again, and jumped over the garden-wall ; and he called out he knew the place long before I did.'

'What was he like ?' I inquired breathlessly.

'Sure, Miss, he went past me like a streak of light, and I couldn't tell you at all at all.'

'But you must know what he was like,' I persisted.

'No, Miss ; indeed I can't tell you a bit. He ran like a hare.'

And that was all I could get out of her.

That night, the bell kept us on the constant start ; and I began to think of a gardener we had dismissed a year before, who had taken to drinking, and had lately, I fancied, favoured us with very black looks. The next day we concocted a scheme to catch the mysterious ringer. We tied a cord to the farthest arch of the veranda which covered the porch, so as to cross the step ; so that if it were taken in at the breakfast-room window, it could be jerked up when the bell rang, and no one could go down the steps without touching it. After half-an-hour's watch, without a crackle of the asphalt or a foot-fall on the step, the bell rang violently. For a second I sat paralysed, then I jerked up the cord. It remained tense in my hand without shock or jar. At the same moment Gwen suddenly opened the front-door. There was no one there ! We closed and double-locked both door and window with great celerity, and betook ourselves to the bright, well-lighted drawing-room, where we sat down to talk it over.

We were beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable ; we had scarcely got over the shock of my father's sudden death ; the house that used to ring from morning to night with song and laughter, was now so quiet that every sound seemed to echo ; and for the last month the weather had been steadily wet and foggy. All these causes combined put us both in a nervous excitable state ; and after the discovery that the bell rang without hands, Gwendolin retired to bed with a racking headache. I remained in the drawing-room ; but at Gwen's special request, left the door open. I heard Bridget running up-stairs with the hot-water bottle for her feet, murmuring as she did so : 'Poor little girl ! poor little girl !'

The ringing still went on ; and unable to bear the strain, we told our neighbours ; and gentlemen for several nights patrolled the garden and road, but on these occasions—to our great mystification—we were left in peace. One afternoon a lady-friend came in ; and as we sat talking, a peal at the bell startled us all.

'Oh, Miss Helyard, let us sit in the breakfast-room and watch,' said Mrs Marsland. 'It must be some one ; and it is so light we shall be sure to see them.'

Accordingly, we adjourned to the next room. Within the shadow of the veranda, it was perfect darkness ; but against the white drive we could have seen the movement of the smallest animal. Gwendolin crept to the front-door and held the handle turned in her hand ready to jerk it open instantly. While we were watching, Bridget came

in. She seemed to be in a state of great excitement. 'And is it watching you are ?' she said. 'Let me stay with you.'

'If you don't speak a word, you may,' I said.

But she went on talking in the strangest manner, and wound up a disconnected harangue with : 'Sure, are you stopping for tea, Mrs Marsland ? Do stop to tea.'

Mrs Marsland looked amazed, as well she might ; and I said sternly : 'Leave the room, Bridget.'

She glared at me, and at last departed, muttering something very like a suppressed malediction.

A few seconds after, without a sound from outside, the bell pealed through the silence. Gwen jerked the door open, and shut it again with great precipitation. There was no one there, she said. We all turned a shade paler ; and Mrs Marsland besought us to escort her to the end of the drive. I did so, and did not linger on the way back. When I entered, I found Gwen still more terrified : the bell had rung while she stood in the doorway ! I went into the kitchen to reprove Bridget for her conduct to Mrs Marsland ; but finding the gardener there, began to give him some directions. Bridget interrupted me several times ; and at last I told her, in a peremptory tone, to take the tea-things into the drawing-room, and not to come into the kitchen again until I had finished talking to David.

As soon as she had gone, he said : 'I would like you to let me sit in the veranda, Miss. I am determined to find it out ; and won't I just break the head of the scoundrel that has troubled you so much !'

The night was terribly cold ; it was freezing hard ; and I was very loath to expose David, who was rather a delicate man, to its severity ; but he pressed so hard, I couldn't refuse him ; and it was arranged he should be supplied with plenty of warm wraps, and should sit in the veranda from half-past eight till after nine. I returned to the drawing-room, where Bridget was banging the cups and saucers about in a most vindictive manner.

'Bridget,' I observed with great dignity, 'once for all, you must learn to curb your tongue, or you leave this house !'

This was the signal for a burst of screaming and crying, during which she said that if I had scolded her for big things, she could have borne it ; but it was always for little things, that no one else would have noticed !

In the middle of the excitement, there was a knock with the hand at the front-door ; and feeling much ashamed of the noise, I opened it, and discovered Mrs Marsland, escorted by her housemaid. Leaving the girl in the passage, she came into the drawing-room, the door of which she carefully closed, then taking us quite to the far end of the room, she demanded in a low voice : 'Does your servant drink ?'

'O no,' I said. 'She can't get at anything ; and once when she was ill, I had great work to get her to take a little brandy.'

Then said our friend in a most impressive whisper : 'If she doesn't drink, she is mad ; and we have come to the conclusion it is she who rings the bells. And I don't like to leave you two girls in the house with a madwoman.'

I explained that, mad or not, I was much stronger than Bridget, and that if we felt uneasy, we would get David to sleep in the house. On which assurance, but only looking half-satisfied, our friend departed.

While sitting over our tea, Gwen and I discussed the new idea. Now we were both almost teetotalers; and since my mother's departure, except to take out a little sherry for a pudding, the cellaret had not even been opened.

'I am quite sure there were both whisky and brandy in the decanters,' said Gwendolin; 'and didn't you decant some sherry for mother to take with her?'

'But she couldn't be drunk for three weeks on that,' I said; 'and it is only about that time that she has been rather strange.'

She had certainly changed for the worse both in her dress and temper. We had noticed that the slightest things seemed to excite her; but this we had put down to Irish eccentricity, increased by nervousness at the mysterious ringing. That night, her conduct certainly justified Mrs Marsland's suspicions. About nine o'clock she appeared, and flinging wide open the drawing-room door, said with the air of a Duchess: 'Miss Helyard, I demand of you, is David in the veranda or no?'

'I really don't know if he has come yet,' I replied.

'If I can't get an answer out of you,' she said vehemently—'and it's just lies you're telling me—I must see for myself.' She rushed to the front-door, threw it open, and disappeared into the garden, where we heard her shrieking out frightful abuse. We followed to the door, being afraid she meant to admit thieves, and that her excitement was feigned, to frighten us into keeping to one room. In a short time she came in, exhausted by her violence, and went straight to bed—as I took care, without a light.

The next day, to our inexpressible joy our mother came home. 'Why, that woman is mad with drink,' she said, after seeing Bridget a minute. 'Where is the key of the wine-cellar?'

'In the cellaret,' I said; 'and I have had the keys of that quite safely.'

The next day, Bridget was informed she might have a holiday to see her friends. In her absence, we took the opportunity of making a thorough examination. The wine-cellar revealed a dreadful tale. A dozen bottles of my father's splendid old port, half-a-dozen sherry, and different bottles of rum, whisky, and gin—thirty bottles in all, made a dismal gap in the stores my mother had thought would last for years. How any woman could consume so much in less than five weeks, and yet have gone about her work, and how we could have been so blind as not to find her out, were alike mysteries to my mother.

An examination of the sideboard shewed how the key had been obtained. It was made of beautifully carved old oak; but its interior arrangements were very badly contrived. The bottom of the drawer formed also the top of the cellaret; and when the drawer was withdrawn, anything below could be easily fished up by a piece of wire or pair of tongs. Behind one of the kitchen-doors, which always stood open, was found a mop of tremendous length, meant for brushing lofty ceilings, and which could therefore be easily used

for reaching to where the bells were hung. Its proper place was the housemaid's closet up-stairs; so that accounted for our not thinking of it. The absence of any motive for such malicious conduct supplied a reason for our blindness in not connecting Bridget with the bell-ringing. It could only be accounted for as the freak of a woman mad with drink.

When she saw we had found her out, she came to my mother with a table-knife clenched in her hand; but a little quiet decision soon cowed her; and when she departed that night, she was evidently as glad to leave as we were to see the last of our 'Perfect Treasure.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HOBBIES.

A HOBBY is, according to the dictionary, 'an object of affection;' but this definition, if not altogether wrong, is very different from that generally ascribed to the word. It is really understood to mean every self-imposed task which is taken up as a pleasure, in contradistinction to those only pursued for profit. Hobbies are so varied in their nature, that it would be next to impossible to arrange them in a classified form. But a large number may be placed under the head of 'Collecting Hobbies.' Even in childhood this trait may often be detected. Who does not remember the heterogeneous mass of odds and ends which he or she so jealously guarded in days gone by? Again, what a strange mania possesses the boy who gathers together about a bushel of marbles? There is, however, some method in this form of madness; for marbles at school are to a certain extent legal tender for all kinds of small transactions in pocket-knives and other necessities of boyhood. Cherrystones, horse-chestnuts, buttons and knuckle-bones have also their claims on the regard of the young collector. Defaced postage-stamps were also affected by many long before the demand brought its natural supply of gaily bound albums in which to preserve them. It would be curious if it could be ascertained that those who in boyhood have given themselves up to these hobbies, carried out their destiny later in life by giving fabulous prices for scarce cups and saucers and bric-à-brac.

Another trait which shews itself in a very marked manner during childhood—and which is often afterwards developed into a hobby—is the natural love for the lower animals. This feeling, so general, should be surely encouraged in every way. The pets usually in vogue among little folk are fowls, rabbits, and guinea-pigs; for they are easily obtained, and can in great measure shift for themselves. But animals of a far more unpleasant nature occasionally engage the affections of youth, such as frogs, lizards, and toads. Hobbies such as these are the abhorrence of the careful housewife; but all the same they must not too readily be discouraged. There is a certain amount of good in them, which should not be sacrificed altogether to the love of order, which by the way is with many people a rampant hobby in itself. We have regarded such inconvenient pursuits as being not entirely destitute of good, because there is no doubt that very often habits of comparison and observation of natural things are thus implanted in the mind, which may afterwards bear good fruit in the shape of scientific research. The same may be said of the mania which possesses some

boys of trying everything in the shape of a chemical experiment—doubtless to their own satisfaction, but to the detriment of the household gods generally. It seems something like heresy to assert that boys should be encouraged in such amusements; but we do say it. For when we look around us and consider that every necessary we have, and every trade through which our wants are supplied, owes its present state of perfection in a great measure to the science of chemistry, we should not be too ready to discountenance, on the sole ground of minor inconveniences, the dawning love for such a splendid branch of study. In the present day, a good deal of attention is paid in our schools to natural philosophy; so it may be hoped that the rising generation will be a little more conversant than their parents with the phenomena which surround the daily actions of their lives. Ask any average middle-aged man in this nineteenth century the solution of such a simple problem as the composition of air or water, and in the generality of cases he will confess himself puzzled. But the best apology for permitting boys to flirt with chemistry, is the fact that our modern school of chemistry is founded upon discoveries hit upon by the students of old, who dabbled in the science in much the same spirit that possesses the boyhood of to-day.

Hobbies which bring pleasure and profit to others besides the promoter, should most certainly take a very high rank in our estimation. It is the peculiarity of many such occupations that while they bring good to others, they are usually fraught with expense and trouble to their originator; although of course in his case this trouble and expense are compensated for in seeing the results growing under his hands.

Of the various hobbies which engross men's minds, perhaps those connected with the arts are the most common. Music is now happily such a general accomplishment, that it can hardly be called a hobby. Still some people do make it one, and unfortunately many affect it who are incapable of securing any result save that of torturing the ears of their fellows. Putting aside vocal music as being of too ordinary a character to need notice, we will consider in a brief manner the instrumental part of the question. Unfortunately, the instrument which an amateur chooses for his first attempts is often of a very aggravating character. The flute in the hands of a learner is one of the most exasperating instruments to the enforced listener. It is so comparatively easy to tootle a melody on this instrument, that many amateurs adopt it. The cornet is even worse, and yet it is an instrument much affected by amateur musicians, to the inexpressible annoyance of those who are compelled to listen.

Stringed instruments offer so many difficulties to the aspirant to musical fame, that they are seldom meddled with, except by those who mean to take some pains to acquire proficiency. A moderately good player can always find a ready welcome to one of the numerous orchestras or quartet parties which are now common all over the kingdom. It is true that such orchestras do not always come up to a very high standard; still, they afford people the pleasure of working together in a friendly spirit towards one common end; and when a hobby takes this form, who can cavil at it!

The most usual fault of which amateur musical societies are guilty is the choice of work far beyond their powers of performance, and very often above the capacities of their hearers. People are apt to forget that the ear requires a certain education before it can distinguish good from bad. The dearth of this ear-education is exemplified in the enormous prices often paid for the copyright of wretched street songs, which spread over the entire country in a few days like a terrible epidemic; while it is a fact that competent musicians are told by publishers that it does not pay to produce works that are actually too good for the multitude to appreciate. This form of ignorance is by no means confined to our lower classes; it is more or less common to all.

From music to painting is an easy transition; indeed in very many instances the two arts have been successfully cultivated by one and the same person. It is certain that the love of the one is very likely to beget a fondness for the other. In painting, as in music, the common fault prevails of aiming too high at first, in forgetfulness of the axiom that one must creep before he can walk. The type of drawing-master, now happily almost extinct, is in great measure responsible for this; the necessity for making parents believe that their hopefuls have made rapid progress, by exhibiting to their partial eyes impossible landscapes duly furnished with impossible figures, being at the root of the evil. It is too much the custom to allow children to dabble with colours before they can describe a straight line with tolerable accuracy—under which circumstances the chances are that they will never master that essential element of art. Our art-schools have worked a healthy reform of late years; but it will be some time before their influence will make an inroad upon the false system of teaching which still prevails in many places, by shewing that servile copying from flat lithographic studies means egregious waste of time. The master who really means his pupils to shew advancement, will direct them to begin by sketching such solid objects as any household will afford—pots and pans and the like, such as the great Teniers was not too proud to introduce with such marvellous fidelity into the pictures which have handed down his name to posterity.

In the present day, there is too much affectation for what is called 'high' art; a kind of struggling after a vague ideal which has no counterpart in nature. It is the fashion to give this feeling encouragement, and in consequence a great deal of nonsense is talked about the decadence of art. The old masters, for whom we have the utmost veneration, are lauded beyond their deserts, and pictures cracked and generally disfigured, are called 'fine.' If they were painted nowadays by some obscure artist they would remain unobserved and neglected.

Another branch of art which many make a hobby, and which seems more perhaps than every other amusement to engross all the energies of its followers, is the histrionic. It would seem as though there was some subtle influence attached to a theatre against which some people find it very difficult to combat. The character of the stage-struck youth has again and again been introduced by old and modern dramatists as a subject for satire; and in real life it is by no means an uncommon one. In this particular, acting partakes

much of the nature, in its effect, of dancing. An inordinate love of the latter pastime is of course a trait immeasurably below that of acting, where the intellect is engaged, and where acquaintance is made with the works of standard authors. But still the time absorbed could certainly be better employed; to say nothing of the fact, that a dramatic club is usually a kind of mutual admiration society, and one therefore not likely to be of permanent value to its members.

In conclusion, we must readily admit that many of the hobbies we have mentioned are of great use to the community, as well as to the persons principally concerned. They give employment to many; they encourage trade in various ways; and they are in constant demand for benevolent purposes.

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—PROLOGUE.

I HAVE spent to-night in the past—the past, which I fancied was safely buried beyond sight and resurrection. Not forgotten—ah, no!—but so far distant, so resolutely lived down, that it seems miserable a few old pages of faded writing should have power to ‘roll the stone from its grave away.’ It is lying open before me—the grave of a woman’s heart and hopes and happiness. And though the stern forms of Duty and Fate are sitting one at the head, the other at the feet, with the same smile on their pale faces that has hitherto been my only strength, I cannot look into their eyes to-night; I can but stoop yearningly over my buried treasures, and water them with unavailing tears.

Only a few pages of faded writing, found in an old desk, which two hours ago I opened for the first time in fifteen years. I am a proud woman, and a strong woman; and yet the written record of these few months of my life has swept away all the barriers raised by Time and resolute toil.

Let me copy the pages from Edith’s Diary and my own here; and consecrate this night at least to the loving memory of my dear sister—and others.

CHAPTER I.—EDITH’S DIARY.

March 1, 186—.

An event is about to take place. I do not remember ever having had previous occasion to make such an interesting announcement as the above. The story of our lives from day to day is about as dull as it well can be; and therefore—though we are very happy, Papa, Katrine, and I—an event is an event to us, and we are excited accordingly. And yet the prospective circumstance, to any but such a doctor-ridden house as ours, would not probably be regarded as one of momentous interest. It is only that old Dr Rousby—who brought me into the world, and has been in frequent and lively anticipation of seeing me go prematurely out of it—is about to retire from practice, and that Dr Max Gordon is coming to succeed him.

It is vain to disguise a notable fact, and I may therefore mention here that such lamentable failures—from a sanitary point of view—as my father and myself, are it is to be hoped uncommon. We both of us ‘enjoy’ almost constant bad health, and expect to be waited upon by the family physician regularly as by the postman. A change like the

one impending is regarded by us, therefore, as a matter of no small moment; and the advent in our midst of a stranger—for he is almost that, so long is it since we saw him—thrills us with expectation, not unmingled with awe.

One only of our household can boast of her due allowance of strength, physical and mental. I see her coming up the approach as I write—my sister Katrine. The cold wind is blowing a soft pink into her pale pure cheeks; the velvet and dark furs shew off her glorious hair—‘yellow like ripe corn;’ great lustrous eyes of darkest gray look up to the window at me; whilst a loving smile parts the sweet, proud lips. (Are you truly—as in very truth you seem to me—faultless, O my sister? Or, even as those fathomless eyes give your face its one wanted touch of earth, is that regal pride of yours in like wise, the hall-mark of your spirit’s humanity?)

Our relation is deeper than even the deep one of ordinary sisterhood. Ever since I can remember, Katrine has been to me mother, sister, teacher, nurse, everything; and not for a single day during my recollection have we been separated. In truth, our travels have not been far or wide. Two visits to Scotland—five and three years ago—constitute our sole glimpses of the world lying beyond The Grove and its vicinity. The delicacy of Papa’s health and mine was always a sufficient barrier to our further peregrinations, and Katrine of course would not move without us.

Twelve years since, when Kate was nearly fourteen, and I was five, our mother died. I do not recall her well—though the dim image of a pale wasted face, and the sound of a hacking cough, haunt me sometimes when I look at myself in the glass. Katrine cannot speak of her even yet. Once after I had been ill, seized with a sudden anxiety as to the possible ravages left by disease in my small white countenance, I asked my sister to bring me the mirror. The sight of my thin face instantly revived more powerfully than ever the vision of that other one—perhaps because the likeness in my own to it was even more marked than usual.

‘Kate,’ I said, still contemplating my unenviable reflection, ‘you are like Papa, everybody says; am I like Mamma, then?’

My sister laid hands on the glass swiftly; and glancing at her, I saw her cheeks had turned as white as my own.

‘Am I, Kate?’ I repeated with the exacting pertinacity of convalescence.

‘Yes, darling,’ she answered, wrapping another shawl round my shoulders. ‘Too like, by far,’ I heard her sigh to herself as she turned quickly away.

Aunt Mabel, who is staying with us just now, told me yesterday that the night Mamma died she called Katrine to her, and whispered: ‘I leave our Edith to you, dearest. For the sake of our fourteen years’ unbroken love and friendship, you will shield our delicate darling, Katrine?’

And Katrine, her pale lips on Mamma’s, promised: ‘With my life, mother.’

Strangely enough, only yesterday for the first time an idea presented itself to me, or rather *was* presented, which I suppose to most other girls of my age would have occurred often, and long ago. I was tired, and had fallen asleep on the drawing-

room sofa. Aunt Mabel was seated by the fire, and I suppose Katrine must have come in whilst I slept; for presently I was conscious of murmuring voices, and listened to them lazily in a dreamy half-awakened way.

'Well,' Aunt Mabel was saying, 'in my opinion it is quite a misdirection of the natural and fitting order of things, for a girl of your beauty and accomplishments, and the rest, to be buried alive here with two invalids, when you should be adorning quite a different position. Lord Haricourt'—

'I gave Lord Haricourt my ultimatum long ago,' Katrine put in rather contemptuously. (Here my semi-comatose state became one of lively interest.) 'I must say I can't conceive how my lot—with which I am perfectly satisfied—could possibly be bettered by uniting it with *his*.'

'I don't know what you 'would have,' Aunt Mabel replied calmly. 'Viscounts with fifteen thousand a year don't grow on every bush.'

'The beauty of Nature would scarcely be enhanced if they did, taking this one for a fair specimen,' remarked Katrine dryly. 'Dear Auntie,' she added with a little laugh, 'what would you have me marry that half-witted boy for?'

'He has been a very constant boy,' Aunt Mabel observed, ignoring the question.

'Is he still of the same mind, then?' returned Kate, with lazy indifference, evidently tired of the subject.

'He is; and is in very earnest hopes that time may have changed yours. It is ridiculous to make Edith your excuse, you know, Katrine. There is no reason why you should not have her to live with you, if you like.'

'And what is to become of poor Papa? My lord does not want to marry us *en famille*, I suppose?' Kate returned sleepily—the influence of fire and easy-chair being apparently more seductive than the aspirations of her suitor.

'Parents must lay their account with such things,' continued Aunt Mabel with quiet pertinacity. 'It is not with regard to this case alone that I regret to learn your decision. You will have other offers, no doubt; but I should be very sorry if you intended applying the same rule to all.'

'I have had no temptation to break it,' said Katrine, with a leaven of unconscious pride in her voice, and rising as she spoke. 'No man ever yet had power to make me waver in my duty, thank God!—I trust Edie has been asleep,' she added quickly, bringing a hot flush of tardy shame to my cheek. 'I should not like the child to be disturbed with'—

'I don't think she is such a child as you fancy,' said Aunt Mabel quietly. 'Those sensitive fragile natures often possess a prematurely developed faculty of perception and insight. They have a quiet logic of their own, that carries them further than all our boasted knowledge and experience.'

I had my back to them, so I could not see the effect of this speech on Katrine; but I guessed the wistful expression with which she looked over at me in the silence that followed. And then with a start—which she no doubt took for a waking one—I met my sister's loving eyes looking down into mine, as though she would fain reassure herself that her child was one still, and

her own. Ah, yes, ever your own, Katrine, child or woman!

But I have wandered far from the subject with which I started—Max Gordon's approaching arrival. As I said, he is almost a stranger to us; for though he used to visit the Rousbys sometimes—his father was their dearest friend—the last two occasions on which he was here happened to be during the very two summers Katrine and I spent in Scotland. Kate may remember him, I daresay; but to me he will have all the charm of novelty—a charm by no means to be despised, when one hardly sees a new face from year's end to year's end.

My sister regards the impending change with unqualified approval. She says the old doctor—valued friend though he be—is professionally antiquated; and she thinks it will be a great advantage for Papa and me to have 'the last discoveries of science' brought to bear upon us. Our new physician's fame has preceded him. He had a brilliant career at college, and has since been abroad, gaining fresh laurels at foreign universities. In fact, had it not been an ancient family arrangement between the Rousbys and the Gordons that Max was to step into the old doctor's shoes, I hardly fancy that the luck of securing his services would have fallen to Hatherton. For the rest, as we know all about him—that he is of good family, a gentleman, and a scholar—we would seem for once to be in the distinguished position of having got the right man in the right place.

ROCKING-STONES.

SCATTERED over certain portions of the British Isles, and here and there in other parts of the world, may be found masses of detached rock, often of great size, poised so nicely on a narrow base that they move to and fro under very slight pressure, and known in Great Britain by the name of 'Logan' or 'Rocking' Stones. In some cases the action of the wind alone is sufficient to set them in motion.

Formerly, these stones, from their peculiar characteristics, were considered to be the work of human hands, and were classed among 'Druidic remains'—the common belief being that they were connected with the religious rites and ceremonies of the Druids.

One of the absurd beliefs was that if a supposed culprit was brought to a rocking-stone, his guilt or innocence would be at once proclaimed—if guilty, the stone would vibrate on his approach by unseen power; while on the other hand his innocence would be proved by its remaining stationary. An opposite belief—that the stone would 'rock' at the slightest touch of those pure at heart, but would withstand even a giant's power when exerted by the guilty—is thus well expressed by the poet Mason:

Behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor,
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon.

These beliefs, like many others connected with

so-called cromlechs and other remains, are, however, exploded, and it is now very generally agreed that rocking-stones are not works of art, but the result of natural causes.

There can be no doubt that in most cases the 'rocking' property of these masses of stone is entirely due to weathering; disintegration having been effected through countless ages by the action of wind and rain, and sometimes by sand blown by the wind upon the masses of jutting rock of which they are composed. In some instances too, there is little doubt the superincumbent mass has fallen or rolled from the rocks and heights above, and become accidentally poised on its present bed; and in others again, they may have been deposited in their position by glaciers or icebergs. In all cases, however, we shall be safe in attributing, in one way or other, their formation to natural agency. At one of the meetings of the British Association, this theory was clearly demonstrated by Mr Grove, who stated that by artificial attrition he had himself made several miniature rocking-stones; 'and thus he shewed how by the action of the atmosphere on their corners, many large masses of rock, which have a tendency to disintegrate into cubical or tabular blocks, might gradually become rounded into the rude spheroidal shape generally presented by the logan.'

There are a number of these singular formations in Devonshire, the most remarkable being known as the 'Nutcracker.' It is situated on a ridge near Lustleigh Cleave, near Manaton, and is so delicately poised that it can be moved with the little finger. The stone is about five feet in length and breadth, 'and rests as it were upon a keel, so that a push rolls it from side to side, its progress at each vibration being arrested by a stone against which it knocks;' and a nut being placed at the point of contact is easily cracked; hence its name. Another rock, also known as the 'Nutcracker,' which formerly rocked, but is now immovable, stands on Hleytor near Moreton; it is about sixteen feet in length, and is poised horizontally upon an upright rock, surrounded by a wild cluster of masses of granite. Another and larger mass of granite near it oscillates with considerable ease. The rocking-stone lying in the bed of the river at Drewsteignton, is about eighteen feet in length, and in some parts seven feet high. It could formerly be easily moved with one hand; but now—probably owing to the constant washing of sand into its bed—it is immovably fixed. It has evidently fallen from the hill above. A smaller one, but capable of being rocked with greater facility, is situated on the brow of a hill at Holy-street, in the parish of Chagford. One on East Down, named the 'Whooping Rock' from the noise it yielded in tempestuous weather, has also long ceased its functions. Two other rocking-stones, now however fixed—the one called 'Rugglestone,' measuring twenty-two feet in length, nineteen in breadth, and five feet in thickness, and the other about ten feet by nine—are near Widdacombe.

In the neighbouring county of Cornwall, rocking-stones are plentiful. A very notable one is the 'Logan Rock' at Treryn Castle in the parish of St Leven, between Penzance and the Land's End. It is a stupendous block of granite, poised on the crest of an immense pile of rocks that jut out into the sea. In size it is about seventeen

feet in length, and thirty-two and a half in circumference near its middle, and its weight is probably about sixty-five tons. The portion in contact with the under rock is of very small extent; and the whole mass is so nicely balanced, that the strength of a single man applied to it is sufficient to make it oscillate. A superstitious idea used to be current among the peasantry that although one person might rock the stone, yet no power whatever would prove enough to displace or overthrow it. On the 8th of April 1824, a young naval lieutenant named Goldsmith, who was at that time in command of a revenue-cutter stationed off the Cornish coast, resolved in a fit of wantonness to put this popular belief to the test. Accompanied by his crew, he soon proved the fallacy of the superstition, for in a very short time the united strength of the party was sufficient to 'log' or move the stone a short distance from its position; but an adjoining rock kept it from going over the cliff. Trifling as the alteration was, it destroyed the rocking property of the huge block; and the mischievous lieutenant found all the efforts of himself and men unavailing to restore it to the place which for ages it had occupied. His action so enraged the inhabitants of the district, that they complained to the authorities; and the result was, he received orders from the Admiralty to replace the rock. The task, on account of the peculiar position of the logan-stone and surrounding rocks, was a very difficult one; but at length, with the assistance of ropes and machinery from Plymouth dockyard, it was reinstated in its former resting-place. It now stands on a short iron bolt, but cannot be 'logged' nearly so easily as before it was so mischievously tampered with. There are a number of smaller logan-rocks in this district, the name 'logan' being taken from the Cornish 'logg' to move to and fro. One formerly in the parish of Constantine, between Penrhyn and Helston, was larger than the one last described; but the influence of the elements, which probably first caused its singular shape, has now robbed it of its facility of movement. At Sithney, four miles from Helston, is one called Mén-amber, the British word for the holy-stone. This used to be a fine logan, until it was thrown down by order of Shruballs, Oliver Cromwell's governor of Pendennis Castle, on account of the superstitious adoration with which it was regarded by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. In the southern corner of the isthmus leading westward to Carn les Boel are several rocks resting one on another; the uppermost, fifteen feet long, six high, and seven broad, is so delicately poised that from one position a child can easily 'logg' it. Others occur also in various parts of the county, one notable example being at Zennor. Several rocking-stones occur in the Scilly Isles, notably one at St Agnes, very high, and nearly globular in shape.

About three miles from Monmouth and one from the Kymyn occurs the 'Buckstone,' a logan which can be rocked with a moderate degree of strength. The brow of the hill on which the Buckstone is situated inclines at an angle of twenty-five degrees, and any small stone laid down by the visitor will immediately roll down the declivity; but the great rock, which is of pyramidal form, and nearly sixty feet in circumference, has kept its place for ages. In Camden's *Britannia*, 1722, men-

tion is made of what was known to the learned author as Y maen Sigl, or the rocking-stone, situated on a sea-cliff within half a mile of St Davids, Pembrokeshire. This, like the one at Sithney, was thrown down by the Puritan soldiers during the Commonwealth. On the western brink of a hill near Elwysilan, Glamorganshire, about midway between Merthyr and Cardiff, is another example, known to the natives by the name of Y maen Chwyf. The block is composed of rough sandstone, and its size has been estimated at about two hundred and fifty cubic feet. A moderate application of strength will give it considerable motion, which may easily be continued with one hand.

Near Llandudno, Caernarvonshire, is one called by the inhabitants Crid Tudno—that is, St Tudno's Cradle. Some mischief-loving person has thrown it off its balance; and now, instead of rocking to and fro as it used to do on the application of one finger, it lies fixed like any other of the blocks near it.

On a hill on Ashover Common in Derbyshire is a rocking-stone twenty-six feet in circumference, called 'Robin Hood's Mark,' which oscillates with moderate force. On Hathersage Moor in the same county is one somewhat larger in size; and others also still exist in the same neighbourhood. Some small ones also occur at Stanton Moor; but the most notable examples are the 'Rowter' or 'Roo-tor' rocks at Birchover near Winster. The largest of these is about ten feet in height, and over thirty in circumference, and it rocks with great ease. On Whitsunday 1799, this fine stone was overthrown by a party of wild young fellows, by way of frolic, and although restored as near as may be to its original position, it has never rocked or 'roo'd' (rolled) so well since. On another part of this stupendous mass of rocks is a second rocking-stone known as the 'Finger-stone,' which although of considerable size, may with the most perfect ease be moved with one finger. On the Bradley Rocks close at hand, too, is a rocking-stone; and another of smaller size occurs on Winster Tor.

At Walton in Lancashire, five of these stones are situated so contiguous to each other that if one is touched, the motion is communicated to all the rest. Several interesting examples occur in Yorkshire. At Brimham Rocks, about a mile and a half from the Dacre Banks Station near Harrogate, is a remarkable group of three, composed of millstone grit, the centre stone being supposed to weigh a hundred tons.

At a short distance from these, the 'Boat' rocking-stone, of about forty tons weight, is perched on the edge of a precipice, and can be moved with very slight pressure. At Brandrith Crag, nine miles from Harrogate, on the road to Bolton Priory, is one weighing upwards of twenty tons, and capable of being rocked with great facility. There is also one at Thornthwaite in that neighbourhood. Another, near Halifax, is ten and a half feet long, nine feet five inches broad, and five and a quarter feet thick. One or two cases occur amid the Cumberland hills; and in *A Tour through the Island of Great Britain*, by Defoe and Richardson (1769), we find mention of one near Balvaire, in Fife, the oscillating power of which was destroyed by the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell.

Grosé, in his *Antiquities of Scotland*, 1797, speaks of what he terms a logan-stone so poised as to

be movable with a small exertion of force. This huge stone, he says, stood near the summit of the Kell Rin Mountains in Galloway. It was known as the 'Mickle Lump;' and was eight feet nine inches long, five feet one inch and a half in height, and in circumference twenty-two feet nine inches. On the summit of the wooded pyramidal hill, Craig-y-barns, which forms so remarkable a feature in the landscape at Dunkeld, is 'what used to be a wonderful rocking-stone, but the stone has been fastened by the insertion of wedges.' In the Isle of Arran, an interesting example of rocking-stone may be seen near the shore at South Sannox.

Several instances occur in Ireland. Camden speaks of one at Clonmany, County Donegal, described to be of vast size and pyramidal form, and known by the name of Magarl Fhin mhic Cuill. At Brown's Bay, on the coast of Antrim, is a remarkably fine rocking-stone, well balanced on a projecting rock; it can be moved with great ease in one direction. On the side of a lofty hill in the Coom Duv or Black Valley, near the Upper Lake of Killarney, County Kerry, is the Balance Rock, spoken of by Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall in their elegant work on *Ireland*, as a 'Druidical' memorial of great antiquity. This stone is likened by Moore to the poet's heart, which

The slightest touch alone sets moving.

But all earth's powers could not shake from its base.

On the side of Slieve Ban, near Rostrevor, is a large block of granite, probably deposited there, as so many have doubtless been, by ice, which formerly is said to have been easily rocked. Tradition affirms that the mass of granite 'was pitched there from the Carlingford Mountains by Fionn M'Comhal, who, having accepted a challenge from a celebrated Caledonian giant, travelled as far as Carlingford to meet him. Benandonner the Scotch giant having landed at Dundrum, came as far as Slieve Ban to meet his adversary Fionn. The latter, as a salutation or exhibition of his strength, is said to have taken this lump of granite from a gap—still shewn in the Carlingford Mountains—and heaved it across the lough. It fell at the feet of bold Benandonner, who was so much startled at the strength of Fionn, that he declined further competition, and returned at full speed to the quiet of his native Scottish hills.' At Luggala, on the eastern side of the valley, a rocking-stone is said to have been thrown down by a party of military in 1800, and now lies immovable some yards from its original position. On the Three-Rock Mountains, County Dublin, culprits are said to have been 'placed under the stone, which was made to vibrate over their heads and threaten death at every instant.'

It is unnecessary to prolong this list of examples of 'logan' or 'rocking' stones; those named being only a small proportion of what are known still to be in existence. They occur in most parts of the globe, and are associated in many ways with the beliefs, the superstitions, and the history, in some cases, of the localities where they occur; and are invariably of interest to tourists and others in quest of natural curiosities.

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SEA-SICKNESS.

BY A VICTIM.

MANY persons could have a much more pleasant and varied holiday if it were not for the suffering caused by sea-sickness. How real and how severe this suffering is, many readers will not in the least comprehend; while others understand it but too well. In the assured belief that it is possible to palliate its miseries, and sometimes to prevent it altogether, the following hints are submitted: several of them derived from personal experience.

In the first place, sea-sickness is mainly the result of the motion of the ship affecting the brain. This may be confirmed by observing that the motion of a swing, or even of a passenger-lift in an hotel, will affect many persons very unpleasantly. Hence it follows that persons of excitable temperament or susceptible nerves are the most likely to suffer at sea. In prospect of a voyage, persons liable to sea-sickness should keep themselves as calm as possible. If there is fuss and hurry and excitement up to the last moment before starting, the liability is much increased. It is also well to be specially careful of the diet and the general health for a few days before sailing, and particularly not to indulge in rich food. The marvellous connection between the brain and the stomach which causes sea-sickness may thus be turned to account in resisting it. Shortly before starting, a plain and nourishing but not heavy meal should be taken. This rule scarcely admits of any exception; on no account go to sea with an empty stomach. Even if it is perfectly certain that the meal will be thrown up shortly—if painful experience has convinced the traveller that he or she cannot possibly escape illness, it is most unwise, indeed it is somewhat dangerous, to encounter sea-sickness without food. Even between the paroxysms, something fluid may often be taken with advantage. Sailors say, avoid fruit in immediate prospect of a voyage; and the advice seems sound, for several reasons. At any-

rate, I have known free indulgence in fruit before starting to be severely punished ere very long.

The will and the imagination have much to do with this form of suffering. When mounted on a hard-trotting horse, and above all when leaping frequently in the hunting-field, the brain and stomach are rapidly agitated and in very active motion; yet no idea of being sick is entertained for a moment. Resolute resistance certainly has great power; while an apprehensive imagination can do much—as elsewhere and in other matters—to precipitate a crisis. It by no means follows, however, that the victim of sea-sickness is a coward. There may be no sense of personal danger, but even a high degree of intrepidity in the presence of danger, in persons who nevertheless will succumb to the unaccustomed sensations of a sea-voyage. But of course panic is most likely to aggravate these, and all that is possible should be done to reassure timid sufferers.

When the voyage is to be a long one, and the idea of altogether escaping can scarcely be entertained, it is best to go to your berth at once and remain there till the brain has got accustomed to the motion of the ship. Standing on deck and watching the receding shores of your native land may be very poetical, but it is often very injudicious, and incurs a heavy penalty. Better to lie down immediately, and take very light food for some time. On the Cunard boats—possibly on others—good beef-tea with oatmeal in it is supplied to the invalid passengers; and is in every way a suitable diet. Let the sufferer persevere in taking it at proper intervals, and by degrees more and more will be retained, till in time solid food may be attempted. Brandy is almost always a mistake, and in the majority of cases a very great mistake; it stimulates too strongly the already over-excited brain, and readily increases acidity in the stomach. Should it be given under medical orders—to relieve faintness, for instance—it is well to mix it with soda or potass water. The effervescence of the latter is often very welcome, and is considered helpful as

against the nausea, while the alkaline qualities may tend to relieve the acidity. If the state of the weather permits, plenty of fresh air should be admitted into the cabin.

But I wish to speak now of shorter trips—holidays—in which it is often so desirable to escape from sea-sickness. The first day or two of a short continental tour are sometimes rendered very uncomfortable by it; the prospect of the return sea-passage hangs like a dark cloud over the rest of the trip, and brings the traveller back fatigued and disgusted instead of being invigorated and charmed. No wonder that the idea of a submarine tunnel has been seriously entertained, for what with the 'chopping' sea and the small steamers necessitated by the very shallow tidal harbours, at Calais and Boulogne, the passage—short as it is—is often horribly miserable. Here, as for the longer voyage, I say, lie down as soon as possible. Secure a place on deck or below according to taste, and assume the horizontal position without loss of time. On no account look about you. To watch the motion of the ship or the waves is a luxury that must be dispensed with by those who are fighting against nausea. For those who can afford it, a draught of good champagne at starting is excellent; and one or two more while *en route* may not come amiss. But beware of cheap and bad champagne as of a dangerous enemy. Total abstainers may find good soda-water serve almost as well. One glass of old dry port wine at starting will be preferred by some to the champagne, and has the advantage that it can be easily carried in a pocket-flask. Do not attempt to talk, or even to listen too intently to conversation. A condition of contented stupidity should be your aim; and if you are so fortunate as to go to sleep, you will indeed have gained a victory over the demon of the sea. For myself, I am so bad a sailor that even writing this paper gives rise to some very uncomfortable sensations; but the plan I have recommended, with a resolute effort of will, has seen me through the difficulties of a crossing when the Channel was far too lively to be pleasant. Happily, large new harbours are now in course of construction at Calais and Boulogne, which will enable a better class of steamer to be employed, and thus the horrors of 'the middle passage'—as it has been spitefully termed—will be much abated. Possible sufferers should decline invitations to the bridge, however tempting the breeze; they are so much farther from the axis of movement when the vessel rolls, and therefore run the more risk. The minimum of motion is of course on the cabin-floor. Beware of getting too near to the engines; their warmth and the smell of hot grease which always surrounds them, are most undesirable. And avoid bad company, that is, the company of any one who is certain to be overcome, the proximity of whose sufferings will perhaps be the drop too much for you, the 'last straw' that will overburden your own endurance. It has happened to me to find myself suddenly surrounded with sea-sick fellow-passengers. Previously I had been getting on remarkably well; but in five minutes I was as bad as any of them. If you stay on deck, take great care to be warmly clad, and especially to be well protected between the shoulders and around the stomach; a chill in these regions, says Dr Chambers in his *Manual of Diet*, is

highly calculated to bring on an attack of sea-sickness.

Curious preventives are recommended, and used, by different people, and according to their own testimony with very satisfactory results. Munching 'captain's biscuit' seems to soothe the system in some cases, and is persevered in with great energy. I have been assured by a woman who had several times tried it, that strong peppermint-lozenges, eaten freely, protected her. Some persons have faith in lemon-juice for the same purpose. For great invalids, it may sometimes be desirable to use chloral, and thus avoid the strain on their exhausted systems; but this should never be done without consultation with their medical adviser; and the proper dose should be put up beforehand, to avoid the risk of any mistakes when on board. Such mistakes might easily occur amid the confusion of travelling, and an overdose is a serious matter. As the effect of chloral usually lasts about seven hours, no one travelling alone should venture to employ it, or he may be suspected of intoxication. Some special arrangements will of course be needful for the comfort of invalids who may be landed ere they have fully recovered from the narcotic; their appearance may happen to be a little alarming.

As a cure, not a preventive, certainly, one of the boldest suggestions comes from a temperance physician, who maintains that tepid water affords the most effectual relief to sufferers from sea-sickness. He has administered it, he publicly asserts, with complete success, to persons who were enduring extreme suffering from violent sea-sickness. Its first action was just what might have been expected; the stomach rejected it immediately, but seemed to be at once tranquillised. After an interval of rest, during which perfect relief from sickness was enjoyed, a glass of cold water rapidly restored the tone of the system, and the rest of the voyage—from Jersey to Southampton, in rough weather—was much enjoyed. If a wider experience should establish the general efficacy of this most simple and inexpensive remedy, its discoverer will be entitled to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

But it is remarkable that treatment which is of the greatest service to one individual sometimes appears to have but little effect upon another; differences of temperament and constitutional idiosyncrasies come into full play here. The homœopaths confidently recommend their preparation of petroleum as a remedy, with a wet compress round the abdomen in severe cases; for a preventive they advise *nux vomica* thrice daily for several days previous to embarkation. Finally, it is confidently asserted that broken ice in a long narrow bag applied to the spine, has the power of abating and in some cases of entirely preventing sea-sickness. But this treatment is obviously difficult of application, and therefore ill-adapted for general use in short voyages on crowded steamers.

Just a word to the fortunate individuals who are exempt from this most distressing form of suffering. They can scarcely understand how much they escape, and are sometimes in the best of spirits, and prone to make light of sufferings in which they do not share. But some of them are guilty of real unkindness at such times; will 'chaff' their unfortunate companions and offer them

unsuitable refreshments. All this is very cowardly, and deserves the strongest censure. Could they but realise for themselves what sea-sickness is, they would at least refrain from adding to the annoyances which it entails. The poor Irishman stated the case very neatly who said to his friend: 'O Mike, it's just awful! At first, you're afraid the ship will go down; but afterwards, you're afraid that she won't.' It is too often the case, however, that the victim of sea-sickness has to endure ridicule as well. The crowds that sometimes assemble at watering-places to watch the landing of the drenched and exhausted passengers, too often behave in a way that does little credit to the civilisation of the nineteenth century. And the selfishness of smokers is sometimes painfully apparent at sea. The proximity of pipe or cigar may be fatal to a neighbour's chances of escape; yet the request to remove it, or to cease smoking, often receives but a sullen compliance, and sometimes even a positive refusal. When we reflect that the voyage may be an invalid's quest after health, or the brief holiday of some overtaxed and careworn toiler, the infliction of any needless suffering is no ordinary wrong.

For those who can enjoy it, travelling by sea is among the greatest of pleasures. Inexpensive, at least as compared with other modes of journeying, restful and invigorating in the highest degree, it is to be wished that all were capable of enjoying its benefits without any painful drawback. If science should at any time thoroughly surmount the discomfort now too commonly attendant on sea-voyages, a new era in human progress will indeed have opened. Meantime, let those who are compelled to travel thus, or who choose to do so whether they suffer or escape, find as much consolation as they can in the reflection that doctors frequently declare that however unpleasant a bout of sea-sickness may be at the time, it is often very serviceable in its results, and greatly relieves the system, though at the cost of severe temporary disturbance.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVII.—HISTORY.

'He could not guess that the lost friend had been so near to him.'

DR BRAND was driving down Piccadilly, or rather was being carried along that thoroughfare, one blazing, glaring, dusty summer afternoon. He sat humping his back, with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, looking straight before him and seeing nothing. The open carriage in which he rode and the pair of bays which drew it, were among the best of their kind; for Dr Brand was prospering greatly, and had a taste in equipages and horse-flesh, which he could afford to gratify. The turn-out was remarkably unprofessional, as might be expected in the case of a man so little conventional in all things. The Doctor was so deeply absorbed in the endeavour to solve the matter in his mind, that he did not notice a figure on horseback which came between him and the sunlight. The figure was that of a soldierly-looking bronzed young fellow who had lost an arm. The light-brown beard with some-

thing of a reddish tinge in it, and the close military cut of the hair, together with a certain set solidity of figure which had not of old belonged to him, might have made it necessary even for an old friend to look twice before he recognised Arthur Hastings. There was the same calm look of lazy and impudent humour in his eyes, though his bronzed skin made them seem curiously light in colour; and though his ancient jauntiness of carriage was subdued, it showed itself a little still. He rode on alongside, until the Doctor became aware of the figure between him and the sunlight, and gave it a cursory glance of no-recognition.

'Why,' said a voice, 'should Æsculapius drive like Jehu, son of Nimshi?'

The Doctor turning, rose in his carriage and held out a hand of cordial welcome.

Hastings shook his head, and nodded in the direction of his empty sleeve. 'Can't,' he said. 'If I loosed the reins'—indicating his horse by another nod—'he'd bolt. How d'ye do?'

The Doctor called to the coachman to bring the horses to a walk; and Hastings having subdued his horse's inclination to get into the carriage, went soberly alongside.

'When did you get back?' asked the Doctor.

'Day before yesterday,' said Hastings. 'Was just coming round when I saw you.'

'I never heard of *that*,' said the Doctor bluntly, nodding at the empty sleeve. 'When did you get it?'

'I got it,' said Hastings, 'if you mean the limb, very early in life indeed, and parted with it about three days after the last racket at the Malakoff.'

'Never heard of it,' said the Doctor; 'though I heard you did your duty there, sir.'

'Thank you,' said Hastings, simply and sincerely. Early in their knowledge of each other, the elder man had given a little lecture to the other, in which he had developed his own ideas of duty with straightforward plainness.

'Where do you come from now?' the Doctor asked.

'From roaming to and fro in the earth, and going up and down in it.'

'Doing something better, I hope,' said the Doctor, 'than quote Satan by the way?'

'Better at times, I think.—Are you busy?'

'I am always busy. Nobody has a right to be anything else.'

'Some men are born idle,' said Hastings; 'some achieve to idleness; and some have idleness thrust upon them.'

'Will you dine with me to-night?' asked the Doctor. 'Eight o'clock. Don't dress. I never dress for dinner. Absurd habit. Won't encourage it at my table. Will you come?'

"On wings swift as meditation or the thoughts of love," responded Hastings; and the Doctor waving his hand, cried 'Good-bye' and 'Drive on' in a breath, and was gone in a cloud of dust of his own raising. With a parting nod, the young man turned back and rode up the blazing street, passing a dusky Smyrniote, who in the uniform of an English groom had followed him at orthodox distance, and now resumed his place, and came on soberly in true oriental indifference to the glances levelled at him by the curious. When Hastings reached the Doctor's house, a little before the appointed time, the Smyrniote accom-

panied him still, and took up his stand in the hall outside the dining-room door, where he startled Mrs Brand more than a little, as she passed him on her way up-stairs from an inspection of the kitchen. She made no remark about him, however; but the Doctor coming in a moment later with Major Hartley in his train, had no scruple of delicacy.

'Where did you pick up the nigger?' he asked.

'I picked up the nigger,' Hastings returned—'to copy your own ungraceful locution—on the tented field.'

'Why do you carry him about in England?' asked the Doctor ungraciously.

'Well, you see,' said Hastings, with a little flush upon his face, which nobody remarked, 'he took to carrying me about at first.'

'Now, that's not fayah, Hastings,' said Major Hartley, twirling his big moustaches with both hands.—'That's quaita unfayah, Mrs Brand, I ashaw yaw.' The longer the Major lived, the more he drawled, and the wilder grew his dandified distortions of his native tongue. The Doctor and his wife looked at Hastings, who blushed palpably, and had nerve enough to utter no more than 'Pooh!' The confusion of so fluent a person was too remarkable to go unnoticed, and both looked inquiringly at the Major. 'What an extraordinary fellah you are, Hastings, to be shaw!' said the Major.—'Now you'd really think, Mrs Brand, that a fellah would be proud of a thing like that.'

'Of a thing like what?' asked Mrs Brand.

'Don't be an ass, Hartley,' said Hastings in a low rapid tone, which was not intended for anybody but the Major, but was heard clearly by all three. The Major laughed pleasantly, with a look of mischief; and Hastings walked to the window with an abrupt and angry step.

'I insist on relating the incident,' said the Major; 'but in consideration of yaw feelings, I'll be brief. Hastings fetched the niggah out of a regulah storm of fiah one day, when the poor beggah was wounded by a fragment of a shell. Three months latah, the niggah retaliated, and fetched Hastings out of a storm of fiah, when he was lying quite helpless with a broken arm. And since then, they've been inseparables; and by Jove! Mrs Brand, I think they ought to be. Don't you, Madam, now, don't you?'

The Doctor strode across the room, and brought his hand down heavily on Hastings' shoulder with a loud cry of 'Bravo!' 'And,' said the Doctor, facing round with an air of serio-comedy, 'I'll knock the next man down, or woman either, who dares to say a word about it.'

An hour had passed, and dinner was nearly over before Hastings had recovered his equanimity; and for the first time in any man's knowledge of him, he was depressed at a scene which should have been festive. When the Doctor found him gradually recovering from the effects of the Major's exposure, he renewed his inquiries as to the movements Hastings had made since the close of the war.

'I come last,' he answered, 'from Basuto Land. I went from Hong-kong to Ceylon, and found a man with a steam-yacht who wanted to go to the Cape of Good Hope, and could get nobody to chum with him. So we cast in our lot together; but I

found him cantankerously inclined, and left him at the Cape, and rambled about alone.'

'What took you to Hong-kong?' asked the Doctor.

'Well,' said Hastings, 'I had some notions about going into the House at that time; and since a man must have a crotchet there of one sort or another, I thought the opium-trade would serve for mine, and went out there to look at it.'

'What made you change your mind?'

'I don't think I did change my mind,' he answered with a flippancy which was more a thing of habit than of feeling. 'I think my mind changed me. Anyhow, I came to the belief that there were things better worth doing than going into the House.'

'Ah!' said the Doctor. 'What are they?'

'I'll tell you one of them some of these days,' said Hastings calmly.

'By the way,' asked Dr Brand, 'do you remember Bolter's Rents?'

'Bolter? Bolter?' said Hastings questioningly. 'I had a horse of that name once, and he deserved it.' Then with perfect irrelevance, he quoted, 'For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles on me.'

'Bolter's Rents,' said the Doctor, 'is a haunt of thieves, and worse—a haunt of cadgers, tramps, crossing-sweepers, the riff-raff of the London streets; a tumble-down fever-den; a brick-and-mortar ulcer.'

'Ah! yes,' said Hastings; 'I remember. A place off Oxford Street. Mrs Brand was interested in some people there.'

'It's in the market,' said the Doctor.

'If I knew the owner,' said Hastings, with an approach to a smile, 'I might recommend him to somebody who would draw up a description of the place, and help him to sell it to some advantage.'

'I want to help him to sell it,' said the Doctor. 'But we can talk about that matter at another time.'

The talk drifted into other channels; and a little later than ten o'clock the Major took his leave, pleading an engagement at the Opera, which he had so far deserted for the pleasure of meeting Hastings.

'Now,' said the Doctor, settling himself easily in a deep arm-chair, 'light another cigar, fill your glass, and settle down to talk. I want you to do justice to yourself. You have heart and brains, and you mustn't waste them. Have you found a purpose yet?'

'Two or three,' said Hastings.

'I want to give you another,' said the Doctor, 'if your hands are not too full. That place I spoke of—Bolter's Rents—is one of the disgraces of London. If it got into the hands of a good man, it might be made a credit to any city. If it gets into the hands of an ordinary speculator, it will be pulled down, and its inhabitants will go all adrift into other places of its kind. If it came into the possession of a man who considered those poor wretches, it might be gradually rebuilt, and altogether purified, physically and morally. The poverty might live there still under cleanly conditions, and the scoundrelism be hunted out of it, or taught to behave itself; and the thing—though it could not yield an extraordinary profit—could be made to pay. I sha'n't apologise for suggesting this to you; for I believe it's just the sort of thing you want.'

'Don't you think the better course would be to pull the place down at once and build anew?' asked Hastings.

'No,' said the Doctor. 'There are a hundred people there who are half-civilised already, who would be scattered to the four winds in that way. If the place could be mended gradually, we could keep them together, and they would help under better circumstances to leaven the mass about them.'

'I will look into the matter,' said Hastings, 'and let you know what I think of it. Where is the place?'

The Doctor described it. An entry between two shops, numbered so-and-so, led to a court. There was no mistaking it. The name of the agent who had the sale of the property was noted; and shortly before midnight, Hastings took his leave with the faithful Smyrnote behind him. The Doctor's proposal went exactly with his own desires; and if the truth had been known, I am inclined to believe that it was chiefly with the idea of saving money for some such *coup* as this that Hastings had spent so much of his time in travel. Wishing to see the place at once, he turned into Oxford Street, and walked leisurely towards Bolter's Rents. The moon rode in a sky which was almost cloudless, and the street gleamed before him like a river. He reached the entrance to the court, and looked down its black perspective to the one dull lamp which twinkled at the bottom. 'Gel bouda, Ali,' said he to his servant; and the man came, and followed him closely down the fetid way, where nameless odours reminded him of the popular both of his native land. They marched once or twice round the courtyard, Hastings looking up at the disreputable buildings, and the man following him in wonder. A door near at hand grated on the gritty floor of one of the ground-rooms, and a bearded man came out into the court with a basin, which he emptied upon the broken pavement. He looked up at Hastings and his servant and passed them by, leaving the door through which he had passed still open. The light of a candle shone through the doorway; and Hastings glancing in, saw a man tossing miserably on the quarried floor, upon a couch of straw and sacking. He had heard the murmur of a voice on passing the door in his first slow journey round the court, and knew it now for this sick man's moaning. Beckoning Ali to follow, he entered the room and looked about him; and it is not too much to say that he shook and sickened with pity and loathing. The man who lay upon the floor was muttering rapidly to himself in German, and tossing a weary head from side to side. Since we saw Hastings last, he had seen much of the world, and had looked on many of its worst troubles. But he had never dreamed of anything like the horror of this place being possible in England. I can only tell you of its desolation—not of its filth, for to set that down would be to make myself unreadable. The man himself, with his vast beard of matted black swaying to and fro across his half-naked chest, and his wild hair nearly a foot long straggling down to meet it, was terrible to look at. His eyes and his teeth gleamed as he rocked his head from side to side, and he moaned ever and always of trifles probably forgotten, until fever brought a stimulant

to memory before quenching it. Hastings, who spoke German better than most Englishmen, addressed the man in his own tongue, asking if he could be of use to him; but he received no answer, and stood sorrowfully helpless for the minute, until the man he had first seen returned with the basin balanced carefully in both hands. The new-comer called out in German in some cheering phrase as he entered, and did not at first observe the two intruders. He started a little when he saw them, but said nothing, and kneeling down, busied himself by administering to his patient the contents of the basin.

'Has this man been long in this condition?' Hastings asked in English.

The man still tended the other, and returned no answer, but started again visibly at the sound of the voice. Hastings put his question into German.

'Yes,' the nurse answered in the same tongue, with his voice muffled in his gray beard and his head bent above his patient.

'Is he a friend of yours?'

'No.'

'Do you live here?'

The man pointed upwards to the roof, but gave no other answer. Hastings stood silent for a moment, and then asked: 'Has the man no other nurse?'

'No,' was the answer, still muffled by the beard.

'Can you not remove him to a hospital?'

'He will go to-morrow,' said the man, still assiduously bending over his patient.

Hastings' accustomed ear caught the sound of an accent foreign to the language in which the man spoke. 'You are not a German,' he said. 'What are you?'

The man returned no answer; and Hastings, thinking that the fellow's nationality was no business of his if he chose to conceal it, stood for a little while and watched the feeding of the patient. By-and-by he asked what the sick man was suffering from.

'Fever,' said the nurse briefly.

'Is the disease contagious?'

'Yes.'

'Are you not afraid of catching it?'

'No.'

'How long have you tended the man?'

'To-night only.'

'Has any one else attended him?'

'No.'

'If I give you a little money, will you expend it on him, and send him comfortably to the hospital?'

'I have given notice, and he will be sent for to-morrow.'

'Then you do not want money.'

'No.'

'How do you live?'

'I work.'

'At what?—No answer.—'Is there much sickness here? Are you often employed in this way?'

'Sometimes.'

'Who summoned you here to take care of this man? Who told you he was ill?'

'Nobody.'

Hastings crossed over to the patient, who lay quieter now; and the nurse walked away and looked out through the open door. Ali stood by,

and marvelled at it all, but said nothing. He had implicit confidence in his master, and believed that all he did was right. 'What is there in that face I know?' his master was thinking to himself as he bent above the fever-stricken wretch on the floor. 'Is it a fancy? Have I seen the face in the street? Whose is it?' He could find no answer in his thoughts, though he called scores of faces to remembrance. 'I have seen this man somewhere before,' he said aloud. 'Do you know who he is?' He received no answer; and turning round, he saw that the nurse had disappeared. After standing irresolute for a moment, he left the place, and walked back into Oxford Street, where he went on until he saw the red lamp of a surgeon, whom he summoned. The medical man did not care to enter Bolter's Rents at that time of night without a policeman, and indeed flatly refused to do so; but an officer was soon found, and he, happy in the *douceur* Hastings gave, led the way with an air of protection.

'I cannot help thinking,' said Hastings to the surgeon, as the latter knelt down to feel the patient's wrist, 'that I have seen the man before somewhere.'

The patient was murmuring still in German; but when Hastings spoke thus, he paused and seemed to listen. When he began again, he spoke in nasal English, and Hastings fancied he heard his own name amidst the murmurings. Stooping lower, he heard distinctly. It was of no use, the man was saying; he really couldn't do it. Money was very tight *zhoost* now.

'Tasker?' cried the listener suddenly, in a voice of amazement. The sick man made a motion to rise, but fell back again. For a moment, at the cry, his eyes took an aspect of intelligence; but the unearthly brightness of fever returned, and Tasker—for it was he—went back to his German murmurings.

'This man was a money-lender in the City six or seven years ago,' said Hastings, in answer to the look of astonishment and inquiry with which the surgeon regarded him. 'I had dealings with him in my nonage. He was almost scoundrel enough to deserve even this; but I was amazed to find him here. Where is the man who was tending him?'

The bearded man was just outside the door, and had heard the talk and the cry of recognition. Hastings stepping to the door, called after him as he drew off in the shadow of the great overhanging wall. The policeman who was posturing at the door with a set of knuckles at his ribs in the region of his waist belt, inquired if his honour wanted that man. Hastings, scarcely knowing why, said 'Yes;'; and the policeman went after him and brought him back. He came submissively with downcast looks.

'Why do you want me?' he asked in German. 'Let me go. I trouble nobody.'

'Take that,' said Hastings with a sudden impulse, slipping a sovereign into the hand which waved towards him in appeal. 'Good-night.'

With bent head he drew back into the shadow, and the deeper shade of the doorway seemed to absorb him as he entered it.

'Curious character that, sir,' said the officer, stiffly posturing like a model for a comic sculptor. 'Quite the gentleman to speak to. Name of Jones. Had a quarter of a millying o' money,

and lost it all on three Derbies. Calls him the Dook round about here and at the Docks where he works.'

'Indeed!' said Hastings, beginning to wonder whether all the residents of Bolter's Rents were broken men of substance. 'Have you known him long?'

'Hever since he come to grief, sir. I was at the Heast-end of town for several 'ears, and knowed him at the Docks. Quiet, hino'fensive feller, sir, as ever lived.'

Why was it, Hastings asked himself as he walked to his hotel, with Ali in his place behind him, that the image of a dead friend who fell before Sebastopol should be so closely with him? An echo of Frank Fairholt's voice was in his ear; in his mind's eye he saw the friendly candid eyes and the handsome wilful face, and in his heart he repented of the evil of his youth, and his spirit was sorely troubled.

'It was my fault mainly,' he confessed, 'that poor Frank went wrong at all. But time is merciful; and most of the griefs his loss created have been healed. And he is at rest, poor Frank, at least.' He saw the little round of palisades which marked the spot behind the trenches where the dead soldier lay, and the black knolls here and there which covered his old comrades. He could not guess—how should he?—that the lost friend had been so near to him. How could he dream that Frank Fairholt was kneeling lonely in that dark fever-den, praying God for patience that he might bear his burden to the end!

SOMNAMBULISM.

'NIGHT is the time for sleep,' sings the poet, and assuredly with truth. The hush of darkness lures us to repose, as naturally as the morning sun impresses on us the necessity to be up and about our labours. Nor is this state of things confined to the human system. At close of day, quiet settles on all things, and a cessation of activity and motion is to be observed in creation. Action is succeeded by listlessness, energy by languor, and the desire of exertion by the inclination for repose. But it is not by mere repose from action that our wasted powers can be recruited or our nervous energy restored. Oblivion of feeling and imagination is essential to sleep, and in a great measure a constituent part of slumber. The sensorial power must cease to be in an active condition; and it is only when the nervous system gets exhausted, that the sensibility and energy displayed by this power decline, and fall at last into a state of torpor or sleep.

But while this is so, it by no means follows that during sleep all the divisions of the nervous system are equally quiescent—that thought, sensation, feeling, and movement are alike suspended. In our waking moments, when the mental faculties are intensely occupied, we are in a great measure insensible to external impressions; thus Newton in a fit of intense thought placed his watch in the saucepan to boil, while he held the egg in his hand. So with us in sleep; one set of organs may be active, while the others are dormant; and

vice versa. Hence the phenomenon of somnambulism. Dreaming originates in a similar condition of the nervous functions, and consequently bears an intimate relation to somnambulism, the latter not infrequently arising out of the former. Thus if, during sleep, the clothes chance to fall off us, we are liable to suppose that some person has taken off our clothing, perhaps as we walk the street; and we feel all the shame and inconvenience we are thereby put to. We rush to hide ourselves in some place of refuge under this ideal misfortune, while everything is depicted with the force of reality. Or we hear perhaps the noise of a railway train in motion, while our sleep is still incomplete, and we believe that we are being pursued by some monster.

We have in these columns, on more than one occasion, given remarkable instances of persons who, while under the influence of somnambulism, have done strange things. The following cases will be found equally curious:

In the summer of 1877 the writer took a young friend to a sea-side town in order to enjoy a month's bathing. The boy—for he was only a boy of sixteen—had been travelling by steamer, railway, or coach from six o'clock on Sunday evening to four P.M. on Monday without cessation, and had slept scarcely or not at all during the night's journey. We retired to rest at ten P.M., my room being next to his, both being on the drawing-room floor. I had just lain down and was dozing off to sleep, when I heard a loud crash of glass, followed by hysterical cries, which seemed to come from some person at the foot of the staircase leading to the corridor, which opened on our respective bedrooms. Rushing to the head of the stairs, I demanded what was the matter; and with difficulty understood that some person had jumped through the window. Knowing that my friend was a somnambulist, I at once flew to his room, to find the window open, the bed empty, and the boy gone. Dressing myself hurriedly, I descended the staircase, and issued forth with the landlord to look for my friend. For some time no trace could we find of him; but at last, on turning a corner of the road leading to the cliffs, we beheld a white figure, to all appearance utterly inanimate, supported by two sailors, who fortunately happened to be there at the time. I soon recognised my friend; and happily found I had more reason to be frightened than alarmed.

He had been wounded, but on getting him back his wounds were dressed, and he was at last able to tell the cause of his well-nigh fatal accident. On going to bed, fatigue caused him to fall into a state of semi-sleep only, in which he had imagined himself in a large field. Suddenly he thought he saw an infuriated bull rush wildly at him; and catching hold of a tree, as he believed, which grew beside the hedge, he swung himself over and ran for his life. In reality, what he conceived to be a hedge was the window, which opened from the top, and which was at the time let down as low as it could go; while the seeming tree was the long white hangings which stretched down the length of the window. Having thus swung himself

down to the lower window-sill, he then jumped off—a height of only two feet—and ran along barefooted on the cut stones, which caused his wounds, but which confined him to his bed for fully a month afterwards. It was in jumping from the lower window that he struck the glass with his heel, thus causing the crash which awoke me. Here was a case in which so strong an impression had been made on the individual as to enable him to relate his thoughts and imaginations while under the influence of somnambulism.

But cases of an opposite character have also arisen, where the impressions were of so transient a nature as not to leave upon memory the slightest recollection of anything that occurred. A female servant in Scarborough surprised the family at four o'clock one morning by walking down a flight of stairs in her sleep and rapping at her mistress's bedroom door. When asked what she wanted, she replied in her usual tone of voice, that she had torn her dress, and hoped her mistress would forgive her, and let her have some cotton to mend it; at the same time bursting into tears. She then returned to her room; and a light having been procured, she was found groping for her workbox, from which she was offered an empty reel; but she refused it; and taking up her gown, she pointed to two holes, which she said she wanted to mend. To quiet her, her fellow-servant threaded a needle, but with black cotton; which she indignantly refused, saying she wanted brown. Another person then spoke, when she immediately said: 'That is my mistress;' which was not the case—thus clearly shewing that in this instance she did not discern the voice, while she could see the object before her, her eyes being wide open. With some difficulty she was at last persuaded to lie down until the usual hour of rising, those around her thinking that she might then awake in her accustomed manner. This failing in effect, her mistress went up to her room, and rather angrily ordered her to get up and go to her work, as it was now six o'clock. This she refused to do, saying that she would not rise at two o'clock, and pointed to the window as she spoke. She was then shaken violently, and awoke. She now rose; and seeing the cotton box disturbed, asked why it had been meddled with. In the course of the day, several questions were put to her, in order to try her recollection; but she had no remembrance whatever of her sleep-walking, or of anything that had occurred during the previous night.

The next case exhibits a dormant state of the sense of hearing, while sight appears to have been in active operation throughout. In the summer of 1870, a young man named Johns, who worked at Cardrew, near Redruth, being asleep in the sump-house of that mine, was observed by two boys to rise and go to the door, against which he leaned. Shortly quitting this position, he walked to the engine-shaft, and safely descended to the depth of twenty fathoms, where he was found by his comrades soon after, sound asleep, with his back resting on the ladder. They called to him to warn him of the perilous situation in which he was; but he did not hear them; and they were obliged to shake him roughly to awake him, when he appeared totally at a loss to account for his being so situated.

Morrison, in his *Medicine no Mystery*, speaks of a

clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlineations, and retire to bed again; being all the time fast asleep. A similar story, which the writer has every reason to believe authentic, is told of one of the most popular Dissenting preachers of the present day. He had been perplexed and baffled for some days in the treatment of a subject which he had chosen for his discourse on the following Sunday; and on Saturday night, still dissatisfied, he mentioned to his wife, on retiring to rest, the difficulty he had experienced. She advised him to clear his mind of it for that night, and go to sleep. In the course of the night his wife was awaked by her husband sitting up in bed and preparing himself as if to preach; which he accordingly proceeded to do, taking for his subject the text which had hitherto so perplexed him. When done, he lay down and slept as before. In the morning, he was still thinking about the discourse which he had to deliver that day; when his wife, without informing him of the source of her ideas, suggested to him a mode of treating the subject, going carefully over the chief points in the sermon he had delivered during the night. He was overjoyed by her suggestions, which were just what he was in search of, and proceeded at once to put them into proper form. Afterwards, when informed by his wife of how she came by her information, he was greatly surprised, having not the slightest recollection of the occurrence.

So extraordinary are some of the stories told of sleep-walkers, that were they not supported by the most incontrovertible evidence, they would seem fictitious in the highest degree. Guided by a certain portion of intellect, many a somnambulist pursues with safety his wild perambulations; while others driven on by the impulse of will—the reasoning faculties being locked up for the time in utter stupor—rush into dangers of every kind. It is a well-known fact that in the retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march on with their comrades. Nor is it always safe or advisable to waken a sleep-walker, and many cases of the fatal effects of doing so are on record. Even those of strong nerves might be violently agitated by awaking in a situation so different from that in which they went to bed. Cases are mentioned where the results have been most lamentably fatal; where the somnambulist has met with the accident which deprived him of life, through want of presence of mind and discretion on the part of the waking individual who gave the alarm. Too much care cannot be taken with individuals addicted to this unhappy affection. In all cases, care should be taken not to arouse the patient suddenly, however dangerous a position he or she may be in.

To prevent a recurrence of the malady—which somnambulism is—the cause which gave rise to it, as far as we know must be removed. Should it proceed from a disordered state of the stomach or biliary system, we must make use of the proper medicines in such cases. Above all things, sleep-walkers should take plenty, but not too much outdoor exercise, avoid late hours, excitement of all kinds, too much study, or giving way to fretfulness or irritability of temper. Whatever disease can be pointed out as directly or indirectly tending to somnambulism, or even dreaming, requires to be obviated in the first instance; and

its departure will follow as a matter of necessity. The worst of it is, that often we can find no reason for sleep-walking, and can refer it to no complaint whatever. In this case, the only thing to be done is to keep the individual from running in the way of any accident; and the knowledge even of being watched will often act as a cure, by impressing the fact so carefully on the mind as to make it be always present in the attack.

With an extraordinary instance of combined sleep-talking and somnambulism, narrated in the first volume of the *Lancet*—at a time when people were bled for almost any ailment—we conclude this article. 'It occurred on a Sunday evening, to a lad sixteen years and a half old, in the service of a butcher in Lambeth. At about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, the lad bent forward in his chair, and rested his forehead on his hands, and in ten minutes started up, went for his whip, put on one spur, and went thence to the stable. Not finding his own saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house and asked for it. Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied, to go his rounds. He went back to the stable, got on the horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to leave the place. With much difficulty, owing to his great strength, he was removed from the horse, and it was by great efforts that he was brought indoors. His master coming home at this time, sent for an eminent practitioner who lived near at hand, and who stood by him for a quarter of an hour, during which time the lad considered himself as stopped at the turnpike gate, and took sixpence out of his pocket to be changed. Holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed: "None of your nonsense—that is the sixpence again; give me my change." When twopence-halfpenny was given him, he counted it over and said: "That is not right; I want a penny more;" making the threepence-halfpenny which was his proper change. He then said: "Give me my castor"—meaning his hat, which slang term he had been in the habit of using; and then began to whip and spur to get his horse to go. His pulse was at this time one hundred and thirty-six, full and hard. No change of countenance could be observed, nor any spasmodic affection of the muscles, the eyes remaining closed the whole of the time. His coat was taken off his arm, his shirt sleeves tucked up, and he was bled to thirty-two ounces. No alteration had taken place in him during the first part of the time the blood was flowing. At about twenty-four ounces the pulse began to decrease, and when the full quantity named had been taken, it was eighty—a slight perspiration appearing on the forehead. After the arm was tied up, he unlaced one boot, and said he would go to bed. In three minutes from this time he awoke, got up, and asked what was the matter—having then been one hour in the trance—and without the slightest recollection of anything that had passed; and wondered at his arm being tied up, and at the blood, &c. A strong aperient medicine was then administered; he went to bed, slept well, and next day appeared in his usual health, excepting debility from the bleeding and operation of the medicine, and had no recollection whatever of what had taken place. None of his family or himself was ever affected in this way before.'

An easy mind, a good digestion, and plenty of

exercise in the open air, are the grand conduces to sound sleep; and accordingly, every man whose repose is indifferent should endeavour to make them his own as soon as possible.

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

EDIT'S DIARY (Continued).

March 14, 186—.

THE 'event' is a matter of history. Dr Max Gordon dined here last night with the Rousbys. My evil star being of course on the ascendant, I rose in the morning with a wretched headache, which in spite of nursing and dosing, grew nothing better but rather worse as evening advanced. Katrine implored me not to think of leaving my room; but curiosity overcame prudence, and I descended as the gong sounded, fervently hoping that no one would look as if they noticed my dilapidated appearance.

'O goodness!' I thought to myself, stopping a moment to steady my nerves before opening the drawing-room door—'I do trust he won't look as that man did who came during the doctor's holiday last summer! A calm professional joy beamed in his weasel-like countenance at the very first glimpse of me. What an aggravation of the ills of life it is to be "an interesting case!"'

I am always shy—when I have a headache, agonisingly so; and it was with smothered resentment that I endured Miss Rousby's sympathetic stroking of my hand, and melancholy gaze at my suffering visage. The old doctor was as bad; he seemed annoyed, and ordered me to bed immediately after dinner. And then, as I was presented to him, I flashed a quick glance at Dr Gordon's face, having the memory of the weasel-man lively within me. Triumph! For all the awakened interest of his answering look, I might have been any ordinary person; and neither then nor afterwards during the evening did he give sign of suspecting me to be in any other than excellent 'form.'

To his various good qualities, the new-comer adds yet that of being uncommonly good to look at. On reflection, I may say he is the handsomest man I ever saw. To be sure, they have not been many. Lord Haricourt—whom I have hated retrospectively for a fortnight—was singularly plain, and squinted; and the others we met in Scotland were all, to the best of my recollection, ordinary. But sitting opposite Dr Gordon at dinner last night, I had to own him handsome exceedingly—in a big, Saxon, King Olaf kind of way. He has fair curly hair, dark fearless blue eyes, and a beautiful long tawny moustache. (It is almost a pity to hide such magnificent teeth, I think.) His foreign travels have bronzed him, which, as I dislike men with complexions, I observe with approval. He sat next Katrine; and I looked from one to the other with my aching eyes, thinking how pleasant they both

were to contemplate. My sister in her black velvet dress, with rare old lace, looked as she always does, an uncrowned queen, with marvellous deep eyes that saddened ever and anon as they rested on my flushed weary face.

I did not want to go to bed till Kate could go with me; so after dinner I sat on a low stool, with my head on her knee, and her mesmeric touch on my hair, till the gentlemen joined us. Then, dull and stupid with pain, I got a seat in the shade of the window-curtains, and prepared to watch in a dazed way what went on in the room. And the strange scene which enacted itself before me, I am half inclined now to dismiss from my mind as a dream.

I saw my sister rise and go to the pianoforte. I like when I have the chance to mark the effect on strangers of Katrine's singing; and now, though suffering too much to take more than a passive interest in anything, I turned my regards on the face of our new guest as the first rich mournful notes of Mozart's *Addio* flooded the room. He was standing by the fire, leaning his arm on the mantel-piece. Aunt Mabel, to whom he had been talking, rose and crossed over beside Miss Rousby as the music began, leaving the line of sight clear between fire and pianoforte. And Gordon, raising his eyes, fixed them on Katrine's face steadily, and kept them there.

I turned mechanically to my sister to note if she were conscious of being watched. No; though she was singing without notes, and there was therefore no intervening barrier, she sang on as she alone can sing, their long silky lashes veiling her eyes the while. I closed mine—drinking in the infinite tenderness, the infinite sadness of the voice I loved so well. I had never heard Kate sing as she sang to-night. The great master had surely found an adequate interpreter of his rare music at last, I thought. But the third verse broke on my ears with an intensity of feeling that was almost inartistic; and I looked wonderingly up at my sister. This is what I saw. Her gaze was riveted on that one opposite her, and as the last broken notes of eternal farewell dropped from her lips with an indescribable reality of woe, her eyes were dark with anguish, fear, appeal; and her face grew paler and paler, till I almost expected to see her faint.

I glanced hastily at the others—they were at the far end of the room looking at some albums. And then I turned to Max Gordon. The last *Addio* died away in a sob, and now only did he move his eyes from my sister's face. A hot flush rose under his bronze; and he bit his lip with an expression I could not define, as he crossed to Katrine and picked up a bracelet she had dropped in rising. Once again I saw their eyes meet—and this time she distinctly shivered.

In a moment recovering herself, she raised her proud head more proudly than ever, and thanked him calmly; then coming to me, she passed her white hands—they were still trembling—over my

hair, and murmured some loving words of sympathy. I was dazed, perplexed, and weary; and without saying good-night to anybody, I went off to bed.

Later, when the pain was so bad I could not sleep, my sister came to me, as she had so often done before when I was sick or vexed. Lying down by my side, she took me in her warm arms, and hushed me with caressing words into quiet, as though I were a child again. In the early morning hours I woke from a dream, crying to Kate not to leave me; and the loving arms folded me closer, as she murmured: 'Never, never, darling!'

CHAPTER III.

KATRINE'S DIARY.

May 14, 1880.

This house must be quite invaluable to a young man desiring experience. We unite within ourselves all the advantages of a hospital, and are constantly prepared to offer both medical and surgical cases in every variety. Six weeks ago, Aunt Mabel coming down-stairs in the dusk with her glasses on, slipped and fell, breaking one of the ankle-bones and dislocating her right shoulder; and ten days afterwards, Papa took one of those inflammatory attacks which with his delicate chest are so alarming. Both are still unable to be out of bed; and as they have now reached the trying stage of extreme self-commiseration, Edie's task and mine is by no means yet a lightened one.

But I do not know at all how we should have got on without Max Gordon. Papa's illnesses, with Dr Rousby in attendance, have been for the last ten years the bugbear of my life. Old friends from boyhood, loving each other heartily, each with the highest possible estimate of the other's character and attainments—in no one point are they able to agree, on no one subject will they own to be of the same mind and opinion; and that the doctor should prescribe a special course of treatment, was ever an adequate reason for my father's adopting the contrary, even though leading to the most disastrous issues. It has been invariably a case of the Irishman and his pig. On receiving the private instructions of our physician, I have always regarded myself as justified in recommending the adverse course to my parent's notice, and in general with a satisfactory result.

But we have changed all that at last. With unqualified amazement do I find myself carrying out the orders of our new doctor without encountering the slightest opposition; and more than once I have been chidden for deviating in some particular from his commands. My father has found his master, and seems to rejoice in the fact. Already, though not well yet, he is looking brighter and better than I have seen him for years. Changes are lightsome; and the strong health and vitality of his new friend are infectious. And Edie—carefully and fearfully as I have watched her through the trying time of nursing that we have had—is in no whit the worse, thank God! The lovely spiritual face has grown less fragile in its beauty of late, I think; and the new *régime* has given a proof of being adequate to her management as well as Papa's, which has lifted quite a load from my heart.

One day when our invalids were just past their

worst, I was called up from some household duties to my father's room in urgent haste. Passing the drawing-room door, I looked in, and found Edie lying face downwards on the sofa, vainly struggling, poor darling, with an unconquerable fit of hysterical crying, the result of anxiety and overstrain. A second summons called me unwillingly away from her; and I was half-way up-stairs when I met Dr Gordon coming down.

'It is twenty-five minutes to post-time,' he said, laughing; 'and your father is in an agony of impatience to have some letters written.'

I stopped a moment, irresolute, with my hand on the balusters. He had little time at his disposal doubtless, and had two patients in the house already—but my poor little weary sister, crying her heart out all alone! And as, standing a few steps above, I looked down at him in momentary hesitation, the smile died out of his answering gaze, and my heart began beating uncomfortably—the consequence of coming up-stairs so fast, I supposed.

'Say on,' he observed quietly. 'Don't try to persuade yourself you are not sure about telling me.'

'Have you time to spare for Edie?' I said then, my face flushing—for what reason on earth I cannot tell. 'She is quite worn out, poor child, and'—

Renewed evidence of excitement on the part of Papa above, from whom—upon hastening to his room—I received a long string of instructions.

Half an hour after, escaping to the drawing-room, I found doctor and patient in the greatest jubilation and comfort, drinking tea—each with a sofa drawn close to the fire.

'Edie wishes to go for a ride with me to-morrow, if you have no objection, Miss Percy,' said Max, giving me his sofa, and pouring out more tea. 'I should think Leila must be quite unmanageable after her long seclusion.' (Leila is the meekest and mildest of the equine race, and a contemporary of my own.)

'I shall be too glad,' I answered, rather doubtfully; 'if you think she is strong enough.'

'Oh, I am quite strong!' cried my sister with eager eyes. 'It is so long since I had a ride, and the mornings are so fresh and lovely just now!'

'Very well; that is settled,' responded Dr Gordon. 'And now I think I have had as much tea as is good for me, so I'll remove myself out of the way of temptation.'

Why, as he looked at me in saying the last words, did I shiver again with the nameless dread that struck me cold that night two months ago?

More than the mornings were fresh and lovely, I thought next day, as Edie sprang like a bird into the saddle. Max, before he mounts, turns to me, standing a little anxious on the steps: 'You know you can trust your child to me, Miss Percy.' He looks straight into my eyes as he says it; and I cannot choose but answer: 'Yes; I know.'

I am a very proud woman—proud even for a race whose pride has been their bane; and yet I am unresentingly being read and ruled like any child. Where does this man get his power, I wonder?

Yesterday he said to me suddenly: 'Do you

know you give yourself a great deal of unnecessary anxiety about your sister? Believe me, she is stronger than you think; and so long as she is happy and at peace, there is nothing to fear.'

'Ah, yes!' I said, glad the ice was broken at last on the subject nearest my heart. 'But who can answer for the happiness of even the most loved and cared for? And with her sensitive organisation and twofold hereditary tendency, if trouble of any kind came near my darling, she would die!'

'The danger lies there, certainly,' he replied gently. 'But so far as human power can do so, she is safely guarded; and we must not be "over-exquisite,"' he added with his sunny smile, "'to cast the fashion of uncertain evils."'

No; and she, as are all of us, is most happy in the possession of a true and faithful friend, who makes our fears and cares his own, as Max Gordon does. He is very hard-worked just now. There has been an outbreak of fever in the village, which Miss Rousby says is spreading fast. Happily, it is a mile from us, so I trust we are safe. Edie and Dr Gordon have had to give up their rides of late; duty before pleasure, he tells her.

CHAPTER IV.

KATRINE'S DIARY (*Continued*).

June 1, 186-.

I suppose everybody standing still and looking back can remember some of them—those single days into which a whole lifetime of feeling seems compressed—days which, 'crowning moments with the weight of ages,' act upon us as a decade of ordinary experience has not power to do. Days of unutterable pain, most of them—pain mingled perhaps in some cases with unutterable joy; but days which, after the lapse of years, stand out on our retrospective horizon with a vividness that yesterday has not; and on which, even whilst we shudder as we look, our eyes dwell longest and most frequently. Such a one is now ending for me; unspeakable has been the pain of it, ineffable the bliss.

Let me begin at the beginning; and since Edie is at last asleep—moaning and restless, poor child—let me try to narrate as calmly as may be what has happened.

Soon after breakfast, my darling, armed with a bunch of roses and a small basket, came to me and said: 'Katrine, will you go with me to see poor Mrs Frater? She will think we have forgotten her.'

I had no objections; so I took the basket—which contained some little dainties—and we set out. The morning, the first one of summer heat we have had, was perfect, with the soft scent-laden atmosphere peculiar in our part of the world to May and June. A sun grown fierce and fiery had not yet availed to rob the grass of its first tender greenness, and the flowers and woods of the newness of their charm. What a spirit of hope pervaded life this early summer morning! Everything was young about me; everything was fresh and untarnished by the wear and tear, the dust and storm of an existence of which they were yet but on the threshold. Every opening flower-bud, every leaf deepening to its richer green; the babbling of the 'hidden brook;' the liquid notes of a thrush, which seemed

to accompany us, and which sang as I never heard bird sing before: all united with my own glad heart in the assurance that earth was beautiful, that life was good, and that God was smiling on us all!

Will summer ever more be glad to me, I wonder? When the long years have rolled away, shall I know again some time the joy it is to be alive?

Gaily we went on, my darling and I—pausing ever and anon to add a wild-flower to Edith's bouquet, or to rest upon some mossy hillock; not that we were weary, but somehow I was fain to linger, without knowing why. The distance was not great, however; and in spite of much dallying by the way, we at last reached the cottage inhabited by Edith's protégée. She is an old Scotchwoman, very poor, very deaf, and very original; and my sister, whose sweet tender nature had been touched by her loneliness, often carries her some dainty from our table, or some flowers to decorate her best room. She now accordingly went into the latter to arrange her roses in an old vase, whilst I sought the society of our hostess in the kitchen.

'How do you do, Mrs Frater?' I said in clarion accents, as I proceeded to extract from the basket a nice bit of jam-tart.

'Eh, but it looks a wee bit hard,' she observed, eyeing it with doubtful approval. (She never by any chance fails to misunderstand what I say.) 'But though I've nae teeth, I've raal willin' gums—so thank ye kindly, Miss.'

I had no comment to offer on this illustration of the compensatory order of nature's laws, so changed the subject, and inquired after the health of her daughter and family.

'The lassie Jessie's bidin' wi' me the noo,' she responded. 'She's no been weel for a while; but she's that bad the last twa days, that I'm thinkin' it'll be the fever.'

'Where is she?' I said hastily, stricken with a sudden fear.

'Ben the hoose,' the old woman replied, with a wave of the hand towards the room where my sister was.

'Edith!' I cried sharply, and rising as I spoke, met her on the threshold.

'Katrine,' she began, 'there is a girl'—

But I forced her out into the little garden that bordered on the road, and re-entered the house alone.

'I've been aye lookin' for the doctor to catch him on his way to The Grove,' said the old woman, standing at the kitchen door as I passed into the other room.

The child was lying on a low bed in the corner; and her grandmother's shawl hung upon two chairs before her to serve the purpose of a curtain, had, I suppose, prevented Edie from at first seeing her. Sure enough, it looked like the fever. Heavy eyes, laboured breathing, flushed cheeks, all told the same tale. She seemed to be half asleep; and—my one thought to get my darling away as soon as possible—I had turned from the bed, when a loud piercing scream broke the stillness, and Edith with a face like death rushed into my arms, crying: 'Max, Max! Oh, where is he? Look, Katrine; oh, look!' and she dragged me to the door.

Clattering hoofs drowned her voice; and there, past us on the road—foam-flaked and at hard

gallop—tore Max Gordon's black horse Sultan, riderless!

I carried my fainting sister back in my arms to the old woman's bed, and laid her there, my heart dully beating the echo of her cry. We unfastened her dress and bathed her face; but consciousness in the meantime had fled—and I thanked God it was so. Then I sent Mrs Frater to the door to watch for news, and laid down my head beside my unconscious darling.

What had come over the glad music of this morning? Would it be possible ever again to work into harmony the discord involved by this 'startling change of key?'

I did not try to reduce to order the storm of conflicting fears and emotions that had so unexpectedly besieged me; but after one moment's relinquishment to their overwhelming force, I raised my head, and—faithful yet at least to old habit and the supremacy of my life's chief interest—took Edie's hand in mine and gazed anxiously into the pale sweet face. A new fear seized me that the delicate lips were becoming whiter, the hand I held colder; and I was about to summon the old woman's aid in applying fresh restoratives, when I hear Max's voice without; and with such a rush of joy, such a revulsion of feeling, that my lips are sealed; and I can but open the door silently and motion to him to enter.

For one moment he looks bewildered; then a quick glance of comprehension, sympathy, and something else comes into his face, as he crosses to the bed and raises Edie's head upon his arm.

'Why will you frighten yourself so needlessly?' he says to me half tenderly, half in reproach, a minute after, as I stand by the window feigning to look out, and in truth with my eyes bent most miserably within. 'She is coming round already—see!'

But it was enough for me to know he said so; and I would not turn to him a face which I felt was more death-like than the one lying on his arm.

'Come to her now,' he said quietly, a few minutes after. 'She had better not see me just yet after the fright she has had. You can tell her it was a groundless one; whilst I seek for traces of the runaway.' Without looking at me, he quietly left the room.

And I was glad. For in the next few minutes, first the wild terror of returning consciousness, and then the glad passionate burst of thankful tears, robbed me of my last lingering doubt, and brought the certainty that my child, my darling, was a woman now, with all a woman's sorrows—and please God, joys as well—before her!

But everything else was meanwhile swallowed up in a great peaceful gratitude for Max's safety; and as soon as she was calm, I called him in, and resumed my position at the window. Edie was very quiet; the tears were still too near the surface for her to say much. I heard Max telling her how the accident had happened—the horse had bolted from a cottage door, where a boy was holding him; and then he made her laugh by the account of Mrs Frater's greeting to him on what she apparently supposed was his resurrection. 'Eh, losh me, but ye're a sprightly corp!'

Max's presence had its usual soothing effect; and by the time the carriage he had sent for came,

she was well enough to be carried into it and taken home. He remained behind to see the sick girl; but promised to look in at The Grove on his way, to see that we had arrived without further misadventure.

THE LOST CITIES OF SYRIA.

THE grand ruins of Palmyra have for centuries past attracted the adventurous traveller; but the desert country which surrounds it has up to the present time been an unknown land. Some years ago, the well-known French politician M. Waddington, in company with the Count de Vogué, undertook to explore this region, which they denominated Central Syria. There they found ruins of no ordinary kind; the wonders of Pompeii seemed to be renewed. From the distant East they brought back sketches of towns, with their houses, streets, tombs, and churches. A lost civilisation is brought before us, and the unknown epoch of Christian art from the first to the seventh century rescued from oblivion. The country is one whose name appears in the oldest histories. It lies near to Nineveh, Babylon, Judea, and Egypt, the most ancient monarchies in the world, which have each in turn disputed for its possession. Here have passed the flocks of Abraham and the warriors of Sesostris and Nebuchadnezzar; but nothing remains of that distant period; the architecture and the inscriptions date only to the earliest Christian era.

Syria may be divided into three distinct regions. The narrow tract between the sea-shore and the streams of the Orontes and the Jordan contains some of the most celebrated cities in the world—Antioch, Tyre, and Jerusalem. At the opposite extremity stretch immense uncultivated plains up to the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. Between these is the central region, now almost depopulated, but once a rich, happy land, which has preserved the fine remains of its ancient prosperity. It participates in the nature of the other two districts, formed of mountains running parallel to the sea and of fertile plains. Its inhabitants are sedentary as well as wandering—farmers and shepherds, independent or conquered, according to the alternatives of peace and anarchy, strength or weakness, on the part of the government, and fear or boldness of the Arabs of the desert. When, owing to the feebleness of the Turkish pachas, the tribes invade the cultivated portions, the abandoned villages fall into ruins, the fields are covered with parasitic vegetation, and the desert steals a march. Some day, when a stronger power shall have the administration, the desert will withdraw to its own limits.

This part of Syria belonged to the dynasty of Herod, a family who tried to reconcile the Jews to the rest of the world. The oldest writing which M. Waddington has discovered is an edict of Herod Agrippa. There is unfortunately but a short fragment, in which the king exhorts his subjects to renounce their savage life, no longer to take refuge in caverns like wild beasts, but to build for themselves suitable dwellings. He probably set them the example, for here was found a temple dedicated to Baalsamin. It is the work of Eastern architects, prodigal in ornamentation even to exaggeration, but yet skilful and original. Workmen were employed to dig out

the pedestals of the façade, which were found to be covered with Greek and Nabatean inscriptions, and intended for statues of important personages. On one of them was the name of Herod; and the travellers hoped to find the statue among the rubbish; but alas! only the wreck remained. It had been torn violently from the base, to which one of the feet was still attached, and broken to pieces. Perhaps some Christian hand had done it in the early days of the Church's triumph, to revenge the massacre of the innocents.

It was in the time of this king that Palmyra became prosperous, and enchanted with Greek art, built on that model the temples and avenues which are so much admired. Thirteen Aramean inscriptions had been found; but M. Vogué brought back a hundred and thirty-four new ones, in honour of rich and powerful citizens. From thence the caravans were wont to set out to the Euphrates, to purchase the merchandise of Persia and India. It was a great business to collect provisions necessary for so large a number of persons during two months' journey. Some powerful chief undertook the arrangement. If he led the troop with skill, and shewed generosity to the poor, a statue was erected to him in the most public part of the town on the pedestal of which his name was inscribed, with the thanks of his travelling companions. These statues are unfortunately destroyed, but the inscriptions are still legible.

On the frontier of the desert, the Romans established intrenched camps with vigilant soldiers, so that Syria felt itself protected. The fields were cultivated, and large buildings erected in the time of Cornelius Palma the first governor who occupied his troops in bringing down the mountain streams over the arid plain of the Hauran, and inscriptions still exist stating that the canal was dug in honour of the Emperor Trajan. Riches brought about the taste for comfort, and large stone houses replaced the huts and cave-dwellings of earlier days. At Bostra the travellers found the remains of theatres, finer and larger than any hitherto known. The flights of steps are still perfect; the stage is adorned with the monumental gates which were used by the actors. Many of the columns on the higher gallery where the women sat are still standing, the only ones now existing.

Ruins of baths, basilicas, and palaces appear in M. Vogué's drawings. One of them at Chagga has several perfect halls. The Arabs still designate it by its ancient name of Quaisarieh (Cesareum). At Phœna was found a handsome Hall of Justice, built in honour of Marcus Aurelius, under the direction of a centurion of the third legion. In form it closely resembles the ancient basilica; the arches, boldly thrown from one wall to the other, rest on elegant pillars; whilst the sides are adorned with console tables, to support the statues of the officers of the Roman legions. An inscription which we translate, shews the vigilance of the government in repressing any abuse of power: 'Julius Saturninus to the citizens of Phœna. If any soldier or passing stranger offers you violence, fail not to write to me, that he may be punished, for you owe them no contribution. From the time that you have opened a public hotel, you are no longer obliged to receive any one into your houses. Let this notice be posted in some well-known part of

the town, that no guilty person may plead ignorance.'

But the private houses offer a more interesting study than even the monuments of state. Not only have isolated houses been discovered, but the streets and squares of a complete town, shewing what an amount of luxury and comfort prevailed in these now desolate regions. According to ancient custom, the homes of the dead preceded those of the living, and an immense necropolis surrounds each town. To reach the first houses, many rows of tombs must be traversed, built with great care, the form varying with the country. Here they are hollowed out of the rock, with a wide staircase leading to basaltic doors ornamented with mouldings and sculptures. The rich have raised above these subterranean chambers small porticoes or double columns, which indicate the place of interment. In other districts the tomb is above-ground, a kind of pyramid with small shelves at the corners. These were destined to hold lamps; for the illumination of tombs on certain days is a part of oriental ritual. There are also high towers; the lower stories containing sarcophagi, the higher, a dove-cot; so that, as a Greek epitaph says, 'they shelter life and death at the same time.'

Beyond the tombs the city begins in its wonderful state of preservation. The entrance is through narrow streets, with handsome houses on each side. The earthquakes, so common in this country, have shaken off the roofs; but in general the walls are standing, and some retain their three stories intact. In plains without rivers, without verdure, without shade, the houses are grand but sad. Wood being rare, or even absent in Central Syria, stone had to replace it, even to the doors and window-shutters. Thus a monotonous and stiff magnificence is the dominant idea of the clever stone-cutters, which the architects of those days must have been.

In the northern parts, near to the Greek cities of the coast, a more elegant style prevails; the façade of the house is adorned with a double row of porticoes, resting on columns. The apartments communicate with these exterior galleries, which afford shade as well as fresh air. But ornaments and galleries alike disappear in the interior of the country. The East of the present day is seen in the high walls, destitute of windows or any opening into the street but a narrow door, within which domestic life is so rigorously confined. In the interior is the large hall, which nearly fills the ground-floor, used for family meetings and the reception of strangers. A stone staircase leads up to the bedrooms, which contain deep recesses in the walls for beds and closets. Some of these houses are inhabited at the present day, though built eighteen centuries ago. The sheik of a small village in the Hauran received the travellers in his hall to supper, where the large bowl of stew was set on the ground, by the light of a clay lamp fed with butter. Around this all the sheiks of the neighbourhood squatted to enjoy the strangers' society. The carpets and cushions were spread against the walls for the night's repose.

Under the houses, a kitchen is cut out of the solid rock; a hollowed stone forms the fireplace; and a hole in the ceiling above admits the light and allows the smoke to issue. All around are rings and niches, to which were hung in olden

the cooking utensils. At a short distance, in another wing, are the stables, with stone troughs for the horses, and holes in the pillars to which they were fastened. Then come the cellars and presses for oil and wine. One of these, which was found at El-Barra, has a sort of barrel placed outside the house, into which the grape-gatherers poured the fruit which was afterwards trodden down in the cellar. Above this the proprietor had inscribed two Latin verses, celebrating the presents of Bacchus when the vine is ripened by the burning rays of the sun, and telling us that his grapes produced a liquor equalling the nectar of the gods. The produce of the El-Barra vineyards was celebrated through the East in those days; and the Emperor Eliogabalus, who appreciated them highly, had them brought to Rome at great expense.

If we imagine all these fallen walls and overthrown arches changed into towns full of animation and life, we can understand the effect they would have on the wandering Arabs who occasionally approached them. Attracted by Roman civilisation, many of their tribes submitted themselves to it. Rome did not fail to profit by the opportunity, and formed them into bands of soldiers, who were among her bravest legions. One, who was the son of a robber, reached the highest position in the empire; and in spite of his low birth, was chosen emperor. Not forgetting his country, he founded a city on the spot where he was born, called it by his name, and raised altars to his father, whom he made into a god. M. Waddington has found the ruins of Philipopolis, which Philip, who reigned only six years, had no time to finish. It was a singular chance that the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Rome occurred in his reign, when he gave magnificent spectacles for many days; and yet the imperial Cæsar was an Arab of the lowest extraction.

Christianity was during this period making rapid progress; and it is in Syria that we find the earliest remains of Christian architecture. Few have been spared in Europe by the hordes of barbarians; but there is a regular succession of churches in Syria from the fourth century. As monotheism advanced, the altars were dedicated to a nameless god, who was called the Good or the Merciful. The pagan fancied he was addressing Baal or Jupiter; whilst the Jew or the Christian could at the same time invoke the God of Israel. One, built in the year 135 A.D., was dedicated 'To Him who is blest through all eternity,' by Salmon, son of Nesa, for his own salvation and that of his children. Two sides of it are engraved with letters resembling the monogram of Christ. The lintel over the door of a church which no longer exists bears the inscription: 'Synagogue of the Marcionists of the town of Lebada, built to the Lord and Saviour Jesus by Paul the priest.' There are, however, numerous churches still standing, almost all containing such inscriptions as: 'Remember, O Lord, the Christian who built this, and whose name Thou knowest'—'Lord, help this house and those who worship in it'—'If God be for us, who shall be against us?'—At the side of these Christian symbols, the monogram and the cross are found in profusion on the walls above the columns, and amidst the sculptures on the friezes.

Not unfrequently have pagan temples been changed into churches. At Ezra may be read the following on the door of the church: 'The house of devils has become the house of the Lord; the lamp of salvation lights up the darkness; idolatrous sacrifices are replaced by the choirs of angels; where the orgies of a false god were celebrated, the praises of God are sung. A man who loves Christ, John, son of Diomed, has offered this magnificent monument out of his wealth, in which he has placed the precious relic of the holy martyr George.' This building was finished in 515, and is still used for worship.

One of the buildings most resembling our cathedrals of the middle ages is the celebrated convent of Saint Simeon, situated between Antioch and Aleppo, to the north of Central Syria. Who has not heard of this saint, who imposed on himself the strange penance of remaining on a pillar for thirty-seven years! His disciples raised him a column on a mountain, with a small cell at the top, around which multitudes crowded to hear his preaching. When he died, his body was buried with great pomp at Antioch; but the pilgrims for long afterwards persisted in visiting the place where he had lived, and hotels were built to lodge the visitors, one of which remains, and bears the date of 479 A.D.; whilst a magnificent church was raised around the column of the Stylite.

This church M. Vogue has discovered. It stands on a hill, with a distant view of the lake of Antioch, and surrounded by a wall flanked with towers, through which you enter by a well-preserved triumphal arch. Within is a large monastery on one side, with cells, chapel, and superior's house; on the other is the church, which from what remains must have been one of the finest in Syria. The form is that of an immense Latin cross, of which the central part was ornamented with marvellous art; but it has suffered more than any other part, and is now choked with heaps of stones. The column of St Simeon, which stood in the middle, has been overthrown and broken by earthquakes.

It would appear that visitors came until the end of the sixth century; after which their visits ceased, and the country was no longer prosperous. Indeed, from this period Central Syria disappears from history, when civilisation and life abandoned it. Houses were no longer built; and in after-years, when the Mohammedans had overpread the country, it was changed into a desert, and barbarism re-established. When we read about these beautiful cities, and admire the works which this civilisation had produced, it is difficult to forgive those who destroyed and knew not how to replace.

UNCOMMON PLEAS.

LAW is not so much a matter of hair-splitting as it once was; but lawyers have yet plenty of scope for displaying their ingenuity in devising plausible pleas of defence, when placed in the unpleasant predicament of having really no case to go upon.

On a voyage from San Francisco to London, the *Kate Kellock* encountered a heavy gale of several days' duration, during which time the management of the ship devolved upon the first-officer; the captain betaking himself to the cabin, where

he remained praying until all danger was past, when he resumed the command. He was arraigned for neglecting his duty, and could not deny the impeachment; but his lawyer urged that the charge could not be maintained, as in all probability, had it not been for the captain praying so devoutly, the ship would have been lost. The Commissioner, however, inclined to credit the mate's seamanship rather than his superior's stout praying, with the salvation of the ship, and adjudged the latter to have proved himself utterly unfit for his post; but as his conduct did not appear to have contributed to the ship's peril, he had no power to cancel his certificate.—The cowardly skipper did not shew such good cause for his misbehaviour as the seaman who refused to go to sea after signing articles, although he had no fault to find with the ship, the officers, or the food; but justified the non-fulfilment of his engagement on the ground that he had dreamed the vessel was lost; and having once before had similar warning, and been shipwrecked through paying no heed to it, no money would induce him to try such a venture a second time.

A man was once tried in Illinois for horse-stealing, upon evidence sufficiently conclusive to satisfy even his own counsel that conviction was inevitable. Still that worthy was in no way daunted, but rising for the defence, said he should not attempt to controvert the evidence before the court, but would put in a plea of matrimonial insanity.

'Matrimonial insanity!' exclaimed Judge Wilkinson—mated as everybody knew to a most unamiable woman. 'That is a novel defence; but let us hear the evidence.'

A witness was soon in the box who had known the prisoner for ten years, and deposed that in that time the delinquent had married half-a-dozen times, and was living with his sixth wife when arrested.

'Well,' said the witness, 'if any of them was better than the others I am not aware of it; they were all a sorry lot; they kept the man constantly in hot-water by their peevish, scolding, quarrelsome dispositions.'

'Are you aware of the character, manners, and habits of the ladies he married?' asked the counsel.

Other witnesses having confirmed this account of the prisoner's matrimonial mistakes, his counsel addressed the court, dilating upon the cunning way in which women drew men into matrimony; and the wondrous change that came over them when the victim was ensnared; finishing up by contending that his client could not be held a responsible agent after being galled by such Xanthippes for ten years. This skilful 'touch of nature' was sufficient for the judge, whose charge ended thus: 'This court has had a certain amount of matrimonial experience with one female, and such experience has not been altogether of a satisfactory character. But here is a man who has been so blind, imbecile, and idiotic as to marry in ten years six horrible scolds and shrews. For so doing I class him as a natural fool; and even if he possessed any intelligence, the dwelling with these women must have destroyed it. The plea of the counsel for the defence is sound in law and equity, and I charge you to bring in a verdict of acquittal.' The jury did as they were bid.

The Illinois horse-stealer is not the only rogue by many who has escaped his deserts thanks to legal ingenuity. A man borrowing a ladder from a neighbour, refused to let the owner have it again, and was thereupon sued for its value. The borrower's lawyer pleaded that the ladder was lent on the express condition that it was to be returned as soon as his client had done with it; he had not yet done with it, and therefore could not be called upon to give it up. His argument prevailed; and the owner of the ladder was left lamenting his neighbourly kindness.—A tax-collector at Naples ran away with a large sum of public money, was caught, brought back, and put on his trial. His counsel admitted the facts, but contended that the collector was one of the people, the money was the people's money, and it would be monstrous to convict a man of stealing what was his own; and the jury being of the same mind, acquitted the thief.

A barrister retained to defend an unhappy man charged with purloining a duck, found himself embarrassed in consequence of the rogue having exercised his invention over-freely, and volunteered several explanations of the matter. First he said he did not steal the duck—he had found it; then he said somebody had given him the duck; then that his dog had picked it up; and lastly, that a malicious policeman had put the duck in his pocket unknown to him. Putting the case to the jury, his counsel left the gentlemen to take their choice, saying: 'My unfortunate client has told half-a-dozen different stories as to how he became possessed of the duck. I don't ask you to believe all the stories, but I will ask you to take any one of them.' Which story they took, the advocate never knew, *but the man got off!*

One plea, if it be a good one, is quite enough; and in certain cases, there is none so good as that of infancy. The law is very tender of 'infants,' going great lengths to protect them against themselves. It does nothing to prevent an infant going into business on the biggest of scales; but should the venture prove unfortunate, it steps in to save him at the expense of those who have trusted him without first ascertaining the date of his birth. Not long ago a young man, who had been trading as a Baltic merchant, suddenly departed for Australia well provided with funds; but being brought back to England, was duly tried, and duly convicted of having defrauded his creditors. Against this conviction he appealed, on the ground that it was impossible he could have taken any money which belonged to or ought to have been divided among his creditors; since, being a minor, he could not contract trade debts, and consequently had not—in law—any creditors among whom the property ought to be divided; and this apparently monstrous plea held with the Court of Appeal.

Infancy has its privileges elsewhere. A woman was arrested in Presburg, Hungary, for receiving stolen goods. She was by birth a Jewess; but six months previous to her detection, had been baptised into the Roman Catholic Church. When put upon her trial, she pleaded that she was an infant, and could not therefore be held answerable for what she had done—the date of birth in Hungary running according to the date of baptism—and after serious cogitation, the tribunal declared the defence a good one; and that she, a woman of forty, was legally but six months old, with a score

of years before her which she might turn to dishonest account with impunity.

Like the wife-beater who averred that his help-mate commenced hostilities by throwing water and other combustibles at him, offenders often boldly take the bull by the horns, and justify their wrong-doing. A woman brought before the magistrates at Weston-super-Mare for stabbing an aged damé, proclaimed that the prosecutrix was an old witch, who had 'harrided' her and her husband for two years, coming to her house and groaning at her, till she could not stand or do anything. Pressed as to whether she saw the witch anywhere near when she was taken that way, she confessed that the old woman was not always present at such times; 'at least not bodily, but she came in a nasty spiritual way, making a nasty noise;' but since she had 'scratched' her, she had not troubled her much. The plea, extraordinary as it was, so far availed that the witch-scratcher got off with a shilling fine.—A more impudent plea was that put forward by an Irish tramp for robbing a miser. 'Shure, your Worship,' said he, 'an' we're tould in the Bible that the way for a man to get to heaven is to sell all he has an' give the money to the poor; an' this mean old ciatur 'ud never have done that of his own accord. So I just helped him on the good road meself, an' sould all I took, an' gave the money to the poor according. Anyhow, I gave it to meself, ye see; an' faith, I'm as poor as a starved-out robin.'

More frank than prudent was Patrick Murphy, who appeared at the Dublin police court in consequence of taking the liberty of clearing a grocer's till of its contents without the owner's permission. He looked so dejected, that the magistrate, thinking he had a repentant subject before him, resolved to improve the occasion; and the following edifying colloquy ensued. 'It's a sad thing to see a young man of your age fall into evil ways. Haven't you a family to look after you?'

'The praties thim-selves are not more numerous.'

'And had you any employment?'

'Shure ivvery hour was illegantly divarted.'

'And I presume you had prospects, and hoped to rise in the world?'

'Thrue for ye, your Honour. I expicted to lave ivvery mother's son benathe me.'

'And now,' said the magistrate, 'you've lost character, prospects, everything, and all for five-pence-farthing.'

'Shure now, your Honour, that wasn't my fault at all at all,' said the victim of circumstances.

'It wasn't?' queried the magistrate.

'No, your Honour. How was I to consave that there'd be only a dhirty foivepence-farthing? Shure, an' didn't I clane out ivvery blissed cunt I could foind!'

Transgressors unable to pretend innocence, sometimes put forth strange pleas of extenuation. A farm-labourer declared he bore no malice towards the owner of the wheat-stacks he had fired; but having been badly treated by his sweetheart, he had done what he had done, lest he might have done something worse.—Another vainly tried to enlist magisterial sympathy by the following pathetic appeal: 'I am an honest man, sir; poor, as you see, but striving to get a virtuous livelihood. But the cruelty and indifference of my fellow-men embitter my existence. For the

last six months I have been singing about town some of the finest songs in the English language. I have sung for two hours at a time before the mansions of the rich and noble, and then perhaps they have given me twopence. Is it not brutal that people dwelling in style and elegance should listen to a vocalist for two hours and then give him two coppers? There must be something wrong when a man like me, capable of giving expression to the music of the best composers, has his feelings agonised as mine have been by the coldness and contempt of the world. In the best streets and squares of London I have sung as many as a hundred songs for eighteenpence. But the people have no ear; the taste for music has degenerated, and I am the victim.'

Singularly well acquainted with his legal rights was an old offender convicted of an attempt to steal a purse, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. 'What! five years for an attempt?' exclaimed he. 'It ought only to be two years.' He was passed to the cells below the court; but was subsequently placed again in the dock, and informed by the judge that he found he had no power to pass a sentence of five years, and therefore ordered him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years. 'I told you so!' was the triumphant comment of the knowing one as the warder handed him down.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

A STILLNESS wraps in calm the summer day,
Unbroken by a sound, save when the breeze
A moment rustles through the parched trees,
Then leaves them motionless. The sultry air—
Hot as the breath of fevered patient—seems
Conscious of coming storm: the cattle crowd
With low-bowed heads beneath the elm-clumps, awed
By some dread instinct of they know not what,
Save, that 'tis ill impending. All the sky
With thickly gathering clouds is overcast,
Dark leaden clouds, their edges tinged with red,
All ominous of storm; the quick, big drops
Of rain begin to fall—a rumbling peal
Of distant thunder, low reverberates
Along the hills: more thickly fall the drops,
Comes down a deluge—and the lightning gleams
In quick, successive flashes; louder still,
And louder roars the thunder—till gives rein
The tempest to its fury; awing man
And beast alike by its sublimity.
Its wrath at length the storm begins to bate,
A wrath too fierce to last; the thunder grows
Fainter and fainter, and the lightnings cease;
The rain-drops patter feebly through the leaves,
Till they at last are spent; bright diamonds,
Of Heaven's purest water, glittering hang
On leaf, and blade, and flower; once more the birds
Resume their for a while suspended song;
The cattle leave the shelter of the boughs,
And seek again the pastures; all the air
Is filled with fragrance sweet, the cooling gift
Of storm beneficent; and once again
From her enforced torpor wakes the Earth!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

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SWIMMING.

MANY concurrent circumstances shew the desirability of encouraging the art of swimming among young persons of both sexes. The liberal manner in which the London Swimming Club offers to aid towards the attainment of this most desirable end, we shall speak of presently: the necessity itself requires some preliminary notice. Whether pleasure or business takes people on the water, the urgency is nearly the same. It was grievously lamentable to read and to know, for instance, about two years back, how many hundreds of hapless persons suddenly found a watery grave by the great disaster on the Thames. Innocently going forth to enjoy a day's pleasure on a bright summer day, they crowded the much overlaid holiday steamer *Princess Alice*: women and children greatly predominating over men. A sudden catastrophe overwhelmed all alike; and the dwellers in the metropolis will never forget that day which plunged so many families into sorrow and misery. Scores of lives might have been saved, had even a little knowledge of swimming been more generally diffused. Shipwrecks in all parts of the world teach the same lesson; English sailors are deplorably deficient in this art, much to the discredit of the authorities; while passengers in ocean-going ships are obviously in similar plight. Sea and river bathing, in like manner, would be rendered more enjoyable if the bathers could have a little hope that they could swim even a few yards in cases of peril.

Besides these considerations, personal cleanliness would be promoted by an occasional plunge into the water. The late Canon Kingsley animadverted in his own original way on our woful deficiency in facilities for personal ablution: 'I have often amused myself by fancying one question which an old Roman Emperor would ask were he to rise from his grave and visit the sights of London under the guidance of some Minister of State. The august shade would doubtless admire our bridges and railways, our cathedrals and our public parks, and much more of which we need

not be ashamed. But after a while I think he would look round, whether in London or in any other of our great cities, for one class of buildings which in his empire was wont to be almost as conspicuous and as splendid as the basilicas and temples. "And where," he would ask, "are your public baths?" The Minister of State who was his guide might possibly reply: "O great Cæsar, I really do not know."

Since Kingsley wrote these pungent words, the building of public baths and wash-houses has done some small amount of good. Much might be said on this matter; but our present subject is more especially confined to the encouragement of swimming as a most valuable art.

Many women and girls entertain a belief that swimming is scarcely a feminine art, that it is slightly wanting in delicacy. This is a mistake; decorum can be easily observed by those who choose to observe it. Miss J. R. Powers a few years ago published a small useful pamphlet under the title, *Why do not Women Swim?* She was Honorary Secretary of a Ladies' Sanitary Association in operation at the time, and warmly advocated swimming both on sanitary grounds and as an aid towards saving human life. She left unanswered the question why women do not learn to swim, but adduced many arguments to shew that they ought to do so. It is well known that at our numerous watering-places very few women swim; they may float and splash about, but only an insignificant proportion of them can really swim. Miss Powers remarks: 'The greater part of the danger to water-traffic would be surmounted if every person could swim. In the majority of shipwrecks and other accidents on the waters, an expert swimmer could either reach land or keep afloat till help came. There is a method of floating which requires very little exertion, and by which even a weak woman may sustain herself on the surface of the water for several hours. Now, on the contrary, when an accident happens even a dozen yards from land, women can do nothing but cling in helpless groups to some brave man who risks his own life to save theirs; and the result is

that all sink in one miserable heap.' The truth of this picture is unhappily borne out by numerous recorded facts.

'Long' swims have attracted a good deal of attention in the last few years; that is, swims occupying several hours at a stretch. They are not of such paramount utility as some persons suppose; because there is only a limited number of circumstances under which such swims are likely to be brought into requisition. Nevertheless they are worthy of being borne in mind, as shewing what can be done not only by strong and active men, but also by young women, in keeping themselves afloat for hours together—far eclipsing the famous classical achievement of Leander swimming across the Hellespont to meet his beloved Hero. Let us just touch on a few of the long swims, leaving the reader to fill up details from his own-reading of the daily journals.

Somewhat over forty years ago, a seaman belonging to H.M.S. *Orestes* threw himself overboard, as a means of escaping punishment for some offence; he was picked up by a fishing-boat seven hours afterwards off the coast of Spain, and stated that he had been swimming towards the land all the time. About the same period, two men swam up the river Mersey from Liverpool to Runcorn; they accomplished the distance in something less than four hours. Passing over a long interval, during which many swims were recorded of a few hours' duration, we come to the more recent exploits of Captain Webb, certainly the most remarkable swimmer of whom we have authentic record. After some notable achievements in the Irish Sea, he undertook the astonishing feat of swimming across the whole breadth of the English Channel despite its very rough sea. On the first attempt he could only reach part of the way, and was for safety brought back by an attendant steamer. His second attempt, in 1875, was quite successful; he swam for nearly *twenty-two* hours continuously, from Dover to the French coast near Calais; he was supplied occasionally with refreshments by persons near at hand, but he never touched boat or ground during this prolonged interval. In the same year a young damsel, Miss Agnes Beckwith, daughter of Beckwith the teacher of swimming, gave clear proof that the weaker sex is strong enough to achieve remarkable results in this art; she swam down the Thames from London Bridge to Greenwich, amid the crowded shipping of that part of the river. In a spirit of emulation, Emily Parker, daughter of another professional swimmer, slightly exceeded Agnes Beckwith's distance by swimming from London Bridge to Blackwall. Cavill, another swimming-master, accomplished the distance from Dover to Ramsgate; he was six hours and a half doing the feat, but was more distressed with the heat of the sun beating down upon his head and the sunshine glaring into his eyes than with fatigue. Quite recently the London public have been astonished by proofs of the great length of time that persons can remain floating with or without swimming. At the Westminster Aquarium is a large tank constructed for the temporary reception of a live whale; in this tank Agnes Beckwith remained afloat for *thirty* hours, without touching ground or sides of the tank, singing a little and occasionally reading a newspaper to pass away the dreary monotony,

and taking refreshments handed to her; the water had a strong infusion of salt thrown in it, to increase its buoyancy. Since that time, Captain Webb has eclipsed everything else of the kind known; in the recent month of May he remained in the whale-tank no less than *sixty* hours continuously, floating all the time, and never touching sides or bottom.

Miss Beckwith frequently exhibits the art of swimming in some of our larger buildings, with useful hints as to the modes in which some may save themselves and help to save others from drowning.

Three or four years ago, at the Marylebone Swimming Bath, Mr R. H. Wallace-Dunlop gave a brief address on Swimming and Swimmers. His purpose was in part to introduce a new system of *plate-swimming*, to lessen some of the mechanical or muscular exertion required in the ordinary method. These plates, and another contrivance called *flippers*, are secondary in importance, however, to the fact that persons can certainly learn ordinary swimming very easily, without any other apparatus than their own arms and legs. Mr Dunlop, commenting on the sad neglect of the art in this country, said: 'The armies of Germany, under the system introduced by General Pfahl, are taught swimming as part of the necessary drill instruction. The armies of France, Italy, and other nations, taught under Bernardi's system, which is called "walking under water," are all made competent to cross rivers and canals. In the armies of Great Britain, on the contrary, if there is any system at all in this respect, it is the system of neglect. Our soldiers and—strange to say—sailors are never taught to swim. Britannia may rule the waves, but it is more than our soldiers and sailors can do individually for themselves.' Mr Dunlop drew attention to the disasters of the *Franconia*, the *Strathclyde*, the *Vanguard*, and the *Iron Duke*, as shewing how many valuable lives might have been saved had the persons on board known a little about swimming.

The London Swimming Club has made a very liberal offer in connection with such matters. Mr Garratt Elliott, the Honorary Secretary, draws the attention of the public to the subject from time to time through the medium of the newspapers. The Club has no swimming-bath to lend—indeed the great city of London is sadly deficient in them. The Club will assist learners gratuitously, or for a small payment in some cases. More especially the boys in large establishments are thought about. Mr Elliott in one of his communications says: 'Why any moderate-sized boarding-school is without a plunge-bath (even so small as those at Endell Street), I cannot imagine; in the winter season it could be used as a covered playground or lecture-room. If the expense be too heavy, a tuition-tank could be constructed for about fifty pounds, in which every child could be taught in the routine of school.' So far as the City of London Club is concerned, instruction, as we have said, is given either gratuitously or for payment, according to circumstances.

An interesting display took place in the month of April last, tending to shew what can be done if committees and managers of large establishments choose to do it. The Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, the Emanuel Hospital

School at Westminster, the Royal Caledonian Asylum at Holloway, the Commercial Travellers' School near Watford, the Spurgeon Orphanage at Stockwell, all possess swimming-baths, superintended and kindly aided by the London Swimming Club. At one of them, the Orphan Working School, none of the boys had any knowledge of swimming when the baths were commenced a few years ago; now they can all swim, some of them for considerable distances. On the occasion adverted to, many of the boys competed for the Club's certificates at the Floating Baths just outside the Thames Embankment near Charing Cross. Some of the best of them shewed not only how to save their own lives from drowning, but also how they may aid in saving others in time of peril.

Our scanty supply of swimming-baths is, as we have implied, a sad drawback to the learning and practising of this most salutary art. Liverpool, however, celebrated among our provincial cities for the grand scale on which the municipal authorities carry into effect public works, to be paid for out of rates and dues, has reason to be proud of her public baths, distributed as they are in six different parts of the city and suburbs, and constructed at an aggregate cost exceeding one hundred thousand pounds. Besides small ablutionary baths, there are twelve swimming-baths of ample dimensions. In the metropolis, the best supplied district or parish is Marylebone; the public baths and wash-houses here established comprise four swimming-baths averaging seventy feet in length; while the adjoining parish of Paddington possesses one reaching ninety feet in length.

Amongst the numerous subjects which are now taught to boys and girls, the art of swimming certainly should not be neglected.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'I suppose you don't know of nothing as has took place, do you?'

I WENT up to town next day with Uncle Ben, according to arrangement. I found Dr Brand a trifle brusque and dictatorial, I thought; but learning that years must elapse before he would undertake to do more than take a friendly interest in me, I thought I should manage to get along with him very nicely. In the great school of medicine and surgery in which I presently found myself a pupil, Dr Brand was regarded with profound respect. One of the first things pointed out to me in the hospital museum was a dissection of the human arm, in which every nerve and vein and artery and muscle was displayed in most delicate and exquisite network. That was Dr Brand's doing; and it was looked on as something next to a miracle of dexterity and art. I saw him in the operating theatre, where he stood almost unrivalled. At first, his perfect calm, the insouciance with which he went to the most terrible performances, shocked and disgusted me, and I thought him a monster of no-feeling. But in a week or two I began to be better able to understand and value his quiet mastery; and in a month he was my special hero.

It has been a problem to many, how it comes about that the orderly and gentlemanly men who make up the rank-and-file of medicine and surgery in these islands are evolved from the disorderly and rowdy youth who make up the staple of our medical-student supply. I confess myself the more unable to solve this problem because I have been intimate with the embryonic and with the complete surgeon, and have known and noted the marvellous space which severs them. In Oxford, I had known reading sets, and boating sets, and drinking and gambling sets, and sets of all sorts. But though I found men here given over to the same variety of pursuits, they went about them for the most part in so different a manner, and were themselves of so different an order, that I seemed to be thrown into quite an unfamiliar life among them. I had been so accustomed to the control of money, that town-life offered me no new temptations to extravagance. Of all the keen things Balzac has written, there is none keener than that passage in which he declares of an extravagant woman that she was reckless in the profligacy of her waste *because* she had known a time when a sou's worth of fried potatoes would have been a luxury to her. But it never occurred to me to do less than spend what Uncle Ben allowed me, and I found my society sought by some for whom I had little affection. How it fared with Uncle Ben's sons, my cousins, I can only conjecture; but I know that my relationship to the great millionaire was converted into one of the miseries of my life, by the adulation it secured me, and the prominence it occasionally gave me. Mr Wickamby, senior demonstrator, was marvellously fond of me, and undertook to introduce me to scientific society in London. I went to an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in his company at one time, and was finding an innocent interest in the display of divers new inventions, when a whisper from Wickamby—'The nephew of Hartley—Hartley Hall, you know—the great millionaire'—came in upon my quiet, and my night was spoiled. There was a gilt pasteboard erection of cubic form at one end of the room, which was supposed to represent the exact amount of gold in circulation in the British Islands; and whilst I regarded this, and thought how small a sum of money it represented per head for the population, Mr Wickamby came up and laughed, and said in the voice of a public lecturer, that my uncle, Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall, 'could shew a considerable slice of that if he desired to—eh? Ha! ha!' The baleful whisper followed me into remote corners: 'Nephew of Hartley—great millionaire—Hartley. Quite a self-made man.'

There was a Doctor of Divinity there who was most ponderously polite to me, and who took the keenest interest in my uncle and my welfare. He delivered a little oration to me on the dangers and advantages of wealth; and whenever anybody passed the corner in which he had me penned, he would interrupt the current of his speech to

summon the passer-by, and would ask to be permitted to introduce Mr Campbell, 'nephew of Mr Hartley, the distinguished millionaire.' The coarse greed with which I found myself surrounded, not for money, but for leave to talk about it, would have been matter for laughter, if I had not been the centre of it. As it was, however, it became unbearable, and I withdrew myself stealthily. I had rooms in Clement's Inn, light airy chambers, looking out upon a square of green, bordered by fine trees. The rooms look now upon the New Law Courts, which have been so long a-building, and the grass is still there before them, and the trees yet flourish. I was mightily proud of those chambers at the first, and was perhaps happier in them than I have ever been elsewhere. 'What more felicitie,' asks the poet, 'can fall to creature, Than to enjoye delighte with libertie?' Mr Wickamby, the senior demonstrator, would sometimes visit me of an afternoon and take a glass of Burgundy and a cigar. He was a man who smiled, a comfortable man, with a saponaceous manner. He had little set forms of speech for all manner of circumstances and contingencies, which he used by rote, as though they were formulæ out of the *Pharmacopœia*. One of these was that it really seemed absurd to say it, but if ever at any moment I found myself in want of funds, I was to apply to him, and consider him my banker. It was so easy, he would add, to run out of coin in town. At first, it crossed me that this was the prelude to a request for a loan; but Mr Wickamby never tried my regard in that way; and he used to utter his formula so heartily, that I grew positively grateful to him for his benevolence.

But there were pleasanter visitors than Mr Wickamby at my chambers in Clement's Inn, and among the pleasantest were Gascoigne and Æsop. Gascoigne's clerical duties held him hard and fast in the country all the year, with the exception of one fortnight, which he spent with me. I met him at the railway station, and brought him home in great glee, and enthroned him in an armchair.

'What prospects?' I asked him. 'When are you going to be a Bishop?'

'I don't know,' he answered laughingly. But he added more gravely, and as I thought with a touch of regretfulness: 'I ought to have stayed on at college, Jack, and taken a fellowship. But I should never have had the living which is to be mine unless I had put my neck into the yoke of this curacy. The patron insists on having a working man, and I am working. One of the ameliorations,' he said, laughing again, 'is that they don't consider cricket wicked in our part of the world.'

I said somewhat hotly at this, that the servants of the Church were surrounded by foolish restrictions, and that none seemed more absurd to me than the denial of harmless outdoor sports. I could see a reason against perhaps hunting; but there were a dozen other things which I enumerated in which, as I believed, there lay harm neither for a clergyman nor for his flock.

'You are wrong, Jack,' said Gascoigne seriously. 'But the drawback in the Church of England is that the influence secured is not commensurate with the sacrifice ordained. The true sacerdotal

power is not wielded by any man in our Church, even though he may make all the concessions which should secure it. The power of the Church at large is great; but the openings to individual ambition are few. There is an open avenue to fame and power in the Church of Rome; and though you may not think it, there is a way as broad and certain among the great schismatic sects—Congregational and Wesleyan. Amongst us, the individual withers, and the Church is more and more. Spurgeon is more of a personality than even the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

'Then,' I asked, 'you are not satisfied?'

'Which of us,' he quoted, "'is satisfied in this world? Which of us has his desire?'"

'But,' I urged, 'there is surely some joy in fighting a good cause, even as one of the rank-and-file?'

'Ay,' said Gascoigne; 'surely. But there would be more joy perhaps in leading the combatants.'

'In what direction?' I asked him.

He laughed, and threw his hands abroad with a careless gesture. 'Perhaps one might see,' he answered, 'a little farther on horseback.'

I loved him so sincerely and admired him so much, that this seeming slippancy grieved me, and I let the subject go. 'Æsop will be here directly,' I told him. 'I have asked him especially to come this evening; but I have not told him that you will be here. I kept that for a surprise.'

There was a little constraint upon me as I said this; for I did not wish it to appear that I dissented seriously from any mood of his. Lest he should observe this, I arose as I spoke, and seizing one of his portmanteaus, dragged it into his bedroom. It was a little surprising that he returned no answer for a minute. But he called out after that pause, as he followed with the other portmanteau: 'Æsop coming! Jolly!' And then in a changed tone he said suddenly: 'How very unfortunate.'

I turned round and faced him as he sat upon the bed, and asked him what was unfortunate.

'At what time did you ask Æsop to be here?' he queried.

'Eight o'clock,' I answered.

'What a pity,' he said in an eager bustling way. 'I have an appointment I ought to have kept at once on coming into town.' He laid his hands on my shoulders, and put me away from him laughingly. 'The pleasure of seeing you, Old Jack, sent it out of my head; but I must keep it. I am a quarter of an hour late already,' he went on, looking at his watch. 'Let me write a line to Gregory, lest he should think I ran away from him.'

I gave him pen, ink, and paper, and he scrawled a hasty note. 'Read that,' he said, as he threw it in an open envelope towards me. 'I shall be back in an hour and a half at latest.' He seized his hat, and was hurrying from the room, when I called after him.

'How about dinner?'

'Ah! dinner!' he said, turning with a hand upon the door. 'Put it off till nine. Is that possible? Or dine without me to-night. Never mind, Old Jack. Better luck next time.' With that he went out; and I heard him leaping downstairs, two steps at a time.

He had not gone long when Gregory came in.

Gascoigne's sudden departure had left me a little dull, and I was all the more rejoiced to see Æsop. He and I chatted indifferently for a minute or two, until he said: 'You sent for me particularly. Anything up?' I handed him Gascoigne's letter, thinking how pleasant it would be by-and-by for all three of us to be together in my rooms. It was growing dusk; and he took it to the window to read it. He seemed a long time getting through it, I thought, especially since Gascoigne had spent so little time in writing it. I asked at last if he did not find it legible. 'Yes,' he answered; 'legible enough. But it's very unlucky. I can't wait for him.'

'Can't wait for him?' I asked piteously. 'You take it very quietly, the two of you, spoiling my night in this way.'

'Ah, well,' said Æsop, with an air of philosophy; 'life's full of disappointments, and we must school ourselves to bear 'em.'

'Well, you'll come to-morrow, won't you? And we'll spend the day together.'

'Well, I'm not sure about to-morrow,' said Æsop, with an air of some constraint; 'but I'll write and tell you about it. Meantime, give the traveller drink; and I'll take a cigar. I've only half an hour to spare.'

Nothing remained but to make the best of it. I should have Gascoigne back directly, and a pleasant fortnight lay before me. Yet the rose-coloured bloom seemed somehow to be rubbed off that near future, and I felt quite chilled and unhappy. Gregory smoked his cigar almost in silence; and I went out with him and saw him into a cab; and thereafter went back to my chambers in a disconsolate and gloomy mood, and awaited Gascoigne.

When he returned, he heard of Gregory's departure with so singular an absence of concern in manner, though he said fluently enough what a pity it was to miss Æsop, that I asked him outright if he did not care to meet him. He blushed a little, and said that all our youthful friendships could scarcely be expected to last as firmly as that between us two. He was so embarrassed whilst he said this, beneath the lightness of manner he assumed, that before I had well thought it, I called out: 'You don't care for Gregory. Did you leave me to avoid him?'

He turned quite red in his distress. 'Jack,' he said appealingly, 'who has put such a notion into your head? Has Gregory hinted anything of the kind?'

'No,' I cried; 'nothing. It was only a fancy of mine. But I thought—you were both so calm about missing each other—that you had quarrelled, and did not wish me to know it. You were not very much with each other at Uncle Ben's place when you were down last, and I have never seen you since, except apart.'

I thought he seemed relieved, though I could not conjecture why. He made no answer except to ask me if I had read his note to Gregory. When I said 'No,' he took it from the table where Gregory had left it, and handed it to me. It began, 'My dear Æsop,' and ended with, 'Yours always;' and there was no hint of anything but friendship in the few hearty lines which expressed his regret for keeping Gregory waiting.

There was no news from Gregory for four days; and I was so wounded at this, that it alto-

gether dashed the triumph and pleasure of having Gascoigne to myself in my own London chambers; a matter which had seemed too pleasant to be real in the contemplation of it. On the morning of the fifth day, a letter came bearing the Paris post-mark, and expressing Æsop's regrets at his enforced absence. This cleared the cloud; for it explained that unexpected private business had sent him abroad. 'Assure Gascoigne of my best wishes,' said the letter at its close. 'There is no need to tell either of you how happy the *réunion* you planned would have made me, had it been possible for me to share in it.' So that there was no fear of any breach between them, I cared less for the absence of one of them.

Gregory did not return to town until Gascoigne had gone back to his curacy. I told him of the fears I had entertained about the possible decadence of their friendship; and he listened to all I had to say with a solemnity very unusual with him. He spoke in answer with a sort of rough tenderness. 'You nurse illusions, young un. Heave 'em overboard; but be sure you don't let your generous impulses go with 'em.'

He spoke so seriously, that I concluded he *had* a meaning; though why the loss of any generous impulse should be involved in my ceasing to believe that he and Gascoigne had quarrelled, I could not divine. A sudden sound of footsteps on the staircase and a determined hammering at my outer door prevented the continuation of our talk; and my visitors being admitted, made instant demands for drink, and stated that they had come with a proposal. They were amiable young people, with strong social leanings, and were supposed by their parents to be reading for the Bar. The proposal was that a convivial society should be formed, meeting in rotation at the chambers of the men who belonged to it; and Gregory being voted to the chair, an initial committee meeting was held. Bills of Wadham had come prepared with a suggestion that the society should be known as 'The Associated Order of Rum-Pum-Pahs and Royal Brotherhood of Frolicsome Fellows;' and this imposing title being by acclamation adopted, the rules and regulations of the society were straightway framed. Jeans, late of Exeter, and now of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, called to that high profession the week before last, was already glorious in the possession of the services of a clerk, to whom the task of engrossing the rules of the new society was intrusted. We went for all this genial nonsense with a certain solemnity which became it well, and discussed laws and by-laws with a business-like gravity which left upon me a sense of having been hard at work. The first meeting took place at my chambers, and was attended by the consumption of much liquid refreshment and a great number of cigars. On this occasion I was formally installed as Royal Fellow; and Gregory was created Deputy Royal Fellow. A vast number of other offices were created, one of the chief objects of the society being to include none who did not hold office within its ranks.

Thereafter, regular weekly meetings were held at the chambers of the various members; and the society lived a flourishing and on the whole a very jovial and harmless life, which gave delight and hurt not. It reached an untimely finish in

the rooms in which it first came into being. The hour of midnight approached, and we were singing an absurd chorus :

From Wimbledon to Wombledon is seventeen miles ;
From Wombledon to Wimbledon is seventeen miles ;
From Wimbledon to Wombledon—
From Wombledon to Wimbledon—
From Wimbledon to Wombledon is seventeen miles.

I had thought, in the pauses of this topographical record, that I could hear a knocking at the door ; and any doubt I might have had upon the point was set at rest when the end of the chorus came. Blows were dealt upon the door in a perfect shower, apparently by a heavy stick ; and one of my companions answering this noisy summons, reported the advent of 'an elderly Bloke in sportive raiment.' This announcement being made in a voice which must have been audible without, I went to greet my visitor, whoever he might be, with some reasonable dread that he might consider himself insulted. To my surprise, the visitor was no other than my Uncle Ben ; and before his eye caught mine, I could see both trouble and anger on his face.

'Come in, uncle,' I said, but with some awkwardness. 'I have a few friends here. I have told you about the Club in my letters, and it meets here to-night.'

He pushed by me without answer, and standing in the centre of the room, surveyed the assembly for a moment. Then nodding to Gregory, he removed his hat, and sat down in the chair I had occupied. 'Don't let me disturb your amusements,' he said gruffly ; but his angry countenance perturbed the young fellows, and they sat in silence, or talked to one another in subdued tones and formal phrases. In a little space one rose to go. Another followed him ; and in less than a quarter of an hour after Uncle Ben's arrival, the room was cleared. I had made an awkward presentation of my uncle to the assembly, and had tried to enter into talk with him ; but his manner, so different from anything I had hitherto observed in him, froze all geniality, and his answers were all a gloomy 'Yes' or 'No.' When at last the guests were all gone, he drank a tumbler of Burgundy, and rising, took his stand upon the hearthrug.

'What is the matter, uncle ?' I asked, after a moment's pause, in which he had looked at me as if about to speak. 'Is any one ill at home ? Is Maud'—

'I suppose,' he said, regarding me with a look of mingled grief and rage which, while it staggered, baffled me to understand—'I suppose you don't know of nothing as has took place, do you ?'

'No,' I stammered—'unless it were the'—

'The what ?' he asked me, with an almost fierce anxiety.

'The meeting here to-night, and the noise we were making when you came.'

He held his hat in his hand, and to my intense surprise, he dashed it, at this answer, on the floor, and broke into an execration. I regarded him with both amazement and fear ; for the mood in which I saw him was so foreign to his nature, that I could only think him mad. Quite apart from the fact that he always drank with extreme moderation, I could tell that he was sober now. He glared at me for full a minute

with his face inflamed by rage ; but he fought hard for self-control, and at last secured it.

'Anybody to look at you,' he said, 'ad think as you was wonder-struck.'

'I am indeed,' I answered. 'Pray, tell me what has happened.'

'Oh !' he said, shaking his head at me with an expression of bitter sorrow, 'you deceiver ! Oh ! you deceiver !'

'Uncle,' I cried, 'in what have I ever deceived you ? What have I done ?'

'You shall have a chance,' he said with a broken voice, whilst tears made their way to his eyes. 'I'll give you a opportunity. Make a clean breast of it, an' I'll overlook it.'

His appeal cut me to the quick ; for I could read such a pathetic earnestness in his broken speech and his rugged homely face as I had never seen or heard elsewhere. But I had no answer. I was half giddy with surprise, and my mind was filled with quick-darting conjectures. All my guesses left me bewildered ; for though I had a boyish fault and folly here and there set down in the books of conscience, I could think of nothing I had ever done or contemplated which seemed worthy of a tithe's tithe of his emotion.

'You shall have a chance,' he said. 'Tell me you done it. Tell me what you done it for. Promise me, on your sacred oath, as you'll never do it again, and this once I'll overlook it. Don't send your Uncle Ben off broken-hearted. Make a clean breast, an' I'll forgive you.' The tears were coursing down his face, and he spoke with a broken voice.

I think the love and sorrow which I felt for him steadied me. I answered then. 'Uncle, whatever suspicion you may harbour against me, I am innocent of having done one thing or thought one thought against your peace of mind. Tell me what you believe against me, and I will clear myself.'

'You're hardened,' he answered with returning anger ; 'but my sister's blood's in you, and though your father was a rogue before you, I can't get over it. I can't believe,' he went on, softening again, 'as Bella's child's gone quite to the bad so young. Look here, Johnny. I took you for your mother's sake ; an' I kep' you, an' I had you bred up like a gentleman, an' I did my best to make a man of you. If I seem to be stern with you, it's for your good. I can't overlook it, not without a full confession ; an' even then, it'll take 'ears an' 'ears to overgrow it. But you clean your breast, an' I'll forgive you.'

'You quite bewilder me,' I answered earnestly. 'I know of nothing—I have done nothing, which could cause you such grief. Believe me, uncle, I would sooner die than even seem ungrateful.' In the eagerness of my protestation I approached him and laid a hand upon his arm ; and he looked at me fixedly, whilst I could see sorrow again giving way to rage. Perhaps this alteration in his mood worked some change in mine ; for I added with more firmness than I had been able hitherto to shew, that I had a right to hear his accusation, and that it was impossible that I could clear myself until I knew of what I was suspected.

'Oh, you innocent, persecuted, wrong-suspected creature,' he cried with a bitter sneer. 'You haven't done nothin' mean, have you ? You haven't done nothin' low an' base, an' blackguardly,

an' criminal, have you now? Law bless us, no; he wouldn't.'

'I have not,' I cried, with mounting anger at the obstinacy of his accusation, and his refusal to put it before me plainly. 'And whoever charges such a thing against me, lies.'

'What?' he said again. 'You've made your mind up to brave it out, an' swear black's white?'

'Neither your past tenderness to me,' I answered, 'nor your relationship, nor your age, give you a right to speak so. If you have any charge to bring, speak it out. If you will give me no chance to clear myself, I will not listen to your accusations.' Those were the last words I spoke to him; for he broke out with a wild exclamation, and struck me across the face so heavily that I fell and lay unconscious for a time. When I awoke, dizzily and painfully, there was already a gray light peering through the windows, and I was alone. The interview with Uncle Ben seemed at first like a miserable dream; but as it cleared itself to my memory, nothing but wounded pride withheld my tears.

TEA-PLANTING IN ASSAM.

IN our issue of August 9, 1879, we gave our readers a sketch of the lives of Indian coolies who had emigrated to British Guiana. We have been favoured by a contributor, who has special knowledge on the subject, with a few remarks upon the employment of the same class of people by English capitalists in India. His narration is as follows:

'The population of the province of Assam is too small, and the people much too indolent, to meet the labour requirements of the great industry which has grown up in the last forty years, and which is rapidly increasing and extending to other districts of India. It has consequently become necessary to import labour to the province; and the over-crowded rural districts of Bengal offer a large and satisfactory field for obtaining that which, in addition to the generally believed all-powerful capital, is indispensable to success—namely, labour.

'Into districts such as these, East and West India planters have sent their agents to obtain labour, and to the mutual benefit of employer and employé. A recent official return gave the number of labourers imported into Assam alone at one hundred and ninety thousand. There are many other districts engaged in tea-planting, although Assam stands most in need of imported labour. This province in the past has come in for a fair share of calumny—planters have treated their labourers as cattle, underpaid, overworked, badly housed, half-starved, mercilessly beaten them, and so on. Parliamentary debaters on the "cat" uphold the fact that troublesome members are to be found in every community, and that in some cases, severity alone can keep the command in the proper hands; and thus exceptionally severe measures have undoubtedly sometimes been used by the Indian planter. On the other hand, a conscientious and right-thinking body of men comprise the planting community at

the present time, and a labourer is too valuable to be badly treated. In making new estates, the home comforts of the coolies are secured even before those of the European. Wells and tanks are dug to secure a supply of wholesome water; and houses—erected at no small cost—are abandoned if considered unhealthy, and a new site chosen.

'The government of India does away with the remote chance of the Indian emigrant being badly off. Planters' agents in the recruiting districts have to be armed with a license signed by the magistrate of the district they leave, and countersigned by a like official in the place where they wish to recruit. When the labourers are prevailed upon to seek a living in distant districts, instead of dragging out an existence in their own country, they have to be taken before a magistrate and express their willingness to go with the recruiter, so as to satisfy justice—that is, the government of India—that they are not coerced into leaving. The first term of service is for three years, although planters are agitating for an extension of the period of service. All expenses come directly upon the importer; and it costs from sixty to a hundred rupees a head to bring suitable coolies from their homes to Assam. When their agreements expire, they are free to renew or leave; but the planter does not have to provide them a passage home. The daily working hours are nine, with one day's rest in seven. Rice has to be supplied to coolies at a given rate, and for several years past planters have sustained a very heavy and serious loss under this head, being forced to supply rice to coolies at nearly half the original cost. A blanket too has to be given to each agreement coolie every year, and a good house and medical attendance provided gratuitously.

'Imported labourers in the tea districts of India are very well off. The men are engaged at four, five, and six rupees per month, and the women at three, four, and five rupees. Every child above five years of age works and is paid; and people with large families, if provident, are able to save no inconsiderable sums of money. For these rates, certain tasks are given; but they seldom occupy even half the time of industrious labourers. Men hoeing not infrequently do three or four extra tasks in a day, and the writer has seen them returning home with their day's work done—that is, the regulation task—at nine o'clock in the morning. Women are able to earn still better wages at certain seasons of the year. A woman under agreement for five rupees a month would have a daily wage of about ten pice (threepence three-farthings). In good growing weather, when there has been a great pressure of leaf, I have known women take ten annas (one shilling and threepence) extra pay in the evening, for a day's work over the task. It was a woman's own fault if she did not treble and quadruple her ten pice a day. There was the leaf growing so fast as to make the planter very anxious indeed to get it off the bushes, and the women who earned good pay were always encouraged by the manager, who only wished that a few more would take the same amount. An estate coolie can live very well indeed upon six pice a day, as he gets his rice at a reduced rate. Now, even when he does his task only, he receives ten or twelve pice daily, and so has a good proportionate balance at the end of the

month. Clothing costs but little, and the item of soap does not involve a ruinous expenditure.

'The people are enjoying a state of prosperity which they could not have imagined possible when struggling for an existence in their own homes. A coolie has only to be industrious and careful, and he is bound to save money. If sick, he is fed; if well, is made to work, and is paid. Good workmen are seen after a few years in the country in possession of cows, goats, and poultry, and occasionally a pony or two. They give their wives and children silver ornaments; and not infrequently adorn their own waists with neat silver chains, representing a sum of money which I question whether they could have realised as their own possession, when at home. Many prefer to keep on the estates where work, pay, and good treatment, if sick, are certain. Others open shops, or take up patches of land and turn farmers on their own account; not as the drudges of usurers, as they were in their own country. Many of the people accumulate wealth which would give an English artisan a very good standing indeed in the workshop; and such a sum represents infinitely more to a man who can live well upon six pice (twopence-farthing) per diem, than to the Englishman who needs beef and beer to maintain an existence. Sometimes when factory remittances are delayed, money is borrowed for a few days from the coolies. Indeed, it is not infrequently a matter for remark upon the satisfactory position gained by good work, that it actually enables them to lend money to the Sahib! As a contrast, the people when living at home had to work hard year after year just to keep life in their bodies.

'Mental and physical improvement is noticeable in the people who take advantage of the work and pay offered, and are provident with their earnings, and an unqualified blessing has accrued to those who have immigrated into new districts. The government of India has acted wisely and well in thus protecting the labourer, because with his substance he gets a little sense; and a few generations hence, when sensible natives are enjoying the position started by their coolie ancestors, they will doubtless recognise the fact that their improved standing is due to the government of the British power in India.'

From a correspondent who signs himself *Chota-wallah* we have the following notes, which may be of interest to those who contemplate trying their fortunes in Assam as 'Assistants' on tea plantations. 'No young fellow,' says Chota-wallah, 'should leave home on the chance of finding employment when he gets out, for many have had to regret coming out on "spec" to spend weeks or even months in an expensive hotel, and in some cases, when all their money was spent, having to seek work elsewhere.

'The ordinary terms on which assistants are engaged are: that they pay their own passage out to the garden, and agree to serve for three years, receiving as salary one hundred rupees, or say ten pounds, per month during the first—one hundred and fifty rupees per month for the second—and two hundred rupees for the third year. For India this seems small pay for even a beginner; but up-country fowls and ducks—which take the place of butcher-meat during the greater part of

the year—are very cheap; and the tea-garden assistant, if he does not live with some senior man during his first year, and pay him a moderate sum for mess, has a bungalow provided, so that he has no rent to pay; a horse kept for him, and the wages of a groom (syce), watchman (chowkedar), water-carrier (pani-wallah), and a gardener (malee), paid by the estate. Most new hands get one man at say ten or twelve rupees per month, who will cook and also wait at table till they can afford more. Thus the only wages the young assistant has to pay for the first year or two are—his khansama's ten or twelve rupees, six rupees to the washerman, and say two rupees out of his own pocket to make the chowkedar look to his clothes a little. Although a native will both cook and wait at table for a man just out, they do not like the duties being combined, and look on one who can afford two employing but one as mean and not Sahib-like; so that you may almost say a man has to increase the number, or at all events the pay of his personal servants as his own salary is increased. The following is something like a list of men attached as personal servants to a European in charge of a Garden: one cook, one table-servant, one bearer, one washerman, one punkah-wallah—often dispensed with—one syce, one grass-cutter, one man to bring firewood, one water-carrier, and one dāk-wallah, or letter-carrier; of whom the first five are private servants, the others being provided by the estate.

'To return to the fresh assistant. He pays, as we have seen, twenty rupees per month for servants, and has eighty rupees left to keep him; and on this, with care—as he will have brought a stock of clothes with him—he may live quite comfortably, if he does not drink beer—a costly item in a planter's house account—which a healthy young fellow just out from home cannot really require. In his second year, he will be able to afford a bottle of beer or pint of claret with his breakfast or dinner, which will do him no harm. In a climate like Assam, where there is so much wear and tear on the constitution, a little stimulant, after a man has been two or three years in the country, is beneficial; while the man who drinks to excess will soon suffer both in health and pocket; for proprietors will soon get rid of a man who neglects their work, as one who exceeds must. Men in coming out first, usually leave home about October, and get up to Assam during December, when the weather is delightfully cool, in fact superior to a fine English summer; for we have fires at night and in the early morning from November to the end of February. Coming at this season, besides getting accustomed to the heat as it comes on gradually, the new arrival sees the first steps in the making of a tea-garden; for it is during the months from October to April that we clear and plant; and before the cold season comes round again, he will have a good idea of a planter's life and work at the present day, without having to experience the hardships and privations which the planters of a dozen years ago had to endure. Whereas their predecessors had to travel about in the jungles looking for land, and while clearing it when found, had to live in wretched huts, often twenty or thirty miles from any other European, and quite out of the way of obtaining stores regularly; the assistant nowadays walks into a comfortable bungalow on a settled garden, with good

communication with the Brahmapootra and with his neighbours, who, now that there are so many gardens in the province, are seldom very distant. But though decidedly better than it was a few years ago, and steadily improving, let no young fellow suppose he is coming to an Eldorado where, in three or four years, he is sure to have made enough to enable him to retire. In Assam, we have a very bad climate, and what money is made is accumulated only by those who work hard and attend to their business, and doubtless at the cost of a certain number of years of life. Although there is nothing like the former amount of jungle-fever, there are very few who do not suffer at intervals from fever and ague; and to many this sticks even after they leave the country for good.

'Now that I have satisfied the "would-be" planter that there are drawbacks to a life in the jungle, it will be as well to give him some notion of the work. Suppose we begin at say six o'clock on a "rains" morning, when having had his cup of tea and toast, the assistant will take a turn round the "lines," to see that the people are going out to work; then a look into his leaf-house, to see whether the "green-leaf" plucked the previous day be ready for rolling or not; and then, if he has no native doctor, he returns to the bungalow, in front of which will be ranged all the sick people waiting for medicine. A man always knows when to give a dose of castor-oil or one of chlorodyne, and generally to prescribe for any simple ailment; and a manager always does well to be careful of the health of his people. The writer has often been ill in Assam, and has found his native servants most attentive nurses, and consequently cannot sympathise with those who talk of the "nigger" as so much our inferior as to be insensible of kindness. Fortunately, self-interest prevents the natives being ill-treated to any extent by the few who might be inclined to use them ill, for coolies are not slaves, and will not remain where they are not well treated. The sick people seen to, the planter goes through the garden to see that the coolies are plucking and hoeing properly; and will probably stay among them till 10.30; when he will have another look, to see that all is going on right in the tea-house, before returning to the bungalow for a bath and breakfast. Between breakfast and four P.M. he will pay frequent visits to the tea-house, and also get through any writing he may have to do. After four o'clock, it will be cool enough for another turn round the garden, to see what has been done during the day, and also what he will put his people to do on the morrow. In the evening, he will pay his coolies for extra work done during the day—for regular work they are paid monthly. About seven he will dine; and then a couple of pipes and an hour's reading generally fit him for bed. Men living alone rarely sit up late; the day's work is fairly heavy, and there are few amusements. In the cold weather, there is no tea-house work; but pruning, clearing, planting and transplanting, building and road-making, fully occupy the European's attention.

'To break the monotony of his life, the planter runs away for a day or two occasionally, to visit his neighbours; or they come to him. And in the cold season, shooting-parties are got up, when as many planters as can get together join, and bring

their elephants to go after tiger, buffalo, rhinoceros, deer, and whatever else comes in the way, or in places have snipe and floricane shooting; so that with fair health, a man manages to get through a few years tolerably pleasantly, sometimes even very happily—always looking forward to the time when he will be able to go home, first for a while, and by-and-by for good.'

MAX GORDON.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

KATRINE'S DIARY (*Continued*).

PAPA and Aunt Mabel were naturally in a great state of excitement and curiosity; but Edie was still so weak that I stopped all questions and took her at once to bed. Her head was scarcely on the pillow when she fell into a quiet sleep, which seemed likely to last for hours. Then I called her old nurse to sit with her, and slipped out by the garden door. I ran down the shrubbery till I came to its darkest end, where the trees grow so thickly as almost to exclude the sunshine—the blessed sunshine, which I loved so this morning, and which is so hateful to me now! There, flinging myself on the ground, with my head on a fallen trunk, I wept such tears as never man or woman weeps twice on earth. 'What is this that has come to me? What does it mean? What am I to do?'—moaned in broken sentences.

For as in a lightning-flash the knowledge had broken on my brain, that for me, Kate Percy, life's supreme moment had arrived: the moment when there is a silence in both earth and heaven, to hear the voice calling for the decision of a soul: 'Choose ye whom ye will serve.'

'Entbehren sollst du—sollst entbehren!' Every bird's throat seems charged with the message; the scent of the pines is heavy with it; it is throbbing in the earth's heart beneath my own. And I—I have no answer ready. See! the words will scarcely frame themselves upon my lips: 'Yes; I renounce!' Oh, give me but breathing-space and I will answer them more fully; let me live over again only one month, one week, one day—

'The spirits of darkness have *their* day.' At this moment on my ear fell a quick decided step; and I had barely time to rise to my feet before Max Gordon stood beside me.

'They told me you were out, and sent me to seek you,' he began. Then quickly: 'What is it, Katrine?'

I did not dare to look at him; but I shivered at the sudden anxious change of tone. It was useless to struggle yet, unnerved as I was by the excitement of the last few hours; and with one despairing glance at his pitiful face, I broke again into helpless sobs and tears. Max muttered something under his breath, and then he drew me closer—closer—into his strong kind arms; whispering me to 'cry there—it was my proper place.'

Ah! it will not be counted to me for sin, I fancy, that brief blessed minute, in which I forgot vow, sister, everything, and knew in very truth

what hope, happiness, and heaven all mean! Forgive me, mother, that for one moment I lost sight of the bleak empty future that must be mine—the aching hopeless void that is my portion from this hour!

“Oh, my queen, how I love you! Katrine, say you care a little—for never woman was more beloved!”

I hear, with his lips on my cheek. And then, thank God, some strength returns, and that mad moment has passed for ever.

“Let me sit down—I am tired,” I say stupidly; and we sit down on the fallen tree.

There is silence for a while. Max holds my hand firmly, and says nothing. In his absolute comprehension, in his unerring knowledge of how to deal with me, in the perfection of our sympathy, he lets me rest for a little before he speaks, and then it is very gently. “What was vexing my darling so terribly when I found her?”

And I gather myself together, and answer irrelevantly in broken phrases: “It is a mistake—is it not? You did not mean that you really care for me?”

He laughs a little. “Care for you” is rather a mild way to put it, I think. Then changing his tone quickly—“My queen,” he says, “you know it so well—what is the use of asking, Katrine?—that from the first hour we met—the night you sang *L’Addio*, sweet—I have loved you as a man only loves once in his life! Tell me now, Katrine—tell me when you will be my wife!”

Then I rose in my agony and stood up, gazing stonily down the long green vista, of which every leaf, as it sparkled in the sunshine of this first glorious day of ‘the leafy month,’ will be graven on my memory to my dying hour.

I am twenty-five; I have probably some forty odd years to spend yet on earth; and in that moment, God helping me, I gave up everything that would make these forty years endurable in this most miserable world... And yet, amid it all, I can still be thankful that it has been laid on me, who am strong, to suffer for her, who is weak; and through the blackness of darkness surrounding me, some faint glimpses of the glory are even already coming—the glory that has even been theirs to whom

The high Fates gave
Grace to be sacrificed and save.

Only, if it might be possible, that the sacrifice should avail for *him* also!...

I turned to Max. Something in my face must have warned him; he grew paler, and a look that was almost fear came into his eyes—those brave dauntless eyes!

“Max,” I said, “as clearly as my dry lips would allow me, ‘try to bear it as well as you are able. I can never be your wife, or any one’s. My life was settled long ago. At my mother’s deathbed, I promised to live for my sister; and God helping me, I will keep my vow!’”

And then came the answer I foresaw and dreaded. “But, my darling, the two things are not incompatible! You need never part with Edith because you are my wife. [How lovingly, lingeringly, the word fell!] Katrine, you do not think I would ask the sacrifice? Only say you love me a little. Ah, you have never told me that yet!”

“And I never *will*,” fell from my parched lips—cruel in my pain. “I can never be your wife, Max Gordon—never!”

And then I went through yet another of these ordeals which seem to repeat themselves to-day in endless monotony. He pled well, eloquent with the consciousness of reason on his side; whilst with him went my hungry heart, and all the youth and life within me, that shrank and quivered at the prospect of a future that was to be empty of him.

It was a bitter task, in very truth, coldly to refuse him the only boon he ever asked me—I, who there and then would have died for him gladly!

At last, finding argument and entreaty were alike useless, he knelt down at my feet, and taking my two hands in his, he spoke, with solemn eyes on mine. “Beloved, you do not fancy you can deceive me? Ah, Katrine, a thousand vows could not make my certainty more sure, my faith more perfect! “Our spirits rushed together” when your eyes met mine that night nearly three months ago; and nothing either of us can do will be able to dis sever them again. But I know you too well, and reverence you too highly, to doubt that your motive is an adequate and worthy one, and as such I will honour it. So if I may neither know it nor the cause of your tears—such tears, poor child!—at least promise me one thing. Should, now or afterwards, there be anything I can do to help you, however hard, *try* me, Katrine! My love is good for something, I assure you”—with a dreary smile. “And if, please heaven, things, or your view of them, change—oh, tell me quickly, sweetheart!” He bent his head over my hands and kissed them passionately. “Now go, my darling, go!” But still he held me. “Kate, kiss me once. It may be the only time!” I lowered my head for a moment. And then a broken whispered “Addio!”—and he was gone.

O my mother, were you near your first-born to-day?

CHAPTER VI.

KATRINE'S DIARY (Recontinued).

September 10, 1880.

When I last wrote in this book, summer sunshine was gladdening the earth; now we are in the fall of the leaf, and everything is bleak and dreary. Edie has been very ill. She caught the fever that day in the cottage, and for long weeks was laid low. Although never in actual danger, she has not made nearly such a good recovery as she should have done, and is still unable to leave the sofa. She is very thin and fragile, and there is a wistfulness in the great velvety eyes sometimes which goes to my heart like a knife. Still she is gaining a little strength those last two weeks, and to-day is looking almost like her old self again. Max was quite pleased with the improvement this morning, and says she will do well now.

He has been to us throughout what he always is, and more I cannot say. I hear them talk of his looking fagged and ill, and they speculate as to his overworking himself. But I alone see, as others cannot, *how* changed he is these last few months. There is a shadow lying deep in his

eyes that never used to be there, and the old glad smile is a very rare and weary one now.

September 13, 1886.

Even I, strong as I am, do not know how I have lived through the last two days.

Max came over earlier than usual yesterday morning. I heard him go up directly to Papa; and—Edie sleeping and not wanting me—I slipped out of her room quietly, and went down-stairs to the drawing-room, thinking to wait there till he should be gone again. But just as I had taken some flowers out of the vases, and was preparing to re-arrange them by way of employment, the door opened suddenly, and Max entered, shutting it behind him. He crossed over to me, and said hurriedly: 'Listen, Katrine; I want to speak to you.' And he told me in quick short sentences that he could bear it no longer; that if there was still no hope, he was going away—to India, where a friend of his father's had offered him an appointment. And then he took my hands in his, and gazing down into my eyes with infinite love in his own, he said: 'Kate, shall I go?'

I stood and shivered under his touch, powerless to take my eyes from his or to utter one single word; while in my heart went up an exceeding great and bitter cry. My burden was at last heavier than I could bear. Staggering backwards to the sofa, I laid down my miserable head among the cushions, and gazed mutely at him in anguish.

Max stood beside me, stroking my hair and asking no more questions; till by-and-by a torrent of tears came to ease me and answer him.

Then he said quietly: 'It is still hopeless, then, Katrine? This fatal secret stands between us yet?'

I bowed my head.

'To-night, then, I may write and accept Howard's offer. It must be to-night, because he wishes me to start immediately.—And now, dear,' he added wearily, 'I suppose I may go up and see Edie.'

A new and awful fear seized my heart like a vice, and brought back utterance to my tongue. 'Max!' I almost screamed, starting up and catching his hand in a temporary forgetfulness that I was alone in my unhappy knowledge. 'Who is to tell Edie?'

He looked a little surprised.

'Why, you, I should think. She won't mind much, will she?'

'I cannot do it,' I said, in breathless gasps. 'You have more power over her—than any one. You—you—manage her best when she is ill. You must break it to her; and for God's sake, gently, gently!'

'Very well, I will,' he answered, in a soothing way. 'But I am sure you are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Katrine. Why should *she* care?—why should anybody care—but you and me?—You and me,' he repeated with something like a sob; and left me.

Left me lying there on my face, in a sort of stupor; from which in a while I was roused by the furious ringing of my sister's bell. I rushed up-stairs to find her speechless and senseless and—as I thought—dying. For hours her life hung in the balance, and after that we trembled for her brain. With the return of consciousness came wild

despairing cries to Max not to leave her—if he left her, she should die or go mad; and then she clung to me and prayed me to forgive her if it were wrong in her to love him so; but she could not help it—could not help it!

My innocent little darling, there was no need to tell me that!

This evening, when Edith was at last sleeping under a strong sedative, Max sent me down-stairs to take some food. Nobody ever dreams of disputing his commands; so I went, and was listlessly trying to warm my hands—which *will* not warm—at the drawing-room fire, when he came in. He leant his elbow on the chimney-piece, and looked down on me. 'Kate, look at me,' he said suddenly.

I raised my eyes—careless now that my soul lay before him like an open book. Let him read it; who has a better right? And he does—with a long sad gaze of as perfect love and understanding as was ever born but to perish purposelessly in this world of incompleteness.

'O wondrous, fathomless eyes, with your "grand possibilities,"' I heard him murmur under his breath; 'but it is hard to give you up!' Then in a little: 'I have learnt your secret now, Katrine' (he flushed hotly as he said it); 'and if it is any solace to you to know that you possess the most unbounded admiration, the profoundest reverence of which a man is capable, you may take that comfort home!'

'Is there any chance for Edie?' I said hoarsely. 'Max, is she going to die?'

He shook his head sadly, and flushed again. 'Her health depends so much on her peace of mind,' he said slowly, 'that'—

'I cannot see her die,' I interrupted, calm with the calmness of despair. 'Max, you once said you would do anything to help me that I asked you, however hard. Will you take Edie with you to India?'

He looked at me uncomprehendingly. 'With me—to India?' Then a great horror rose slowly in his eyes, and his face grew pale as death, while he gasped: 'I un—derstand. Oh! I cannot! It is too hard, Katrine!' He sinks into a chair at the table, and lays his head down on his arms.

'It is her only chance,' I mutter doggedly. Silence.

'O my love!' he moans, in a little, 'I may be able to live without you—men do such things, I believe'—with the first bitterness I had ever heard in his voice; 'but put any other in your place—I can not!'

'She is only an innocent child,' I murmur monotonously, 'and would never know'—

There is a long silence. The clock ticking above me is the only sound I hear; and I wonder stupidly how many moments there are in forty years, and begin a mental calculation to discover. But labouredly picturing them up from days to weeks, from weeks to months, from months to years, my soul sickens at the tremendous total, and I let it go; whilst all the remaining strength within me—it is ebbing fast—focuses itself into one supreme longing. That I might first endow her with all the life and health that is such an intolerable burden to me, then lay my head down in some quiet place to die!

From behind the black drifting clouds without, a pale disk of autumn moon breaks through the uncurtained windows, and falling on the mirror behind him, reflects a saint-like halo round yonder prostrate head. Ah, my own love—is it not rather the martyr's crown!

I am brought to my senses by Max raising his head and looking at me. There are great hot tears in his eyes, but he is very quiet. 'With such an example before me, I should be unworthy indeed, Katrine, did I not hold to my promise. So, as you accepted your mother's charge, I now accept yours; and will fulfil it to the best of my power—so help me God!'

I stagger over to him, and dumbly hold out my hand. He takes it, and lays his head down on it again; whilst with the other I stroke his bright curly hair.

'O my darling,' he whispers, in a little, 'you will ever have the consciousness of how grandly you have done your part—but what will be left to me?'

'If,' I say brokenly, 'it is any comfort to you to possess one woman's boundless reverence and infinite admiration'—

'No!' he said, raising his head, and fixing his eyes hungrily on my face. 'It is not enough. Go on, Katrine!'

'And measureless love!' my lips moved to, though they could not speak, as I fell on my knees beside him with weary arms about his neck. And Max took me for the last time to his breaking heart, and kissed my lips with a last long kiss—symbol at once of the loftiest heights of Love's perfection, and the deepest depths of its despair. And then a great merciful darkness came over me; and when I awakened, I was alone.

April 2, 186—.

This is the last entry I shall make in this book. As soon as Edie was strong enough, they sailed; and my sister writes that she is well and happy.

I have little more to add. Two years afterwards, my father went to his rest; and five years after that, my sister came home—ordered to her native air. Six months only was I able to keep her, and then she died in my arms, the same loving child as ever. Nursing had always been my work, and seemed the one for which I was best fitted somehow; so, after Edith's death I came here—I write from one of our largest city hospitals—where I have been for some time now superintendent of the nursing staff. So, though I am alone, I have but little time to feel lonely; and the occasions are but rare and brief when, as to-night, I can call up the old faces and hear again the old tones; and when I have time to acknowledge to myself that even yet, now and again, my heart faints within me in its weary longing

For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

And now, dear reader, should my story have passed for you an idle or a weary hour, will you forgive me if in a word more I crave your future indulgence for one of God's beaten battalions—my sisters in celibacy, the old maids? I know they are a time-honoured subject of jest,

that is often more scornful than kindly; but, O friend, so many of them—not all, of course, but how many I never knew till I came to this place—have only come to where they now stand through much buffeting of the billows of great tribulations; and, arriving on the hither shore, it is with hands nerveless and hearts riven that they have had to

Take up the burden of Life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'

Soured, dissatisfied, over-occupied with the affairs of others, some of them perhaps—and these I have no wish to justify; but nevertheless it is the result of my experience that nowhere is pure philanthropy carried to a higher perfection in its divine work of lightening Humanity's burdens than amongst the unappreciated class of the 'old maids.' And apart from all this, I do greatly honour them, that with the high and holy consciousness that in every true life one love only is possible, they are contented to abide by its issues.

TOURISTS AND SPORTSMEN IN SCOTLAND.

We have before us a remarkable publication—*The Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland*—which serves to illustrate the importance attached in most parts of Scotland to the summer and autumn season. The editor, Mr Lyall—who is also its proprietor and publisher—has for some few years past prepared successive editions of the work, and the amount and variety of information given are packed into some four hundred pages of small close type. The topographical details are so full, that nothing we know of except regular Gazetteers and Cyclopædias equals it; while the excellent map of Scotland prefixed gives it additional value. The alphabetical list of hotels available for tourists and sportsmen forms an introduction to the other contents of the work. The list extends to something like two hundred hotels, from Wick and Thurso in the extreme north to the English border on the extreme south. Many a name among them smacks strongly of Gaelic—such as Ardenadam, Auchnasheen, Ballachulish, Scalasaig, Cuilfail, Ericht, Aftarie, Drumnadoch, Portsonachan, Taychreggin, Kyleakin, Sligachan, and Lochmorar. In many of these hotels, mine hostess announces her-self as the proprietrix; and we are not aware that guests are less comfortably treated than when the host is of the sterner sex.

Before going to other matters, let us peep into these establishments. The tourist hotel—we speak only of Scotland on the present occasion—is an institution quite unique, and such are being augmented in number every year. They all pretty nearly agree in this characteristic—that their condition during four or five summer months strikingly differs from that which they present in the other seven or eight. If not shut up altogether during the ungenial portions of the year, they are simply maintained on a small scale as taps for the supply of the local inhabitants or an occasional passing traveller. The white-cravated waiters, with table-napkins and soft shoes, are gone—we are not told whither. In bright and warm summer they again make

their appearance, ready to attend to any number of guests, and to manifest patient forbearance towards grumblers. If the hotel is full to overflowing, the landlord and his family, with waiters and servants, surrender their bedrooms, and sleep 'here and there and everywhere.' As to the functionary generally known as *Boots*, a problem arises whether he ever sleeps at all during the season; the earliest guests to depart find him ready to attend to them; the latest to arrive never find him wanting; while the information picked up by this remarkable servitor is just of the kind most useful to visitors—seeing that he knows the times of all the railway trains, steamers, coaches, and 'buses, and can give advice touching short-cuts along by-paths and over moors and mountain-passes. Nor are the guests themselves without curious experiences. If an influx of visitors takes place at one particular time, beds may be woefully deficient and makeshifts unavoidable. We know a tourist who, some years ago, before excursion trains and steamers led to the opening of so many hotels, found himself one Saturday at a small watering-place on the western coast of Scotland. Soon there came in a steamer with 'Saturday to Monday' Glasgow folk; while another contingent of visitors came down *via* the Caledonian Canal. It was literally 'first come first served'; the available beds were eagerly engaged, and the other applicants had to fare as best they could. Our friend slept on the floor of the coffee-room in one of the few hotels—head in a cupboard and feet outwards—after the other guests had retired for the night. Since that year the hotels in that town have become much more numerous.

A *shooting* has rather a special meaning in Scotland. It denotes an area of field, 'forest,' or moor over which gentlemen armed with deadly weapons bring down various kinds of game, estimating their booty not by any monetary standard, but by the pleasure of proving themselves to be crack-shots. Many of these shootings are very valuable, and are advertised to be let for the season or for a term of years, with the same publicity as houses and other buildings are elsewhere. We are told, for instance, of one shooting of twenty-five thousand acres, well stored with grouse, black-game, partridge, roedeer, hare, wild-duck, woodcock, pheasant, and rabbit; and having a shooting-box or lodge conveniently located and handsomely furnished. Another advertisement points to the fact that there are an Episcopal Church and a doctor near at hand; while the proprietor supplies the tenant with housekeeper, gamekeeper, &c. Another dwells on the advantage that a well-horsed stage-coach or a steamboat passes at no great distance from the lodge. Whether these shootings are rented for a single season, or on lease for a term of years, is a matter of agreement. The rents named range between very wide limits, forty or fifty pounds per annum up to two or three thousand pounds, or even higher. Let us notice one instance, without exactly specifying the name, locality, or date. The lodge is a fine handsome house, elegantly furnished; has four dining and sitting rooms, thirteen principal bedrooms, nine servants' bedrooms; the kitchen department replete with every appliance; hot and cold water apparatus; coachhouse, stabling for twelve horses, rooms for coachman, groom, gamekeeper, gillies, and

gardener. There are twenty thousand acres of well-stored grouse and low-country shooting, and ten thousand acres of deer-forest. There is a right of salmon-fishing on several miles of a famous Highland river, and good trout-fishing on small lochs and streams. The lodge is within two miles of a post-office and a railway station. A grand affair this, which none but a man of ample means could afford, seeing that the annual rental named is very heavy indeed.

The distribution of shootings here and there all over Scotland is well shewn in an alphabetical list in the book now under notice. All the counties are taken in regular order, from Aberdeen to Wigtown, and all the shootings in separate alphabets for each and every county. Thus we find the shootings in Aberdeen county ranging from Aberdour to Wythan, in Perth county from Abercairny to Woodside, and so on. To each is appended the name of the nearest post-town, with the names of the proprietor, his factor, and the present tenant or occupier. Her Majesty does not fail to occupy a place in the list as proprietrix and occupier of Balmoral, and as tenant of Abergeldie; while the Prince of Wales figures as proprietor of Birkhall, near Ballater. We soon find, on looking down the list, that the Southron keenly enjoys the scenery and shootings of the north, and has a keen eye towards grouse and partridge, pheasant, woodcock and blackcock, water-fowl, hare and rabbit, besides the lordly stag. Here, for instance, is one whom we recognise as a wealthy manufacturer in the county of Durham, and who pays six or seven hundred a year to a Scottish laird as rental for a shooting and its cosy lodge. Here we have an English banker renting one such spot, and two Kentish gentlemen sharing the rental of another. A London physician, a publisher, a merchant hailing from Liverpool, a silk-manufacturer, a shipowner, a shipbuilder, a great railway contractor, a cotton-spinner, a world-renowned ale brewer—all are to be found among the renters of shootings in North Britain.

Fishings, so far as concerns the information afforded to us, are still more remarkable than shootings. Let sportsmen decide the relative merits of the gun and the rod, the relative pleasures of sticking a hook in the gills of a fish and lodging a pellet in the body of a bird, or a bullet in that of a quadruped; tastes differ and always will do so. The compiler and editor of the plump little book before us, has managed to compress into it a vast amount of permanently valuable topographical information, not merely relating to touring, shooting, and fishing, but also to the physical and picturesque characteristics of nearly every part of Scotland. It is not arranged under the headings of fishings, but under the names of lochs, rivers, and streams. All the lochs are in one alphabet for each county, all the rivers and streams in another. We have spoken of the strong infusion of Gaelic in the names of moors and mountains; and certainly it is not less so in those of lochs and streams.

Let us take the case of the tiny river Cluny, to shew in what manner it is treated by our author: 'The Cluny rises on the Cairnwell Hill, and after a course of about two miles falls into the Dee near Braemar. Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld is the proprietor of the whole river, with the exception of about a mile near its junction with the

Dee, where the Earl of Fife is proprietor of the western bank. It contains trout and salmon; best months for the former are June to August; for the latter, August and the beginning of September. The part near Braemar belonging to the Earl of Fife is not strictly preserved; and for almost two miles further up the landlord of the *Invercauld Arms* at Braemar can give permission. Anglers wishing to go to the upper reaches must apply to Mr Foggo, factor, Invercauld, or to the lessee of the deer forest at Glencluny Lodge. Hotels and lodgings at Braemar. The Cluny passes through beautiful scenery. On its eastern bank are the ruins of the old castle of Kindrochet, once a hunting-seat of the old kings of Scotland. Some years ago a parchment charter, of date Robert II., was dug out of the ruins; it is now in the possession of the Spalding Club. Near the junction of the river with the Dee is Mar Castle, once a hunting-seat of the Earls of Mar, and afterwards a government fortress. Rod season from February 11 to October 31. *Route*—by rail to Ballater; thence by coach to Braemar, eighteen miles, where fishing may be commenced; or hire to Glencluny Lodge, seven miles further.

From the little river Cluny we will pass to the noble Loch Tay, one of the finest in Scotland. As the ample budget of information concerning it is too long to be quoted *verbatim*, we will content ourselves with a rapid summary. Loch Tay is surpassed by none for salmon-fishing, for which the season lasts from the 5th of February to the end of May or the beginning of June. The merits of the fish and the lovely scenery on the banks render this one of the most favourite spots in Scotland. Salmon as heavy as over fifty pounds have been here caught with the rod, and thirty-five pounds is by no means an uncommon fish. Mr Lyall tells us that in one recent year, by the permission of the Earl of Breadalbane, he fished the lower part of Loch Tay the first week of the season, and took in six days twenty-six salmon, weighing in the aggregate five hundred and fifty-one pounds. The loch, which is about sixteen miles long by three in breadth, has several hotels on its banks, by sojourning at which anglers can obtain permission to fish it. The net-fishings might be let at large rentals, but the Earl discourages them in order to keep up the very high character of the rod-fishings. The scenery of Loch Tay is as fine as anything of the kind in Scotland. The west or Killin end is grand and wild, the mountains rising to a great height, and serrated in many places into jagged and fantastic sky-lines. The river Lochy, which falls into the Loch near Killin, admits boats right up to the door of Auchmore House, a seat of the Earl of Breadalbane; and on the opposite side, a little further up, is the very old and picturesque burial-ground of the family, with the ivy-covered ruins of Finlarig Castle, one of the oldest seats of the barons of Breadalbane, adjacent to it. About midway down the loch, on the north side, Ben Lawers (the third highest mountain in Scotland) throws up its giant form. Many visitors ascend the mountain in summer, for which guides can be obtained at the Ben Lawers Inn, and also at Killin and Kenmore Hotels. The lower or Kenmore end of the loch is softer and more sylvan in its beauty than the upper or Killin end; and near it is the noble deer-frequented Hill of Drummond, wooded

to its very summit. The beautiful river Tay, emerging from the lower end of the loch, winds through the deer-park and round the princely Taymouth Castle. All the hotels on the loch-side possess boats, for which the following regulations are made: Each boat to accommodate only two rod-anglers, at a charge of five pounds per week or twenty-five shillings per diem; if two are in one boat, thirty shillings per day. All fish caught become the property of the angler. Two boatmen are necessary; they are paid four shillings a day each, the angler supplying them with luncheon. There are fourteen of these boats on the loch; and each hotel-keeper, by permission of the Earl, has control over a certain beat or length of loch—a profitable privilege to mine host during the season. It may be added that the Loch Tay salmon are taken in nearly every instance by trolling, not by fly. Such is the substance of the varied information given concerning the finest loch or lake in one of the finest counties in Scotland, Perthshire; and this may be taken as a sample of the spirit in which all the Scottish lochs are treated.

Even the remote Shetland, the *Ultima Thule* of Britain, comes in for a brief notice, in regard to small lochs and streams containing trout, three or four small but comfortable hostelrys, and the grand cliff scenery that awaits the tourist and the artist.

For finding one's way to all parts of Scotland during the season, the great English Railway Companies furnish the primary aid, by means of *Tourists' Tickets*, two or three or more Companies sharing among them the fare charged for each ticket. The smaller Scottish Companies do the like, preparing plans for trips shorter in distance and in duration, and including other modes of conveyance subsidiary to the rail.

Steamers of course do not neglect the opportunity. From the principal ports on the east and west coasts of England, to nearly all the ports of Scotland, well appointed steamboats or steamships ply, and carry good loads in the summer. Still more notable are the river and coast steamers, especially those established by the enterprising Messrs Hutchison of Glasgow, and by Messrs D. McBrayne and Co. These have rendered essentially good service to Scotland. They mark out routes of conveyance to a multitude of places—some beautiful, some grand—which would otherwise remain almost unknown to Southrons, and even to Edinburgh and Glasgow folk; bringing money where money is naturally scarce, and giving pleasure alike to visitors and to the inhabitants of the small towns visited. In this way, too, commerce is encouraged; for cargo steamers, following in the wake of those for passengers, exchange the commodities of the several districts for British, foreign, and colonial produce and manufactures.

The tourist coach is quite a feature in the general system. It is usually owned by three or four hotel-keepers along the line of route, who share among them the expense of coach, well-appointed teams of horses, and all the necessary trappings. The coach starts, say, about ten in the morning from an hotel where some of the passengers have probably passed the night; it changes horses along the road at well-determined places; it makes a longer mid-day stoppage, to enable the wayfarers to partake of luncheon; and

it arrives at the end of its journey at six o'clock or so, where mine host naturally expects many of the passengers to dine, sup, sleep, and breakfast next morning. Some of the most tempting scenery in Scotland is laid open by these coaches. It may be worth mentioning too that most of the drivers are superior in intelligence to the Old Weller class of men among the stage-coach drivers of England, being acquainted with the history and traditions of most of the buildings and spots rendered memorable by past events; and many of them able to give characteristic emphasis to snatches of song from Robert Burns and Walter Scott.

BY CHANCE.

DESIRING to give a new zest to social gatherings, the Americans not long ago hit upon the device of Wristlet parties—so called from each lady invited being required to furnish a pair of wristlets, duly numbered, for the occasion; one of which she retained for her own use, its fellow being forwarded to the party committee. On the evening appointed for the gathering, each gentleman-guest before entering the room selected a wristlet from a basket outside; and then proceeded to look up the lady wearing its fellow, upon whom he was bound to dance attendance until the party broke up.

It is not unlikely that the idea was suggested through its originator bethinking himself or herself that in old days it was customary for every one whether married or single, to take a valentine by chance not choice; the names of the parties to the fanciful lottery being written on paper, rolled up and drawn, so that all concerned had two valentines—the one they drew, and the one who drew them. 'I find,' writes Mr Pepys in 1667, 'that Mrs Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me; which I am not sorry for, it easing me of something more than I must have given to others. But I do here observe first the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto; and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I have forgot; but my wife's was, "Most courteous and most fair;" which as it may be used, or an anagram made on each name, might be very pretty.' What Mr Pepys escaped by being valentine to a child may be seen by a later entry in the Diary, running: 'I am this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me five pounds; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.'

Even nowadays men have still faith in Fortune, and willingly let Chance decide matters more momentous than partnerships for a night or a year and a day. In the Albemarle Memoirs we read: 'Up to the year 1770, Lord Albemarle and his brothers the Admiral and the General, were unmarried, and had no intention of changing their, to them, state of single-blessedness. Their younger brother Frederick, Bishop of Exeter, was the only Benedict of the family; and he had a son Frederick, ten years old, by his wife, Horace Walpole's niece. Unfortunately for the boy, he inherited his mother's waywardness of temper; and gave such offence to her bachelor brothers-in-law that they tossed up which of them should marry, with a view to cut out the lad, who was looked upon as heir-presumptive to the title.

Lord Albemarle won the toss; proposed to and was accepted by Anne, daughter of Sir John Miller of Froyle Place, Hants; whom two years after he left a widow; and had by her a son and successor, born the 14th of May 1772, and at his father's death a boy five months old.' This boy on arriving at the age of twenty, took to himself a sixteen-year-old bride, and became the father of so numerous a progeny as utterly to extinguish any hope the once heir-expectant might have cherished of enjoying the inheritance he had lost by his temper and the toss of a coin.

If Lord Albemarle thought it an ill chance that compelled him to sacrifice himself on the hymeneal altar, he had only his own rashness to blame for the misfortune, and at the worst he was free to choose the fair for whom he surrendered his liberty. That consolation was denied to Sir Walter Scott's cousin Watty. A middy-in the royal navy, he went ashore at Portsmouth with some messmates, and there made merry until the funds were exhausted and a long bill run up at a tavern at the Point. The signal was made for all hands on board; but when the careless middies would have obeyed it, the landlady intervened, vowing they should not leave the house until the reckoning was paid; and called in a bailiff and his men to shew she was in earnest.

The youngsters threatened and entreated all to no purpose. The obdurate woman reminded them they would be irretrievably ruined if the fleet sailed without them, and pronounced her ultimatum. Said she to her horrified debtors: 'I will give you all a chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot very well carry on my business as a single-woman, and I must contrive somehow to get a husband; or at all events be able to produce a marriage certificate. Now the only terms upon which I will set you free are that one of you marries me. I don't care a snap which it is; but one of you I will have for a husband, or else to jail you all go, and your ship sails without you.'

Finding the vixen immovable, the unhappy midshipmen cast lots; and Watty drew the fatal slip. The lady procured a license, and the knot was tied; after which she bade them, husband included, good-bye, intimating that she did not want to see him again, the marriage lines being all she wanted; and these were safe in her possession.

The ship sailed, the middies keeping their strange doings at the Point a strict secret, as they had sworn to do before drawing lots. Twelve months later, when the ship was at Jamaica, a batch of English papers reached the midshipmen's berth. Glancing over them, Watty was attracted by an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth and the execution of the culprits. Suddenly leaping to his feet, he waved the welcome newspaper above his head, shouting: 'Thank heaven, my wife's hanged!'

'There is nothing,' says Lord Shaftesbury, 'which is so merely fortune and more committed to the power of blind chance, than marriage.' A curious illustration of his meaning comes to us from the staid old town of Franklin, Massachusetts. At an evening-party there, a gentleman challenged a charming young widow to try her fortune at Bassino. She accepted the challenge, playfully proposing that they should play for a

wager; and he agreeing, asked her to name the stake. Seeing she was at a loss to respond, the host laughingly said: 'His hand against yours.' The lady demurred, and was turning away from the table; when the challenger interposed with: 'My hand for yours if I win; or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability, her consent being attainable, if I lose.' The wager was accepted; and the amused company gathered round the board. The lady led off and made forty-five, her adversary failing to score in return; but improving in his play as the game progressed, reached two hundred and fifteen to the widow's one hundred and sixty-four. Growing nervous, she played worse and worse, and finally left off the loser by two hundred and forty-seven points. Then the hostess advanced, took the fair one's feebly resisting hand, and placed it in that of the exultant winner, who begged permission to keep the mace with which he had won the match and a wife.

The early Wesleyans did not question the propriety of seeking guidance by opening the Bible at random, and taking what enlightenment they could from the verse on which they put their finger, in unwitting imitation of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, once in high repute as a method of divination, and tried with such prophetic results by Charles I. and Lord Falkland in the Bodleian Library; Falkland opening on the lines, thus translated by Dryden:

I warned thee, but in vain, for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue.
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw in war.
O curst essay of arms! disastrous doom!
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!

While to his royal master fell:

Torn from his subjects' and his son's embrace,
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!

Shipwrecked men have often been driven to the horrible resource of drawing

Lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food;

but in such cases the participators in the lottery have been so nearly dead already as to care very little how the chances might go. To men in full life and vigour such an ordeal is a trying one. In 1842, when Santa Anna ruled Mexico with a rod of iron, some three hundred Texans crossed the Rio Grande and attacked the little town of Meir, but were badly beaten by the garrison under General Anpudia, and two hundred of them taken prisoners. A month later saw them at Hacienda Salado, on their way to Matamoras. Rising upon their guards, after a sharp fight in which twenty-four of them went down, the Texans managed to escape, and struck for the mountains; but ere they could gain them were surrounded by a detachment of Mexican cavalry and forced to surrender. They were taken back to the Hacienda to await instructions from Santa Anna. He ordered that one man in ten should be shot immediately. As there were a hundred and seventy-six prisoners, this decree condemned seventeen to

death; and the Texans wondered how the victims would be selected. They had not to wait long to learn. On the 25th of March 1843, they were brought out of prison, and drawn up, fettered in pairs, in front of a stone wall. Then the Mexican commander, producing a small pitcher, dropped into it one hundred and seventy-six beans, of which seventeen were black; and grimly informed the Texans they must step forward in turn and draw a bean, those taking a black one being doomed to death.

The first to advance was Captain Cameron, a fearless Scotchman, who had led the attack on the guard. Thrusting his hand into the pitcher, held at arm's-length by an orderly, so that the interior could not be seen, Cameron, to the disappointment of the Mexicans, drew forth a white bean. Captain Wilson, shackled to Cameron, made the second draw, and was equally fortunate, as were the two next comers; but the fifth, Captain Eastland, on opening his hand disclosed the first fatal bean. So the drawing went on to the end. On its completion, the shackles were stricken from the limbs of the seventeen doomed men, and they were at once separated from their luckier comrades. As the sun was setting behind the lofty ridges of the Sierra Madre, the prison-doors swung back, and the seventeen Texans were led out, tied together in pairs, and made to sit down on the prostrate trunk of a tree, with their faces to the wall, and their backs to the firing-party. The word was given; there was an explosion as of a single weapon, and the tragedy was ended.

A cruel piece of business truly; but execution by lot is a thing not unknown even in England. In 1640, the parson of St Andrew's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, made this entry in the register: 'Two soters, for denying the King's pay, was by a council of war appoynted to be shott att, and a pare of gallos set up before Thomas Malaber's dore, in the Byg Market. They caste lotes which should dy, and the lote did fall of one Mr Anthone Vicars, and he was set against a wall, and shott att by six light horsemen, and was buried in our churchyard in the same day, May 16 day.'

Such are a few examples taken by Chance, a subject which is endless.

THE OLD NURSERY STORY.

FROM THE LOW-GERMAN.

SHE was like a dolly, so bonny and wee;
And oft at the gloamin' she'd sit on my knee.
I'd pat her soft cheek while my hand she would hold,
And always the old nursery story I told:

'There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;
She sat in her bower, and pined in despair;
Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied
And he was the king then, and she was the bride.'

The years have sped onward, and now she's grown up;
But still at the gloamin' she sits in my lap;
She presses my hand, while I kiss her soft cheek,
And still of the old nursery story we speak:

'There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;
She sat in her bower, and pined in despair;
Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied;
And I am the king now, and thou art the bride.'

J. W. G.

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FESTIVE DEMORALISATION.

It is a pity, we think, that social intercourse in our festivities should continue to be disfigured by the absurd old usage of drinking toasts. In nothing do men of good education and repute make themselves so ridiculous as when at the word of command they impulsively rise in a body, and with glasses of liquor in their hands, frantically, like so many lunatics, drink the health of some one, following up the ceremony by uproarious shouts and other manifestations of delight, at having done what they consider to be a great and good action. Such is what is called toasting with all the honours. The practice is no doubt ancient. It is identified with national traditions, it is fashionable, and it is acknowledged to be expressive of good feeling. But for all that, it is very irrational, and very much of a sham. Certainly, it is an encouragement to waste and intemperance.

In private life, toasting has almost entirely disappeared. A hundred years ago and less, it was rife in the extreme. Half-a-dozen men could not sit down to dinner without drinking toasts. In the event of any great victory, there was no end of toasting. The nation was for a time half insane in drinking the health of Nelson, Wellington, or other successful commanders by sea and land. It was part of a young man's education to get familiar with a few toasts, which he could bring out when 'called upon' in turn at evening entertainments. At the ripe age of fifty, he had become so hackneyed in toasting as never to be at a loss for a hero, or for a sentiment suitable to the character of the company. At the very least, he could give 'The rising generation,' 'All ships at sea,' or 'May the wings of friendship never lose a feather.' Curious and not a little melancholy to think what vast numbers of worthy people now gone to their rest habitually killed time in soaking and trying to amuse themselves over this kind of drivelling nonsense. As yet, the popular mind had not been roused to inquiry on a variety of important questions. A great part of life was

consumed in dawdling and drinking, as is still the case among certain classes in small country towns.

Discountenanced in general society, complimentary toasting holds its ground in public festivities. There, the libations are observedly as copious, as provocative of oratorical display, and as much attended with senseless uproar, as ever. Corporation dinners, charity dinners, reception and farewell dinners, are all alike in these respects. Every toast must be prefaced by a drink all round. The quantity of champagne consumed on some occasions is immense. The removal of a wagon-load of empty bottles not at all unusual. What may be the different degrees of intoxication, we shall not attempt to specify. One would not like to be too severe on a matter admitting of many extenuations. At the same time, we may be permitted to say that the example set at these festive demonstrations is not quite in accordance with the solemn counsels ordinarily uttered on the evils of intemperance. Men in high position who are nimble at toasting at grand dinners, do not seem to perceive that they are acting inconsistently in holding out a bad example to the poor, whom they are constantly lecturing on the terrible consequences of misexpenditure on drink.

Legislators are getting demented on the liquor traffic. The world is stupefied with schemes for lessening drunkenness. Advice on the propriety of reducing the number of public-houses occasionally comes from quarters where there might be judicious silence on the subject; for what is a well-replenished private cellar, or a club, but a public-house in disguise? There is an old injunction to the effect that we should correct our own errors before trying to correct those of our neighbours. Unfortunately admonitions of this sort are always forgotten exactly when they should be remembered. We do not expect much good from legislating on the liquor traffic. A rigorous Act of parliament to restrain drunkenness in England at the middle of last century, proved a complete failure, and had to be rescinded; for the cure, a sharp attack on

public-houses, proved to be worse than the disease. Neglectful of this and other lessons taught by history, there has latterly been too great a readiness in trying to supersede moral discipline by statutory enactments. In some cases, attempted legislation on various topics has been little better than quackery.

The special and potent remedy for intemperance, as it appears to us, lies in voluntary appliances and good example. We remember hearing a worthy judge, now deceased, say that in his young days, which would be about 1800 A.D., no man was esteemed a gentleman who did not enter a theatre or a ball-room half drunk. To be tipsy on certain occasions was the symbol of respectability. No such notions are now entertained. In ordinary circumstances, the higher and middle orders shrink from the social degradation of being classed with drunkards. We all know that this measure of reform has been brought about spontaneously through the progress of taste, without the agency of Acts of parliament. And if so with these orders, why not with those reckoned to be beneath them in the social scale? The success of temperance societies of one kind or other, now spread over the whole country, offers a proof of what can be achieved by united and well-directed effort.

Strangely, indeed, with all our advances in education and taste, certain drinking usages, patronised by persons of respectable character reputedly abstemious, continue to draw out a lingering existence, and so far are a scandal and matter for reproach. On this account, we venture with deference to recommend that an end should be put to all drinking usages whatsoever by general concurrence of feeling. That conspicuous and antiquated usage, toasting at public entertainments, should at all events cease. No doubt, there may be difficulties to overcome. Inveterate prejudices stand in the way, as they always do, when the reform of any kind of abuse is suggested. On the other hand, we are inclined to think that many who complain of the tediousness and absurdity of the toasting system at public banquets would be glad to see something more simple and rational substituted. To take the thing quietly, the first step in reform might consist in getting rid of the bellowing toast-master who acts as fagman to the ceremonies. The next and more important step would be to drop 'the honours'—that is to say, the blatant shouting, hurrahing, clapping of hands, and stamping of feet. Last of all, the practice of *wishing* instead of *drinking* healths might be introduced, along with such complimentary remarks as are called for in the circumstances.

Evidently, the present usage cannot be continued without invoking the contempt of the classes who are preached to on their intemperate habits; and contempt is a serious obstacle to reform. How those wretched ne'er-do-weels, glad to seize an excuse, must derisively laugh at admonitions to abstain from drink, when they read of a titled chairman at a public festivity saying in a lively manner to a select company: 'Fill your glasses, gentlemen, to the next toast which I have to give—The navy, army, and reserved forces—with all the honours, if you please.' And then follow the drinking and boisterous applause. We ask all who have participated in such saturnalia, if they have not in responding to the toast felt

somewhat ashamed of themselves at the figure which they cut? Grave statesmen, reverend divines, learned professionals, and sound men of business, taking part in a buffoonery which could only be excused in a parcel of children! Independently of this abasement, the participators must on consideration feel that they have contributed a very bad example to intemperates, who doubtless make unceremonious remarks on the subject: 'Here have we been reprimanded and sent to prison by these magistrates and fine folks for taking a glass, while they swill no end of glasses in drinking toasts at these grand dinners of theirs.' The subject is too painful to pursue, and we leave it to others. Surely, it would be possible, as we have hinted, to indulge in sentiments of loyalty and personal esteem without anything like Festive Demoralisation. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HISTORY.

'He had no change in her remembrance.'

AN English novelist of great genius says, in taking leave of the chief female figure of his story: 'Such women are not the spice of fiction, but they are the salt of real life.' That phrase expresses so exactly what I feel and desire to say of Maud, that I should probably have used it originally, if Charles Reade had not forestalled me. Did it ever occur to you to think that the especial charm and beauty of some women is—that they have suffered? The esteem and liking with which you regard them, even in your days of strangerhood, and before the usages of friendship have endeared them, is instinctive. The chivalry of the manly heart is awakened at the thought of such unmerited troubles as the faces of many good women unconsciously tell of. There is a look almost angelic in such faces; the gentle eyes that would fain smile kindly on all things, have been made familiar with tears; yet they still smile, a little wistfully maybe, but tenderly—the very twilight of a smile—no garish brilliance that blinds and dazzles, but a sad and gentle light, which soothes the soul as an autumn evening sky will, and disposes the heart to a quiet and reverent peace.

If old Time, whom we figure with scythe and hour-glass, had but a real personality, how should we sing his praises, how tell our thanks to him? Good old FATHER Time, who dost bear us all in fatherly arms away from sorrows, away from all sorrows in a while, if we will but have a little patience!

Maud in these days dwelt in peace. I have no skill to tell how the peace came down, and settled round about her like strong sunshine, until at last she would scarcely for her own sake have recalled her sorrow. Had that harrowing mystery which had first belonged to her lover's fate still seemed to hang over it, things might have gone otherwise with her, and peace might at least have been delayed. But she had learned that he was dead, and that his unknown griefs were over; and it came to pass that poor Frank's best hopes were justified, and she found rest. She did not forget him, and will not, though she should live to be old, cease to remember her first lover with infinite sad sweetness of remembrance and tender

pity. The cares which a good woman can lay upon herself for the cares of other people, soothed and gladdened her, and she moved among the poor like a ministering angel. Poor rural folk are not so susceptible to gratitude as it might be wished they should be; but she took root in the shallow hearts of her old women, who grumbled to her over their rheumatics and their old men and the hardness of the parish, 'which ud only give 'em a loaf a week an' times that hard.' These bent old creatures used to talk of her to each other, and though they knew little enough of her trouble, would say 'Poor dear!' when they mentioned her, by a sort of pitying instinct, which perhaps her eyes inspired.

Will Fairholt, though touched always by that casuist fear which he had long since expressed to Hastings, found the definite news of his brother's death a relief to him. It was a great grief; for as we have seen, he had a sincere love for Frank; but he felt, when the first wound of loss was healed, happier and more at ease than he had done for many and many a week before the news reached him. I have not time to tell the whole story of his healing; but as even in a river on its hurrying way to the sea you may find a quiet back-water here and there where foam of haste and voice of ripple are not, so my story, which serves a less important use than any river, may pause awhile, and we may suffer ourselves to fall into that calm bay in which the lives of these two, after much tempestuous tossing to and fro, have found shelter.

'My life has been but a poor business, Maud,' said Will one day as he walked by her side in the gardens at Hartley Hall. Before them was the gate at which she and Frank had stood together years ago when they parted as pledged lovers. The day was warm and bright and drowsy, and the shadows were growing long towards the east. 'My life has been but a poor business. For I have spent years out of the world idly, which should have been spent within it busily. I have never dared to name the purpose which has kept me here, and I have been living in a fool's paradise for years.'

'How?' she said, looking up at him, frankly and openly, with questioning eyes.

'I have no right,' he said, 'to trap you into such a question. And I did not mean it.' She understood him then, and almost knew everything he had yet to say. 'Do you remember when you first came here, and poor Frank and I first saw you?'

'I remember well,' she answered softly.

'I can remember,' he went on, 'no hour since then in which you have not been the centre of my life. Did you ever guess that?'

'I knew it,' she said softly; 'and I was very sorry.'

'You know it now,' he continued, bending over her. 'Are you still sorry?'—She gave no answer, but hung her head a little.—'I have loved you nearly all my life. Maud, can you give me a little hope?'

'I am very sorry,' she began, and his heart failed within him; but her voice went on tremulously, 'that you have'—And there she paused again.

'That I have spoken?' he asked.

'That you have suffered so,' she answered more

boldly, lifting her head and meeting his eyes with hers. As she faced him thus, a tender blush stole over the delicate pallor of her countenance, and it was not easy to endure the ardent question of his eyes.

He stretched out his hands and took both of hers unresisting. 'I have thought,' he said, 'I have hoped that our partnership in a common grief might bring us nearer to each other; though if I know my heart, I schooled myself to see your happiness, and to live apart from you without repining.'

'Will,' she said, as if entreating him, 'I knew it all—I knew it all.'

'But I have waited,' he went on, 'hoping against hope that time might heal your grief, and make a standing-place for me beside you. I have waited long Maud, long, long! But have I waited long enough? May I speak now?'

Her eyes faltered downward whilst he spoke; but she raised them again and looked him bravely in the face, though they were dim with tears. He saw that no further speech was needed then, and folded her to his heart.

They were middle-aged people, and the passionate raptures and delights of young love were out of reach. But as I have known the delirious happiness of youth breed a sort of heart-vertigo, so I have seen courtship in a man of forty and a woman of four-and-thirty full of very solid happiness. As for Maud, it was not the young love, but it was enough for happiness; for she pitied, and esteemed her lover, and had had the most constant and tender friendship for him for many years. And there was this singular factor in the case, as a matter of distinct feeling, although as a thing of course one conscious thought would have ousted it—that whereas she had passed the first bloom of her womanhood, Frank was still and for ever and always a bright, handsome, wilful lad. He had no change in her remembrance. She grew towards middle age; but his figure was no sturdier, his open brow took no corroding wrinkles, his voice had the ring of joyous youth in it. The deep maternal instinct in the heart of an old maid awoke, and she claimed this perennial youth for her child, not her lover. How should he be her lover, the bright, dandified, clever young fellow, who had grown no older this sixteen years; whilst grief had wasted her bloom, and time had reconciled her! Infinitely sad and sweet and tender were these memories, like a mother's remembrances of her child. For, ah! the dead who die young are always young, until we, who cherish their memory, follow them.

Will was quietly contented. There was no great excitement in his joy. As we near forty, most of us are disposed to take the delights of life soberly. Your 'wild and wanton colts, fetching mad bounds, neighing and bellowing,' are pleasant to look at, typifying youth and high spirits; but the trained steed who finds himself fetlock-deep in sweet grass, has a placid rest and ease in the sense that his burden is away, which are perhaps as satisfactory to him as the more demonstrative joys of colthood used to be. Will had borne his burden manfully, waited his time with patience, and accepted his happiness with a glad solemnity of thanksgiving.

Neither she nor he felt any wish to talk just then. They strayed slowly on to the gate to-

gether, and looked out over the park, where the peaceful sunlight lay among the trees, and the distance shimmered a little, as though the air were alive between and breathed gently in the heat. Then they turned and strolled back in happy silence to the house, and parted there; and Will strayed down to the arbour behind the rhododendron walk, where Mr Hartley mostly loved to take his ease with dignity. The old man was asleep, with a yellow bandana handkerchief over his head; and his hands were peacefully folded over his waistcoat, which was a little more bulkily projected than it had used to be. Will sat down and lit a cigar, and waited until the old boy should awake. He had pleasant thoughts for his companions, and was in no hurry; but a sound of yawning made itself heard from under the yellow bandana; one hand went lazily up and removed the silken screen; and Benjamin Hartley observing his companion, nodded at him idly and good-humouredly, closed his eyes for a few more seconds, yawned again, reopened his eyes, smoothed his legs with his hands, and said finally in a voice of lazy comfort: 'Well, Mr William, how goes it?'

'It goes very well indeed,' said Will, smiling; 'and only needs your hand to push it into smooth water.'

'Eh?' said Mr Hartley, sitting up with a bewildered face.

'Maud and I, Mr Hartley'—Will began in explanation.

'Ah!' said Mr Hartley with an appreciative grin.

'Have made up our minds that we care for each other. But there is a Wicked Uncle in the case, as there has been in the stories of many young people' [Mr Hartley's smile, appreciative of the situation, grew wider]—'and it is necessary to soothe him, and obtain his sanction.'

'He's a hard old beast that there uncle, Mr William,' said Mr Hartley with a joyful wink. 'But if you was to go at him together, I think you'd manage him.'

'I think we should,' Will answered. 'But I want to pave the way by which we must approach him.'

'You come along of me,' said the Wicked Uncle; and Will throwing away his cigar, walked with him to the house, where the old man went in search of Maud; and having found her, brought her on his arm. 'Mr William,' he said, not without dignity, 'I've known you, good man and true English gentleman, for twenty year. I never knowed a thing about you as could make you unworthy of my girl; and as I find her willin', I give her to you with all my heart. And she knows what I think about her—don't you, my dear?' With that he kissed her heartily, and then put her hand in Will's; and posing in high glee with both hands aloft, said: 'Bless you, my children!' in a manner so jovially pompous and absurd, that even Maud laughed. Mr Hartley for his part shouted with a somewhat suspicious hilarity. 'Bless your heart, my dear,' he said to Maud, 'do you know as I've took to novel-reading in my old age, and plays, and them sort o' things? I know all the proper sentimental dodges now.—Stop to dinner, Mr William?—No? All right—as you like. I'm a-going back to the arbour, I am, to finish the nap as you two young uns broke into with your love-making.' The good

old heathen rolled back to his arbour a little sadly, and sat there a long time lonely, until Will had taken leave and Maud came out to join him.

'You will be lonely when I am gone,' she said, after an affectionate talk.

'No,' the old man answered stoutly; 'I shan't be nothing of the sort. An' you'll come and live here, half the year at least. That I *do* expect.' He stroked her hair, as he had used to do when she was a child, and patted her cheek.

'You are a good unselfish uncle,' she answered fondly.

He stroked her hair still, and answered: 'If I was one of them book-writing fellers, my dear, I'd write a tale.'

'Yes,' said she; 'and what would it be, uncle?'

'It ud be about two different people; an' I'd make one of 'em a grinding, selfish blackguard, don't you see; and I'd make th' other a man as'd act fair even if he lost by it. An' I should shew folks as the man as allays tried to be happy was miserable; an' I should shew 'em as the man as acted fair an' generous was happy in the long-run, even when he lost. Supposing I'd ha' said: "No; stop with me," you'd ha' stopped—wouldn't you?'

'Yes,' she answered; 'I should have stayed.'

'Now, look there!' he said. 'What a conscience I should ha' carried! You'd ha' seen me a-going about like a regular Misery. I know you'd ha' stayed, my dear. I know you would. An' I should ha' brought my own gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave. Not as there's many of 'em,' said the good old fellow, polishing his baldness with his handkerchief, 'nor hasn't been this many a 'ear. No, no, no, my dear,' he went on, answering his own thoughts. 'It's old age's happiness to see them as they love happy. I'm a very happy man, my darlin'—a very happy man. Everythin's prospered with me wonderful. I've got a lot to be thankful for, an' happy over. Theer's the Major—he's a credit to me; ain't he now? Theer's 'Orace—he's a credit to me. Feller of his college, an' as stately a gentleman as ever was. Makes me half afraid to look at him; but he's a good son, Maud, an' never caused me a day's trouble in his life. Then, theer's Johnny. He's a good lad, my dear; ain't he now? No harm in him. A quiet, upright, honourable lad. Then theer's you, a-going to be happy. Why, bless my soul,' said Mr Hartley, with a melancholy effort to be genial, 'wheer is there a happier man than me?' With that he kissed her; and she felt his tears warm upon her face. But she knew that there was no more bitterness in them than in her own; and when he had unaffectedly dried his eyes with the yellow handkerchief and kissed her once more, they rose together, and walked towards the house in a tranquil and tender peace, which I feel it no sin to envy.

It had been Will Fairholt's intention to lay his purpose before his father at once; but the old gentleman was in so irritable and testy a mood, that he deemed it wise to postpone his revelation till the morrow. So, on a sunny morning, when Mr Fairholt was strolling slowly and with difficulty up and down his favourite walk in the shrubbery, Will joined him, and began: 'I think it my duty, sir, to ask your consent in a matter of great importance.'

'What is that?'

'I hope shortly to be married, and'—

'You ought to have married long ago,' Mr Fairholt said testily. 'It's a hard thing for a man to feel that he is the last but one of his house, in the male line. Who is it? Is it that girl of Hartley's?'

'It is Mr Hartley's niece,' said Will simply. He was used to his father's manner, and made large allowances for him, thinking how much he had suffered.

'I thought so,' the old man answered, resenting an injury as usual. 'You will please yourself, of course. The estate's entailed, and goes to you; and I have neither part nor lot, nor influence either, for that matter, in the whole affair.'

'I have never crossed you knowingly, father,' Will said gently.

'No,' said Mr Fairholt captiously; 'you've been a good son to me, Will, a good son. And I've no fault to find with the girl. A girl she's not any longer; but you're not a boy any longer, and I have no fault to find. Her uncle is vulgar—vulgar to his finger-ends; but she has a well-bred look and manner. I don't care to approach the fellow again; but I suppose I shall have to see him now. That sort of man is vulgar in soul, Will, that self-made, money-grubbing sort of man. I have met people of no family—when I was younger, and mixed with the world—whose manners had no trace of polish, and who were yet not intolerable. That fellow Hartley is a bear. The man's heart is wrong, and the vileness of his manner is a natural consequence. His son is a parvenu; that—that army fellow, quite a bad imitation of a gentleman. I don't know much about the girl; but people speak well of her. Young Borroleigh, Chesterwood's son, wanted to marry her, I remember, nearly a dozen years ago. Money, I suppose; though he ought to have enough of it. Chesterwood has been stingy enough these thirty years. I'm told that poor Frank was attached to her. Yes, yes; you have my consent, if you want it. Let me be alone a little while now. I am tired of talking.' And he fell to wondering, as he paced feebly up and down the shrubby walk in the morning sunshine, how much the millionaire would give his niece. 'I'll see him about it,' he said—'I'll see him about it. Will's quite a fool in money matters—quite a fool. Zounds, he shall gild the pill, anyway!' And he laughed a little at that comfortable reflection.

It was perhaps not a remarkable thing that at the same moment Benjamin Hartley should have been thinking in the same strain—with a reverse of persons. 'I shall have to gild the pill,' he said to himself, 'an' gild it pretty thick too, into the bargain, to get old Fairholt to swallow it without makin' a wry face. Well, well; it'll only be a flea-bite out o' the Major's share an' 'Orace's. I suppose I could buy the proud old rascal up, an' scarcely know I'd done it.' So that it seemed fairly probable that Mr Fairholt's desire to have the pill gilded would not be difficult of fulfilment.

It was decided that the marriage should not be long delayed; and the negotiations between family pride and Mammon were conducted without hitch or hindrance. But a week or two before the wedding, Fate dealt Benjamin Hartley a terrible blow. There came into his hands a cheque bearing the endorsement of his sister's son, John Campbell, and a forged copy of his own signature, so close

that he himself was almost deceived by it. 'Pay John Campbell, Esq. or Order, Two Hundred Pounds.' His mingled grief and rage almost drove him mad. He had treated the boy with fatherly tenderness and generosity; and the inexplicable baseness and ingratitude of this return bade fair to break his heart. He went up to town, where the young man was studying, and after a stormy scene, struck him down and left him. He went heart-brokenly to his solicitors next day, and conferred with the leading partner, to whom he told the story.

'What do you propose to do?' asked the lawyer. 'Shall you prosecute?'

Mr Hartley glared at him with indignation; almost with contempt. 'No!' he said; 'I shan't prosecute; and I shan't plunge the miserable young scoundrel into crime. I want you to send for him, and to tell him what I know; for though I tried last night, I couldn't bring myself to frame the words and say 'em to him. Tell him that you've got my instructions to invest five thousand pounds for him. That'll go to buy a practice when he's got a diploma, and meantime it can bear interest at five per cent., and he can live on the interest. It ain't what I meant to do by him; but it's more than he deserves.'

'Much more,' said the lawyer. 'If I might advise'—

'You needn't,' said Mr Hartley, with a sort of weary anger. 'If he's got any debts, pay 'em. Tell him if he writes to me I shall send his letters back unopened. Tell him I've done with him, beyond this, for good and all. Here,' he added suddenly, drawing the forged cheque from his pocket-book; 'shew him that.' He threw it on the table, whence it fell to the floor. The lawyer stooped and picked it up; and the millionaire said drearily: 'Don't you say nothing about me, except as these is my instructions. But I wouldn't ha' had it done by him, Bilton, not if I'd lost every penny I'm worth. Good-bye, Bilton. You've got my will. Make the necessary alterations in it; and send somebody down with it for me to sign. And be quick about it; for I don't think, Bilton, as I shall last much longer.'

'For many a year, I hope,' said the lawyer; but Benjamin Hartley, shaking his head sadly, went away with his hopes all dashed. He carried a heavy heart into the country; and was for a long time so ailing that Maud's marriage was deferred; and where everything had lately been so happy, all was turned to gloom.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK OF THE *BORUSSIA*.

NARRATED BY W. STUART LECKY, THE SHIP'S SURGEON.

THE terrible disaster which happened to this vessel in the end of last year, while on her voyage between Liverpool and New Orleans, will be still fresh in the memories of many. Before proceeding to speak of the foundering of the ship and the fate of those on board, it may not be out of place to give a few particulars of the ship herself.

The *Borussia* originally belonged to the Hamburg-American Packet Company, and was built for them in the year 1855. She was purchased by the Mississippi and Dominion Steam Shipping Company about five years ago, and had run on the routes to

New Orleans via Corunna, and to Quebec and Montreal. Her registered tonnage was one thousand three hundred and twenty; gross, two thousand and seventy. She was barque-rigged, and had compound surface condensing engines, constructed for her by Messrs Day & Co. of Glasgow about seven years ago. Her donkey-engine was in the engine-room, below, with the other engines, and not on deck, as is sometimes the case. Her length was about three hundred feet, beam about twenty-five, and she was built in air-tight compartments. Her crew for the last voyage numbered fifty-five hands all told, including captain, officers, &c. The *Borussia* sailed from the Mersey at three p.m. on the 20th November, with sixty-three passengers, of whom one was a saloon passenger, the remainder being steerage. Her cargo consisted of some pig-iron and general goods.

We made an unusually fast passage to Corunna (sixty-seven hours), arriving on Sunday morning at ten o'clock; the wind, though very high, as was also the sea, having been favourable. During this time, the ship rolled much more than I had seen her do before, and more than the state of the weather would account for. We remained at Corunna till Tuesday the 25th, taking in over sixty passengers, all Spanish—fourteen or fifteen being saloon—and some general cargo. At seven on Tuesday evening we steamed out of Corunna harbour, the weather at that time being very fair, and continuing moderate till the following Friday (28th), when it came on to blow 'great-guns'; the ship going eleven knots an hour, as the wind was 'fair after her.' On Saturday morning it moderated somewhat, and we sighted and passed the islands of St George, Terceira, and St Michael's, belonging to the group called by sailors the Western Islands, but popularly the Azores. On Saturday night the weather commenced to get dirty, and continued to increase in violence, till on Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, the fore-topsails were blown to pieces. All Sunday, the sea was very high, so much so, that it was impossible to stand or walk on deck without support, the decks being very slippery from the seas breaking over the ship, and the vessel rocking so heavily, that the master, John Roberts, gave orders that she should be hove to, which order was executed; and we lay-to for two hours, when we steamed on again. The ship during this time rolled so much that she dipped her ports under the sea; her maindeck was consequently always under water, and the officers' rooms on the maindeck flooded. Still, little or no alarm was felt, or at least expressed, by any one on board. During Sunday night it was impossible to sleep, the rolling, straining, and noise were so incessant. When an unusually huge sea struck the ship, she would bend over and shake convulsively, the sensation being communicated to those on board like a sudden shock.

At four o'clock on Monday morning, December 1, it was reported to the Master by the engineers that there was water to the amount of four feet in the engine-room, and that it appeared to be increasing, the pumps not lessening the amount. On an investigation, it was the opinion of the officers and engineers that the ship had sprung a leak in the central or engine-room compartment. The main-pumps being choked, were useless; so the donkey pump was connected; but failed to reduce the water, and eventually became useless,

owing to the fires being extinguished by the water, which rose over all the furnaces. Owing, therefore, to the want of steam, we were now at the mercy of the waves, the vessel tossing and rolling about as helpless as a log, the angry seas leaping over her bows and sweeping the decks. A sharp look-out was ordered by the captain to be kept for any passing vessel that might be signalled to come to our assistance.

At five p.m., being on the bridge with the chief-officer Richard Lanthorn, the second-mate being there too, I asked the former what he thought of our position, and he replied: 'Well, doctor, I have very little hope; we are in a dreadful plight.' Nearly all day I remained on the bridge, straining my eyes in scanning the horizon with a powerful glass, to try and discover some passing ship which might come and rescue us from our awful position. But no such good fortune was to be ours. Night closed in, and as the darkness deepened, hope died away.

Not till nine p.m. on Monday, December 1, did the passengers begin to realise their danger. True, many had been anxious, and wondered at the unwonted cessation of the monotonous clang of the ship's engines; but no idea of the actual state of affairs had been present to their minds, none of them having been informed of the crisis, lest becoming terrified, they might not be amenable to discipline, and might obstruct the crew in the discharge of their duties. I should have before mentioned that at four p.m. of this day the Master had given orders to 'wear ship and make for Fayal,' one of the Azores, then distant about four hundred miles. But, with the most important sails gone, no steam, and consequently no steerage-way, it was found impossible to execute the manoeuvre of turning the ship. At nine o'clock on Monday night I went to my cabin, and lay on the settee, endeavouring to realise the situation. At forty-five minutes past ten, my attention was attracted by a peculiar noise, and on going on deck, I found it was caused by the hand-pumps, two of which—one on each side of the ship—had been manned by both passengers and crew, and were kept incessantly worked till about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. Gangs of men were also told off to bail out the water by means of buckets passed up from the engine room. Now, and not till now, did the horrid reality of our position flash across my mind, and make my heart sink and grow cold. The monotonous noise of the pumps; the unwonted appearance of the decks, crowded at night with men whose haggard anxious faces too well expressed their feelings; the water flowing in huge volumes in all directions, the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the sea—a scene illuminated alone by the dim light of a few lanterns, and never to be recalled without inexpressible awe—was one that might strike terror into the stoutest heart.

At eight on Tuesday morning the pumps were abandoned, as they were drawing little or no water; and it was evident that unless Providence sent us succour, we had nothing to hope. Here I cannot refrain from expressing in unqualified terms my admiration of the conduct of the passengers during this awful night. To say that they worked like heroes, indomitably, unceasingly, like men of iron, is no mere simile, no exaggeration; all

the time with a laugh and cheery smile, to reassure and comfort their unfortunate wives and children. No meals were now cooked; nor was time any longer kept by the familiar sound of the bell; little knots of men might be seen here and there, with eager anxious faces, discussing the chances of escape. The women and children remained in their quarters in the centre of the ship. In the saloon there was a scene of indescribable confusion. The Spanish passengers having become aware of their danger, had, in view of a voyage in the boats, made up packages of rugs, blankets, clothing, the valuables they possessed, as well as any provisions they could lay their hands on. One fierce-looking fellow had a revolver, which he conspicuously displayed, as if to shew that he was not to be trifled with, but must have a place in the boats, come what might. At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, December 2, a number of the sailors went in a body to the Master, and asked him to give orders to have the boats lowered immediately. This he refused to do, but gave them to understand that he should take every precaution to have the boats ready for lowering when the proper time arrived. Our position was now this: the ship with about ten feet of water in her, and slowly perhaps, but surely sinking; a raging sea all around us; land at the least four hundred miles off; and little or no chance of being seen by passing ships, as we were out of the course of most lines of steamers. About half-past ten I observed the stewards, assisted by both passengers and seamen, commencing to provision the boats, putting into each a large quantity of sea-biscuit, a dozen or more tins of preserved meat, milk, and vegetables; and most important of all, one or two small casks—according to the size of the boat—of fresh water. This occupied some time; and about noon, as well as I can remember, the order was given by the Master to 'swing the boats;' which means, to raise them from their position on deck by means of the davits, hoist them up, and lower them over the side.

I have omitted to mention that the *Borussia* was equipped with seven boats, two built of wood—one of which was the captain's gig—and five made of metal. The operation of lowering the boats was attended with the greatest difficulty and danger, for this reason, that the boat being raised and suspended from the davits, acquired a tremendous swing from the great rolling motion of the ship, at one time being projected horizontally over the side, the next moment returning either against the ship's side or on deck with a velocity sufficient to stave in its timbers, or to inflict serious injury on any one who stood in the way. The crew, assisted by the able-bodied passengers, were now engaged in seeing to the safety of the boats. The first boat lowered was one of those made of metal, placed next the bow on the starboard side; the second boat lowered, the one next the first; and so on down one side and then the other. As each boat was lowered, two men were put in charge of her, and she was hauled down to the stern, and floated at a considerable distance from the ship, being attached by a long rope to the bulwark of the latter. The second boat was tied to the first, a considerable interval between the two; and so on till a long string of boats was waiting behind the ship. That this method of operation was necessary, is evident from the fact that if the

boats had been kept alongside or near the ship, they would undoubtedly have been dashed to pieces against the vessel's side by the tremendous seas.

The Spanish passengers all this time were in a state of frantic terror, and were trying to make rafts on the quarter-deck, tearing down planks, and nailing and tying them together; but were unable to construct anything like a raft, or indeed anything that could hold together for five minutes in such a raging sea as surrounded us. The vessel was gradually sinking, and the carpenter, who had just sounded the holds, reported eleven feet of water in the engine-room, and seven feet in the after-compartment; and said it was his opinion that the ship would founder within two hours. When the first of the boats on the port-side was being lowered, I was standing on the poop, waiting to get orders from the captain as to what boat I was to go in, when I heard a shout and a loud cry for 'the doctor.' I hurried forward, and saw the second steward, James Cutcheon, lying on the deck, insensible, bleeding profusely, his clothes saturated with water. I proceeded to examine him; and found that nearly the entire scalp had been torn off, giving rise to great hemorrhage, and that he had sustained other serious injuries to his face. Whilst adopting the requisite measures for arresting the bleeding, and dressing the wounds, I ascertained that his injuries were the result of the fall of some iron-work which had struck and precipitated the poor fellow into the sea, from which he had been dragged half-dead by his comrades. I remember very well that, while attending to his wound, the thought struck me that there was little use in trying to save a life so soon to be lost, as then seemed inevitable. Having done all that I could to make the poor fellow comfortable, and having seen that consciousness had returned, I went on deck, and found, to my dismay and horror, that the boat in which was my assigned place had gone without me, while I was below attending to the wounded man. I rushed to the ship's side, and could see the chief-officer's boat, in which I should have been, at a distance of about a quarter or half a mile. I signalled and shouted to those in the boat to return for me; but it was evidently too late, for they did not come. This boat was the first to leave the ship, and had taken off some women and children. And the heart-rending scenes which afterwards followed when it came to the turn of others to essay the descent to the boats allotted to them, baffle description. So great was the difficulty and danger of getting into the boats, and so meagre was the chance that the boats should live, even for a short time, in such a sea, that the majority of the passengers and many of the crew were unwilling to risk the boats, stating that they preferred to remain on board the ship, in the hope that some passing vessel might be sighted and come to their assistance, before she foundered. Their fear of trusting themselves in the boats was not lessened by the sight of one of the latter being swamped, happily with no loss of life, as the men who were in her were rescued by a boat which was near.

All this time the captain was at his post, as cool and collected as if on shore, but grave, and with a look on his face as if the bitterness of death had

entered into his soul. The officers were all at their posts, working as hard as their men, and cheering and encouraging everybody. The order and discipline on board were simply wonderful. The poor steerage passengers had congregated in the saloon, like frightened sheep; the women were weeping, some quietly, others in a demonstrative way. With but scant success did I endeavour to reassure and comfort these poor women, telling them that there was room for all in the boats, and any other circumstance which seemed to afford a gleam of hope; but, God knows, I was little fit to comfort any one, for my own heart was sad enough, as I thought of the loved ones at home, and dreaded to realise that I should never look on those dear faces again. I saw no hope; my boat had gone without me; the ship was doomed, and it was only left to me to say: 'God's will be done.'

The second-mate, with whom I was consulting, told me that he was determined 'to stick to the ship,' as the boats had no chance. Just then the boat in charge of which was the third-mate was leaving the ship, being the last boat lowered. There were fourteen or sixteen souls in her; and as she was pushing off, some sudden unaccountable impulse urged me to go in her. I cried aloud to the officer in charge of her: 'Mr Doolittle, I will go with you.' He replied: 'Come on, doctor; jump in for your life.' The men who were near tried to dissuade me from going, as the boat was one of the smallest and seemed pretty full. However, on the third-officer again calling, I got on to the rope-ladder, made a spring towards the heaving rolling boat, and just managed to get dragged into her. As soon as I got my footing, I seized an oar, and helped to fend the boat off from the ship's side, as she was in imminent danger of being crushed to pieces. Having succeeded in getting clear of the ship, the oars were got out, the men made to sit so as to balance the boat, and the bags of biscuit, &c. properly stowed. While drifting off, we perceived the captain signalling us to row away to leeward and bring back a large wooden boat, which had got adrift with two men in her, who were being rapidly drifted away by the wind and sea. This boat had received serious damage to her bows whilst being launched. There were at this time in the boat in which I was, and which I shall call No. 1, the third-mate, fourth-engineer, the boatswain, two stewards, a quartermaster, three seamen, and some Spanish passengers—in all about sixteen. She was certainly heavily laden, her gunwale being very near the water; moreover, she often shipped heavy seas, and bailing had to be incessantly carried on.

After some time we got within speaking distance of boat No. 2, hailed the men in her; and after three attempts, got a rope thrown to them, which they made fast round one of the seats. We then tried to tow this boat back to the ship; but our boat, being small, and badly manned, was quite unable to do so. It was then proposed to transfer a portion of our crew into No. 2, and then each boat could proceed back to the vessel for a further complement of human beings. The rope connecting the boats was gradually shortened, and thus they were brought near each other. When an interval of but a few feet divided them, I sprang from the bows towards No. 2; but

at the moment of my spring a wave jerked the boat from under my feet, and left me struggling in the water. Fortunately, No. 1 boat was near; and after swimming a stroke or two, I was hauled in. Again I jumped, and this time more successfully, being followed by the third-mate and six others. Eight in all were thus transferred from No. 1 to No. 2, in which were previously two men; making ten souls now in the boat in which I was, and about eight in that which I had just left. The two boats were still connected by the rope, and we now tried to row back to the ship. We worked hard, but seemed to make no way. Suddenly, a huge breaker burst over both boats, and half-filled ours. The third-officer roared out: 'Off with your boots, and bail her out.' There were two tin dishes for the purpose; but every effort was necessary to reduce the water in the boat, lest another wave should come and fill her. We had just succeeded in getting the greater part of this sea cleared out, when another great wave came and nearly swamped us. It was then evident that the other boat was dragging ours very heavily, and preventing our boat from riding over the seas, in fact dragging her under the sea. It was decided, consequently, to let go the rope connecting the two boats; which was done, and orders given to boat No. 1 to try and get back to the ship, as we endeavoured to do also.

It was now getting dark, and at times only could the ship be seen—a sad sight, sinking deeper and deeper, pitching, tossing, and rolling in a way fearful to witness; so different from that ship which but a few days ago had steamed out of Corunna harbour full of life and full of power. We soon lost sight of No. 1 boat; and about five minutes after doing so, a great breaker washed over us and nearly sent ours to the bottom. With frantic haste, we bailed her out, and while doing so, heard agonising shrieks and cries somewhere to windward of us; and straining our eyes, were able for one moment to see the boat we had just left evidently sinking. We were unable to give any assistance; we could do nothing but sit there listening to those dreadful screams, gradually growing fainter and fainter, till all were hushed. The agony of mind I endured at this time was fearful; to know that so many of my fellow-creatures were perishing almost beside me, to be unable in any way to help them, and to know that we had nothing better to expect for ourselves, was almost too much for my fevered brain. At this time I think the bitterness of death was past for me. I had so long—for thirty long hours—been trying to realise that eternity was at hand, that my brain seemed stunned, my heart turned to stone.

It now became apparent that it was impossible to get back to the ship, as we were unable to make any way against the gale or to keep the boat's head to the seas. The third-mate therefore determined to run before the wind. There were oars in the boat, but no sails; and the waves being so high, rendered it useless and impossible to row. All that long weary night, drenched by the spray and waves, and shivering with cold, we drifted wherever the wind blew us. Morning broke, a morning which not one of us ever expected to have seen. The boatswain exclaimed as the sun rose: 'Thank God that we have been spared to see the blessed sun once more.' The wind

increased in violence. With terror we looked up at the huge waves towering over us, literally like mountains. At about nine A.M. some food was given out—one sea-biscuit and half a pint of water to each man. We subsisted on this till evening, when another biscuit—this time covered with tinned meat—and a little water, not more than a wine-glassful, were given to each man. Nothing occurred to break the monotony. Water and huge waves all around us; anxious, haggard, hungry faces to gaze at in the boat. The third-mate divided us into watches, each man to be on watch three hours, and off three hours; during his watch, to bail out the water that constantly flowed into the boat from the breach in her bows, and to keep a look-out for ships. Night closed in; and at the unanimous request of the men, fervent thanks for our safety so far, and earnest prayers for our future delivery, were offered up to Him who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand, to Him who said, 'Peace be still.'

The night wore on, oh! how slowly; it seemed a week of mental suffering. Sleep was impossible, both by reason of our cramped position and the cold. Another morn was hailed with joy and thanksgiving; but the sea was high, and no vessels to be seen. The third-mate said too, that we were out of the course of any ships. There was a compass in the boat, and the mate had put a

stant in his bag, which enabled us to take an observation; and as well as could be ascertained, we were three or four hundred miles from the nearest land one of the Azores. But alas! the wind changed, and blew us in a contrary direction. Since the first morning in the boat, we had had a little sail, made out of the canvas of the mate's bag. It was not larger than a good-sized towel, but was of the greatest assistance in rendering the boat buoyant and helping her to ride over the waves. On Thursday evening it fell a dead calm—worse for us than a gale. The sea was now like glass, and the water was very warm, much warmer than the air, and from the presence in large quantities of 'Gulf-weed,' we perceived that we were in or near the Gulf-stream. While scanning the horizon with tired anxious eyes, one of the men observed a huge turtle quite close to the boat; but on attempting to capture it, it lazily sunk to the bottom. Another night set in, and our hearts and hopes were low. The provisions might last for a week, but the water could not hold out for half that time. Oh! how we prayed for rain; and when a few drops did fall, some of the poor fellows tried to catch them on their tongues. Nectar cannot have been sweeter to the gods than was our meagre allowance of water, mixed with a little condensed milk, to us. I would not have exchanged that little pannikin of fluid for the costliest wine that ever graced an emperor's table. Night closed in; and nothing occurred, except that a tiny flying-fish jumped into the boat, and some birds on the wing passed us.

Friday, December 5—the most memorable day in my life—at last arrived, and with it a fresh breeze, which was, however, unfavourable, blowing us away from, instead of towards the Azores. The day passed slowly and wearily, when at about two P.M. every one in the boat was electrified by the man in the bows shouting, yelling, screaming: 'A ship, a ship!' At first, we could not believe that

it was true; but after a minute or two we saw a noble ship directly in front of us, about three or four miles distant. Oh, how we thanked God for that blessed sight! Some of our poor fellows were so overcome that they wept for joy. As for me, the ship seemed so far off, that I was in terror lest she might not see our tiny red flag—a pocket-handkerchief on the top of our little mast. However, the mate said that it was impossible that she should pass without seeing us. We got out the four oars, put two men at each, and rowed and sailed towards the ship. They shewed no sign of seeing us for some time; but after about half an hour, we saw, by her letting the sails go and the ship heaving-to, that we were hailed; and knew that we were saved. In half an hour more we pulled under that good ship's stern, and read the name *Mallordale*, a name that I shall never forget as long as I live. We climbed on board by means of a rope-ladder, took anything valuable out of the boat that had saved us, pulled out the plug, and allowed her to fill and sink, lest she might deceive other ships, if left floating.

I am unable to describe my feelings when I put my foot on the deck. It was so wonderful to be on a ship once more, and to be out of the trough of the sea. I introduced myself to Captain Dornan, gave him an account of the loss of the ship and how we had escaped. He treated us very kindly, and at once had a hearty meal prepared for us; and if ever a man enjoyed water, I was that man.

On the Sunday following our rescue, we experienced a terrific hurricane. The waves were so high and the ship rolled so heavily, that her cargo (rice) shifted—that is, went all to one side, and for twelve hours we were in great anxiety and danger. One huge sea broke right over the ship and carried away the captain's gig, besides doing other damage. Fortunately, none of the crew were on deck at the time, or they would surely have been swept overboard. The ship was heeled over to one side; her deck was covered with water to the depth of four feet on the inclined side, and the vessel laboured very heavily. The sailors shook their heads and looked very grave; but the good ship, handled so well by the skilful captain, weathered it out; and from that time till our arrival in Queenstown on the 23d December, the weather was moderate. On our arrival there I proceeded to the agent's office, and dictated a telegram to the owners; and in twenty-four hours the news of the catastrophe, the news that the steamer *Borussia* and many lives had been lost, was flashed like lightning over the United Kingdom.

I have not yet referred to the fate of the other boats. Two of them were picked up, one on the same day that ours was, and the other the day after. In one of these were eleven, and in the other five souls; making a total of twenty-six saved out of one hundred and eighty-six. None of the other boats have since been heard of; which has been accounted for by the awful weather that followed the foundering of the ship. At the Board of Trade inquiry held in Liverpool last February, the general opinion was that the cause of the foundering of the ship was the starting of some of the plates in the central compartment.

I shall conclude this narrative by paying my tribute of admiration for the conduct of the captain, officers, and crew of the screw steamer

Borussia, who during a time of fearful danger and difficulty behaved with a fortitude, presence of mind, and discipline that cannot be too highly spoken of, and who met their deaths like British sailors.

OUR FIRST DAY IN THE CANADIAN BUSH.

IN the year 1870, my brother, aged eighteen and your humble servant, aged twenty, set sail from Liverpool on board the good ship *Sarmatian*, of the Allan Royal Mail Line, bound for Quebec, whence we intended travelling into Western Canada, where, like most other young, ardent, and untried spirits, we fully expected to amass fabulous wealth in the shortest possible space of time.

I will not touch upon our sensations on arriving at Quebec; nor speak of the railway journey from Quebec to Toronto. From the latter place we, after a short stay, proceeded north to hunt up a location; and eventually, after much wandering to and fro, pitched upon a 'lot' at no great distance from the Georgian Bay. Oh, with what pride we—standing in a small clearing of about twenty yards by ten, made probably by some lumber-man—that is, wood-cutter—surveyed as far as we could through the thick forest, Our Farm! What stores of hidden wealth we pictured as ready to burst forth at our command! Ay, out of the coarse woof of reality, what silken raiment of romance did we not weave, when—

'Hulloa! strangers; guess ye ain't lost; air ye?'

We turned; and seated straddle of a log on the edge of the clearing—how he had got there without our hearing him, or how long he had been there, I know not—we beheld a tall lank figure, habited in a slouch-hat much the worse of wear, flannel-shirt ditto, and dirty jean continuations ditto ditto, long coarse boots, and holding in his hand an axe; and who having thrust a 'sliver' of pine into his mouth, sat stolidly looking at us without uttering a word.

Surprised, and angry too at having my visions of wealth so rudely dispelled, I drew myself up, and throwing as much hauteur into my voice as I could, I said: 'Sir—did you a—address me?'

Leisurely rolling himself about on his log, and looking round him in a most tantalising way, he expectorated, and replied: 'Wal, boss, I guess there's nairy another two-footed critter, barrin' yer friend, within call, anyhow.'

'Well, sir, then allow me to inform you that we are *not* lost. We have come to look at our new Farm lot'—this was said with a grand air of proprietorship.

'Farm—lot,' he drawled out, as he looked round him into the bush. 'Wal, you *air* green. Say, Mister, can you handle an axe?'

'No,' I hotly replied; 'I cannot handle an axe; but I suppose I can learn. And let me tell you, air, that I don't know what you mean by bothering me with questions in this manner. We are busy

looking out a site for a house.' Saying this, I moved away.

Before, however, I got ten paces, he was beside me; and placing a huge hand on my shoulder, he half turned me round: 'Now say, Mister, don't get into one of your old-country tantrums. Just hearken a bit. I have a snug bit of cleared [with emphasis on the cleared]—of cleared farm a mile or two from here. I seed you two fellows in Wakosh last night; and seeing as how my old man [father] was from the old country—though I was born and bred in the States—I guessed I'd give you a hand, if so be as you were willing.'

In spite of my irritation, there was such a bluff, open heartiness and good-nature in the way he said this, that, after a look at my brother, who was almost choking with suppressed mirth, I held out my hand, saying: 'I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness; but I hardly think you can be of much use, as when we have pitched upon a site, we shall have a man out from Wakosh to build our shanty.'

'Wal, now, Mister, an old residerter can most generally be use to folks coming in fresh, 'specially green hands.—Now, don't get riled at my calling you green hands' [I had involuntarily drawn myself up at the repetition of the obnoxious word], 'because you *air* green, both of ye; there's no mistake in that!'

Angry as I was becoming, the downright convinced manner in which he jerked out the last sentence, and the whole appearance of the man, made me almost laugh. My brother, who never had a proper notion of maintaining his dignity, laughed outright; and after a hard struggle to keep up a proper reserve, I followed suit. This broke the ice; and in an incredibly short space of time, and in a way that on looking back afterwards seemed like magic, our new friend, by a string of leading questions, totally untrammelled by the faintest suspicion of delicacy, had drawn from us our names, ages, place of birth, Christian names of father and mother, our prospects, amount of ready-money we possessed—and would probably have found out how often we individually and collectively had suffered the pains of toothache, had not my answer to the following question caused him to pause with an expression of countenance which no mere words at my command can describe. He had asked me who was to build the shanty for us, what size it was to be, whether shingled or boarded on the roof, and what it was to cost, in his usual self-collected way.

I answered him with my usual deliberation. Isaiah Lucy was the builder *in prospectu*, as we had not actually finished the bargain; that it was to be twenty-four feet long, seven feet high at the fall-side, and twelve feet wide; the roof to be shingled throughout; and that he wanted sixty dollars (twelve pounds sterling); but that I had offered him fifty dollars (ten pounds sterling).

Never before had I seen a few quietly spoken words produce such an effect. When I said that I had offered fifty dollars, his face suddenly assumed a mixed expression of wonder, semi-incredulity, and pity, ending in one of unutterable contempt. 'Fifty dollars!' Jumping up, he drove his axe into the log between us within three inches of my leg, with a force that made me dart back. 'Fifty dollars!' he repeated. 'Wal, my old man was from Ireland, and I've often heer'd him

say as the grass there was the greenest in the world—"inerald," he called it; but—and here his voice took a mingled expression of petulance and sorrow—"there ain't no shade or shadow of a green colour on the hull universal airth as can match you. Fifty dollars!" Here he sank into a fit of musing, utterly unmindful of the angry expression of my face. Some of his disjointed utterances reached me as follows: "Old country bloods! Green! Shame! Fifty! Do it for twenty—better—than any one else." Suddenly springing up, he expectorated savagely, and pausing for a moment, he turned to me and said: "Look here, boss! I've kinder cottoned to you fellows. Ye're young; and ye've a mighty heap to learn afore ye get your "Farm" working for ye! But I'm not a-goin' to see you imposed on at first start. Say now, I'll do the job for you for twenty-five dollars, and give you a day's hauling with my oxen to boot.—How did you come out? Did you sock it or buggy it?"

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may here remark that he meant did we walk or drive. I had a very hazy idea of his meaning, but answered haphazard that we had walked.

"Wal, I guess you can't make Wakosh this night; so tote along o' me, and my old woman'll give us some fixins to eat; and to-morrow ye can get to Wakosh and tell Ike Lucy as Patrick Abiram Flynn'll build yer shanty for five-and-twenty dollars, and a good one at that."

We agreed to his proposal; and on our way to his house, which by the way proved to be a frame-building of some pretensions, I—being struck by the singularity of his name, or rather names—asked him how he came by his second name of Abiram; with this result.

"Wal, you see, boss, when my old man came out nigh fifty year ago, he squatted first in Connecticut State. After a while he fell to sparking a young gal, a orphan, a regular downright Methody kind—as they mostly are down east. Wal, they got spliced; and after quite a spell I come along. The old man was regular crazy, I've heer'd tell, with downright delight when he catched my first squall. They do say he pinched me black and blue, making me howl, to be sure it was me—and I could yell, you bet. Wal, after a while I was to be named. Now his name was Patrick; and nothing but Patrick would do him for me. But the old woman said "No." Says she: "One such mislandish name in the family is enough." She had the most trouble with me, she said, and she guessed she'd give me a decent name. Nathan Abiram, or Elijah Dathan, or Ephraim Nebuchadnāzaur, or some other sensible name. Wal, the old man was pretty considerable riled, I reckon. "Call him Pontius Pilate at once!" says he. But at long last, they split the trade. He threw in Patrick, and the old woman shoved on Abiram. And I reckon neither o' them spoilt the block in the naming.' Here he looked at his jean continuations and boots with evident pride and satisfaction.

By the time we had finished laughing at this curious baptismal oration, we had reached the house, where Mrs Flynn, a tidy and young, though faded-looking woman, gave us a hearty supper of fried pork, hot cakes, slap-jacks—pancakes of maize meal—apple-pie, and strong green tea; after which a little more talk about house-building

and a couple of pipes, we tumbled into a clean if tolerably hard bed, and soon were in the land of dreams. So ended Our First and perhaps our most eventful day in the Canadian Bush.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

SEVENTH PAPER.

I HAVE now to deal with an episode in my life upon which I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure and not a little pride. The centenary celebration of the birth of Sir Walter Scott was about to be observed, as an event of national importance for Scotland. Very properly indeed, the celebration was promoted by Scotchmen; and with a twofold fitness, it was held in Edinburgh, the birthplace of the great novelist and poet. A Committee was formed, and a great banquet arranged, at which not only might Scotchmen do honour to the memory of their famous countryman, but literary celebrities from other lands as well might assemble to pay homage to his great genius. The Earl of Dalkeith was elected Chairman of the Committee, and of the banquet also; while for Vice-chairmen there were the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Lord Justice-General, Lord Jerviswoode, and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Mr T. Usher acted as Hon. Secretary, and Mr George Scott as Hon. Treasurer. The Committee sat daily during the preparations for the coming event.

In addition to the proposed banquet, the various places of amusement had made arrangements to observe the day in an appropriate manner; the theatres, for instance, producing dramatised versions of some of Sir Walter's tales. But the Committee soon found themselves face to face with an unforeseen difficulty, one with which they were quite unable to grapple. It arose in this way. Not only was the event to be celebrated abroad by the great writer's admirers in every civilised country throughout the world; but it soon appeared that from these same countries, far and near—more especially from our colonies and the United States—Scotchmen were coming by shoals to visit the capital of their country and take part in the national festivities. But what festivities were there for them when they should arrive? There was the banquet—there were the theatres; but what were they among so many? This was the difficulty that presented itself; and the grave question, what was to be done to entertain the expected guests? was seriously discussed by the Committee, by the press, and by the public in general. The nearest approach to a solution of the question was the suggestion of a Trades Procession through the streets of Edinburgh. But the celebration happening at the holiday season of the year, added to some other difficulties or objections, prevented the idea from being adopted.

At the period with which I am dealing, Mr Newsome's circus had already been performing for some time in the town of Edinburgh, when my services were engaged as Manager; and I—being at the time in London—immediately started for the north. On my arrival, I heard of the 'fix' in which

the Centenary Committee found themselves, after the Trades Procession had been abandoned; and I immediately pondered over the matter, in the hope that some scheme would occur to me. The idea of a procession of some sort seemed good; and turning the matter over in my mind, it was not long before a definite programme suggested itself to me. Keeping my intentions to myself, I repaired to the rooms where the Committee held their daily sittings. Having sent in my card, I was shortly ushered into the presence of the half-dozen notables mentioned above, who received me very politely, and requested me to make known my business. Without any beating about the bush, I at once stated that I had heard that the Committee were in a dilemma in connection with the approaching celebration; and that if my information were correct, I had a suggestion to submit to them. The Chairman said that I had been rightly informed that they were in a dilemma, and that any suggestion I might make would receive their full consideration. I then unfolded to them my plan. My proposition was to organise a grand procession composed entirely of characters drawn from one or more of Sir Walter Scott's novels, dressed in appropriate costumes, and in every way representative of the period chosen. My suggestion was well received by the Committee; and Mr Ballantine the poet, who happened to be present, was so pleased with the proposition, that he started up and shook me warmly by the hand, declaring his conviction that I must be a Scotchman myself.

The main principle of my plan being thus accepted, I went at once to Mr Newsome, to communicate my ideas to him and talk the matter over. Having sketched out a programme together, I returned to the Committee to lay a definite offer before them. *Kenilworth* was the work chosen for the occasion; the particular episode we intended to illustrate being a visit of state made by Queen Elizabeth to the castle which gives its name to the novel. The Maiden Monarch herself was to be accompanied by all her courtiers, a hundred beef-eaters, and a host of other retainers, with flags, banners, and music—all in exact accordance with the period represented. The Committee were delighted with the programme, and expressed their entire approval of the proposed arrangements. The subject of payment was then mooted by the Chairman; and that gentleman having explained that the funds at his disposal were limited, and the extent of his outlay rather uncertain, I at once proffered our services to the town free of cost, knowing full well that Mr Newsome would readily indorse my action in that respect.

A telegram was at once forwarded to Messrs May, the London theatrical *costumiers*, to send down to us with all speed the necessary costumes for the characters, together with complete outfits for one hundred beef-eaters. One hundred supernumeraries were engaged and drilled for the occasion; and when the beef-eater costumes arrived, a full-dress rehearsal of the procession was held on the day before the celebration, in and about the circus buildings at Low Broughton. After the rehearsal, each man having brought with him, by my instructions, a large handkerchief or wrapper, folded his clothes up carefully, made them into a bundle, and placed them where he might find them on the following morning;

thus avoiding any cause of confusion and delay in attiring for the procession.

The eventful morning dawned brightly over Modern Athens, and every one was early astir to prepare for the day's work. Her Majesty (Madame Newsome) and her courtiers were already on the spot; the beef-eaters and others arrived in good time; and our preparations made rapid progress. It was announced in the morning papers that the procession would start at eleven; and when that hour arrived, we were in readiness. At the head went the full strength of our band, attired in sixteenth-century costumes, and playing airs of an antique martial character; these were followed by a portion of the beef-eaters and other retainers; the remainder of whom brought up the rear. The most attractive part of the procession was the long array of noble lords and ladies—forty in all—attired in their handsome and characteristic costumes, mounted on gaily caparisoned steeds, and surrounding their beloved sovereign, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth, who, for splendour of attire and queenly presence, was done ample justice to in the person of Madame Newsome. Her Majesty was mounted on a superb cream horse, of pure Spanish breed, named Tavernaro, led by two grooms in the costumes of pages, one on each side. (The noble animal was so full of spirit and life, that the foam from his mouth and flanks ruined the costly robe in which Madame Newsome was attired—a contretemps which was certainly not in the programme!)

Thus formed, the pageant procession started, and wended its way slowly through the winding picturesque streets of the quaint old town; the band heading it and filling the air with the lively clangour of clarion and trumpet; while the gay, bright-coloured dresses of the retainers, the banners and streamers floating overhead, and the splendid costumes of the mounted courtiers, rendered the entire scene a most brilliant and heart-stirring spectacle to look upon. A gentleman who had witnessed the progress of the procession from a good position on the Castle Hill, told me afterwards that the appearance of the cavalcade as it wound along through the crowded streets in the bright sunshine, was romantic in the extreme. He had felt as though carried back three hundred years in a dream, to find himself surrounded with all the delightful realities of bygone days.

To sum up: the procession not only met with very kindly praise and glowing descriptions in the London and provincial papers; but even across the Atlantic, the press gave us credit for the result of our labours. Nor was this our only reward, as the sequel will shew.

Three years had passed since the incident just related, and again I was in Edinburgh, making arrangements for the advent of our circus for a long stay there. As I passed through the centre of the town, I observed a large vacant space where some houses had been pulled down, in Chambers Street, just opposite the Museum and College; the finest position in the town for our tent. Upon making inquiries, I learned that all the leading circus proprietors had applied for this site and been refused; as it was too central and, I suppose, too select to be used for such purposes. However, I went to the Chairman of the Streets Improvement Committee, in whose hands the matter lay,

and applied for the site. He was very sorry, but it was impossible to oblige me; the site had been refused to all other circus proprietors, and he could make no exception in our case. I then ventured to remind him of our services to the town three years before, by which the community was enabled to do fitting justice to the memory of the great novelist. 'We gave our services gratuitously,' I added, 'and spared neither trouble nor expense to insure success. I think, therefore, that we have some little claim upon the town.'

The Chairman recollected the circumstances perfectly, and admitted that what I had urged did certainly alter the case. He would bring the matter before the Improvement Committee, and let me know the result.

It was not long before I was informed that the Committee, 'bearing in mind the great services which Mr Newsome had rendered to the town at the celebration of the Scott Centenary, had great pleasure in placing the piece of ground at his disposal;' subject of course to certain conditions, already agreed upon at my interview with the Chairman. I wish to record here, that in granting us this site, Edinburgh repaid us well for past trouble and expense. The excellent situation added materially to the success of our season there, and altogether Scotland's grand metropolis used us very kindly.

One more point. The reader is aware that we obtained the site through having done honour in his own 'romantic town' to Sir Walter Scott. Well, I afterwards discovered that on that very site once stood the house wherein Sir Walter Scott was born!

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE meeting of the British Association is to be held at Swansea on August 25th; and thus will be repeated the annual opportunity for scientific men to make known their theories, inventions, and discoveries during the holiday-time of the learned societies, who, after a busy session, are indulging in well-deserved repose. Meanwhile, there is something to be said about what they did at their closing meetings; and to commence with that venerable institution, Greenwich Observatory, we find Sir George Airy, the Astronomer-royal, stating in his annual Report to the Board of Visitors concerning books added to the library, that 'fundamental astronomy advances slowly; magnetism is almost stationary; geodesy progresses; photography and spectroscopy increase very fast; and meteorology the most rapidly of all; by which may be seen evidence that the study of the weather has become popular. Between May 1879 and May 1880, photographs of the sun were taken at the Observatory on one hundred and forty-five days; and on sixty-four of those days there was a complete absence of sunspots. The minimum of spots occurred about the beginning of 1879; since October last, their number has largely increased. The mean temperature of 1879 was a little more than three below the average of the preceding thirty-eight years. Each month too, was below the average. The highest temperature was 80°6 on July 30, and the lowest 13°7 on December 7. The mean

daily movement of the air throughout the year was two hundred and sixty-eight miles; being eleven miles less than the average. The greatest movement, seven hundred and five miles, occurred December 30; and the least was thirty-two miles, on October 12. The vane of the anemometer made during the year thirty-five complete revolutions from north through east, south, west, round again to north. No wonder that 1879 is known as a cold and dismal year; for the number of hours of bright sunshine recorded at Greenwich was not more than nine hundred and eighty-three. How could a year be genial with a daily average of less than three hours of sunshine?

The Astronomer-royal has read a paper to the Astronomical Society on the preparations to be made for observation of the transit of Venus on December 6, 1882. He points out suitable stations, prescribes the instruments that should be used, and recommends intending observers to study the history of former transits, in which they will find mention of the ring of light that puzzled them so much in 1874. The cost of the last transit was more than twenty thousand pounds; from which it is feared that the Treasury will be shy of aiding in future.

There has been for some years a discussion as to whether the planet Jupiter shines by his own light to any perceptible extent, or whether the illumination is altogether derived from the sun. Some facts seem to point to the conclusion that it is not improbable that Jupiter is still hot enough to give out light, though perhaps only in a periodic or eruptive manner. Taking up the question here, Dr H. Draper (United States) remarks: 'If the light of Jupiter is in large part the result of his own incandescence, it is certain that the spectrum must differ from that of the sun, unless the improbable hypothesis is advanced that the same elements, in the same proportions, and under the same physical conditions, are present in both bodies.' He has taken many photographs of the spectrum of Jupiter, and these he believes answer the question decidedly; for they 'indicate that under average circumstances of observation, almost all the light coming to the earth from Jupiter must be merely reflected light originating in the sun.' But on one occasion (Sept. 1879), Dr Draper took a photograph which shewed evidence of intrinsic light from Jupiter. Should this be periodic, as above suggested, it may be verified by further observation.

In a paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor G. Forbes discourses about Comets and Ultra-Neptunian planets, and shews reasons for believing that there are two planets somewhere beyond the orbit of Neptune. As is well known, astronomical discoveries have been made by observing the disturbing effect of stellar bodies on each other. In some instances the disturbing body is unknown, but its effects are seen; and Professor Forbes explains that the whole of his research is founded on the theory of the introduction of comets as permanent members of the solar system. There are six comets associated with Neptune. The behaviour of certain comets observed in recent years has led to investigation, and the conclusion has been come to that 'we may feel very confident that these two planets do exist. The light of the sun must take fifteen hours to reach the nearest of the two, and forty-

five hours to reach the outer one. Considering the probably enormous mass of the stars, it is nearly certain that they must influence the motion of these two planets; and if we have the good fortune to observe either of them, a new field wherein to test the extent to which the law of gravitation holds good will be immediately opened to astronomers. Our ideas of time,' adds Professor Forbes, 'are in the same way extended when we think of these two planets revolving in periods—the one of one thousand, and the other of five thousand years, and of the comets introduced by the most distant of the two, as having been influenced by that planet tens of thousands of years ago.'

Most people in England are so ignorant on the subject of lightning conductors that they ought to welcome Mr Anderson's book entitled *Lightning Conductors, their History, Nature, and Mode of Application*. (E. & F. N. Spon, 46 Charing Cross, London.) The author is a member of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, and speaks with the authority conferred by practical knowledge, and with the advantage that it would be difficult to find any other trustworthy book treating of all parts of the subject. As Mr Anderson remarks: 'For architects, clergymen, municipal officials, and all those in charge of large and lofty buildings, it would be impossible to over-estimate the importance of the subject. Year by year an enormous amount of property is destroyed merely because the simplest precautions have not been taken to guard churches and other large buildings from the effects of thunder-storms.' They will find in this book clear instructions on the setting-up and maintenance in proper condition of lightning conductors.

In America, a locomotive has been constructed which is intended to run from Philadelphia to New York, ninety miles in ninety minutes. This engine weighs nearly forty tons, and is so arranged that, by an alteration of fulcrum-points, additional weight can be thrown on the driving-wheels at starting. Its performance is such, that a sanguine member of the engineering fraternity has predicted that within five years the journey of ninety miles will be accomplished in one hour.

In answer to inquiries for further particulars of movable teeth for saws, we state that inserted saw-teeth came into use about 1840. The teeth are fitted in rectangular sockets, and held in place by a V tongue and groove. The teeth may be hard or soft, according to the quality of the timber to be sawn. One kind, known as 'Emer-on bits,' are tempered to scratch glass, and weigh one-sixth of an ounce each; and we are informed that 'one file will go as far in keeping a good inserted tooth-saw in order as ten with a solid saw.' As an instance of what can be done with a saw described as the 'Hoe chisel bit-saw,' we mention that, at a well-known mill, 5,661,385 feet board measure were sawn in one hundred and sixty-two days. The number of 'bits' used during the work was four thousand. The practice is to start in the morning with new teeth, in hard pine or red-wood, and run till noon. Then a new set of teeth is put in, and these are run till night, when a new set is put in by the watchman; and so on. The saws are made from twelve inches to seventy-two inches diameter; and the makers of 'patent circular saws with latest

improved teeth,' are Henry Disston and Sons, of Philadelphia.

We are informed that one of the best materials for keeping a ship's bottom clean on a long voyage is a coating of chromate of mercury. This is an excellent yellow pigment; and has been tried, so says report, with satisfactory results on some of the government guardships. And better still, we have heard of a ship which having been painted with this chromate, came home clean from a voyage round the world. The invention of Mr J. B. Hannay, Sword Street, Glasgow, the substance is, we believe, manufactured in that town, and can be heard of at Dick and Co's., 101 Leadenhall Street, London.

A new filtering material, named *carferal*, has been subjected to experiment at the Army Medical School, Netley. The name is composed of the first syllables of the words carbon, ferrum, alumina, and thus denotes the constituents of the substance in question. Different kinds of filters were tried; and it is stated in a printed Report that 'carferal has the advantage over spongy iron in that it is all filtering material; whereas part of the filter where spongy iron is used is occupied by a second medium, intended to arrest the iron yielded to the water.' Another advantage is, that carferal does not spoil when stored, and does not appear to be materially injured by exposure to wet. The experiments were made under the superintendence of Dr François de Chaumont, F.R.S., Professor of Hygiene in the Army Medical School. They are to be continued, with a view to decisive results.

A little mild excitement prevails among naturalists over the discovery, in the water-bily tank at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, of a medusa—that is, a jelly-fish. A fresh-water jelly-fish has never before been heard of; but many people know that jelly-fishes are plentiful enough in the sea. Of course there will be much speculation as to how the creature got into the tank, and where all its numerous companions came from; and observers will set to work, and give us descriptive details. The name proposed for this novel medusa, by Dr Allman, President of the Linnean Society, is *Linnocodium*.

The phenomenon known to astronomers as the 'zodiacal light,' is shewn by Mr J. W. Redhouse, a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, to be identical with the 'false dawn,' as it is called by the Mussulmans and other Eastern peoples, who have been familiar therewith, as with the Milky-way, from remote antiquity. On the other hand, the zodiacal light has not been known in Europe more than about two centuries. From these facts, Mr Redhouse draws a curious conclusion. It is clear, he says, that our forefathers 'could never have come from that central point of Asia so dear to modern Sanskritists, whence they would fain make the Aryan race to radiate, that is, from the snowy table-land of Pamir (behind the Himalaya). The zodiacal light must have been as well known to the shepherds of that plateau as it is to the wandering tribes of Arabia and Mesopotamia. It must *always* have been well known to them; and once known to a people, such a phenomenon could never be totally forgotten in latitudes where it was visible. Our Aryan race came not, then, from Pamir as their radiating centre. Ethnologists may well weigh this pregnant indication.'

The suggestion in a former *Month* (*ante*, p. 272),

that exploration of certain islands in the Persian Gulf would perhaps bring to light relics interesting to anthropologists, has been verified, as may be seen in the extracts from Captain Durand's Report on the Islands and Antiquities of Bahrein, published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. The Captain found many remains of old tombs, old wells, old inscriptions, and old tumuli. These mounds cover the country for 'miles upon miles,' representing, if they are graves, a cemetery of extraordinary dimensions. On opening some of them by digging, long-buried vaults and passages of massive architecture were discovered, favouring the conclusion that there lay a promising field for further exploration. One highly important prize was a black stone which had long been built into the wall of a mosque, which bears an inscription partly cuneiform, partly hieroglyphs, commonly known as Hieratic Babylonian. It records the name of the owner or occupant of a palace who was a 'servant of Mercury,' and is thus an evidence of Sun-worship. By whom was that inscription cut? is the next question. Did they come from India or Egypt? As yet, the Assyriologists cannot give a satisfactory answer. It is important to remember that whereas Babylonia was mainly instrumental in imparting civilisation to Western Asia, the Babylonians themselves admitted having received all their knowledge from the mysterious islanders of the Persian Gulf. Sir Henry Rawlinson in discussing this interesting subject, puts the question, 'Who were these primitive fathers of knowledge, who first civilised the settlers on the Tigris and Euphrates, and whose memory was perhaps preserved in the legend of the Garden of Eden and the tree of knowledge?' From many circumstances, he judges that 'they were a dark race, the ancestors of the black heads of the inscriptions, and possibly the same as the Adamites of Genesis.' Sir Henry supports his views by learned arguments which are well worth consideration; and he points out that the early traders would prefer the Persian Gulf to the south coast of Arabia or the Red Sea, because the Gulf with its varying winds was more favourable for inexperienced navigators than the Red Sea, where the wind blew nine months in one direction and three months in the other. Comparison of different forms of place-names leads to the supposition that the Biblical Ophir was in the neighbourhood of Bahrein; but this as well as other questions await further investigation, towards the expenses of which the Trustees of the British Museum have allotted one hundred pounds. According to Captain Durand, the climate of the islands is delightful from October to April; and according to the natives, 'the land is silver, and the sea is pearl.'

Readers who know anything of Central America—Yucatan, part of Mexico, and Guatemala, and the wonderful ruins of temples and towns built in ages long, long ago—will hear with pleasure that a scientific and archaeological expedition is to be sent, under the authority of France and of the United States, to make further explorations in that mysterious country. The chief promoter of the expedition is Mr Peter Lorillard of New York, by whom the greater part of the cost will be borne. In numbers and equipment, nothing will be lacking: casts of important bas-reliefs and inscriptions will be taken, whereby scholars in all parts of the world will be enabled to study relics

of civilisation not less interesting than the old monuments of Egypt and Assyria. From what is already known, it is supposed that the builders of those ancient temples had intimate relations with Cambodia and Java, if they were not actually emigrants from those countries. Interesting affinities have been made out by linguistic students, some of whom believe that the table-land of Peru, and not that of Asia, was the cradle of the human race; and that the Hittites of Scripture during their wanderings settled in Peru, and erected the buildings which now excite our astonishment. Hence it will be understood that something may be discovered which will throw light on primeval history. The hill-country of Yucatan is almost unknown. It is reported that the inhabitants—a fierce tribe named Mayas—'have reconstructed the old towns, with their forts and temples, and revived many of the customs, laws, and idolatrous rites of their forefathers.' The explorers will visit these people, and also endeavour to find traces of the tribes that preceded the Aztecs.

Signor Alberto B. Bach, we learn from a contemporary, has invented an instrument for the purpose of increasing the volume of sound produced in singing. The 'Resonator,' as it is called, 'operates upon the principle of enhancing the efficiency of the sounding-board which nature has provided in the human palate. It consists of a gold plate fitted to the roof of the mouth, close above the upper teeth, and having attached to it another gold plate which is convex downwards in both directions. A hollow sounding-board is thus formed, which increases the power of the voice without any additional expenditure of breath. Professors Tyndall and Tait have testified to the efficiency of the instrument; the former expressing himself surprised at the smoothness and power of the sounds produced; the latter remarking that, while the intensity of the voice was very greatly increased, this was effected, so far as he could judge, without any perceptible deterioration in the quality of the sound. With the help of such an invention, a public singer will clearly be enabled to make his voice tell over a larger area; while conductors, we are told, will find select choirs capable of producing the effect of something like double their actual numbers.'

A French journal describes a kind of paper which is fire-proof and water-proof. It is made of a mixture of asbestos fibre, paper paste, and a solution of common salt and alum: is passed through a bath of dissolved gum-lac, and then goes to the finishing rollers. The strength and fire-resisting capability are increased by the alum and salt; and the lac renders the paper impermeable to moisture, without producing unsuitability for ink.

Those who are interested in Celluloid, and especially in its connection with stereotyping and electrotyping, will get information by applying to Mr A. Sauré, 22 Parliament Street, Westminster, S.W.

In reply to various correspondents, we have to state that Fleuss's Diving Helmet and Noxious Gas Apparatus are now manufactured at 110 Cannon Street, London, E.C.

We learn that portable oil-stoves for cooking, similar to those in the United States, are used and to be had in England, a fact which some months ago we were not aware of.

EDUCATION BY POST.

In this *Journal* for 25th October 1879 we gave an account of the system of Education by Post carried on under the auspices of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. The number of our readers in all parts of the country who have availed themselves of the opportunities offered by this Association, and the interest which always attaches to a fresh start in the great problem of education, encourages us again to draw attention to the system. For an explanation of the working of the system we refer our readers to the above number of the *Journal*. In our present notice we shall briefly refer to the aims of the directors of the institution.

It is perhaps not too much to say that for the most part the system at present pursued in girls' schools makes little or no preparation in early life for subsequent intellectual pursuits. When the school-days are over, a young woman's education is said to be 'complete!' Now and again, some gifted and resolute female mind has fought her own solitary way into the higher grounds of knowledge, and has felt that she had her reward. But she is an exception; and even she, because she has advanced into this region without guides, must have had no small amount of her energy dissipated in misdirected efforts. In the majority of the cases where the effort has been made, the result has been a feeling of despair, a sense of powers unevoked, and capacities that have failed to find an object. Hence has arisen the cry that the present system of education is an injustice to women. It is the object of this Association to do what it can to remove the ground of complaint, to open up to women—no matter how far they may live from headquarters—certain definite courses of study which they may pursue with minds approaching to maturity; to place before them subjects worthy of their capacities, and to afford to them all needful guidance, assistance, and encouragement in following out these subjects. It desires to promote study which finds its end not in some competitive examination, but rather study which is only begun now, and which is to be continued afterwards, and is to produce fruits both in happiness and utility, throughout life.

The lesson-course of the Association embraces the ordinary subjects of a school education, the subjects included in a Faculty of Arts—the general and most essential part of a University education, and the less technical subjects of a Faculty of Medicine. The Association thus offers general cultivation; and this as implying an improved judgment, a trained power of attention and application, and an intelligence awakened and brought into sympathetic connection with an extended range of human interests, is no mean gift to offer. From the Reports of the tutors, and from acknowledgments received from all parts of Britain, the Association has reason to know that it has already done good service, by giving to many a new interest and pleasure in life; and it looks forward to carry on in future years the work it has so successfully begun.

Last year, the Association opened its classes to

young men also, and this year it has determined to continue the same.

Information with regard to the classes may be had from the Honorary Secretary for the Correspondence Classes, Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

SUMMER TWILIGHT.

Ah! what an hour of ecstasy is this!
When all of Nature in our view is shrinking
From the too ardent sun's retiring kiss,
And fast in twilight's clasp her hand is linking.

When from the joyous wood comes thrilling out,
Tossed on the air—that drowsily is hearkening—
A storm of melody, a silver rout
Of gorgeous sounds—no sombre touches darkening.

The gay, clear tones at intervals that gush
From blackbird's throat, so limpid, pure, and thrilling;
The wild, bewitching prayer-notes of the thrush,
Now trembling low, now high in quavers trilling.

The tiny, rippling warble of the wren;
The chaffinch's short, swiftly-tuned gladness;
The muffled call of cuckoos from the glen;
The wood-dove's shadowy, far-off coo of sadness.

While 'neath the eye, to the horizon spread,
Circled by hills, are gem-encrusted meadows
Heaped with seeming gold-dust, thickly shed
By sprinkling fingers, hid by nearing shadows.

The gallant knights that guard the western plains
Of the sun's kingdom, send their amber lances
Quivering across the sky, till Night restrains
Their pastime, and her screening wing advances.

Swaying the solemn heads of mighty trees,
The zephyrs round them sweep with restless sighing;
The timorous aspen shivers in the breeze,
Its lack of rest a legend quaint supplying.

It is, that chosen from all else, its wood
In ages past to form the Cross was taken,
That shuddering and apart it since has stood,
With wild regret from leaf to fibre shaken.

To the wild roses at its base, that gleam
So wan and pale from out their dusky setting,
It whispers: 'Fear not, soon again shall beam
Your heads amid the sunlight's golden netting.'

Now to the north the keen and vivid sky
Doth hold upon its lap a gleaming jewel;
Gnats croon their vespers, and Night hovering nigh,
Bids labour cease till dawn demands renewal.

SUSAN SORREL.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Poetical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

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POPULATION!

AT the commencement of his pleasant history, the Vicar of Wakefield confidently gives it as his opinion, that 'the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population.' Accordingly, to make good his word, the Vicar married, and in due course of time was blessed with a tolerably large family. We learn that he experienced sundry vicissitudes, and that the family were sometimes at a pinch, but that things came all right at last. In the end of the day he was as well off as if he had remained single and spent everything on himself. Goldsmith, the author of this charming fiction, was not always sound in his political economy. He sometimes allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment. But he was sound in representing that the Vicar, acting under a high sense of responsibility, did quite right in marrying a woman who made a good and affectionate wife, and contributed a fair share of children to the general population.

It needs no philosophy to tell us that population is the basis of national wealth in every well-ordered community; for if the numbers of the people are not increased by the births exceeding the deaths, the nation with all its pomp and power must decline, and at length sink to a nonentity. Mr Malthus, a worthy clergyman, but rather too much of a theorist, at the beginning of the present century took fright at the notion that population increases immensely faster than the production of food; so that if something were not done to check the number of births, the country would by-and-by get over-peopled, and disastrous famines would be the consequence. It is very curious to think that sixty years ago, this fanciful notion caused considerable alarm, and was discussed by learned men as a wonderful discovery. How to keep down the number of people was a subject of grave inquiry. Some thought there should be fewer marriages; but that for various reasons would not answer, and was never so much as attempted. The Reviews and

Magazines of the period had a great deal to say about Malthus. His theory was a splendid subject to worry upon, as good as Dean Swift, who has been a bone of contention in literature for the last hundred years. As people went on marrying, notwithstanding the apprehensions thrown out by Malthus and his adherents, and as the new families that came into the world got their food somehow, the bugbear of universal starvation gradually vanished. We do not now hear anything about it. Mankind go on in the old way, marrying and giving in marriage, and it is to be hoped will do so to the end of the chapter. The truth is, Mr Malthus took too microscopic a view of affairs. He failed to make proper allowance for the deadly effects of vice, overcrowding, and luxury; neither did he make due account of emigration to new unpeopled countries, or to the free importation of food in exchange for articles produced by industrial enterprise. Had he lived until 1880, he would probably have somewhat modified his agonising theory.

It would be quite in vain for any one nowadays to try to frighten society with the Malthusian idea. In our own country and its magnificent colonies, as also in the United States, public opinion is all the other way. The man who marries and rears a family by his skill and industry is a benefactor, and merits our approbation. He who through parsimony, vicious inclination, or some ridiculous crotchet, dedicates himself to celibacy, is pronounced to be a poor creature, for he fails to obey the primordial injunction, to 'be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.' Were all on some plea or other to follow his example, the greatness of England would pretty soon come to an end. Within a century the nation would be extinct. There are instances of men living to be old bachelors, in consequence of some unfortunate circumstance. They have met with a saddening disappointment, or have devoted themselves to the support of widowed sisters or nieces. In such cases there is a reasonable excuse for celibacy. The bachelors we specially refer to as an excres-

cence have through mere parsimony, whim, or indecision, let the marrying time of life pass, and become cynically indifferent to matrimony.

A likely man in good circumstances, who has reached middle life in a state of celibacy, may be heard to say apologetically: 'I don't care for marrying; let others do so if they like.' We tell him, on the contrary, that he deserts his duty in not marrying. By living only for himself, he is deranging the balance of the sexes—sufficiently deranged already by soldiering and accidental calamities. He is, in fact, depriving some deserving spinster of her proper destiny, crowding her perhaps into the workhouse or worse. 'He does not care!' Well, he will care by-and-by. We must remind him that when he disappears from the face of creation, as he must do some day, there will be none to mourn his loss. His heir-looms will be scattered, and his wealth given to others. He will drop out of the catalogue of humanity as if he had never existed. He will no more be missed than the old withered stump by the wayside, that has been cut down and carried off for firewood. His memory will be less cherished than that of the faithful dog who in his dying moments affectionately licks the hand of his master. Such is the doom of the persistent cynical bachelor.

The subject admits of pleasanter considerations than the fate of unhappy celibates. If the higher and luxurious orders fail in perpetuating their lineage, it cannot be said there is usually any shortcoming in this respect among the middle and more particularly the wage-receiving classes. Artisans and rural labourers, at least in this country, excel in maintaining the birth-rate, being only matched by the colonists of New Zealand, who seem to possess a very clear idea of the Divine injunction, as well as of that singularly expressive passage in the Psalms: 'Children are an heritage of the Lord... As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.' Some poor fellow who has the luck to 'fall into a family' earlier than he had anticipated, may possibly think that his quiver has been slightly overstocked, but mark his gentle resignation. He will live to have his reward. Shall we picture him in one of our experiences? Yes. We take a mental photograph of him on a Sunday afternoon.

The sun shines brightly, and everything is pleasant for a quiet walk out with his belongings. We have been at church, and are looking casually out of window. Various people are passing—some fast, as if too late for an appointment; some slow, as if they had a difficulty in consuming the time. Our attention is fixed on a family party going out to breathe the fresh air in the environs of the crowded city, and to enjoy the look of the trees coming into leaf, the wild-flowers by the wayside, and to hear if possible the chirruping and notes of the birds now building their nests and singing to each other in early summer. As

for the party who are proceeding on this simple excursion, they are unmistakable. The head of the family, who, when at home, takes the arm-chair, is to all appearance a decent mechanic. He may be skilled in steam-engines; he may be a joiner or a compositor. Anyway, he is a respectable man. We know that by the look of him. He is plainly but well dressed. There cannot be a doubt that he reads the papers; has a shelf of a few books, and stands well with his fellows and his employers. It is not unlikely that he has a wage of thirty shillings a week. Out of this, from his frugality, he pays his rent, his society-money, and his water-rates, feeds and clothes himself and his wife and children, pays school-fees for the two elder. That is our belief, and it stands to reason. Had he been a drunken wretch who misspends his earnings, he would not have sallied forth in the honourable way he has done on this memorable Sunday afternoon. He is not ashamed of carrying baby, not he. The little creature, seemingly about twelve months old, just into its first short frock of white calico, is carried on his left arm, and its little fingers seem to be playing with his beard and whiskers. We observe he is trying to amuse the child by pointing to a pretty little dog that is trotting along the pavement. What his name may be is of no consequence. We call him Jim.

The other members of the modest party are in keeping. Besides the wife, a cheery little woman, there are three children in a row, rising in height like the steps of a stair. In the phraseology of the Psalmist, these are Jim's 'arrows;' and there can be no doubt his 'quiver' is destined to be about as full as Job could boast of after coming through his misfortunes. It is tolerably obvious, as in such cases, the wife has a somewhat heavy handful. She has, of course, no domestic help. Has all things to do, until the eldest girl grows up. But what, then? She is happy in her sphere, is contented with her lot, and like all good wives, thinks highly of her husband, whom she views as sovereign of the establishment; and so he is, 'looking like a king when seated in his arm-chair,' as was said by the wife of the Corn-law Rhymer. While Jim is king, his dutiful helpmate is head of the administration, sends the children to school, pays the weekly bills, takes a shilling now and then to the Savings-bank, and declares that if Jim's wages were raised to five-and-thirty a week, she would 'think herself a lady.' We shall not extend the picture. All that need be done is to ask whether Jim with his belongings is not a more useful and noble character than the miserly stick of a bachelor who has come under our notice?

Here, possibly, we are pulled up by a discouraging remark on the vast number of imprudent marriages, and the provoking superfluity of deserted or half-starved children, whose parents have either gone on the tramp, or are seen lounging

idly about with pipes in their mouths and coats out at the elbows. But a state of things like that is very much a result of neglected education, and, if we must speak plainly, the blundering of philanthropists in pampering and encouraging the worthless. 'Too many people, and more children would only make matters worse.' That is what you will hear said, and it is said in ignorance. There are not too many people. Half the world is crying for people to come and replenish it. Dirt is only wealth out of its place. Put it in its right place, and you produce fertility. So is it with hosts of idlers. Teach and encourage them to go where they are wanted. A sharper system of police would go far towards clearing them out.

One of the finer features of the Matrimonial, as formerly stated, is the inspiring of motives to exertion. The childless are apt to take things easily. The many-childed are forced to be active. When the Hon. Thomas Erskine, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor, appeared at the bar to speak on his first brief, he astonished every one by the fervour of his eloquence, which happily gained his cause, and at once made him famous. Afterwards, on being asked what had so singularly inspired his energies, he said, 'he felt his children tugging at his gown;' which metaphorically signified that the wants of his family had impelled him to put forth powers which he hardly knew he possessed. The biographies of great men are full of incidents of this kind. To make a provision for children is an animating cause of much that we see in professional enterprise and well-doing. By what may be called universal sympathetic feeling, the many-childed usually have the best chance of being preferred in case of competition for offices of trust. There is a lurking jealousy of celibates; they have no proper anchorage—here to-day and away to-morrow. 'Spruggins for Beadle: Ten small children (two of them twins) and a wife!' is one of Dickens' best hits.

Laying aside exceptional cases, the standard by which we are to judge whether a nation is advancing or retrograding is, as formerly hinted, the ratio of births to the number of deaths. To make sure that there is an overplus, there ought to be on an average not fewer than five births to each marriage. The reason why is simple. Two children will replace the father and mother at their decease, and leave the population as it is. Two of the remaining three die, or one dies and the other perhaps goes abroad. That disposes of four. The fifth lives to be married and constitutes the overplus, or permanent addition to the population. A family of six would give a better chance of a reasonable increase, though even with six there are instances where all disappear without leaving more than one to represent the two parents, perhaps not that. In England, there are on an average five and a fraction to a marriage. The increase consequently goes on at a moderate rate. As regards France, there are some very extraordinary disclosures that are eminently suggestive of a defective state of affairs.

At the French Revolution, when all sorts of crotchets were ventilated, there arose a clamour about equality and the division of property. Those who clamoured meant well; but well-meaning people without proper foresight often commit grievous errors. In obedience to the popular craze, a law of succession to property was

enacted, by which, with some reservation, all that parents left was to be equally divided among their children. The parents had no choice. We shall now see how this precious law has worked. The legislators had taken no account of the fact that people might abstain from marrying, and that if they did marry, they might restrict the number of their offspring. Operating along with the law of equal succession, divorces are not allowed in France; wherefore men are reluctant to enter the married state, lest they should be tortured all their days with a wife who has misconducted herself. Marriage is even directly restricted by the obligation of procuring the consent of parents. The first effect of these laws may be briefly comprehended in the word Profligacy. In some of the larger towns, about half the number of children born are foundlings, and brought up in hospitals, with no acknowledged father or mother.* As regards marriage, the average number of births in a family are three and a fraction all over France; and except in Brittany and some other departments, the average is continually dwindling. It has lately been stated that 'in the class composed of petty tradesmen or the well-to-do peasants, there is seldom more than one child per marriage; and in one of the rural communes in Picardy, the number of children of the best-off of the peasants is thirty-seven children for thirty-five families.' What a revelation! Thirty-five families have among them only thirty-seven children, or little more than one apiece. According to the English ratio, they should be more than a hundred. The chief reason why the number of births to a marriage in France is so few, is that parents do not wish that their miserably small property should be any further subdivided.

From whatever cause, the small number of births in proportion to deaths does not keep up the rural population. The increase in cities is partly by the immigration of strangers. A result is, that the population of France generally has so small an annual increase, that the nation is falling relatively behind England and some other European countries. Grave results are accordingly entertained for the future. 'In the ministerial Report accompanying the census of 1876, it was stated that the decrease of population in nearly one-fourth of the departments of France was due to a decline in the number of marriages, and excess of deaths over births.'† As the circumstances now related are largely traceable to that unfortunate law of succession, we see how much mischief may be wrought in a country by interfering with moral and social obligations. In their frenzied notions of equality, the French did worse than upset a monarchy, for that is recoverable in some shape or other. They uprooted the fundamental relations of life that had been sanctioned by the experience and wisdom of ages, and are based on the higher feelings of our nature. The deed, we suppose, could not be undone, unless by a formidable political convulsion. Behold the consequences. An excessive subdivision of property in the hands of peasant proprietors, many of whom live in a style unbefitting members of a civilised community. Ingrained

* Some curious statistics on this subject will be found in Alison's 'History of Europe,' vol. xx.

† The Statesman's Year Book for 1879, by Frederick Martin.

profligacy of manners. Nearly half the number of children in cities are foundlings in hospitals without any known parents. And to crown the appalling result, a steadily decreasing population, relatively to the advance in other countries less favourably situated.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'Shall we make a compact to be always friends?'

ONE fine day in summer, Sally took me by the hand, and walked with me down the avenue, through the great gates and into the village. The place was for the most part new, like the Hall of which it was a sort of appanage and out-growth; but there were one or two very old houses in it, stone-built and sturdy, with red-tiled roofs which set off bravely the green of the surrounding trees. Before one of these, mellow with lichen, my companion stopped, and with many nods and smiles, and some blushing, drew out a big key from her pocket, opened the door, and entered. We came first upon a sort of parlour, where a tall and rigid clothes-press, reaching nearly to the ceiling, mounted guard over the inferior furniture. There was a brilliant carpet, the pattern of which was made up of a set of bouquets in vases, of so enormous a size, that four of them covered the floor. There were two lithographed German prints upon the walls, shewing a number of absurdly wooden children at their lessons and at play. Two diamonded windows let light upon this apartment, and at each hung a pair of imitation lace curtains. I have no doubt that to Sally's eyes the room seemed palatial. I know for my own part, although I was but indifferently impressed with it at first, that when Sally turned round upon me beaming, and said: 'This is my 'ome, my precious,' I was at once unfeignedly charmed with it.

When we came to the back-room, Sally hung purposely behind to see what impression it made upon me. It came upon me almost with a shock, for I seemed to have walked at one childish step clean out of this west-country village into that old cottage kitchen with which my most intimate childish memories were associated. From the eight-day clock, whose fatuous and familiar face again stared out upon me, to the black-leaded cast-iron lion and unicorn, who pranced at each other across the intervening space of mantel-shelf, everything was there as I remembered it. The room lent itself to the deception; the clock was once more accommodated with a well to stand in, and down to the minutest detail the resemblance to the old place seemed complete. Sally stood enjoying my surprise, and when I turned round upon her she absolutely frisked for joy, and brought both hands together. 'You'll come here sometimes, won't you, Johnny,' said the good soul, with both arms round me as she knelt upon the floor, 'and play at being poor again?' I promised heartily I would; and Sally having kissed me, led me out at the back-door, and shewed me a new-built shed, in which was a carpenter's bench, with one or two vices attached to it, and an instrument which I had not seen the like of before, beside it. This, Sally told me, was a lathe. Bob, she said, had turned to be

a turner; and now, she added, with the only attempt at a joke I ever heard from her, he was a Turner by name and a Turner by nature. Emboldened by the success of this experiment, Sally amplified the jest, remarking that she was going to turn and be a Turner likewise; after which she blushed intensely, and led me indoors again. We sat down in the kitchen; and she went off into a series of spasmodic reminiscences of our old life, beginning each with a burst of: 'And oh! don't you remember, Johnny?' Her good heart—and I have met with many friendships and affections in my time, but none more tender or more faithful—was filled with the thought of those old days; and when she told me how forlorn and friendless I had been at my father's death, and how little hope there seemed for me, she was moved to tears by the remembrance; and I cried for company. Then we registered a solemn promise that if ever I were in trouble, I should come to my old friend. 'For,' said Sally, 'it ain't money, and it ain't rich friends, as'll save you from trouble, my poor lamb. But a loving 'art'll make it light, Johnny; an' come it weal or come it woe, you'll find no change in me, dear.'

Though Bob had himself expressly stipulated that he and Sally should wait to see what success his venture on new ground achieved, he had no sooner established himself than he gave notice to the clergyman of the parish to put up the banns. I heard them 'cried,' as Sally phrased it, on three successive Sundays—Robert Turner, bachelor, and Sarah Troman, spinster—the definitions of their several estates sounding quite respectful on the parson's part, I felt. Bob, I discovered, was experimenting on a mother-in-law before matrimony, inasmuch as both his own mother and Sally's had taken up their abode in the cottage. I discovered also that Bob regarded his own mother as a sufficient antidote against Sally's; and that Sally had the same sort of theory with regard to the Dowager Troman's restraining influence over the Dowager Turner. Whether the theory were a sound one on both sides, and can be so recommended to the multitude, I cannot venture to say; but I know that they all four dwelt together in great peace and contentment. The two old bodies began by-and-by to live in a state of continual soap-suds; for the washing from the Hall fell to their share; and Bob with his own hands erected a wooden wash-house, and even built up the brick-work for the boiler.

Up to the time of Sally's marriage, my goings-out and comings-in had been pretty strictly regulated; but now an enormous flunkie being deputed to my service, I summoned that gorgeous menial when I would—apart from my hours for lessons—and was by him accompanied to my old nurse's cottage, to the great admiration of the whole village. I was not at that time of a self-assertive turn; and since my association with the gorgeous menial inevitably made a public show of me, and was provocative of public comment, I would willingly have dispensed with his society. I was always happy to escape from the shadow of his grandeur into the quiet of Sally's kitchen or Bob's workshop. Under Bob's tuition I became a tolerable carpenter, and a book-shelf of my sole manufacture hangs in his cottage to this day.

While these halcyon times sped smoothly on, the war in the Crimea was raging, and news of victory

or defeat reached us now and again. When I went to visit Sally, my attendant used to carry yesterday's *Times* with him; and I read to Bob the impressive letters of that father of special correspondents who chronicled the war for Jupiter Tonans. Sometimes letters came from Uncle Ben's son 'the Lieutenant,' the third announcing that he had won his troop; but these contained sparse news of the war, though he took a gallant part in it. Once or twice, a letter came to Maud from Cousin Will; and although she read these in private, and never spoke of them, it was plainly to be seen that they discouraged and disheartened her. The allied troops had settled down before Sevastopol; and I had just returned from a visit to the village, when I saw Cousin Will alighting from his horse at the Hall door! I had been reading aloud the first description of the trenches, and had so clearly in my own mind pictured Cousin Will there, that I was quite amazed to see him. He shook hands with me, and patted me on the shoulder in his old pleasant way; but he looked sad and tired. He was very deeply tanned, and had grown a rich brown beard, which became him handsomely. I learned afterwards that the only news he brought related to an unavailing search, and that he had returned in consequence of an alarming message about his father. Mr Fairholt was well again, and was desirous that Will should return and carry on the inquiry he had begun. I knew at the time that the search had led to nothing, for I could read that in Maud's eyes. Will announced that his stay would last a week only; but on the day before that on which he should have started, he came, not to say farewell, but to bring a letter he had just received from his friend Mr Hastings. I have that letter in my possession now—it will appear in its own place how it came into my hands—and I transcribe it here. It bore date 'Camp before Sevastopol,' and ran thus:

'MY DEAR WILL—The worst has happened. Forgive this cruel abruptness, but I feel it best to tell you all at once. Poor Frank has met a soldier's death, and whatever trouble drove him from you, is over now. He was in Findlay's company in the —nd. I had news of him the night before the assault on the fourth, but I could not possibly get away to see him. When I went down after the fight, he was missing, and only to-day he was buried. Everybody speaks highly of him. I know you would not like to think of him as being buried with a hundred others, so I took out some of my men and ordered them to make a grave behind the last parallel. The place shall be marked by an inscription, and railings are now being set about it. God comfort you, old friend. I have not the heart to write more just now.—Yours always,

ARTHUR HASTINGS.'

By what means Captain Hastings believed himself to have identified the dead man as Frank Fairholt, I never knew. But I know now that all the tender offices he performed were done for a *stranger*. That the stranger was at least a gentleman seems to have been amply proved by the testimony of officers and men. But it is a common thing that family sorrows should have that end in time of war, and many an Englishman well-born and gently nurtured fought in a private's uniform in that campaign, and met an unchronicled death,

and lies in an unknown grave there. They wore no mourning at Island Hall. Will went out again to the Crimea, this time with a commission. He and his father and Maud accepted Hastings' statement as the end of hope. The matter was never talked about, and the country-people, who had almost forgotten to gossip about Frank Fairholt's disappearance, did not hear of the supposed end of the tragedy. The true close of that tragic story was deferred for many years; but it has always seemed to me a most merciful and happy thing that they who loved him believed him to be dead. There were but a few who shared in that belief who lived to know that it was false. But I am mixing new memories and old.

Uncle Ben sent for me one day, and told me that it was time I should go to school; and I begged him to send me to that to which Gascoigne had been removed. He promised to think it over; and my wish was granted. I met my friend once more, and was just as happy with him as I had ever been. If I have seemed to leave him for a long space in this chronicle, it is not because he was out of my heart, but because he was out of my life for the time. I had written a letter to say that I was coming, and he received me as kindly and as gladly as I could have hoped. Was I ever happier in my life than when he put his arm round my shoulders and said: 'Well, old Jack,' as we crossed the cricket-field together? I think not. He was all admirable; and looking back upon him as he was, I cannot wonder at my worship of him. He was studious and ambitious now, and worked hard; but there was nobody more popular in the school than he. It was a large school; and there were great fellows in it with incipient beards, who drank foreign wines under the rose in their bedrooms, and gave and took the odds upon the Derby. Rightly or wrongly, fagging and the other devices for making life unbearable which flourish at many large schools, were strictly forbidden here; but there was a good deal of concealed bullying, as there always will be in assemblies of boys. From much of this, which would otherwise have fallen to my share, Gascoigne protected me; and in other matters his friendship made life smooth for me.

'Old Jack,' he said one day as we sat together under the shade of a big tree, 'what's your idea about friendship?'

I answered lightly and lazily—for it was a blazing day, and the air beyond the shadow of the tree took a wavy trembling motion in the heat—that I had no ideas about anything.

'I've been thinking, Old Jack,' said Gascoigne, laying a serious hand upon my shoulder, 'that it's quite an awful thing.'

'What's an awful thing?' I asked languidly.

'Friendship,' said Gascoigne, throwing himself full length upon the grass.

'Why?' I questioned languidly again.

'Because,' said Gascoigne, propping himself up on his elbow, and regarding me with great earnestness, 'it entails one of the greatest responsibilities in the world. Because two people who are friends make themselves responsible for each other. If I had a friend, and he went to the bad, and I met him in rags and poverty and disgrace, and if it ruined me to own him and help him, I should have to do it. If two fellows are really friends,

nothing was more between them. And if one has any power or influence over the other, he doubles his responsibility. And apart from all those things, Old Jack, there's something very wonderful and sacred in real friendship which isn't easy to talk about.'

'But we are friends,' I said; though it seemed to me a most presumptuous thing a moment later.

'Well, you see, Old Jack,' said Gascoigne biting at a flower-stalk he held, 'we are friends; but who can tell where we shall be in twenty years' time? We shall grow up; and you will go one way, and I shall go another.'

I can remember now how those words chilled and disheartened me, and what a shadow they seemed to cast upon the prospect of my life. He was so much older and wiser and cleverer than I; and I had come to have so implicit a faith in him, that anything he might say had greater weight than if anybody else had spoken it. But I rebelled against this fiat altogether; and I determined that whatever change might overshadow his regard for me, mine for him would always be as warm and bright as then. There was a coldness which froze any response in me at the time in the calm way in which he spoke of the possible breach in our knowledge of each other and our care for each other; and I could make no answer. And it seemed altogether too bold and impudent a thing to beg the friendship which had been hitherto so freely given by one so much above me.

He must have seen how my countenance clouded, for he laid a hand upon me and said smilingly: 'Never mind, Old Jack. Perhaps I am playing at Cassandra for nothing. Have you come across Cassandra yet? She was a lady whose business it was to foretell disagreeable things. Her sayings used to come true; and mine won't, most likely. Shall we make a compact to be always friends?'

As I recall the tones in which he spoke, I seem to read a certain mixture of cynicism with the light, kindly patronage of his voice and manner. I can but poorly express the fancy, but there was something there which made me feel that he put the question in a sort of mockery of my discomfiture, and yet that he meant it not unkindly. Shall I say rather that he spoke the words to soothe me, and had at the same time within himself a gay and careless disbelief in the compact he offered? No such disbelief clouded my mind for a second.

'Will you promise, Gascoigne?' I asked him eagerly.

He laughed and brought his hand into mine with a swing. 'Yes,' he said; 'it's a bargain.' But his face grew serious a moment later, and a shadow seemed to fall upon us both.

There was a certain stiffly-built, bullet-headed youth in the school, who was known as Gregory minor. He was very fair by nature; but his skin looked quite yellow at this time by reason of the freckles with which it was almost covered. He was a youth of considerable humour, and the world is by this time beginning to be persuaded that Gregory minor—though the world knows him under another name—can write a comedy. He was a dull dog at his lessons; but though he nearly always went under the weight of added impositions, he was a general favourite with the masters

as well as with the boys. Above all things he was fertile in nicknames, and he had conferred upon Gascoigne the cognomen 'Miss Aureole,' in recognition of the golden brightness of his plentiful hair. There was in the near neighbourhood of the school, as there used to be in that of the Royal Castle at Elsinore, if we may trust the statement of the Queen of Denmark, a spot where a gnarled willow grew aslant a brook. This willow had been denuded of its branches; and I, being at that time deep in the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and having discovered that the crown of the sloping tree made a most comfortable seat, used to go and sit there as often as I could, under the shade of a glorious old elm, and read. Against this habit of mine, which I count now as being one of the pleasantest I ever contracted, a great number of my school-fellows arose in protest. I never knew why, and—unless it be that school-boys, like men, resist and resent anything approaching to eccentricity, especially when it takes shape in withdrawal or self-banishment—I cannot tell now. But I found before long that my place of retirement had become perhaps the most public spot in the neighbourhood, and that, steal as quietly as I would to my retreat, I was always chivied from it without mercy, by a roaring crowd of my co-equals. Gascoigne came once by accident that way, and dispersed the intruding association; but they came back with an elder faction added, and dispossessed us both. In memory of this lofty perch, Gregory minor had dubbed me St Simeon of the Pillar, and this being brought down in the first instance to Stylites, came afterwards but very speedily to Sty-lights; but later on, to Sty or Lights indifferently; so that before I left the school, but was surrounded by a new generation, the names meant nothing, and were but maimed survivals of an olden time, like many other names which the teeth of the Old Man with the scythe have mauled for the bewilderment of learned philologists. In like manner, Gascoigne's nickname became first Miss Aury—an obvious contraction—and then Missouri—a palpable corruption—so that a legend got somehow abroad that he came from the banks of that mighty river, and that his grandfather or great-grandfather had taken the stream, or done something with it, in the time of the War of Independence. Upon Gregory minor, in disdainful return, Gascoigne had set the name of Æsop's Frog, in part allusion to a supposed bumptiousness of manner, and in part allusion to the froglike freckles with which Gregory minor's hands and face were marked. This designation receiving general approval, and becoming current, was abbreviated into Æsop, and stayed there.

One day, whilst the second eleven of our school were engaged in a match with an eleven from a private school in the neighbourhood, Gascoigne strolled towards me under the beeches which lined the ground on the eastern side. From where I lay, I had a very good view of the game. My hero had played an innings of three-and-twenty, and I was satisfied. He came to me now, and threw himself on the turf beside me; and we watched the match together. The afternoon was already growing into evening, and facing us a city of cloud was built up in the sky. I do not remember to have seen a more wonderful sunset. The interest in the match was over, for the opposing team were hopelessly beaten; and when

Gascoigne stretched out his hand and called out: 'Look there, Old Jack!' I forgot everything else, and watched the skyey palaces as the soft hand of the wind built them into marvellous forms, and the dying sun baptised them with his light, and made them glorious with all imaginable splendours of colour.

Gascoigne, lying beside me with his eyes upon the sunset, began to repeat verses to himself, and gradually growing clearer in utterance as he became more absorbed and unconscious, broke out with this:

The sun goes down to his rest
Through the high-arched western gate,
And crowds of servants, gorgeously dressed,
Marshal him thither in state;
And curtains of amber and ruby
Loop over him fold on fold;
And far-off eyes of silver peep
Through gates of dusky gold.

Softly fades the evening glow;
Evening breezes whisper low;
Thoughts, like shadows, come and go.

The lines seemed to me then, whatever I may think of them now, completely beautiful.

'Who wrote that, Gascoigne?' I asked, turning upon him eagerly.

'I did,' he answered, still looking at the sunset like one who saw beyond it.

The voice of Gregory minor broke upon us from behind the nearest tree. 'The young woman,' said Æsop's Frog, 'has took to poetry.'

I do not remember having felt more disgusted in my time at any incongruity of speech than I felt then. There had been a feud for many months, as I knew, though I had seen but little of it, between Gascoigne and Æsop; and I was not surprised, but only a little frightened, when my friend sprang to his feet and struck the satirist. A blow was regarded as a challenge to a fight, by etiquette, apart from natural instinct.

'All right,' said Æsop accepting the situation, and marched away calmly with his hat at the back of his head, Gascoigne following, and I bringing up the rear in much agitation. The intending combatants paused behind a haystack, having made their way through a gap in the hedge into another field. 'Will this do?' asked Æsop. Gascoigne nodded, and the two having taken off their jackets and waistcoats, shook hands, and stood up before each other, and the fight began. It went all in Gascoigne's favour at the beginning, for he was the more active, and the more scientific; but after a time the sturdy strength of Gregory minor began to tell. Old Æsop cared nothing for his punishment; and I began to see that the victory must go with him when things reached a sudden crisis. The combatants came to a hug, and after a brief wrestle in which Gascoigne's science was nowhere when compared with the other's stolid resistance, they came down heavily together, and Gregory minor was on top.

'Is that enough?' asked Old Æsop with a boy's brutal disregard of the courtesies of war.

'No,' said Gascoigne. But he had to sit down again after scrambling to his feet, and in the next round he went down almost without the power to make a struggle.

'That's enough, I think,' said Old Æsop with a smile which a swollen lip and discoloured eye

made somewhat grim. Gascoigne returned no answer this time; and his late opponent approached him tendering his hand. 'We've had it out now; and we both wanted to have it out, you know; and I don't mind saying that I thought those verses thundering good uns, old fellow.' Gascoigne took his hand a little unwillingly. 'Look here, you know,' Old Æsop added; 'a joke's only a joke, after all; and I don't see that life'd be worth much if a man couldn't grin at something.' So saying, he put on his waistcoat and coat, and went calmly back again, leaving me disconsolately agaze at Gascoigne.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FOOD REFORM.

WHAT to eat, drink, and avoid has been to many persons the study of their lifetime, although they have not always proved fortunate in discovering the dietary which best agrees with them. That thousands in their search after food-knowledge should go astray, and seeking to avoid one error, fall into another, is natural enough under the circumstances. The advocacy of vegetarianism is at present being industriously prosecuted—the use of cereals and other vegetables being recommended as affording to men and women all they can possibly desire in the shape of food. As for drink, 'vegetists' do not require such large supplies of liquid substances as the eaters of flesh-meats; and the drink of the vegetarian may be set down as cold water, very little even of that chief necessary of life being required. Food reformers have of late become more than usually active, and vegetarianism is visibly making progress. In London, Manchester, and other large cities of the kingdom, there have been established restaurants for the sale of cooked vegetable food only; while shops for the sale of a reformed dietary material have been opened in most important centres of population. Many advocate the use of lentils, and confidently point to themselves as good examples of men improved in appearance and endowed with additional strength, by the frequent use of beans and peas and oatmeal porridge; and not, it must be confessed, without good reason.

There is, however, another phase of food reform which is well worthy of attention, and which is embraced in the homely words, 'We all eat and drink too much.' Over-eating indeed is a sin of the age, of which nearly all men are guilty in a greater or lesser degree. The dinners of modern society seem to have been devised in order to tempt men to partake of food in an excessive degree; and it is only those careful and prudent persons who are able to bridle their appetite that escape the consequences which assuredly result from over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. The never-ceasing recurrence of soup, fish, and *entrées* which form a characteristic of modern dining, not to mention the lavish offerings of joint, game, ham, poultry, and sweets, tempt many to tax their digestive organs far beyond their powers; the result being indigestion, or some one of the numerous forms of dyspepsia. Many more ounces of solid foods and of liquids are unwittingly partaken of at our luxuriously furnished tables than can well be computed; and as most men sit down to several meals every day, a great deal of mischief to our bodily health undoubtedly ensues. It would not be an exaggeration to say of the average

'diner-out' that he eats and drinks every day from a half to a fourth more food and liquor than would amply suffice to nourish his body and invigorate his mind. Taking it as a rough estimate that each of these persons consumes at least one-third more food and liquor than he requires, it becomes a curious question to determine what the result would be if such persons would consent to a restricted scale of dietary.

M. Soyer, who in his lifetime gained so much fame as a cook and a food economist, made a calculation as to how much of the finer wines and meats were consumed by a professed *bon-vivant* in the course of his lifetime. This curious feat of calculation is based on a lifetime extending over sixty years; the life of a *bon-vivant* is estimated as enduring for threescore years and ten; but—though he might have extended the number—the first ten years are not taken into account, as during that period the boy is not allowed to consume anything but what is placed before him. Taking the round figures of the accumulated 'services of meat and drink,' it appears, by M. Soyer's calculation, that a professor of good living will consume in the sixty years allotted to him, about sixty tons of viands, which he probably washes down with a hundred hogsheads of wines and liqueurs of various kinds. The following are the materials which, according to Soyer, compose the daily dinner of the average epicure—namely, half a pint of soup, four ounces of fish, eight ounces of meat, four ounces of poultry, four ounces of savoury meats, two ounces of vegetables, two ounces of bread, two ounces of pastry, half an ounce of cheese, four ounces of fruit, one pint of wine, one glass of liqueur, one cup of coffee or tea. The solids, it will be seen, which are consumed at this meal amount to thirty and a half ounces; whilst at luncheon-time, eight ounces would probably be consumed; and calculating the eggs, fish, or cutlets eaten at breakfast, an additional twelve ounces would fall to be added to the account, equivalent to forty-eight ounces of solid food per diem; and there would be at least three pints of liquid material in coffee, soup, wine, and liqueurs. At present prices, the eating and drinking of a professed good liver could not be accomplished for less than twelve shillings per diem, including wines and liqueurs. That may seem a large sum; but the money which is necessarily expended in cooking such a dinner as an epicure would order is considerable, and necessarily falls to be included in the bill of costs; while if high-class wines be selected, twelve shillings will hardly cover the expenditure. Twelve shillings a day for a period of three hundred and sixty-five days amounts to two hundred and nineteen pounds; and in sixty years at that rate, the good liver's commissariat account will sum up to the very handsome sum of thirteen thousand one hundred and forty pounds sterling. Assuming, however, that even an epicure might live tolerably well during his lifetime on eight thousand pounds, and that there are, say, ten thousand epicures in the British Islands, a saving of fifty millions sterling would accrue if the rate of living was in each case thus reduced by the sum of five thousand pounds. Could it be decreed that the British population should henceforth live on two-thirds of the food it had been in the habit of consuming,

we should be able to solve the greatest problem of our time—namely, how to make our country grow sufficient food for the people who inhabit it. Moreover, were every man, woman, and child so to abridge his or her expenditure, the wealth of the kingdom would ultimately become enormously enhanced.

Coming to the class below epicures and persons who are accustomed to a lavish table, it will be found by inquiry that almost all the middle class, and the professional class as well, eat and drink at a rate that instead of nourishing tends to kill the body. Each unit of the classes named will, as a general rule, consume quite as much food as the epicure, although he may not have his food cooked at the same expense, nor will he perhaps be so fastidious about his liquors. It may safely be accepted as a fact that thousands of the population sit down every day of their lives to four meals, at three of which fish or butcher-meat is served, and at two of which there is wine or beer. Our middle-class men of business—our manufacturers, merchants, and shopkeepers, that is—are hearty eaters. See any of them who happen to dine at a restaurant, and the fact will be apparent; or follow them home from business at six o'clock, and cast an eye over their well-furnished tables, and it will be seen that the viands are plentiful and good appetites not lacking. It can be calculated that a healthy and hungry eater of the upper middle class, able to afford a good dinner, will in the course of his lifetime consume thirty fat oxen, two hundred sheep, as many lambs, a hundred calves, fifty pigs, twelve hundred barn-door fowls, three hundred turkeys, four hundred ducklings, and as much game as he can afford to purchase; his consumption of fish, fruits, and vegetables will be in proportion; say sixty salmon, a hundred and fifty cod-fish, two hundred soles, and many hundreds of the minor fishes, not to speak of a few hundred lobsters and many thousand oysters! Taking, then, the food expenditure of the professional and higher mercantile men—persons we shall say who pay rentals of from sixty to two hundred pounds a year—we cannot compute it at less, including wines, spirits, and beer, than eight shillings per diem, which, when expensive fruits and choice vintages are taken into account, is a moderate enough estimate, especially if the occasional dinner and supper parties given in the course of the year be included. A year's dinner and food expenditure at the rate just mentioned would sum up to one hundred and forty-six pounds; and taking a similar rate for a period of fifty years, it represents a total amount of seven thousand three hundred pounds. Presuming that, if he pleased, the professional or mercantile man of the class indicated might easily so restrict his expenditure as to admit of a saving of two thousand pounds on his life's food account, the total gain would be positively enormous. If there are, say, a million of such persons—and for illustrative purposes we may assume there are a million—the amount gained would be represented by no less a sum than two thousand millions! Such figures must of course be set down as utopian, because men as a rule have become such slaves to their appetites, that it would be hopeless to attempt to wean them from what they have grown to consider a necessary of

their lives; but the fact remains notwithstanding that 'we all eat and drink too much.'

Digging into a lower stratum, it is somewhat difficult to estimate the food expenditure of the artisan and labouring class; but as every person knows, a large number of them expend a considerable proportion of their wages on beef, ham, and other food-stuffs. The working-man, as a rule, enjoys a full meal just as well as his social superiors. We have seen a London journeyman carpenter eating his couple of thick mutton chops, followed by a large hunch of bread and a slice of cheese, the whole being washed down with a pint of beer, with the same hearty relish as the alderman who dines on turtle and turbot, with a slice or two from a well-basted haunch of venison. It has been more than once stated that the labouring classes of the community are not well enough fed considering the amount of work they are required to accomplish; but that is undoubtedly a mistake, or rather it is the outcome of a feeling of sentiment. It would be easy to demonstrate that capital work could be obtained from our artisans even if they laboured on shorter commons than they do. There is no healthier body of men than the prisoners in our jails, yet the exact amount of food on which their frames can be profitably kept up whilst undergoing hard labour, is allotted to them, and no more. Prisoners undergoing sentences of penal servitude are compelled to work for their food, which is selected for its nourishing rather than its palatable qualities. Our workers in the busy hives of British industry could doubtless still accomplish their day's darg, and accomplish it well, were a few ounces to be subtracted from the amount of animal food which it has hitherto been use and wont to consider necessary for them. Bread may be held to be the working man's staff of life in reality as well as figuratively. In an artisan's household numbering, we shall say, five persons—that is, father, mother, and three children—a loaf and a half of bread will be used every day, the loaf weighing four pounds; that gives five hundred and forty-seven loaves in a year, which in a period of forty years would total up to twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four-pound loaves. In some families two meals a day are made from oatmeal; and we remember a sum set to his pupils by a Scottish country schoolmaster, which was founded on this practice. It was formulated as follows: If each of the sixty children attending this school use for their porridge morning and night four ounces of oatmeal, how much will the whole use in forty years, if they should all live so long? The answer was not long in coming from half a dozen sharp arithmeticians; it was—Three million five hundred and four thousand ounces, or two hundred and nineteen thousand pounds-weight. In naming oatmeal we have mentioned a substance which was held by a great physician to be the most nourishing food in existence—we allude to Dr Gregory, who said that any man might live like a fighting-cock, keeping up his bodily vigour and maintain his health, on two pennyworth of oatmeal and a pennyworth of milk per diem. At the date when Dr Gregory spoke, oatmeal would probably not cost more than a penny per pound-weight; so that, after all, the Doctor was allowing thirty-two ounces of solid food and a pint of milk for each day; the cost being at

the rate of one shilling and ninepence per week, or four pounds eleven shillings per annum, as against the bon-vivant's two hundred and nineteen pounds!

Far be it from us to grudge the artisan and his children their pile of loaves; but we protest that there is room for a degree of reform in their generally wasteful cookery of baked or fried meats, which indeed are so prepared as to lose in preparation a full third of their nutritive properties. A man who has recently seceded from the ranks of the beef-eaters to the corps of vegetarians, has communicated to the public the great fact that he has flourished exceedingly on his new regimen, and that, for fivepence a day, he is able to 'defeat fell hunger,' and yet at the end of a month to know that he is three pounds heavier! This gentleman has undoubtedly proved that vegetarianism is practicable, and that 'any healthy person can sustain himself with relishable food, build up the body, and rapidly increase the normal weight without the aid of an expensive flesh diet.'

It would not serve any good purpose to increase our illustrative facts; it will certainly be found, however, by every person who has the courage to try the experiment, that he can live and be healthy on two-thirds of his present amount of food, presuming that he eats and drinks to the extent we have indicated. The advice of the famous Dr Abernethy to live on sixpence a day and work for it is not yet out of date; there are many thousands who might take that advice as a basis, and so prolong their days.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER I.

INVOLVED IN MYSTERY.

EVERYBODY has heard of Molière's famous comedy *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* (The Physician in Spite of Himself); and few can read or witness the performance of this *chef d'œuvre* of the French dramatist without laughing heartily at its amusing scenes, and at the ludicrous positions in which the chief actor is frequently placed. But though amateur physicians are too numerous amongst both sexes, it rarely happens in real life that a man is called to play the part of a physician against his will. In troublous times, however, it sometimes occurs that an individual finds himself placed, not perhaps in so ludicrous, but in so far as he is personally concerned, a far more perilous position—namely, that of a conspirator in spite of himself; and such a misfortune—if I may call that a misfortune which happily led to no serious results—once befell the writer of this paper, while serving, many years ago, on board one of Her Majesty's frigates, then cruising in the Mediterranean.

One day, while on shore near Toulon with a party of my young brother-officers, an awkward fall from a horse necessitated my immediate conveyance to the naval hospital in that famous sea-port. The frigate to which I was attached was to sail the next day for Malta and the Ionian Sea, and it was thought probable that three or four months would elapse ere she would return to Toulon. The surgeon of the frigate, who visited

me in the hospital as soon as he heard of the accident that had befallen me, feared that the patella of my left knee was seriously injured; and such was likewise the opinion of the French surgeons, though in consequence of the swelling, it was impossible to ascertain immediately whether such was really the case. At all events, it was the general opinion of the medical men that it would be dangerous to remove me to the frigate, especially as a heavy sea was running outside the harbour, and the vessel lay at anchor a considerable distance from the shore. Thus it came about that I was left behind in a foreign port, while my shipmates and brother-officers sailed on their cruise.

In the course of a few days, however, the swelling over the knee subsided, and the French surgeons discovered that the injury was not so serious as they had imagined it to be. Still, I was confined to my cot for several days; and some weeks elapsed ere I was permitted to leave the hospital, where I was most kindly and skilfully treated. Then I amused myself pretty well for a while in strolling about the town and the surrounding country; but there is not a great deal to interest strangers in Toulon and its vicinity, especially as foreigners, and naval and military officers particularly, are jealously debarred from visiting the interiors of the fortifications; and I soon grew intensely weary of my enforced idleness, and my solitude in the midst of a population with whose language I was then but very imperfectly acquainted. I longed to be once more on board my ship; but I knew that a weary while must necessarily elapse before I could hope to meet my shipmates again.

By way of passing my time, I sought the acquaintance of the fishermen and the old seamen who lingered about the beach, with whom, after a short time, I was enabled to converse intelligibly. It was the season of the anchovy-fishery, and a number of fishing-boats were about to sail on a cruise off the coast of Italy from Leghorn to Naples, and if occasion required, even still farther south. Among the fishermen was one Gustave Pailleur, the master and owner or *padrone* of a large fishing-lugger—in the South of France many Italian words are in common use—with whom I was on very friendly terms. One day I complained bitterly to the old fisherman of my weariness and of the monotonous life I was leading, strolling day after day from morn to night along the sea-shore.

'And how long will it be before Monsieur can regain his ship?' inquired Gustave.

'Six or seven weeks at least; perhaps two months, or more,' I replied.

'Bah!' exclaimed the fisherman. 'Why need Monsieur remain here all that time? Why not take a cruise with me to the coast of Italy? It will be a change at least; and if the fish are abundant, there will be sufficient occupation and amusement. Monsieur will be welcome.'

Joyously I accepted the invitation. I was well aware that I would suffer inconvenience and probably no little hardship, on board a small fishing-lugger; but what young midshipman of eighteen years eager for change, cares to consider such trifles! *La belle Jeannette*—that was the name of Gustave Pailleur's vessel—would return to Toulon in a month, or five weeks at the utmost; and therefore I should be back long before my

vessel would return to the port. I took no time to consider; but immediately assured the jovial old fisherman that there was nothing I should like better, if I should not cause trouble or inconvenience to him or his crew.

'Trouble or inconvenience!' he replied. 'Bah! No. Monsieur will confer a favour. But you must prepare for the voyage to-day,' he added. 'We sail to-morrow morning at daybreak to Marseilles, to join the fishing-fleet at that port, and thence we proceed forthwith to the fishing-ground.'

'I will be ready,' I replied; for in fact I had little to make ready; for though I was pretty well supplied with money, I had but a small quantity of clothing on shore with me, which a portmanteau would easily contain. I therefore supplied myself with a few comforts and luxuries, such as I was not likely to find on board a fishing-lugger, and such as I fancied would be an acceptable addition to their usual hard fare, to my new messmates as well as to myself; and having packed my portmanteau and paid my bill at the hotel, awaited so anxiously the hour of departure, that I was unable to sleep, and was down on the wharf the next morning an hour before Gustave Pailleur and the five men and boy who composed the lugger's crew—all of whom, save one, were relatives of the *padrone*—made their appearance. However, they came at the appointed hour. *La belle Jeannette*, in company with six other luggers, sailed for Marseilles; and thence, accompanied by a fleet of some eighteen vessels of a similar description, departed in a day or two for Leghorn.

For a few days the fishing was tolerably successful. Then a gale arose, and when it subsided in the course of a few hours—for the gales in the Mediterranean, though sometimes severe, are rarely of long duration, usually subsiding as rapidly as they rise—the fish, hitherto abounding, seemed to have altogether departed. The nets were cast in vain. Coarse fish, that the fishermen cared not for, came up with them; but the wary and delicate anchovies for which we sought, had disappeared. The fishermen, though annoyed, were not surprised.

'It is often so, Monsieur,' said Gustave to me. 'One can never feel sure of success when fishing for anchovies. They are plenty all around. Then a breeze springs up—or sometimes no one can tell why—they disappear in a moment! They have gone south to avoid the gale; and maybe we shall need to follow them to the Neapolitan coast; perhaps even farther, before we find them again. Sometimes even they elude us altogether, and we see them no more.'

The old fisherman judged correctly. Slowly we sailed southward along the coast, day after day casting our nets to no purpose, until we reached the Gulf of Salerno. There we found the anchovies again, but not in great abundance; and from information we received from a passing vessel, we sailed for the Gulf of Policastro, where it was said the anchovy fishermen were doing famously. It seemed, however, as if we were destined to meet with disappointment. It was the period of the serious troubles in the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, when the tyrannical monarch of those realms, known by the sobriquet of King Bomba, was driven from his throne; and we had frequent intimation during our passage along the Neapolitan

coast of the disturbances constantly occurring on shore. Moreover, we met every day with ships of war, French, English, and Italian, that were cruising about off the coast; and more than once we heard the sound of distant cannonading both at sea and on shore. In fact, only a day or two previous to our arrival in the Gulf of Policastro, a severe conflict had taken place between a Neapolitan corvette and a squadron of small vessels fitted out and manned by the insurgents, which had been beaten off. The sloop-of-war, however, a fine heavily armed ship, still remained at anchor inside Point Palinuro, at the mouth of the Gulf. The timid fish, heretofore so abundant, had been frightened away by the unwonted disturbance; and the fishermen, fearful of getting into trouble, had quitted the spot.

At that period, I was but eighteen years of age, and I troubled myself little concerning political affairs; while my temporary companions and shipmates, the fishermen, were even more careless and ignorant than I of such matters. All they thought of was the successful prosecution of their arduous occupation, and when they found that interrupted, they sailed for some other part of the coast. Thus, when we entered the Gulf of Policastro, we found it deserted save by some half-dozen coasting-vessels, which lay close in-shore; and though Gustave Pailleur brought his craft to an anchor for the night near the mouth of the Gulf, he decided to return the next day to the Gulf of Salerno.

For the last day or two, the weather had been squally. We had beaten up, dead against the wind, the entire distance between Salerno and Policastro; and the *padrone* and his crew, almost worn out with fatigue, and dispirited by constant disappointment, had retired early to the cabin; I, who had not worked so hard as they, having volunteered to keep watch from eight o'clock P.M. till midnight. The gale had completely subsided. The waters of the Gulf, which had been sheltered from the strong southerly wind by the high lands of Calabria, were already almost as smooth as the surface of a mirror; and though the clouds and scud that passed swiftly by to the northward, told of the atmospheric disturbance that still existed overhead, the moon and stars from time to time shone forth brightly, and all was tranquil on sea and on shore. For an hour or more I paced to and fro on the short and narrow deck of the little vessel. Then, feeling tired, I stopped, and reclined against the low bulwark on the after-part of the lugger; and in spite of my endeavour to keep awake, fell occasionally into a light doze. From one of these light fitful slumbers, I was aroused by what I fancied to be the plash of oars; but the moon was temporarily obscured by a passing cloud, and though I looked earnestly around me and listened attentively, I could not see or hear anything stirring on the water. On consulting my watch, I saw that it was already past eleven o'clock; and drawing my cloak closer round me, I was about to resume my walk to and fro, when I was again startled by the light plash of oars, and fancied I could hear the sound of a human voice. At that moment the moon again shone forth bright and clear, and by its light, I discerned a small boat with two rowers, and a man seated in the stern-sheets, pulling gently out from under the shadow of the high land towards the lugger. The boat, which was low in the water,

and was painted of a light colour that rendered it almost imperceptible, was soon alongside; and seeing me at the gangway, the individual seated in the stern-sheets inquired in Italian, and in a low voice, as if he were afraid of being overheard, at the same time gazing cautiously around him, whether I was the *padrone* of the vessel.

I was but very slightly acquainted with the Italian language, but I understood the question; and replied in French, that the *padrone* was asleep in the cabin.

'*N'importe, mon ami,*' continued the strange visitor, now speaking fluently in French, but with a strongly marked Italian accent. 'You, I presume, are one of the crew? With your permission, I will step on board;' and suiting the action to the words, without waiting for my reply, he sprang lightly from the boat to the gangway of the lugger, which was in fact but a step.

'And now, my friend,' he went on, 'you will greatly oblige me if you will arouse the *padrone*. I wish much to speak with him. He can render me a service of the utmost importance, which will greatly benefit him—will benefit all on board.'

That the stranger was a gentleman was evident alike from his voice and manner, though his face and form were concealed by the cap, which was pulled down almost over his eyes, and by the coarse boat-cloak he wore, with the collar turned up over his ears. Moreover, as he grasped the shrouds while swinging himself on board, I noticed that his small white hand was that of a man unaccustomed to manual labour, and that he wore a diamond ring on his third finger. Still I hesitated a few moments. I was aware of the troubles on shore, and I did not like the secrecy of the affair, and wondered what important business an Italian gentleman could have to transact with a poor French fisherman, that induced him to visit the lugger at near the midnight hour.

With the quick ears of a sailor, however, Gustave Pailleur had heard the lapping of the water caused by the presence of a boat alongside, and suddenly made his appearance on deck.

'Here is the *padrone*, Monsieur,' I said, pointing towards Gustave, who now came forward, evidently both surprised and alarmed at receiving a visit at so late an hour.

The stranger politely raised his cap, and at the same time throwing back his cloak, displayed the delicate clear-cut features of an Italian gentleman; and we now saw that beneath his cloak, he wore the undress uniform of a military officer of superior rank. Still, though, as I have said, there was no vessel near, he again gazed furtively around him before he said in a voice little raised above a whisper: 'Signor *padrone*, if you are abundantly rewarded, are you willing to render me and others a signal but secret service?'

'That depends, Monsieur,' replied Gustave. 'I will not place myself or my vessel and crew in peril; neither will I act dishonestly, nor assist to do injury to any human being, for aught that you can offer me.'

'*Parbleu!* It is not needed, *padrone*,' said the stranger, still speaking French. 'On the contrary, it is an act of mercy that is required from you. If we succeed—as we surely shall, if you will aid us—no one will suffer injury; but the helpless and innocent will be saved from great misery—from long imprisonment, perhaps from a cruel death.'

And you—you will encounter no risk if you implicitly obey the directions you will receive, while you will reap a great reward.'

Gustave hesitated still. He thought of the terrible stories of oppression and tyranny—many of them probably exaggerated, if not false—of which he had heard; and he pictured in his mind his vessel confiscated, and himself and his crew consigned to an Italian prison, from which neither he nor they would ever be released, while their cruel fate would remain unknown to their relatives and friends; and perceiving his hesitation, the stranger drew a steel purse from his pocket, which glittered brightly in the moonlight with the gold coins with which it was filled.

'See here, *padrone*,' he went on; 'here are one hundred *scudos*' [about twenty-five pounds], 'not as payment for your services, but as mere earnest-money, and as a token of the rich recompense you will receive hereafter, and immediately, when your task—easy of performance—is finished.'

I saw Gustave glance eagerly at the glittering coin visible through the meshes of the purse. It was of itself a large sum, in the estimation of a poor fisherman whose present voyage did not promise much success.

'You will swear, Monsieur, that neither my vessel, myself, nor my crew shall be imperilled?' he replied.

'I swear,' answered the Italian.

'And that this is no bribe to induce me to perform a mean or guilty act?' said Gustave. 'Monsieur, we fishermen of France are poor, but we pride ourselves upon our honesty.'

'I have spoken, *padrone*,' replied the Italian. 'An Italian gentleman is equally proud of his honour, and is incapable of performing a mean or guilty action.'

'Monsieur,' said Gustave, after some reflection, 'I am at your service.'

DAVID GARRICK.

On a cold March morning, in the year 1737, two young men started from Lichfield to try their fortunes in London. The younger of the two is but nineteen, not tall, but well made, 'a very sensible fellow and a good scholar, of good dispositions, and very promising.' His companion is seven years older, somewhat ponderous in person, rolling in gait, and rather near-sighted. The former is David Garrick; the latter is his preceptor, Samuel Johnson.

Garrick was designed for law; but following a very early and a very strong impulse, he gave himself to the stage, and made his debut on the boards of Goodman's Fields, Ipswich, under the name of Lyddal. His part was Aboan in *Oroonoko*, and from that night his success was assured. His first appearance in London was in *Richard III.*, and for the display of his own powers he could not have chosen a fitter part. His success was triumphant, and as lasting as triumphant. Garrick's was that success which ever rewards not so much continual and conscientious toil as red-hot enthusiasm. His rendering of 'Richard' was a reformation as much as a revolution in the histrionic art.

Garrick's popularity on and off the stage was the result of a happy combination of unusual qualities. Some of these we may endeavour to enumerate. By descent a Frenchman, he had all the volatility and indeed volubility of the French people. His stature was slightly under the middle size; his limbs beautifully proportioned; his arm charmingly tapering off into a hand very neat and very small. Manliness, elasticity, ease, and grace characterised his deportment. 'His movements were refreshing to witness.' What a contrast to the burly and bull-dogged Sam! With his dark-blue coat and small cocked-hat laced with gold, Garrick's figure was unique. His countenance, never at rest, revealed the radiant mind in the expressive play of features. The eyebrows finely arched over a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, the fire of which he had the art of quenching, and making his intelligent orbs as dull as two gooseberries; in the personation of terror or tenderness his eye held the audience like a spell. His voice at once natural, cultivated, and easy in its modulations, wide in its compass, had that undefinable penetratingness peculiar to the great actor and true orator. Impressionableness or intense sensibility was a leading trait in Garrick's mental make-up. This is that quality by which an actor, while setting due store by the words, realises and becomes out and out the character he portrays. The mere repetition of the language of *Hamlet*, however graceful and correct the elocution may be, without that intensiveness by which *Hamlet* as a harmonious whole lives in and shines distinctly through the actor, is perhaps a correct enough portrait, but it lacks the living soul. Garrick too had a true workman-like delight in excellence. And with all his natural endowments and genius, perhaps few professional men have worked so constantly and with such a continued enthusiasm to the very end of a public career. His whole soul was in his work, and his work was his joy. 'He saw no one on the days he performed; he was full of the 'part' for the evening. And even between the acts he separated himself from the other actors and would speak to no one. He brought genius and put conscience into his work.'

Another element, if not of his success at least of his happiness, was his marriage to that charming singer, the fair Eva M. Veigel or Violette. This lady was said to be 'the most agreeable woman in England.' Sterne, who saw her among the beauties of Paris in the Tuileries Gardens, declared 'she could annihilate them all in a single turn.' Even Horace Walpole could forsake his cynicism, and say of her that her 'behaviour is all sense and all sweetness.' During the twenty-eight years of their married life, David was not so much the husband as the lover; and his affection was rewarded with a love as true and as constant as his own. Mrs Garrick survived her husband more than forty years, and for at least thirty of these she would not allow the room in which David died to be opened. Buried, at her own request, in her wedding sheets, she occupies the same grave with her husband at the base of Shakspeare's statue, 'until the day dawn and the shadows flee away.' Doubtless a helpmate so attractive and so congenial and pure greatly aided the actor in striving to attain his ideal.

Does any one, or all of the qualities mentioned as constituting the equipment of Garrick, account for the fact that unlike Mrs Siddons, Kemble, and Macready, Garrick at once and by a bound placed himself in the front rank of the priesthood of the stage? The sun sometimes foretells his rising by scattering the clouds that cap the hill-tops, while as yet we see him not; but inch by inch he rises like a golden wheel; slowly inch by inch he scatters the mist and kindles the heights, until at length he rises—a full orb—pouring his brilliant splendours on all below. So rose gradually Mrs Siddons, Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Macready. On a dark and cloudy day, the sun is obscured; he has risen, is well up the horizon, but is draped in cloud and shadow and is invisible; the wing of the storm sweeps away shadow and cloud, and in the twinkling of an eye the burning, blazing sun has burst on view. So burst David Garrick on the British stage.

Garrick's character was by no means perfect. Many faults were laid to his charge; and amongst others was his fondness of flattery. Murphy, to whom Garrick had given loan upon loan of money, accuses him of meanness. This charge, however, has been proved to be as unjust as it was ungrateful. On one occasion, Murphy was asked his opinion of Garrick. He replied: 'Off the stage, sir, he was a mean sneaking fellow; but *on the stage*'—throwing up his hands and eyes—'Impossible to describe!' Mrs Olive was one night standing at the wing, alternately weeping and scolding at Garrick's acting; and turning away in anger, she exclaimed: 'I believe he could act a gridiron!' Once, at a splendid dinner-party at Lord —'s, they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what had become of him, until they were drawn to the window by the convulsive shrieks of laughter of a young negro-boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the courtyard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride. In *Lear*, Garrick's very stick acted. The scene with Cordelia and the physician, as Garrick played it, was ineffably pathetic. The anathema in this play exceeded all imagination; it electrified the audience with horror. The words 'Kill—kill—kill!' echoed the revenge and impotent rage of a frantic king.

When it was announced that Garrick was soon to take leave of the stage, there came a rush of people from all parts of Europe to witness his last performances. Many foreigners who came specially to England to see Garrick play were unable to get admission. A week or so after his last appearance, he thus writes: 'When it came to taking the last farewell, I not only lost the use of my voice, but of my limbs too. It was indeed, as I said, a most awful moment. You would not have thought an English audience void of feeling if you had seen and heard them. After I had left the stage, and was dead to them, they would not suffer the *petite pièce* to go on, nor would the actors perform, they were so affected.' Thus retired from the stage perhaps the greatest actor of modern times. Garrick departed this life in January 1779. His death was a national event. The funeral was the largest ever seen in London up to that time, among the mourning thousands

at Shakspeare's monument being old Samuel Johnson affected to tears. Perhaps he was thinking of that cold March morning when he and his friend left Lichfield for London.

STRAY THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

WHEN we walk through a spacious and well-equipped library, and gaze on the book-lined walls, one cannot help pondering upon the real wealth therein contained; and how the thoughts that are contained in the books may be destined to live and exert their influence long after their authors have passed into dust.

Many thoughts glide through our minds when in a library. There is a feeling of sadness when we look at so much 'medicine for the mind' stored on the shelves, and reflect that we can never master even a tithe of their contents—that many branches of study must ever remain closed to us—and that in the few in which we can engage our progress will be slow, and will soon be ended. Again the thought of the fleeting nature of human life and fame occurs to us. The authors whose works we see around had all their little day—they commenced life with advantages or disadvantages; they emerged from obscurity, and gained the fickle applause of the day, or pined in want. But celebrated or uncelebrated, worthy or worthless, the same lot happened to all—to the same home each and all tended.

When we think, however, of the small number of books which by their merit establish a claim to immortality, or that possess any native vitality, we are reassured, and recognise that if we confined our attention to books of this class, we would have a reasonable hope of mastering much of the learning, and acquiring much of the knowledge, handed down to us by superior genius. The youthful reader who is turned into a well-stocked library to choose his course for himself, is in danger, under the influence of an unregulated mind, of either feeding to repletion, or being vitiated by something either hurtful or poisonous. The first thing is to cultivate a literary appetite, for the choicest dishes may be prepared in vain for a man devoid of taste—the genius of the writer spent in vain if there be no responsive understanding, no sympathetic kindling on the part of the reader. The next thing we have to learn is to receive ideas with discrimination; not to accept what is written because it is written, but because of its truth or intrinsic value. It is important to be able to get at the kernel of a book. There may be much unpalatable husk or padding; let that go, so as you get the substance. A study should be pursued with an end in view. If we make a journey to the bank, we do not leave until we have got the money we require. If there is much store of precious metal beneath the soil, the way to reach it is to sink a mine, not to lightly scratch over a large surface. We may flit as the butterfly from book to magazine, from history to travels; but with the bee we should extract what good we can, and store it away for future use.

The tree of Biography if well cultivated, presents to the student of mankind a source of endless delights. The fruit is of kinds as various as the characters of men; but there will be found a certain generic affinity, which will enable us to trace resemblances, establish theories, and draw conclusions. Though their paths in life and outward circumstances were widely different, we find that the men whose lives have been recorded for our benefit have had their joys and sorrows, doubts and fears, and present lessons for our guidance which, in most cases, deserve a careful and conscientious study. We have read of an old stone being found imbedded in a bank which bordered on a dangerous morass. On this stone some benevolent man had long ago carved the words, 'Keep on this side.' Such a message is conveyed by every biography which pictures a good man—a man true to himself and to his God. In the eyes of Society, a man is a walking mystery; and even his friends know little or nothing of what passes in the secret chambers of his heart. Nor can the man himself read his own heart until he has made it his careful and patient study. But in a conscientiously written autobiography the outworks which guard his individuality are passed when we see him in his private life, as he walked and talked, laughed and wept—when we look through the windows of his soul and visit him in his inner chamber.

There is an innocent and even laudable curiosity in our hearts to know how great men conducted themselves when in the quiet of home. How much closer are we drawn to our favourite heroes in biography, when we know how they were loved and revered by their nearest relatives, and how their greatness of intellect and powerful genius were compatible with humility, good-nature, and playfulness, and those minor virtues which contribute to the excellence of character as a whole. We do not think the less of them as we peruse their humorous letters to their children, or see them indulging in a game of rumps. No; if we are to have a man's life-history, let us have the man without his dress suit—not as seen in the ecstatic glow of some enthusiastic imagination, but through the clear unveiled atmosphere of truth and reality.

Next to biography, History comes as a natural sequence; for is it not compiled biography? Events and men are inseparably connected. The hand that moves the lever or guides the helm is the hand of a mortal like ourselves. The characters of history are men who, some by birth, some by merit, have been most conspicuous in their acts. What, after all, is the value of history but accumulated experience? Into what fields does it not lead us! from the luxurious atmosphere of court-life to the sulphureous canopy of the battle-field. Into what minds does it not peer, and what hearts does it not dissect! To what characters, scenes, and events does it not introduce us! Tyrannising kings, intriguing courtiers, time-serving flatterers, the pomp of war, the quiet of the cloister, the stormy voice of the people, the shrill tempest of revolt, the quiet march of civilisation, the battle of the church, the strides of science, the blazing forth of genius, the triumph of truth, nations crumbling and disappearing, tottering thrones, political earthquakes. All these pass before us in one vast panorama!

It is difficult to tell wherein lies the secret of good descriptive writing. It seems to be the making a window of the author's mind, through which the eye can discern the scene described. It is being true to nature, and picturing either with bold broad strokes, leaving the filling-up to the imagination, or labouring with faithful minuteness to produce a photograph.

We might go on from bookcase to bookcase and find our topics inexhaustible. But we must close; and in doing so, remember that it is not what we read but what we retain and assimilate that will benefit ourselves and influence our lives and those of others. Of what use to pile fuel if there be no light to kindle? Of what use to accumulate material if there be no hand to build? Mere knowledge is altogether insufficient, if there be not wisdom to use it judiciously.

A KENTISH STREAM.

AMONGST the various rivers and streams that flow through the picturesque county of Kent, there is a stream so small that an average pedestrian proceeding at his usual pace of walking, can start from the source after breakfast, and reach its estuary comfortably before dinner. And this no mere dribbling brook, or ditch dry for half the summer, but a steady perennial stream, rising in a beautifully romantic country, and capable, when it is in flood, of letting the inhabitants of the adjacent valleys feel its power by wild irruptions into kitchens and cellars, flower and kitchen gardens, disturbing the porcine inmates of the sties in their slumbers, and scaring the poultry in their sheds.

Whoever is unfamiliar with the country around Hayes and Keston in Kent has a treat yet in store for him. The tract of country we are about to describe is not more than twelve miles from the centre of London, yet for peaceful beauty and wildness it might well be a hundred miles away. The little village of Hayes is as quiet and romantic as if it stood in one of the dells of Westmoreland. Leaving the village, we begin to cross a wild, breezy Common about two hundred acres in extent, from the summit of which we catch fine views over the Crystal Palace, the Great Metropolis, and the Kent and Surrey hills. The Common—which has been generously dedicated to the public use by Colonel Lennard, the lord of the manor—is one of the wildest specimens of heath scenery imaginable, being covered with gorse, heather, brambles, and scrub of almost every description. At the north-western end of the Common are some fine snatches of scenery, a small forest of gigantic oak-trees; and on the opposite side of the road, copses of rare beauty. Here, in autumn, when the changing foliage lends a glorious colouring to the landscape, artists may be seen in dozens, easels before them, making sketches of the various silvan beauties.

Passing over Hayes Common, we come in a few minutes to another tract of heathland, Keston Common, where the stream we are about to follow

risers. Keston Common is smaller but hillier than Hayes, and abounds with springs, one of which gives rise to the river Ravensbourne. But before we proceed to trace our stream, let us turn aside a few paces, to visit a spot of great historic and humanitarian interest. Adjoining the main road that skirts Keston Common is Holwood Park; and crossing a stile in the fence, we stand almost immediately before a venerable oak-tree. At the foot of this oak is a seat, and on this seat is the following inscription, from the autobiography of that great philanthropist, William Wilberforce: 'I well remember after a conversation with Mr Pitt in the open air at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice, on a fit occasion in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the slave-trade.' The seat with the inscription was erected by Colonel Stanhope in 1862. What advances has the great cause of humanity made since Wilberforce gave notice of his memorable motion!

Returning to the Common again, we come at once upon the source of the Ravensbourne, known as Caesar's Well, whence rises a copious stream of crystal water. The traditions that Caesar watered his troops here, and also that their steps were directed to it by the flight of a pair of ravens, may be received as true or not, as the reader thinks fit. From this well the water flows into two small lakes, one beneath the other, and finally into a third lake, which is now inclosed in private grounds. From this spot, for some miles, the stream, having a serpentine course, flows through private estates, only in one place disclosing itself in a pretty waterfall, and then flowing round a small island, radiant in spring with blossoms of the rhododendron. Hence, through Hayes, near Bromley, and past Beckenham, the tiny river steals along, and at a place called Southend, again comes forward into public view. Here it forms a pretty little lake, flowing round an island popularly called Jack Cade's Island, from a tradition that the celebrated rebel of that name used to find shelter in its cover. From this point it winds through Southend and Catford to Lewisham, where it formerly bifurcated, the larger branch flowing behind the village, the smaller through the centre of the public street. From Lewisham the stream soon begins to lose its romance, and is here joined by a not inconsiderable tributary, the Quaggy, which in rainy weather brings down torrents of water, and manages, with the waters of the Ravensbourne, to do considerable damage to the house-property which, in defiance of the laws of prudence, has been built on the lower levels.

At two miles below Lewisham, the Ravensbourne becomes a tidal river from its connection with the Thames. Instead of green fields and rich pastures and leafy glens, its waters, polluted by all kinds of filth, now flow past mills and sheds and dingy factories, till presently the waters lose themselves in those of the Thames. Rising in a healthy, breezy moorland, in the depths of the country, the Ravensbourne terminates its career in mud and filth, and amidst grimy wharfs and dingy factories. Yet the whole distance from its source to its termination is not more than about ten miles as the crow flies,

and possibly not more than fifteen in all its meanderings. And yet few streams, considering their length, present greater attractions to the wandering artist.

A NEST-BUILDING WATER-BEETLE.

From a young entomologist who has evidently studied his subject well, we have the following interesting notes regarding a nest-building water-beetle; and as the natural history of our ponds and ditches is daily becoming more popular, we gladly offer the little sketch to our readers. Our young friend writes as follows:

One of the most curious and interesting objects to be found in stagnant ponds is the nest or cocoon containing the eggs of our largest water-beetle, the *Hydrophilus piceus*. This beetle—unlike the other large water-beetle, *Dyticus marginalis*, which lays its eggs loose in the water—prepares for the reception of its eggs a most elegant and beautifully adapted nest. It is spun by the female; and consists of a hollow case nearly resembling in shape and appearance, externally, a small white turnip-radish with the root cut off, the upper surface being somewhat flatter than the under side; but instead of the green tuft of leaves of the radish, there is at one extremity of the cocoon an upright or nearly upright spike of a brown colour, tapering to a point, and expanded into a flat triangular form at the side of the cocoon.

The cocoon is formed of silk and a gummy secretion looking very like common whity-brown paper; and its walls are about the thickness of ordinary note-paper; but on one side, just beneath the triangular termination of the spike, and half-way to the bottom of the cocoon, this paper-like substance is replaced by a loose silky film, by breaking through which the young larvæ escape as soon as the eggs are hatched. On making a section of the cocoon by cutting it through longitudinally, it will be seen to be very like an oval bag, flattened above, filled with a quantity of silky down; which downy or silky substance extends upwards into the spike, and downwards to one side, where, as already mentioned, it replaces the more solid substance of the rest of the cocoon. The eggs are placed behind this filmy substance, extending nearly to the other end of the bag, and appear to be attached to the flattened roof and bottom of the cocoon by thin silk. The spike is composed of a somewhat similar substance to the rest of the exterior of the cocoon; but is of a closer nature, and thicker and stronger make. The nest measures an inch across, and is about seven lines deep—the height from the tip of the spike to the bottom of the cocoon being about an inch and a half. This is about the average, different specimens varying considerably in the height of the spike, &c.

The cocoon before the eggs are hatched is very buoyant; and although, if left to float undisturbed and free in still water, it is generally so balanced that the spike remains uppermost, a very slight disturbing cause, such as a water-snail crawling over it, will overturn the frail barque, and leave the spike pointing to the bottom of the pond. It is evidently not in accordance with the well-being of the eggs that this should happen, for the cocoons are almost always found attached either to the tall grasses growing at the margin of the pond, or

the nest is built on the under side of a floating aquatic leaf, the spike protruding just beyond the edge of the leaf.

It will be observed that both these positions offer good protection to the nest, by rendering it not easily seen from above; still, as one would imagine the greatest danger to the eggs would be from beneath the water, it may be fairly concluded that this position is not chosen by the parent beetle as a protection from the attacks of aquatic insects. I have no doubt, however, that the nests are damaged by the attacks of natural enemies; for I have found the cocoon floating loose with holes made through it, and most of the eggs gone, and the rest bad. The nest is not invariably attached in this way; for I have found it fixed to and surrounded by the green *confervæ* which float in ponds.

After the eggs are hatched, the empty nest still floats for a time; but it afterwards sinks, as though saturated and soddened with water; and from experiments I have made with cocoons recently hatched, I find the substance of which they are composed is, for a reason which I shall presently explain, not impervious to water, as it will pass through it more or less rapidly.

These nests, each of which contains about fifty eggs, may be found during June in the neighbourhood of London and elsewhere; the latest day I have taken one unhatched is the first of July. When hatched, the young larvæ are about seven or eight lines long, and swim very freely; and it is a curious fact that they will often crawl back into the nest after having left it.

The heads of these larvæ are armed with a pair of mandibles, which are curved inwards, and upwards from their bases; and in this stage these insects exhibit the singular habit of bending back the head when feeding, so that the food carried between the mandibles is rested on the back, giving the necessary purchase for the action of the jaws; and so great is the power in these larvæ of turning back the head, that when viewed from above, the *under* side only of the head is seen, the back being at the same time curved, so as to form a more firm support to the morsel of food. Their food is small aquatic mollusca; and when young, they appear to subsist principally on water-snails recently hatched.

I am not clear as to the purpose served by the spike attached to the cocoon. It has been considered as intended to carry air to the interior; but I think that if this were its use, the spike would most probably be entirely hollow, and would terminate in a distinct *orifice* open to the air. But this I cannot find to be the case. Moreover, as the cocoon floats on the surface of the water, and is not water-tight, the air would—except when the cocoon is attached to the under side of a leaf—penetrate the substance of the body of the cocoon which is above the water. It is, I think, possible that a continually changing supply of water may be necessary to the preservation of the eggs; and supposing this to enter through the thin integument through which the larvæ subsequently escape—as they would readily do, this portion being under water—the moisture may be brought in contact with the eggs, and then slowly ascend the spike, and be gradually evaporated through its substance.

I believe the existence of the spike is necessary to the cocoon; for in the case of two specimens, I cut off the spike, and neither of these hatched. This may possibly have arisen from another cause; but the inference to be deduced from the fact is, that the spike is by no means an unnecessary appendage.

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

In this *Journal* of 14th July 1879 appeared an article on the defective arrangements which exist on the English railways with reference to 'Passengers' Luggage.' The article is quite true as regards railways generally; but a correspondent draws our attention to an exception to this rule, which, in justice to the well-managed Company in question, we willingly notice. He says: 'Whoever, like myself, has been a passenger by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, has found the great convenience of an arrangement, simple in itself, but fraught with advantages, in the treatment of personal luggage. It is enough in summing up its advantages to say that the traveller is relieved of all care, trouble, and responsibility. I am going to Brighton, and have with me say five parcels of personal luggage. The porter who meets me at the cab accompanies me to the ticket-labeller, who labels each parcel "Brighton" with a special number, say 263. He gives me a similar ticket, bearing the same destination and number. I trouble myself no further with the luggage, which in due course is put into the luggage-van of the train I am going by. When I arrive at Brighton, I call a porter of the Company, and give him the ticket I hold, telling him the number of packages it represents; and they are given to him by the guard on his surrendering the ticket. Thus, after the luggage is labelled, no one can obtain possession of it but the holder of the ticket; whilst, when it reaches its destination, there is no confusion as to its identity, nor any fear that it can be obtained possession of by any but the lawful owner.'

Other Companies would do well to follow.

TWILIGHT'S HOUR.

The sunlight on a waveless sea
In softened radiance fades slowly.
The folded flower, the mist-crowned tree,
Proclaim the gathering twilight holy.

It is the hour when Passion bows—
A solemn stillness round us lingers;
And on our wildly throbbing brows
We feel the touch of angel fingers.

It is the hour when lovers fond
(For Love its native air is breathing)
Drape with fair hopes Life's drear beyond,
Gay garlands for the future wreathing.

It is the hour when in far land,
The wanderer tired of ceaseless roaming,
Longs for the clasp of kindred hand,
And the dear home enwrap in gloaming.

It is the hour when mankind hears,
Amid Earth's mingled moans and laughter,
Chords which will swell when unborn years
Are buried in the great Hereafter.

W. F. E. I.

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JUDGE BATHGATE'S LECTURING EXCURSIONS.

MR JOHN BATHGATE, whom we have described as being absent on leave from his duties as District Judge in Otago, New Zealand, is now about to return to the colony; and at our request, has favoured us with a few notes regarding the work he has gone through since his arrival in Great Britain. These notes on his Lecturing Excursions are in various ways interesting. They show what can be done for the public advantage by a person of by no means robust constitution, who is regardless of trouble, and feels animated by a desire of doing good. Mr Bathgate's object was to make known the eligibility of New Zealand as a field for immigration to farmers, capitalists, and others. For this purpose, he prepared a series of Lectures on his voyage to England, some of them being written on his passage up the Red Sea, and the others matured during his residence in Peebles, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. Besides this labourous exertion, he prepared a book on the same subject, entitled, 'New Zealand, its Resources and Prospects,' which has been published at a small price, and has had a large circulation. We have no doubt the book has effectually fulfilled its design; and, along with the Lectures delivered at various towns to large and appreciative audiences, will have influenced many to fix on New Zealand as a desirable place of settlement. When we consider that Mr Bathgate is not a professional land-agent, and has no purpose to serve, further than the pleasure of recording his convictions, drawn from personal knowledge and well-ascertained facts, we may view him as one who unselfishly gives up his leisure for the public benefit.

Taking a review of his proceedings before quitting Edinburgh in May, to take shipping in the Thames for New Zealand, he writes as follows: 'In the course of November last, I had the pleasure of delivering lectures at the following Scottish towns: Haddington, Dirlتون, Dalkeith, Selkirk, Innerleithen, and Peebles. I was everywhere well received; but while the meetings were

very successful and the audiences apparently much interested, no practical results followed. This probably arose from the fact that the land in Scotland is principally held on lease for nineteen years, and the tenants accordingly were unable to contemplate immediate emigration. The plan I generally adopted in a lecture was to assume that, in order to obviate the intense competition which had raised rents to an abnormal height, it was necessary that some of the farmers, especially the younger men, should leave for a new country. The question was then asked: Where should they go to? I answered I would select the country which had the greatest number of points of excellence for insuring success in agriculture and comfort in life. The points suggested were: 1. A genial and healthful climate. 2. A fertile soil. 3. Good communications by roads and railways. 4. Abundance of water and fuel. 5. Freedom from locusts, mosquitoes, and other insect plagues. 6. Variety in production—that is, a country having something else than agriculture to depend on, such as wool, gold, manufactures, &c. 7. Ready market. 8. Social advantages, such as good education; and 9. Good government, law, and order. I shewed where some colonies were deficient in several important points, and proved that New Zealand was the only country known which possessed the whole of these qualifications in happy combination. In every case where, after the facts were fully stated, I asked for a favourable opinion from the audience, it was accorded with acclamations almost bordering on enthusiasm.

'In December I went to London; and while there, I received a pressing invitation from Mr Alderman Hedley of Tynemouth to visit him at his place, West Chirton House, near North Shields. I went down to see him, and found that he had just returned from New Zealand. About two years ago, he became afflicted with severe nervous depression. He tried a ramble through France, Germany, and Italy; and returned home without improvement. The medical men urged that he should take a long voyage to Melbourne. He

yielded most reluctantly to their advice, and sailed for Melbourne. When he arrived there, he felt he was better in his general health; but his burden still weighed him down. Having letters of introduction to New Zealand friends, he next went thither, and was hospitably received at a station in Southland. In fourteen days he became a new man. The depression left him, and he was able to ride forty miles at a stretch, whilst in England he could not have ridden four to save his life. He attributed the beneficial change to the exhilarating and pure atmosphere. He travelled all over the colony in the enjoyment of unbounded pleasure in the new scenes which came before him; and after making numerous friends, he returned to England in November last, loud in his praises of the colony, and feeling as if he could not be grateful enough for the benefits he had received. It was kindly arranged that I should deliver lectures in Newcastle, Darlington, and Middlesborough, and each of them proved an unqualified success. At Newcastle, the Mayor presided, and the room was packed with a thousand people.

'At this meeting, I felt I had a thorough command of the audience; and before I was done, there was so much interest excited, that if I could have said a ship was waiting at the quay in which they might embark for New Zealand, it seemed as if a third at least of the audience would have been willing to go. Mr Hedley followed with a few graphic sentences, corroborating my statements, and giving his recent experience. Immediately after the vote of thanks to the chairman, the platform was mobbed by eager inquirers. The articles in *Chambers's Journal* had proved excellent pioneers, and were undoubtedly the means of drawing together the large attendance. Several of the gentlemen present had made up their minds to leave—men with capital, the very stamp of settlers we require. One intelligent farmer came forty miles to be present, and he has since given up his farm, and is arranging for his immediate departure. Similar meetings were held at Darlington and Middlesborough. A lady at Darlington, a councillor's wife, waited to be introduced to me, and declared with emprossement "It was a charming lecture," and she had enjoyed it so much!

'After a very pleasant week, I returned to London. I then received a kind invitation from Mr Joseph Tangye, a member of the celebrated firm of Tangye Brothers of Birmingham, to visit him at his seat, Tickenhill, near Bewdley, in the valley of the Severn. He had been a constant reader of *Chambers's Journal* since his boyhood. He had been much taken with the articles on New Zealand. The little book had now been published; and he was so pleased with it, that he bought half-a-dozen copies to circulate among his friends. He arranged for a meeting at Kidderminster, three miles distant from his home.

'This meeting passed off equally well with those previous. The Mayor occupied the chair; and as he had recently returned from a tour in New Zealand, he confirmed my statements in his address at the close of the lecture. At the conclusion of my remarks, the applause was very hearty, one lady in front of the gallery so earnest, that she looked as if she would never tire waving her handkerchief. Through Mr Tangye's friend, the lamented Mr J. S. Wright, M.P. for

Nottingham, I was invited to address the Chamber of Commerce, Birmingham. This I did one afternoon with good effect to a crowded meeting, and received a cordial vote of thanks. I took up the question of the indebtedness of the colony, and shewed that the real point was not its amount, but whether it could be profitably used. Mr Wright had informed me that he would catechise me on the debt; but my argument and facts seemed to be appreciated, as no questions were put regarding it. While at Birmingham, I was conducted through the extensive works of Tangye Brothers. In the yard waiting to be tested were two large cranes for the Dunedin Harbour Board. No engine or article is allowed to leave the works until thoroughly tested. The consequence is that the raised letters "Tangye Brothers" are an acknowledged guarantee for excellence. The firm had often been asked by merchants to put the name of the party ordering on the engine, as is done in cutlery; but they have invariably refused, on the ground that they were responsible, and that they wished by care and good workmanship to make their name a voucher for a high standard of excellence.

'After this I was invited to lecture at Leeds, Hull, Louth, and Lincoln; when the dissolution of parliament took place, and disorganised all my plans. As I had to leave Great Britain in the end of May, I have had to renounce the idea, with much regret, of visiting these places. The only engagement I kept was to address the Midland Farmers' Club on May 13th. I had a pleasant meeting there, and an animated discussion followed my address. I understand several of the members have it in contemplation to give up their leases, which are shorter than those in Scotland, with a view to emigrate to New Zealand. I may mention that altogether, as the result of my efforts, considerably over one hundred thousand pounds of capital will flow into the colony with intending settlers from various parts of Britain.

'On every occasion I have discouraged labourers from proceeding to the colony until better times follow the want of employment consequent on the recent monetary crisis. My efforts have been chiefly in the direction of submitting facts for the consideration of farmers with capital, that they might decide whether they would not materially better their circumstances by emigrating to one of the most fertile of our colonies, instead of wasting their energies and resources in vainly striving here against the fierce competition arising against them in other food-producing countries. In all my labours, the articles in *Chambers's Journal*, a periodical which seems to penetrate everywhere, have been most powerful helps. They led to a flood of correspondence, as I have received and answered above a thousand letters from all parts of the world; but I have not grudged the trouble, confidently believing that while I was promoting the interest of my adopted country in the discharge of that duty, I was conferring a favour on many in making known the true elements which alone could lead to success on the part of those who might emigrate thither.'

Successful as Mr Bathgate's Lecturing tours have been, it is proper to say that his averments have not been unchallenged. Writers in a Dunedin newspaper having questioned some of his facts, on that subject being referred to in the 'Hadding-

tonshire Courier,' Mr Bathgate wrote to the last-mentioned paper as follows:

'I have on no occasion stated as a fact that which I do not fully believe, my belief being based on trustworthy evidence. If you will turn to page 44 of "New Zealand, its Resources and Prospects," a copy of which I forward, you will find the following sentence: "The following estimates have been carefully prepared by an experienced land-owner near Oamaru, in the very centre of the finest wheat-growing district, and may be considered reliable." The point is, whether the testimony of this land-owner is reliable. I therefore give his name and standing. He is Mr John Reid of Elderslie, North Otago, a colonist, like myself, of seventeen years' standing. By his integrity, skill, and enterprise, he has amassed a large fortune, all made in the colony. He is the owner of eighteen thousand acres of the finest agricultural land, in a high state of cultivation. He is universally respected, and his assistance is desired upon every public board on which he is willing to act. He has just been selected by the government as a member of a Royal Commission appointed to inquire and report on the working and administration of our railways. Surely a gentleman of this standing is more reliable than an anonymous writer in a newspaper, who gives no facts to support his opinion. The leading daily paper in Dunedin, "The Otago Daily Times," also expressed a doubt as to the accuracy of my statements. This called forth a most convincing letter from Mr Reid, which the editor published and added: "We with pleasure insert the letter, and are quite satisfied that all the statements of fact have been accurately made." I now inclose you the letter, and as it contains much which cannot fail to be interesting to your readers, I have to request that you insert it as appendix to this communication. I may add that New Zealand has carried off the first prize at the Sydney Exhibition for malting barley and oats. According to files just to hand, the following rates per acre are not unusual this last harvest in the best districts—namely, wheat, sixty bushels; barley, seventy bushels; and oats from eighty to one hundred bushels. It has been a fine season. I leave your readers to compare these rates with those of the very finest seasons in East Lothian.'

The following is Mr Reid's letter to the Editor of the 'Otago Daily Times,' above referred to by Mr Bathgate. As it is important, we give it entire:

'SIR—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of the 10th inst., which I had overlooked, questioning the truth of certain statements made by Mr Bathgate which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* some time since. The statements referred to are not only not overdrawn, but are considerably under the mark. I accept the responsibility of proving their correctness, as they were furnished by me to Mr Bathgate. He instances a farmer who bought a farm for fifteen pounds per acre, and cleared that sum out of his first year's crop. The farmer referred to is Mr Thomas Rainforth, of Teaneraki, whose land adjoins my own; and consequently I had ample opportunity of seeing and knowing of the result referred to. The land was cultivated in a proper manner—a thing which is too seldom the case. The crop sown was barley with grass and clover seed. The yield was seventy

bushels of first-quality grain, besides a quantity of second quality, and the price obtained for the crop in Oamaru was five shillings and eightpence per bushel, which brought the gross yield to over twenty pounds sterling per acre. The whole expense connected with the crop was under four pounds sterling per acre; thus leaving a net return of sixteen pounds sterling, instead of fifteen as stated. In addition to this, the pasture obtained from an outlay of a few shillings per acre for seed is as luxuriant as could be desired, and adds considerably to what Mr Rainforth gains by the crop. Mr Thomson of Columella, also an adjoining proprietor, thrashed out a crop of barley at the same time, which yielded over eighty bushels first-class grain, and which gave a correspondingly large result; in his case nearly doubling the amount paid for the land on which it grew. In both cases those results were obtained by having first-rate land and giving the crop proper cultivation, the proprietors also being fortunate in getting a good price for their produce.

'I could point out numerous instances where net returns of five to fifteen pounds sterling per acre have been made from good land here, but shall content myself in the present instance with merely vindicating the statements referred to in your article of the 10th inst.

'You also doubt the correctness of the statement that a farmer may make twelve hundred pounds sterling per annum from a farm of five hundred acres: this statement I maintain is also under the mark. Mr Bathgate supplies particulars as to how this result may be obtained during an average of seasons. Those figures are very moderately stated. I am aware of much better average results having been obtained from similar areas during the past seven years. As you are doubtless aware, many men embark in farming pursuits who neither have land of their own, capital, nor agricultural experience. Such men have not only to pay the very highest rates of interest, but they are also charged heavy commissions for advances of money. Such interest and commission, although perhaps not too much when the risk to the lender is considered, are a heavy burden to the borrower; and if combined with an utter want of agricultural knowledge and experience, failure is almost a certainty. Such are not the men to whom Mr Bathgate refers, but to those whose five-hundred-acre farms are their own and free of debt, and who have a capital of not less than three pounds sterling per acre to stock the land and work with.

'He assumes that the land is of good quality, and near to a market or port of shipment, as his estimate of its cost will shew—namely, fourteen pounds sterling per acre. His figures, which are based upon very moderate yields and prices, shew a net return of eleven hundred and forty-five pounds sterling (L.1145) from the working of the five hundred acres, after deducting all properly chargeable working expenses, rates, taxes, &c. For the remainder I will copy his statement, namely: "The sum of L.1145 being left as the balance after paying expenses, is chargeable with rent, or interest of the capital expended in purchasing the land. Estimating the cost of the land at fourteen pounds an acre, this at seven and a half per cent. gives a charge of 21s. per acre, or L.525 on the farm. Deducting this from the net profit, a balance is left of L.620 for the tenant's income;

being 40 per cent. interest on his capital (£1500) invested in stocking the farm." Your remark with reference to the book which he is said to be compiling is, I think, rather unkind and quite unnecessary. However, he is so well known and respected by those who know him, that your advice is not likely to be taken; and his book when published will, I doubt not, be the means of assisting to benefit the colony, and many deserving farmers in Great Britain, who may be influenced thereby to throw in their lot with us.—I am, &c. JOHN REID, *Elderslie, 20th February.*

These letters afford the best evidence of Mr Bathgate's accuracy, as well as of his caution in making statements. There is, however, no end to cavilling. We observe that in a newspaper he is found fault with on the ground that the colony is at present labouring under a severe financial pressure, and that land is selling at reduced prices. To our mind, these ought to be inducements, instead of drawbacks, as far as immigrants with capital are concerned. Now, apparently, is the time for young agriculturists to emigrate to buy tracts of land at a cheap rate with ready-money. By putting off a year or two, during which prices may recover, the chance of getting a bargain may be gone. From the arguments employed by the newspaper in question, it would appear that people should give up trying to better themselves because bankers, through the effects of panic, have restricted their loans. Such restrictions send a shiver only over those who depend on discounting bills and otherwise borrowing. The man who is able to pay his way and to carry on his transactions with cash, has nothing to fear from financial derangements. What intimidates others, inspires him with enterprise. Immigrants with capital, therefore, besides benefiting themselves, would go far towards strengthening the financial condition of the colony, and what seems desirable, they would give employment to the wage-receiving classes, both as regards land and manufacturing industry.

Every piece of fresh information we receive confirms the impression made by Mr Bathgate's luminous statements, that New Zealand has attractions for agriculturists possessing a fair share of capital and spirit, beyond what are offered by any new country we are acquainted with. In conclusion, we take it upon us to thank Judge Bathgate for the trouble he has taken in making the merits of New Zealand so well known to the people of Great Britain. We wish him a pleasant voyage to the colony, and hope that there, the efforts he has made among us will be duly appreciated.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HISTORY.

'There is a spark of goodness here.'

ON a day in spring, when the birds seemed mad with jollity, a little child came singing down a country lane. She carried a basket on her arm, and in one hand she jingled together some eight or ten copper pieces. Two or three fleecy clouds set off the perfect blue of the sky; a light wind, full of the fresh scent of trees and flowers and country earth, fanned the child's face; and no bird in the

hedges or the trees about her sang a blither song than hers. As she danced down the lane, there appeared in the highway before her the figure of a diminutive man in a coat made of an old sack, and corduroy trousers much too large for him. He had a spiky white beard and moustache, and he wore a silk hat battered out of all shape, and foul with dirt. The little maid skipped gaily on rattling her coppers, and the diminutive man paused to regard her. He heard the jingle of the money in her hand, and looked cautiously up and down the road.

'Where are you going, my little dear?' he said as she approached him.

The bits of blue sky which shone in the damsel's eyes clouded, and she stopped with a look of affright. The little man shuffled up to her, and with a sudden cruel grip, caught the child by the wrist and gave her a sharp wrench. She screamed faintly, and dropped both her money and her basket. The little man picked them up, and looking about him with an air of indecision for a moment, flung the basket over the nearest hedge, then put the coppers into his pocket, shook his fist at the child, grinned, and walked away. The little maiden only a minute before so glad and fearless, sat down and wept bitterly. Home was her only refuge, and she trembled to go home, and she was afraid to stay in the lane, which now seemed so dangerous and lonely. So you see she had nothing left but to sit there and cry broken-heartedly.

Perhaps half an hour later, came that way a man with deep sunken black eyes and a sallow face half hidden in a great black beard laced with gray. His black hair hung about his face and neck, and there were many white hairs intermingled with it. He was dressed in broken garments, and his boots scarce clung to his feet. As he walked on slowly with downcast eyes, the noise of the child's weeping struck his ear, and he looked about in a slow dazed inquiring way, as if the sound hurt him. Following the child's cry, he turned into the lane, and there saw the little girl lying on a grassy hillock with her face in her hands. He knelt down beside her and spoke soothingly. 'What is it? Poor little woman. What is it?'

The child looked up at him with her large blue eyes quite overbrimmed with tears. She could not stop crying all at once. Her little breast heaved, and her open lips quivered, and the blue eyes overflowed; but she stretched her arms out to the ragged tramp, as if she trusted him; and he sitting on the hillock, took her on his knee, and put one arm about her neck, and petted and soothed her until she could speak. Then with many sobs, she told her story; and the tramp having heard her to the end, first scrambled through the hedge and restored her basket; and then shewing her a shilling, asked her if that was as much as had been stolen from her. She could not tell; but he bade her run to complete her errand; and away she went with her fears banished and her trouble over. The tramp looked after her for a minute before he resumed his walk. He had parted with his last coin, and now for the first time in his life was penniless. Yet he cared little

for that as he went upon his way. He had nothing to walk for and nowhere to go, yet he walked with a dogged downcast perseverance, which to the eye of any one who had troubled to observe him would have seemed to indicate a purpose. Once or twice men garbed like himself passed him on the way and flung him a rough salutation; but he returned no answer. The sun went down and the air began to be chilly, and he walked on shivering. The darkening road stretched out before him lonely and sad in the twilight. He leaned over a gate and peered into the fields; then climbed the gate, and sauntered to a hay-stack, beside which some twenty or thirty bundles of straw had been thrown down. He nestled under the lee of the stack, and drew the great bundles of straw over him; and lay there dry and snug until a refreshing warmth came over him, and he fell asleep. He was up before dawn, for fear of discovery, and plodding along the road again in the cold and darkness. He grew dolefully hungry; but at that season of the year the fields were bare, and there was no chance for a penniless man to pick up anything. He walked all day, and housed himself at night in a barn to which he found a chance entrance. Next day saw him again upon the road, travelling more slowly and with greater effort, but still bent nowhere, and utterly without a purpose, though his dogged perseverance might have made it seem to one who watched him that he was walking away from death to life. That night he found another sheltering hay-stack, out of which he dragged enough hay to make room for his body. He lay down there, and pulled the surplus hay over him; and the racking of his rheumatic limbs and the pangs of an empty stomach kept him awake all night. Next day he sighted London, and went on with wearier and ever wearier feet in the profitless race against his own shadow, refusing at every step to know that he could go no farther.

In one of the outlying districts of London, an enterprising tradesman had lined the back of the window in which he displayed his goods with gorgeously panelled mirrors. The tramp came by in the sunshine and looked at the window. The tradesman stood at his own door and surveyed the sunlit street and the striped shop-blinds, and looked kindly on a thirsty dog which went to the waterman's bucket opposite. But observing that the human Pariah paused before his window, the tradesman turned and eyed him with suspicion. For his part, the tramp paused in perfect vacuity of mind, and in a mood so dreamy and unobservant, that he took the reflected image of himself for the actual solid body of some person standing in the shop. And being, as we have seen already, of a tender heart, he felt a dim pity stir within him at the sight of that melancholy spectacle. Stained with travel, ragged, bent, miserably shod, the creature standing there in the shop seemed deserving of pity. But as the tramp outside raised his head and moved his hand, an answering motion arrested his regard, and he saw in a second the trick his mind and eyes had played him. More than the third part of a year had gone by since he had consciously beheld the similitude of himself in a glass, and then he had seen a figure so different from this that his momentary failure to recognise himself need scarcely be regarded with surprise. He had been gay, and well dressed,

and young, and splendidly handsome five months ago; and now this human scarecrow, who looked so hungrily and mournfully back at him from the gold-bound mirror—this was he—this bowed and bent and broken wretch with the knotted black beard, gray-sprinkled, that flowed over his sunken breast, and the elf-locks with silver lines in them—himself and no other. And all this breaking in upon him, not as it is here set down, but like a lightning flash for swiftness and terribleness, he clasped his hands with one heart-rending groan, and his eyes grew so dim that the mirror and its reflection were blotted out of sight. At the sound of the groan the tradesman came off the door-step.

'What's the matter?'

The tramp turned his eyes upon him for one instant, and no more; and then with his hands drooping and clasped piteously before him, and his head bent downwards, he crawled on, dragging one foot after the other. The tradesman took a step in pursuit, and sent a thumb and finger into his own waistcoat-pocket, whence they returned with a shilling between them; and the man half-benevolent, half-suspicious in mood, sending one glance after the retreating figure and another over the way, saw his rival tradesman regarding the tramp and him with a smile of satiric humour. That decided him. He followed the pitiable figure, slipped the shilling into the clasped hands, and shot himself shamefacedly back into his own shop again. The tramp faltered in his walk, and looked down upon the coin. He turned slowly; but he could see no one in the street, and he did not know from whom the gift had come. 'Humiliated?' the tramp said to himself questioningly. 'What right have I to feel humiliated?' But he had been proud, and this first offer of charity was very bitter to him. The bread he ate tasted of charity, hungry and empty as he was, and his swelling throat almost refused it.

The streets grew fuller and busier as he neared the City; and the lights springing up in the thin dusk, and the roll of carts and cabs, and the hoarse murmur of the distant streets, were to him accustomed things, and full of remembrances. What had moved him back to London? He could not tell. How should he live there? Where bestow himself? He could not tell. At length he found himself on London Bridge. Was there any temptation there? Ay! The dirty stream that ran oilily about the wharves and the greasy mud-banks, and stole in such filthy smoothness round the boats that lay moored in mid-stream—vaguely seen past the lights that rose in the thin spring dusk—called to him with a voice which found a ready answer. But though one half his soul clamoured with an eager cry for the rest that lay there, he shook his head in answer to that inward call and muttered: 'No. That is the basest end of all. Let the close come how and when it may, I can't seek it wilfully.' And in answer to that resolved murmur, rose an inward voice of longing: 'Let the end come soon;' and he muttered again, shaking his gray sprinkled head: 'Amen to that. Let it come soon—let it come soon.' In this sorrowful case, still furtively munching the bitter bread of charity, and walking with his face bent downwards, shadowed by the drooping hat he wore and by his matted hair, he let his feet carry him whither they

would. He had wandered back to Holborn—for he had come up from the Western country—and the spring dusk had given way to night. A fretful wind teased itself with moanings until a close fine rain came down and stilled it. He was standing on the pavement facing Chancery Lane, when a private cab came by, rasping the kerbstone, and pulled up within three or four yards of him. 'Hold that there for me a minute, will you, mate?' said a whining voice in the tramp's ear; and before he knew it, he found himself holding a street-sweeper's broom. The owner of the broom had taken charge of the horse in the private cab; and the owner of the cab had swung himself out of it, and had gone with a hurried step along Warwick Court. The horse was restive, and insisted on going forward. The man who had assumed the charge of him was either unable to control, or unwilling to provoke the horse; and the cab was taken on slowly for perhaps a dozen yards, when it was brought to a stand behind a great wagon which blocked up that side of the way. Scarcely noting these things, the tramp stood at the kerbstone beneath a lamp-post, and directly at the head of the crossing, broom in hand. 'Hi, sweeper!' said a comfortable voice; and the tramp saw a gloved hand extended towards him. Mechanically he put out his own hand, and a sixpenny-piece dropped into it from the gloved thumb and finger. Then, by some unaccountable accident, another and another and another charitably disposed soul came by; and although the tramp solicited nothing—perhaps partly because of that—copper pieces were dropped one by one into his hand, until, when the sweeper came back to claim his broom, his locum tenens had something like two shillings waiting for him.

'Why, whatever's this?' cried the sweeper in amazement, as the tramp put the sixpence and the little pile of coppers in the hand held out for the broom.

'It is yours,' said the tramp. 'It was given to me as I stood in your place, and was meant for you of course.'

'Oh, I say, mate,' cried the sweeper, 'you are a real true good sort; and what extraordinary luck you do have, to be sure.' The sweeper was a thin and faded man, dressed in somebody's cast-off suit of black broadcloth. Somebody's suit had been highly respectable once upon a time, and was sunk into a deeper disgrace of seediness by reason of that old respectability. Some feeble attempt had been made to patch its looped and windowed raggedness; but little fragments of torn cloth shook at the man's shoulders and elbows and knees, and the skirts of his coat were vandyked with rags. The tramp had drooped his head again after one look at the sweeper, and had turned away; but the other followed him, and said, with a sort of reluctant haste: 'No; look here, mate; half of this ought to belong to you. No, sir; I'm poor, and I may have took to drink; but I've allays kep' my 'ed above water in the way of honesty, and I really couldn't. O dear, no—I really couldn't.'

'Are you so scrupulous?' asked the tramp, turning round upon him wearily.

'Which, speakin' fair and honest, sir,' the sweeper answered, 'I really am, sir. I couldn't do it. O dear, no—I really couldn't do it.' He counted the money with his shaky fingers, and

proffered half of it to the tramp, who only shook his head in answer.

'O please!' said the sweeper in his whining voice. 'Don't think me indelicate or over-pressin'; but I really couldn't keep it. I've seen better days, though I am a crossing-sweeper now; and I really couldn't demean myself to keep it.'

The tramp faced round again, and regarded him attentively. 'There is a spark of goodness here,' he thought; 'though not many would have suspected it. The man is thoroughly in earnest; and who am I of all men in the world that I should trample a good impulse down?' There came into his mind, as though a voice long silent had repeated them, these words: 'The bruised reed I will not break, the smoking flax I will not quench.' And that long-silent voice which whispered to his soul, seemed to lay a commandment on him. 'You will feel the want of this to-morrow,' said the tramp, as he held out his hand, and the sweeper placed the money, wet with the dismal rain, in his palm.

'Which we'll try to 'ope not, sir,' the other answered, and stopped before a flaring public-house. 'I haven't had a drop to-day,' he said, passing his hand across his mouth. 'Will you come in and take share of half a quatern?'

'No!' said the tramp with a little inward shudder.

'I beg your pardon,' said the other in his querulous whining tones, 'for asking you; but I've seen better days myself; and any one can see, sir, as you've not been used to this, sir, when you speak.'

'Can you tell me where I can get lodgings for the night?' asked the tramp, ignoring the dubious compliment. 'I am very poor. I had only tenpence when you shared with me.'

'If you'll only wait for me half a minute,' returned the sweeper, 'I'll take you to as good a place as there is. It isn't far, sir, and I'm going there myself.'

Receiving a nod of assent, he shambled into the gin-shop; and after a pause of a minute, came shambling out again, rubbing the back of his hand relishingly across his bristly lips. He led his companion along Holborn and into Oxford Street, and crossing the road with a brief injunction to the tramp to follow, went down a dark and noisome passage which led into a court-yard. At the far end of the court burned one oil-lamp, a feeble blur of light on the darkness. 'A good many of the steps is broken,' said the sweeper; 'and you'll have to feel along the wall, because the balusters has been broke up for firewood;' and with this caution, he preceded the stranger once more; and with now and then a warning word, made needful by the unsafeness and darkness of the way, led right to the top of the building. 'Wait there while I get a light,' said the tramp's guide, speaking out of dense darkness. The tramp stood still, and heard him prowling cautiously about the floor, sliding his feet before him, as if afraid to set them firmly down. After a while, the man struck a light, and found a candle; and then called the other to him. 'Step cautious,' he cried; 'you ain't used to the place, and there's a-many holes about.' The tramp not heeding this warning greatly, crossed the creaking floor, and in the dim light of the candle looked about the room in which he found himself. It was absolutely bare of

furniture, and held nothing, so far as he could see, but three tea-chests, a heap of shavings, and some ragged sacks.

'I haven't got a lock to the room,' said the sweeper, still whining, as though he was beseeching charity; 'and when I'm in luck, and I've got a bit of firing, Mrs Closky she keeps it for me in her place down-stairs.—Sit down here, sir,' he continued, placing one of the tea-chests bottom upwards, 'and I'll see about a fire.' Leaving his guest in the dark, he went down-stairs; and the tramp heard the murmur of conversation in the room below. He leaned his bearded chin upon his hands, and looked before him at the scenes which memory and fancy threw upon the black canvas of the night. They were many, and some of them were glad, but not one of them had any other lesson than despair for him. And suddenly, with no wish or conscious thought of his to bring them, the bridge and the river were before him, with dim blots of light upon the bridge against the thin spring dusk, and brightly scintillating sparks in the distance where the filthy stream went out of sight beneath the curtain of the gathering dark. And his whole soul yearned after the rest which lay within the bosom of the river, till he set his teeth and gripped his beard hard with both hands, and muttered to himself: 'Not that—not that. The coward's way. The meanest end of all. Not that, in God's name!' The slinky stream with its twinkling lights faded out of fancy's gaze; and the sweeper came stumbling up the broken stairs with the candle in his hand, and a lean sack thrown over his shoulder. Tumbling out a few handfuls of coal and wood upon the floor, he knelt down at the grate, and built up carefully the materials for a fire.

'Is this your own place?' asked the tramp, glad to turn his thoughts into any current but that in which they chose to run.

'Yes,' said the sweeper. 'It comes as cheap as Flight's Place; and I've been well to do in my time; and I can't abear the thoughts of mixing up along of them low riff-raff. Which that's what they are, I know right well, sir—the very lowest of the very low.'

'What is Flight's Place?' the tramp asked.

'It's a thieves' kitchen—nothing better, sir,' answered the sweeper, fanning the fire with his hat, 'close by where I had the pleasure of meeting you, sir.'

'Ay?' said the tramp.

'Not as I'd say,' the sweeper continued, 'as Bolter's Rents was ezactly the kind of place as a man might care for to live in which had been well reared. But it's very quiet and retired-like, when you're at the top; and since the time when my poor wife died—my pardner-in-life which she is dead and gorn, sir—there ain't been one creetur in this room but me. That is, not except Dr Brand.'

'Dr Brand of Wimpole Street?'

'That's the same gentleman. Do you know him?' asked the sweeper.

'No,' said the tramp; 'but I have heard of him.'

'I daresay now, sir,' said the sweeper, leaving his place at the fire, which now burned brightly, and dragging one of the empty tea-chests before it, 'as you'd wonder what brought a gentleman like Dr Brand to think of coming here, sir?'

'What brought him here?' the tramp returned, trying to feel some interest in the other's chatter, and to shut out the thoughts which beat at the door of his own mind.

'Why,' said the sweeper, spreading his hands before the blaze, and basking in it, but speaking always in the same whining tones, 'me and my poor pardner which is gorn, meaning my wife, sir, kep' a stationer's shop, with a license for tobacco, close up against where Dr Brand formerly used for to live when he was younger in practice. An' he used to deal with us, which he put a deal of money in my way, and brought a lot of custom. Which when I'd been in business nine or ten 'ear, sir, I'd saved a bit of money; and I thought I'd venture for to enlarge the trade. And— Ah!' broke out the sweeper, shaking his head dismally at the fire, 'what a fool I were for certain! I went to a man as had a office in Long Lane, which his name was Mister A. Tasker'—

A light shone suddenly in the tramp's dull eyes, and he lifted his head and looked in the speaker's face. His own countenance flushed crimson, and then paled again. He dropped his chin slowly upon his breast, and took his beard with both hands. The sweeper went on, noting nothing of his companion's agitation.

'And I borrowed more money off of him; and that was what broke me up; for he followed me that hard, and he did that persecute me. If you'll believe me, sir, I paid him four or five times over, which I shouldn't be surprised if I paid him six. And finally he came and sold me up.'

'Ay!' said the tramp. 'A blood-sucker.'

'Oh, you may well say that, sir,' cried his host, and maundered on again. But the tramp had fallen into a reverie, in which the other's words fell idly on his ear. He came out of his dream in time to hear the statement that *that* was what the sweeper called a judgment; and he in answer nodded and said 'Ay!' But he had missed a story which might have been of interest to him had he heard it. It was no other than the tale of Mr Tasker's fall as related in court three days before by the counsel who appeared against Closky.

The sweeper saw something of the tramp's pre-occupation, and forbore to speak further; but rising began to arrange for him a bed of shavings, and to apportion the sacks which were to cover him. The self-absorbed man took no notice of his movements, and was indeed by this time unconscious of his presence. The host went down-stairs again, taking the candle with him; and returning by-and-by with two rough and ragged blankets, threw one upon each of his improvised couches, and touched the tramp upon the shoulder, saying that he might go to bed when he would.

'What do you pay for this place?' asked the tramp, without turning round.

'I pay one-and-ninepence a week for it,' returned the sweeper. 'That's just threepence a night, you see. It comes as cheap as a lodging-house, and I have it to my own self.'

'Will you take me as a lodger for a week if I share the payment with you?' asked the tramp, bending above the scanty embers of the fire. 'I am tired, and I must rest for a day or two.'

'You can stay here and welcome,' whined the sweeper. 'I don't want nothink from a man as is poor and honest, like myself.'

'I will not stay unless you let me pay,' said the tramp.

'Very well,' said the other. 'It ain't my fault if I lack the money. I don't ask for none. Miss that, sir.'

'There's tenpence-halfpenny, and I am your lodger for a week. Is that agreed?'

'That's agreed,' said the sweeper; and the new lodger cast himself wearily down upon the sacks and shavings, and drew the tattered blanket over him. The sweeper as he arranged his own bed to his mind, offered two or three remarks to his companion; but receiving no answer, lay down, curled himself up in his blanket, and fell fast asleep.

And it was in this wise that Frank Fairholt became a lodger in Bolter's Rents.

SOME SCIENTIFIC HOAXES.

It is not a little curious that men of science, notwithstanding their devotion to truth and critical examination of evidence, are so apt to be imposed upon by deceptions got up in their own particular study. Perhaps it is because they are disposed to confide in the honesty of others, and also that their enthusiasm carries them away and gets the better of their circumspection.

The most touching of all the scientific hoaxes with which we are acquainted was perpetrated in the eighteenth century. Although the ancients had again and again dug up fossils of animals, shells, and plants in excavating the ground and quarrying the rocks, they were very long in finding out their true nature. Some philosophers attributed them to a formative force in nature which moulded them as they were; some considered that the Creator had shaped them for some inexplicable reason; and latterly we find it generally held that they were either freaks of nature or relics of the Flood. These views especially prevailed with John Bartholomew Adam Beringer, a Professor at the University of Wurzburg, who, in accordance with them, instructed his pupils that fossil remains or 'figured stones,' as they were called, were mere 'sports of nature.' Now, some of his mischievous young students were of opinion that they, as well as nature, might have some sport in making figure-stones; and accordingly they set to work and carved many curious and fantastic forms out of the soft limestone rock of the neighbouring hills, and buried them in the localities where the Professor was accustomed to dig for his fossil treasures. 'His delight at the discovery of these strange forms,' says Professor O. C. Marsh, the celebrated American geologist, 'encouraged further production, and taxed the ingenuity of these youthful imitators of nature's secret processes. At last Beringer had a large and unique collection of forms, new to him and to science, which he determined to publish to the world. After long and patient study, his work appeared in Latin, dedicated to the reigning Prince of the country, and illustrated with twenty-one folio plates. Soon after the book was published, the deception practised upon the credulous Professor became known; and in place of the glory he expected from his great undertaking, he encountered only ridicule and disgrace. He at once

endeavoured to repurchase and destroy the volumes already issued, and succeeded so far, that few copies of the first edition remain. His small fortune, which had been seriously impaired in bringing out his grand work, was exhausted in an effort to regain what was already issued, as the price rapidly advanced in proportion as fewer copies remained. He died in poverty, mortified at the failure of his life's work. It is said that some of his family, dissatisfied with the misfortune brought upon them by this disgrace and the loss of their patrimony, used a remaining copy for the production of a second edition, which met with a large sale, sufficient to repair the previous loss, and restore the family fortune! This work of Beringer's, in the end, exerted an excellent influence upon the dawning science of fossil remains. Observers became more cautious in announcing supposed discoveries, and careful study of natural objects gradually replaced vague hypotheses.'

We are here reminded of an anecdote which is related of a certain Edinburgh Professor of natural history who was engaged in delivering a course of lectures on Geology, but which had a result different from what was anticipated. One day a chosen band of his students acquired possession of a brickbat, which they painted a variety of specious hues, and placed amongst the other fossils and rocks on which their master was to discourse. The Professor illustrated his lecture by reference to the specimens before him on the table, saying, for example, as he went on: 'This is a piece of volcanic trap-rock,' or 'This is a piece of granite.' At length he came to the mysterious stranger with the gaudy livery, and after taking it up in his hands and examining it attentively for a few moments, he proceeded: 'And gentlemen, this is, I am sorry to say, a piece of foolishness.'

The cases of scientific imposition which we have thus far cited had at least a harmless intent; but there are instances of others which were either conceived in recklessness or malice. The figure of Newton in the scientific imagination is only comparable to that of Shakspeare in poetry; and his extraordinary fame chiefly rests on his grand discovery of the law of universal gravitation. To take away this from his credit would be like proving that *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and the *Merchant of Venice* were purloined by Shakspeare from some other pen. Nevertheless this is precisely what was attempted some years ago by a learned member of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Charles, who must not be confounded with M. Philartète Charles. Charles declared that Newton had pilfered his discovery from an older source, and the news fell upon the scientific world like a bombshell. To prove his assertions, M. Charles produced a show of faded yellow manuscripts, purporting to be letters from Pascal to Sir Isaac, containing the germ of the great idea. The documents were plainly ancient, for the ink had been tested by chemical means; it was remarked, however, that the style of French in which they were written did not agree with the date alleged. The letters and other documents produced by M. Charles at the same time were said to have belonged to the Abbey of Tours. Thence they came into the possession of a certain Count de Boisjournain, who emigrated to America in 1791, and was wrecked on his return, losing all his effects, except

his precious manuscripts, which he ultimately sold to keep himself in bread. From the hands of the Count the said documents passed into the keeping of him who gave them in turn to M. Chasles.

Such was the story; and to the acute objections of Mr Brand of Glasgow, Chasles audaciously produced another letter from Galileo, which proved that Pascal had made known his discoveries to him. This letter was dated 1640; and on its being pointed out that Galileo was struck blind in 1638, M. Chasles, nothing daunted, met his critics again with a letter from Galileo to Pascal, in which he warned his 'young friend' not to betray the secret that he had *not* lost his sight as reported, but had only pretended to have lost it, in order to prevent his enemies from persecuting him. There was no combating this unequivocal evidence, and the *savants* of the Academy admitted that M. Chasles had triumphed, and deserved well of posterity for proclaiming the truth. Thus encouraged, M. Chasles became a mine of antiquarian wealth, and shewed letters from most of the famous men and women of old times, both saints and sinners, all in French of the seventeenth century. Amongst these he exhibited a correspondence from Alexander the Great to Aristides, several notes from Attila the Hun, and the widow of Martin Luther; and sundry communications from Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalene, and from Lazarus to St Peter! These astounding documents were produced by M. Chasles with such an air of perfect good faith, that it was impossible to doubt him. He stated that he had purchased twenty-seven thousand manuscripts for five thousand pounds, but would not betray the source, lest others should share in it. At last the exposure came in spite of M. Chasles, who turned out to be a miserable dupe. A committee was sent to Florence to inquire into the authenticity of a pretended autograph of Galileo, and on its being judged apocryphal, the materials of the fraud were discovered. The forger was an ill-educated fellow named Vrain Lucas, a native of Chartres, who was taken, tried, and severely punished.

Coming now to more recent times, we find that an interesting case of unmitigated hoax in a matter of pure science, was perpetrated on the English chemical world in 1865. In the number of the *Mechanic's Magazine* for March 3, 1865, there appeared a letter signed Walter Power, the Royal School of Mines, announcing that the celebrated German physicist Schönbein, the discoverer of ozone, had succeeded in decomposing the element oxygen into two components, ozone and antozone, by means of the *negative* spark from an electric machine; the positive spark again effecting their combination into oxygen. A few days later a paragraph appeared in the *Chemical News*, characterising the alleged Schönbein's result as being without doubt the greatest chemical discovery ever made, and promising the original memoir as soon as it could be got from Munich. The French Association also heard of the rumour, and forthwith invited Schönbein to come to Paris and exhibit his experiments to the wondering gaze of the Parisian *savants*. To the disappointment of all, however, an answer came from Schönbein denying that he had ever made such a discovery; though he had been engaged over thirty years in investigating the nature of oxygen, and had been led to *infer* that it was composed of ozone

and antozone. That the original notice was a wilful hoax, could be proved by the wording of the letter and the spurious references given, even if it had not since been confessed as such by the writer; and it is instructive to see how even skilled chemists were hoodwinked by it.

America is proverbially the land of that kind of illusion or deception in scientific matters which is perhaps best understood by the term 'mare's-nest.' The Americans are eagerly bent upon discovery, and the temptation to run into 'mare's-nests' unwittingly, or even to perpetrate a veritable fraud for the sake of notoriety or gain, is unfortunately powerful amongst them. When the famous Mr Edison began his remarkable career as an inventor, he announced to the world one day that he had discovered a new physical force which he named 'Ethereic Force.' The force did not appear to be electrical, since even the most delicate galvanometer or electric current detector failed to note its presence; nevertheless it was produced by means of electricity, and like electricity could generate a brilliant light. Mr Edison was to do wonders with it, revolutionise telegraphy, and turn the world topsyturvy; but serious investigation by a man of science who knew more about electric science than the daring young telegraph operator, soon demonstrated that the mysterious power was nothing more than what is known as the 'extra spark.'

A notorious deception practised on the American public three years ago was the 'Keely Motor,' which, according to Mr Keely the inventor, was also based on a new force he had discovered by accident. His machine consisted in utilising this force, which could be generated from water vapour; and Mr Keely, who modestly disclaimed any merit in his invention, declared that he could work his machine up to ten thousand horse-power if the metal would bear it. The small model machine which he exhibited consisted of an elaborate array of wrought-iron, cast-steel, and copper, tubes, balls, and basins, which defied all understanding. It was stated to utilise only a quart of water at a time, and from that a thousand horse-power of energy could be generated for a time sufficient to run a steam-ship across the Atlantic. A joint-stock company was formed to work the concern, and the shares went up to an extraordinary premium. One of the directors said: 'We have been laughed at, and called cheats and impostors; but out of the original company who joined in raising the one hundred and twenty thousand dollars already expended upon this occasion, only three or four have withdrawn. In a month or two now, all Mr Keely's tests will be finished, and we will shew the world whether he is the greatest inventor or the greatest humbug of this age. Scientists, machinists, and learned societies are invited to come and make every test they can think of.' At last the knavery was exploded. Professors Marks and Barker of the University of Pennsylvania were invited to test the apparatus, and observing that a heavy iron tube was connected to the machine just before it began to operate, they discovered that this tube was in reality a secret store of compressed air.

About this time the American scientific periodicals were exceedingly rich in wonderful new motors and new forces. Just as Mr Keely announced that a little water could be made to

furnish him with an incredible amount of physical force, several magnetic motors were trumpeted forth to public notice, notably those of Mr Gary and Miss Hosmer. Gary's motor was based on the discovery of a substance, which, when placed between a magnet and a piece of iron, destroyed the attraction between them. The new machine was patented, as also was that of Miss Hosmer, a young lady artist, resident in Rome. The latter contrivance was to furnish its possessor with a source of perpetual motion by the expenditure of a few pence; but, like all the rest, it was ultimately shewn to be a delusion.

Another American notion of a rather dangerous kind was exposed only a few months ago. It appears that a certain Professor Wingard claimed to be the inventor of an apparatus with which he could destroy a vessel at a distance of five miles. This would, he reasonably said, put a stop to all naval warfare, since anybody in possession of his secret would be able to shatter a hostile fleet into nothingness without getting within range of its guns. Two years ago he gave a public exhibition of his plan at New Orleans, in presence of many scientific men. The hulk of a schooner was blown by him into atoms from a small boat which was rowed within about a mile of the hulk. As to the nature of this awful force, the Professor could only say that it was electricity, that scapegoat for all inexplicable phenomena, and that it was applied without any direct connection between the machine and the object to be destroyed. He appeared again at Boston last summer, formed a stock company, and got one thousand eight hundred dollars for a preliminary experiment. A little steamer was obtained, and in a dark house on its deck, with careful privacy, Wingate arranged a great quantity of mysterious apparatus. On the day appointed for the test, one day last November, an old vessel was towed to a safe point in the bay, and the steamer was stationed a mile away. Suddenly there was an explosion at a considerable distance from each craft; and afterwards the wreck of a row-boat, with two mangled human bodies, was found at the spot. Wingard, greatly agitated, said that his experiment could not be carried out that day; and he has since confessed that the trick used at New Orleans, and about to be repeated at Boston, was to explode a large dynamite torpedo under the vessel by means of a rope running to the pretended electric apparatus. The two unfortunate men were on their way to put the torpedo in its place when an accidental explosion caused their death.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER II.

MYSTERY (CONTINUED).

THE stranger placed the purse in the *padrone's* hand.

'Yet stay, Monsieur,' said Gustave, before he transferred the purse to his pocket. 'I claim the right to draw back, and to return this purse and its contents to you, if I disapprove of the service I am asked to render.'

'Be it so, *padrone*; but there will be no occasion,' answered the Italian. 'But the night progresses. It is now near midnight; and the service I seek from you must be rendered ere daybreak,

if it is to prove successful. There is therefore no time to lose. Will you enter the boat with me? We must hasten on shore.'

Gustave started back in alarm. He had thought that he would be required to proceed somewhere with his vessel, and he did not like the idea of trusting himself on shore at such a time alone with the Italians.

'You wish me to go on shore with you, Monsieur?' he said. 'I cannot consent. I did not arrange for that.'

The stranger appeared much annoyed. 'I do not wish you to go with me alone,' he replied. 'One of your people will accompany you—one in whose discretion you can place trust.'

The Italian, while he was conversing, had glanced several times at me; and though I was attired in a fisherman's garb, I presented a very different appearance from the toilworn, weather-beaten crew of the lugger. 'You, Monsieur, are not one of this vessel's crew?' he asked abruptly.

'No, Monsieur,' I replied.

'What then are you? An Englishman, I presume?'

'I am an Englishman,' I replied.

'I thought as much. But what do you, an Englishman, and evidently not a fisherman, on board a French fishing-vessel?'

'You have no right to question me, Monsieur,' I replied. 'But there is no reason why I should desire to conceal anything from you, and I will answer you truly. I am an officer of the British navy; and as briefly as possible, I explained how it came about that I was now on board a French fishing-lugger.'

'An Englishman and a naval officer,' murmured the Italian musingly, as if to himself. Then addressing me, he went on: 'As a British officer, Monsieur, I may trust implicitly to your honour. Besides, you English are foes to tyranny and oppression, whether on the part of a vile mob or their legit mate rulers. May I ask if you will accompany the *padrone* to the shore?'

'Recollect, Monsieur,' I replied, 'that by assenting to what you propose I may get into trouble—perhaps into disgrace with my superior officers.'

'I will guarantee that if you follow the directions you will receive, nothing of that kind will happen,' the Italian replied. 'Moreover, you will render a service to one in great distress, that you will afterwards be proud of.'

To tell the truth, I was only too willing to go on shore with the *padrone*. Such an adventure presented a strong attraction to a young midshipman of eighteen years; and as Gustave Pailleur seemed to wish that I should be his companion to the shore, rather than one of his own crew, I gladly consented. 'At all events,' I thought to myself, 'it will be something to boast of to my messmates of the gunroom, when the frigate returns to Toulon.'

'You will promise, Signore,' said I, 'that we shall not be detained on shore? And I should be better satisfied if you would give me some idea of the nature of the service you require from the *padrone* and myself.'

'Monsieur, I will guarantee will return to the lugger before daylight dawns,' replied the Italian. 'As to the nature of the service required, I can only repeat that it is one in which all who engage will have reason to be proud.'

I hesitated no longer. The *padrone* called up his crew, and informed the men that he was going on shore on important business, and bade them keep a sharp look-out, and admit no strangers on board. Also, at the request of the Italian officer, he ordered his mate to have everything prepared for the immediate departure of the vessel from the Gulf, should such a course be necessary.

We then—that is, the *padrone* and I and the Italian officer—entered the boat, which was immediately pulled away from the lugger. And now I perceived that the boat's oars were muffled, in order that the rowers should make as little noise as possible.

Opposite the spot where the *Belle Jeannette* lay at anchor, and at the distance of perhaps a mile, was a small town or village, near which the other small vessels that were in the Gulf lay moored. We pulled steadily towards this spot until we were quite out of sight of the sloop-of-war that, as I have mentioned, lay at anchor behind the Cape; and then we altered our course, and proceeded towards a portion of the coast, on the opposite side of the Gulf, on which a dense wood extended to the very verge of the beach. In a quarter of an hour or less we had landed, in as solitary a spot, seen at the hour of midnight, as it is possible to conceive.

'You will please to follow me, my friends,' said the Italian officer, as soon as we had landed, having previously ordered the two boatmen to pull a short distance off shore and to watchfully await our return.

'We have a distance to walk through the wood,' he added, addressing us, 'but not far. Meanwhile, do not converse, but walk quietly, making as little noise as possible.'

In about ten minutes we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves at the gate of what appeared to be an extensive park. A slight tap at the gate led to its being opened by a porter, who had evidently been expecting us.

'Close the gate, Luigo,' said the officer to the porter, in Italian; and then addressing us in French, he added: 'In a few minutes, Messieurs, we shall arrive at the palace. Then all that will be required from you will be to obey such orders as you may receive without demur and without asking questions. Trust to my word that your personal safety will be in no respect imperilled.'

A few minutes more, and we saw before us a large and handsome *palazzo*, surrounded by a balcony, and by pleasure-grounds evidently cultivated in high perfection. It was yet early in the spring; but in that southern climate the weather was delightful, and the flowers already in bloom filled the atmosphere with a delicious perfume. We now entered a lofty and spacious hall, in which were several officers in brilliant uniforms, who were conversing earnestly together. They saluted with great respect the young officer whom we accompanied, and then stood silently and anxiously watching us, as we ascended a wide stone staircase, until we reached an antechamber, which formed one of a numerous suite of apartments, as we could perceive through the doors which stood open. An elderly gray-haired officer, whose breast was covered with stars and orders, now approached us from one of the inner apartments, and conversed in whispers for some moments with our youthful conductor, who then

addressing us, said: 'You *padrone*, and you also Monsieur, must now consent to be blindfolded. Fear nothing. No harm will happen to you. For my part, I would trust to your honour; but Monsieur le Duc insists that it is advisable—in case of your being hereafter questioned—that you should be kept in ignorance concerning the short journey you are about to undertake.'

This was more than we had bargained for; and we began to expostulate against such an indignity.

'*Silenzio!*' said the elderly officer sternly; and as he spoke, the entrance into the room of four armed soldiers, one of whom carried the silk handkerchiefs with which our eyes were to be bound, convinced us that any attempt at resistance would be worse than useless.

The young officer, whom the elder addressed as *Altezza* or Highness, took one of the handkerchiefs from the soldier, and proceeded to bind my eyes himself; while the soldier was left to bind those of the *padrone*.

'Be calm, Monsieur, and submit patiently,' the young officer whispered in my ear. 'You will have but a few miles to travel, and then the bandages will be removed from your eyes. Then do as you are directed without question, and all will be well.'

Our eyes having been so carefully bound that we, or I at least, could scarce perceive the difference between the brilliantly lighted *salon* and the darkness that existed without, were led by two soldiers into what appeared to be a court-yard, and assisted into what we supposed to be one of the common carts of the country. I knew by the sound of the wheels that there was at least one other cart or wagon in the court-yard; but for what it was required, of course I had no means of knowing. We were seated on some straw at the bottom of the cart, and ordered to keep perfectly silent; and in a few minutes the carts were in motion. But before they started, we were again ordered to remain perfectly quiet, on peril of our lives. We obeyed for the time being; but when in a few moments the vehicles were driven out of the court-yard, we were able to converse in whispers—the rumbling of the wheels over apparently uneven ground, preventing our conversation from being audible to our guards. So far as I could ascertain—by the sound only—there were two vehicles—common carts, drawn by oxen, such as are used by the Calabrian peasantry; that in which we were placed, and probably the other likewise, containing firearms and gunpowder concealed beneath the straw. At all events, I could feel what I took to be muskets and pistols stowed near me, in the bottom of the cart, and also several small kegs, which I naturally supposed to contain gunpowder.

In piteous whispers, poor Gustave Pailleur expressed his regret that he had been tempted to leave his vessel. He declared that he was sure that we should come to grief before our journey came to an end, and declared that he would give up—if he had it to give—ten times the amount of the earnest-money he had received, to be safe on board again; while I on my part placed little faith in the young Italian officer's assurance that no harm should befall us if we obeyed the orders we should receive. That we should be safe enough, if nothing occurred to prevent the object

for which we had been persuaded to trust ourselves on shore—of the nature of which I could form no conception—from being carried into effect, I had little doubt; but the evident anxiety of the Italian officers, the precautions taken to preserve secrecy, and the vigilance of the soldiers who accompanied the vehicles, betrayed the fact that they were not without fears that the journey would be interrupted by an attack from some one of the numerous bands of insurgents that were said to be in existence in all parts of the country. More than once we heard the distant report of musketry, and once the firing was sufficiently near to create alarm. The carts were stopped, while the soldiers conversed in low tones of voice; and were then, after a brief delay, turned aside into a road or lane, in a more wretched condition—as we soon discovered from the fearful jolting, which threatened to dislocate every bone in our bodies—than that, rough and uneven as it was, over which we had already passed.

Still I cannot say that I felt much fear. I knew that if the soldiers were attacked, we ran the risk of being hit by a chance shot; but to a lad of eighteen years there was a charm in the adventure that overpowered all other feelings. 'If the assailants should be the victors,' I thought to myself, 'as they probably will be, for they will not venture to attack the convoy unless in overwhelming numbers, they will perceive that we are captives; and though we may have to suffer some hardships and may be exposed to subsequent peril, they will do us no injury;' and if it had been in my power to transport myself safely back on board the lugger—so eager was I to witness the termination of the adventure—I believe I should have declined to avail myself of that power.

I strove to impart some of my feeling of confidence to my older companion, but to no purpose.

'Neither party,' said I, 'would dare to maltreat an Englishman, especially a British officer; and the people believe that the English wish their success in their endeavours to escape from the tyranny of their oppressors. Rest assured that no harm will come to us'—

'Ah, Monsieur,' said poor Gustave, 'but I am a Frenchman, and the Italians hate the French.'

'They will not dare to harm you,' I replied. 'Under any circumstances, they will not offer to wreak their vengeance upon a harmless fisherman!'

But the poor *padrone* refused to be comforted, and started and trembled at every sound he heard. His fears, however, proved happily to be groundless.

Lying blindfolded at the bottom of a jolting cart, the journey seemed to have occupied hours; but, as I afterwards perceived, an hour could scarcely have elapsed from the time we set forth until we drew up in what I imagined to be a paved court-yard, similar to that from which we had started. In a few moments we were assisted from the cart, and conducted each, as before, by a soldier, up a long flight of stone steps, into what I supposed to be either a prison or another *palazzo*. We were then led through room after room—a hum of voices resounding on each hand as we passed along, until our conductors let go our hands and left us standing, apparently in the

centre of an apartment occupied by several people. I do not know whether the young Italian officer had accompanied the carts, or whether he had preceded them by some other route; but it was he who now approached and removed the bandages from our eyes.

'You perceive, Monsieur, I am here before you,' he said smilingly; and I knew the voice, although I did not immediately recognise the man, for my eyes, so long in darkness, were dazzled by the brilliancy with which the apartment in which I now stood was illuminated. It was no prison, as I had anticipated, to which we were now introduced, but a *palazzo* of greater magnificence than that which we had lately quitted.

The young officer appeared to be amused by my evident amazement and bewilderment; but he left me without another word, and I had leisure to look around me. The room, which was splendidly furnished, and was made to appear fourfold its actual dimensions by the immense plate-glass mirrors which covered the walls, and reflected every object on every hand, was occupied by several persons, some of whom were in uniform; while others, who appeared to mingle with them on terms of perfect equality, were attired as artisans or peasants; and I remarked that among the occupants of the brilliant *salon* there were three or four priests in their clerical robes. I could hardly believe my eyes. I almost fancied that I was dreaming, or was under the influence of some magic spell! It was as if a page of the *Arabian Nights* were suddenly realised. As for the poor *padrone*, he was half stupefied between wonder and terror. He crossed himself, and his lips moved in prayer to his guardian saint, as he gazed with a bewildered air at the splendour by which he was surrounded.

In a few minutes, the same aged officer who had been addressed as Monsieur le Duc approached me. 'You are English? An English naval officer?' he said, addressing me sternly, but in very imperfect French.

'I am, Signore,' I replied.

He looked intently at me, as if doubtful whether I spoke the truth, but at length appeared to be satisfied.

'And you?' he continued, addressing the *padrone*.

'A poor humble fisherman of Toulon, Highness, who has never willingly wronged any person,' replied Gustave.

'Your vessel is in the Gulf?'

'It is, Excellency.'

'And prepared to put to sea at a moment's warning?'

'Yes, Highness.'

'It is well, my friends,' said the officer. Then pointing to a soldier who had followed him into the room, carrying a bundle under his arm, he added: 'You will now, Messieurs, have the complaisance to divest yourselves of your fishermen's attire, and don the garments which this soldier carries. He will conduct you to an antechamber for that purpose.—See to this, Signor Capitano,' he went on, addressing an officer who stood near him; 'and be diligent. It is almost the hour.'

The officer motioned to us to follow him; and accompanied by the soldier, we passed through several apartments, into an anteroom in which half-a-dozen youths, attired as pages, were idly

lounging about. The soldier untied his bundle, and displayed to my wondering eyes two suits of regimentals such as were worn by the Italian infantry.

The officer, who could not speak French, motioned to us to strip ourselves of the garments we wore and don the regimentals. The idle youths who were in the room, attracted by curiosity, arose from their lounging postures and gathered round us, smiling and whispering to one another. To refuse to obey the order would have been folly. Still I hesitated to divest myself of my clothing before strangers; and the officer divining the cause of my hesitation, spoke to the soldier, and pointed to a closet at the end of the room. The soldier beckoned to us to follow him into the closet, where, after we had divested ourselves of our coarse fishermen's garb, he assisted us to attire ourselves in the regimentals, to which we were quite unused. We were then conducted back to the apartment we had recently quitted; where we found the officer who had visited the lugger, awaiting our return.

He looked earnestly at us, and seemed to be satisfied with our appearance. 'They will do. They will pass amidst the darkness,' he observed to the soldier; and then addressing us in French, he said: 'Now, be seated, my friends. Be silent and discreet, and no harm will befall you.'

We obeyed silently and mechanically, as if we were a pair of automats moved by strings and pulleys; for by this time I at least began to feel as if I were without a will of my own. In a few minutes the folding-doors at the upper end of the saloon were thrown wide open, and two young boyish-looking officers—preceded by a couple of tall footmen in rich liveries—made their appearance. These two young men, though they wore the plain undress uniform of subalterns of the line, and though they appeared so shy and timid, that one, the younger of the two, seemed ready to faint, were received with every mark of respect and homage. The footmen, who had stopped—one on each side of the folding-doors—turned about and bowed low as they entered the room; and the officers and other persons present who were seated, rose to their feet, the padrone and I rising, as it were mechanically, with the rest; while the aged officer who had questioned us on our first appearance, approached the youth who seemed to be so much overcome, and respectfully offering him the support of his arm, whispered what appeared to be words of encouragement in his ear, and led him to a sofa with as much courtesy as he could have displayed had he been conducting a queen to her throne.

BURNHAM BEECHES.

IN June of last year there appeared an advertisement in the London papers of the sale of 'portions of the Dropmore estate,' in which was included what were described in capital letters as 'THE CELEBRATED BURNHAM BEECHES.' Among others who read this advertisement was Mr Francis George Heath, the well-known author of more than one delightful book on trees and ferns; and he, knowing and appreciating the beauty of the woodland of Burnham Beeches, and considering

its proximity to London, at once set about calling public attention to the sale, urging the desirability of securing the property, to be preserved for all time coming as a place of popular resort. He left no stone unturned to effect his purpose. He communicated with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; but that body found it was a project they could not entertain. The Corporation of the City of London was next appealed to, and with success; the result being that the three hundred and seventy-four acres of common or open ground on which the Beeches stood became the property of the Corporation. Mr Heath thus laid the public under a deep debt of gratitude to him, by securing that this magnificent piece of forest should not only be saved from falling under the axe of the speculator, but should be appropriated and perpetually maintained as common ground, to which the pent-up millions of the great metropolis may freely resort to breathe the invigorating air of the country, and to see Nature in some of her most beautiful forms. And now, in addition to his other labours in this connection, Mr Heath has written a very pleasant little book on the subject—*Burnham Beeches* (London: Sampson Low)—which will not only serve as a guide to those who have the pleasure of visiting the Beeches, but embodies within it much interesting information as to the trees themselves. It is from the pen of one who evidently loves trees as Byron loved mountains; and the fine pictorial illustrations with which the descriptions are accompanied greatly enhance the charm which every reader is certain to experience over its pages.

Burnham is situated within twenty-five miles of London, and between five and six from Windsor. It is accessible by the Great Western Railway, the Beeches being within three and a half miles of the station of Slough on that line. Burnham also has other associations of an interesting kind. 'It was the poet Gray,' says Mr Heath, 'who first, in the early part of the last century, called attention to the secluded, unique, and beautiful, but comparatively unknown, bit of wild woodland in Buckinghamshire left stranded, as it were, by the rolling sea of forest which once spread around it, but has now—almost all—gone for ever.' The Beeches became known to the world on the publication of the poet's letters; and so identified is the district with recollections of him, that Mr Heath makes bold to point out the very beech-tree by the brook under which the poet mused, as described in the *Elegy*—

Yonder nodding beech

That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.

Whether this be so or not, may very well be left to the individual imaginations of the poet's admirers, who, however, have ample means of gratifying their tastes in this direction if, in walking from Slough to Burnham, they take Stoke Pogis on their way, where Gray himself is buried, and with the church and churchyard of which place the locality of his *Elegy* has been so long

identified. Burnham has still other associations of a literary kind, for here stands East Burnham Cottage, the house, since enlarged, to which Richard Brinsley Sheridan brought the lovely young bride whom he first ran away with and then fought for. This house was in 1838 bought by George Grote, and in it he wrote a large part of his *History of Greece*.

Reverting to the Beeches, it may be well to let Mr Heath describe them: 'The Beeches of Burnham,' he says, 'have been described as "magnificent pollards." The description is not quite an accurate one. That these singularly picturesque trees were "pollarded" at some remote period of their history is certainly beyond question. But they can scarcely be called "pollards;" for that expression is used to indicate trees whose limbs have been cut off close to their trunks, leaving nothing to grow but a mass of slender boughs—if boughs there may be without branches—and of small twigs—if twigs there can be without boughs. But from the once—"pollarded" giants of Burnham have grown huge limbs like large trees.' These Beeches are many of them of an immense size. The bole of the one which Mr Heath seeks to recognise as the 'nodding beech' of Gray, and which stands near the southern entrance to the forest, is quite hollow, with half of its shell gone; yet the half-bole that remains is sixteen feet in girth, and carries singularly vigorous branches. Another beech, also with part of the shell gone, must have had when complete a girth of twenty-four feet; and there is in the same spot another beech of twenty-one feet girth. Beyond this, says Mr Heath, 'lies the wild tract of Burnham Forest, sloping upwards as it rolls away out of our sight, and spread with lawns of singular beauty, studded with huge forms of beech, and spread with bracken, furze, and bramble, the greensward starred with daisy blooms, and golden with buttercups and trefoil. . . . On now, and upwards, our road continues, under the spreading shadows of beeches on each side of our way, hollow, gnarled, and rugged. The fringe of common is narrow on our left, and we can see, between the leafy interstices, the yellow hue of ripening corn, and the red tinge of the flowering meadow grass; on our right, the forest view alone—great fantastic forms of beech contrasting with the white-patched slender trunks of birch, mossy boles, withered leaves, graceful brake, and dancing shadows, as the wind stirs the foliage above. Now oak and holly mingle their foliage with the prevailing beech; and as we reach the crest of our upland road, the open country bursts upon us on our left, spread with the richest colours which meadow and corn-field can furnish in the height of their summer glory. On the right is the fringe of our forest, with juniper and holly scattered wildly about in the foreground, whilst the view is closed by umbrageous beech. Now the heather mingles with the graceful bracken, and flaunts its purple bells, whilst deep yellow blossoms still cling to the sprays of the broom.'

This is exquisite description: true to Nature in the sense of confused beauty which it conjures up. Few surely can read it without desiring to look for themselves on the picture in its original, either under the splendid radiance of a summer sky, or in the softened sweetness of an autumn day. We cannot more fitly close this little notice

than by joining gratefully in the musical invocation of Henry Luttrell:

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham Beeches.

THE ECCENTRIC BACHELOR.

A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

F— was a living specimen of the typical old bachelor, a personage more often met with in the pages of fiction than in real life; lean and sharp-visaged of aspect, crusty and cynical of temper. He was, moreover, an avowed oddity; one of the privileged class who, by virtue of this reputation, can do what others dare not without exciting surprise or giving offence; whose eccentricities are met with a shrug of the shoulder and the remark: 'What else could you expect of an oddity like him?'

He was an unpopular man, receiving scant sympathy; yet capable nevertheless of kind and generous acts, performed on the condition that they were to be kept strictly secret and that he was never to be thanked for them. Woe betide the recipient of a favour to whom it was brought home that he had mentioned the same to any one, or extolled the kindness of his benefactor! The unlucky wight once detected in thus giving vent to his gratitude, had taken the surest method of cutting himself off from further help. He never got another chance.

Our old bachelor enjoying, as we have said, the privileges of eccentricity, it excited no surprise when on one occasion, after an absence from home, he wrote to inform his servants—an old couple who had lived with him for years—that on his return he would be accompanied by a widow lady, who was likely to make a long stay in his house, and for whom apartments were to be got ready.

'And a pretty upset she'll make!' exclaimed the dismayed old housekeeper. 'A fussy, middle-aged party, no doubt; ordering and interfering and wanting to have everything her own way; which she won't get, John, as long as you and I can prevent her. She'll be a clever madam if she gets her foot inside my storeroom while there's locks and bolts to keep her out, I can tell her!'

'Don't you make too sure,' said John. The old man could not resist now and then teasing his helpmate, as a little set-off against sundry nagging on the part of that good lady. 'Maybe it's a mistress of the house and of yourself that's coming to it. Them widders are great at wheedling. It's time, if the master is ever to marry, that'—

'Ah, stop your croaking now!' cried Mrs John. This dire suggestion was too overpowering for her feelings.

The appointed day arrived; and when the cab drove to the door, the two old domestics, with very sour faces and their backs very much up, went to receive their master and his unwelcome guest. Their first glimpse of the latter shewed them they might have spared their fears and hostile intentions. Out from the cab, before their astonished eyes, sprang a girlish figure, whose bright happy face contrasted curiously with her mourning garments.

'Mind the step, uncle!' ['Oh, his niece, she is!'] she cried, tripping up to the hall-door.—'Don't trouble, please,' with a smile to the old housekeeper; 'that bag is too heavy for you; I'll carry it.'

And when the stranger came down to breakfast next morning with a morsel of a cap perched on the top of her golden braids of hair ('Not my idea of a widow's cap,' said the dame to her husband; 'and would you believe it, John? singing away like a bird while she was dressing!'), she looked absurdly young; more like a girl in her teens than an experienced 'settled' matron.

The advent of his pretty niece made some change in the habits of the old gentleman. He had friends at dinner more frequently than of yore; and in addition to the elderly fogies that formed his usual society, younger guests were invited, suited to the years of his visitor. With grim amusement, her uncle observed the attraction her comeliness and winning ways were for these. 'Swarming round—like flies about a honey-pot! Scenting, I daresay, a fat jointure. All widows are supposed to be rich; and just because she is a widow, and for no other reason, making up to her, the fools!' This to himself with a cynical chuckle. Aloud: 'Nice little woman, sir, that niece of mine. Plenty of good looks; but hasn't a sixpence—not a sixpence to bless herself with!'

It was wonderful how the old house was brightened up by the presence of its blithe young inmate. But by none was its pleasant influence more felt than by the domestics, who had vowed such hostility before her arrival. The old woman especially was devoted to her; loving her for her own sake as well as for the kindly help and good offices she was always receiving from the deft and willing hands of the young girl. In the store-room—that sacred retreat which her foot was never to invade—the latter was to be found on 'company-days,' busy and happy as a bee; with sleeves tucked half-way up her plump arms, her heavy crape skirts stowed away under one of the old lady's capacious holland aprons, and lappets pinned high over her head, while, laughing merrily at the queer figure she had made of herself, she worked away at cakes and sweets, taking a world of trouble off the housekeeper's hands.

'And so thoughtful she is, and gay; bless her!' his wife would tell old John. 'She'll come tripping up to me, and "Now, do as you're bid," she'll say, playful; forcing me down into my big chair. "Sit you down and rest, there's an old dear, and take your tea. I'm not a-going to let you do a turn more." And then she'll work away, her tongue going all the time as fast as her fingers. Running on about her mother and her home, her flowers and pets—dogs and birds, and what not. But never a word about husband or married days. And if I touch upon them or ask a question, she'll get quite silent and strange-like in a minute, and turn off the subject as if it burned her. Perhaps for all she's so merry outside, she's fretting in her heart for him that's gone, and can't a-bear to talk of him.'

'Nothing of the sort!' cried old John. 'Don't you go to think of such stuff. She'd take a husband to-morrow; mark my words. And it's my opinion there's a young gentleman as comes to this house that has a fairish chance. He's

desperate sweet upon her. I haven't eyes in my head for nothing, and I see plain she doesn't dislike him, or hold herself up distant from him, as she does from others.'

Old John was right. Matters were in due time so far satisfactorily settled between the young couple that an appeal to the uncle was deemed expedient. The old gentleman received the announcement with a half-pleased, half-satirical grimace.

'Ha, I thought so!' he muttered. 'But are you aware, my friend, that there is no money in the case? The lady hasn't sixpence, and'—

'I know it,' indignantly interrupted the suitor. 'You have made that remark before. I want no fortune with my wife, my own being ample; and my love'—

'Oh, spare your raptures, young sir. Not so fast. Don't be too sure of the prize; for when you hear what I have to tell you, there may be perhaps a change in your views. I have no time to go into the matter now; but come to-morrow, and be prepared to hear what will surprise you;' and the old gentleman went off, nodding back—malevolently, the lover fancied—over his shoulder, and leaving the poor fellow in a state of most uncomfortable suspense and uncertainty.

What could this dark hint mean; and why was he not to make sure? Could it be possible there was any doubt, any mystery as to the demise of the beloved one's husband? He could not help calling to mind her confused and singular manner at times; a certain want of frankness; an evident embarrassment at any allusion to the past. The possibility of an obstacle made the young man realise, as he had not before done, how deeply his affections were engaged. He spent a miserable night, awaiting in vain conjecture and sleepless anxiety the tidings which the morrow might bring forth.

In order to explain matters, it will be necessary to go back for some months previous to the arrival of the young lady at her uncle's house; as well as to change the scene from it to a country cottage in a remote part of England—the home of the widowed sister of the eccentric bachelor. In it we find him pacing up and down the small drawing-room, and listening to the querulous complaints that its occupant, a confirmed invalid, is uttering from the sofa on which she lies. 'I think but little of my bodily sufferings,' she is saying; 'they cannot now last long. Every day I feel more plainly that the end is not far off; and my doctor tells me the same. The distress of mind that torments me is what is so hard to bear.'

'And what may that be about, if I might ask?'

'The future of my child, when I am gone. All I have, as you know, dies with me. She will be penniless; and the thought of what is to become of her, cast on the world without a home, haunts me night and day. It is too dreadful!'

'A girl—and young—and not bad-looking. Where's the fear? Somebody'll marry her. Men are such fools!'

The sick woman could not forbear a smile. 'Ah, but there are no men, no fools here! In this remote corner, we see no one; and the poor child, taken up with nursing me, and tied to a sick-room, has made no acquaintances. It is killing me to

see her young life sacrificed, and to think of the future.'

The mother's tears began to flow. Her hearer, never very amiably inclined towards the weaker sex, or at ease in its company, increased his quarter-deck paces in much discomfiture as these symptoms of 'water-works turned on' became apparent. His hurried steps soon subsided, however, to a steady march up and down the little drawing-room, while with frowning brow and occasional chuckles, he seemed to be concocting some scheme. After a few minutes he came to a sudden halt before the invalid's sofa. 'Can the girl act?' he asked abruptly.

'Act! How do you mean? I'—

'Oh, you needn't look frightened; I'm not going to propose sending her to the Gaiety or the Criterion.'

'Well, except in the little make-believe plays and dressings-up that children delight in—all children are, I think, actors born' ['Ay, and men and women too,' growled the cynic]—'except that sort of thing, she never has seen or had any opportunity of acting. Why do you ask?'

— And in reply, her brother unfolded the plan he had been concocting—namely, that his niece, laying aside her 'frillery and her trinkets and young-girl's nonsense,' was to put on the mourning garb, and act the part of a widow, in which assumed character she was to come to stay with him in his London home.

'But I don't understand'—

'And you're not wanted to understand,' he snarled. 'It's my whim; and it may be for the girl's advantage. If she's willing, and can hold her tongue, I'll come back for her when she's ready. And I'll pay for her outfit. Crape and weepers! Ho, ho, ho!'

When the first surprise at her uncle's strange proposition was over, the young girl jumped eagerly at the prospect of a change from the dull home she never yet had left. She was young and spirited; at an age when love of variety and a longing to see the world and plunge into its unknown delights, are natural. The playing the widow she thought would be excellent fun. There was a spice of adventure in it, and it would be like the private theatricals and acting charades she had read of and imagined so pleasant. The old gentleman's reason for wishing her to do so was a puzzle; but then who would wonder at anything he did? absurd oddity that he was! Perhaps it was to avoid having to provide a chaperon for her; he hated ladies so, elderly ones especially.

The result of the scheme we have seen; and the scheme itself was what its originator proceeded to divulge to the would-be husband when that individual presented himself with considerable misgiving and agitation on the appointed morning.

'As the lady has not turned out to be what you took her for, is not, in fact, a widow, perhaps the whole matter may be off. A disappointment, no doubt,' wound up the uncle with one of his grim chuckles; 'but 'twas only right to tell you in time. Young man, if you can pardon the conceit, take her.'

'Well,' exclaimed the young man to his fiancée, when, all things cleared up and satisfactorily arranged, the engaged pair were talking over the queer circumstance that had brought them

together, 'I always knew your uncle was eccentric, but this surpasses anything I could have imagined even of him.'

THE SKYLARK.

HARK to the dropping melody
From the brown Lark above yon grimy cloud!
Ambitious traveller! for earth too proud,
Wouldst join the angels' psalmody?
Or is the steadfast sun the magnet bright
That ever to the sky attracts thy flight?

Sing on, thou joyous reveller!
Pouring tumultuous from thy reedy throat
Torrents of sound: who heedless hears thy note,
Is dull, or senseless driveller!
'Twould seem thou hadst indeed heard heaven's song,
For strains like thine can ne'er from earth have sprung.

Here, on the cool grass lazily
Outstretched, I listen to thy happy note,
And pleasant images upon me float,
Watching thy form, that hazily
Shews through slow-moving vapours high above,
As up in fluttering spirals thou dost move.

So once my soul, awakening
From thoughtless slumber, sprung to greet the morn,
And from its depths a merry lay was born;
Hope stood before me, beckoning,
And led me forth along a golden way,
Where sunlight never ceased to beam and play.

Would that all we, here wandering
About this earth, could sing away our days,
And ne'er in discontent our voices raise,
Short life in sorrow squandering;
And would that we to toil as blithely bent,
As thou ascendest through the firmament.

The nightingale's sweet sorrowing
Lulls us with fantasy and idle dreams,
Till all the world to our charmed vision seems—
From solemn music borrowing
Soft magic—a fair place of pleasant pain,
Wherein to dream, and sigh, and dream again.

Thy song is bright and vigorous,
Seeming to summon men to active lives,
Boldly proclaiming he who nobly strives
'Gainst evils that beleaguer us,
And faces manfully his worldly work,
Shall prosper well— they ill who duty shirk.

When twilight shades cross drearily
The sinking day, and all afield is still,
Save the vexed murmur of the restless rill,
Like stone thou faltest, wearily,
To earth, and, steeping in the dew thy breast,
Secretly creep'st to thy hidden nest. J. T. C.

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THE GENTLE ART.

SUPPOSE, in the course of a summer's morning walk, you should suddenly come upon what you had never seen before—for everybody must see a thing once for the first time—namely, an angler plying his art. Natural curiosity would no doubt incite you to stand and watch him at his work. He has chosen a beautiful spot for his meditative pastime. It may be a quiet-flowing river in a broad English county, shaded by solemn lines of lordly chestnuts, or beeches murmurous in the summer air. Or better still, some secret recess in the higher reaches of a Scottish glen, in the cool shadow of a dripping rock, whose rugged sides are draped with mosses and lichens of every hue, and from whose clefts the lady-fern hangs out graceful fronds to bathe in the spray of the neighbouring waterfall. The bit of level ground at his feet is carpeted with the summer's greenest grass, chequered by purple violets that court the shade, and snow-white mountain-sorrel that seeks the sun. The day is beautiful as one might wish. The heat is tempered by a brisk breeze that blows up-stream, curling the surface of the pools into innumerable ripples; and the blaze of the sky is curtailed off with drifting masses of fleecy cloud. The oaks and birches that clothe the steep above and below, are not enough altogether to shut out sun and wind, and just enough to warm the angler by glimpses of the one, and to fan him by airs from the other.

Whatever else he may be defective in, it cannot surely be on the score of what is beautiful in nature, for of all the glen he has chosen the sweetest nook. And yet he seems to give but little heed to the beauties around him. He is bait-fishing. Half-sitting, half-kneeling on the mossy bank, he marks with eye intent the spot on the farther side of the dark pool into which his deftly baited line has just been dropped with delicate exactness, and his whole faculties appear to be engrossed in watching the issue. For a while his line hangs motionless and inert, except when now and again

touched by a passing breeze; but presently he feels a slight tremulous motion, and the point of the rod dips slightly downwards. Now is the supreme moment. With a quick upward movement of the rod he jerks the line out of the water, and there, flashing and pirouetting in mid-air at its extremity, like an animated coil of molten gold, is a specimen of the finny prey he has spent the morning to entrap. In a moment more it lies before him on the grass, its yellow sides spotted with drops of brightest vermillion, gasping out its little life in the evil element of air. With careful hand he dislodges the fatal hook—slips the victim head foremost into the basket at his back, which is made to carry twenty or thirty pounds of such shiny fry—takes from the little bag at his coat-button a small red wriggling worm, and proceeds with something like tenderness to thread it upon his tackle of triple hooks—which he confidentially informs you is 'Stewart's'—then, after leisurely filling and lighting his pipe, and glancing up at the sky for a moment as if doubtful of the weather, he lifts the rod again with easy and half-indolent gesture, and prepares himself for another cast.

'And is this angling?' you say. 'Why, it seems the simplest of all processes for amusing one's self it is possible to invent.' And yet to be an adept in its many phases is quite another matter. You have only to take up one of the many large and elaborate works on the subject, to discover this. It may be, as Byron calls it, a 'solitary vice,' but it is not a simple one. Its paraphernalia—what may indeed be called its machinery—is as complex and heterogeneous as the 'fixings' of a cotton-mill or the hieroglyphs in the Chinese alphabet. Were a rod and line, a hook and worm, as in the foregoing sketch, its only requisites, it would be comparatively a manageable process. It might call for the exercise of some dexterity, and no little patience; but beyond this its demands upon the labour and ingenuity of its devotees would be but slight. But what is the case? In the matter of methods alone, you have pond-fishing and, pond-fishing, bank-fishing and bottom-fishing,

worm-fishing and fly-fishing; you have spinning and trolling and live-baiting; light-corking and daping, and casting from the reel. The question of rods is more easily settled. That instrument may be of hickory-wood or greenheart, and may cost from a few shillings to a few pounds; or it may be a piece of bamboo, or a willow-wand. The line may be a bit of common cord, such as that with which boys wind a top or sniggle eels; or it may be of twisted horse-hair, or twisted silk, or both combined. Among the miscellaneous articles also required are baskets and landing-nets, swivels and gaffs, floats and sinkers. But it is when you arrive at the department of hooks and lures, that you become aware of the recondite nature of the processes and expedients in vogue for enticing the various 'finny tribes from their native element. A mere catalogue of them would look like a swarm of nouns and adjectives which had made their escape out of a dictionary, and got mixed up in irretrievable confusion.

Without entering into the detail of hooks, and combinations of hooks, or into the comparative merits of the Limerick bend, the Carlisle bend, or the sneck bend, something may be said of the varieties of lure. Were there but trout to capture, possibly a simple alternation between worm and fly, according to time and weather, might be sufficient for ordinary purposes. Or it might be a spinning minnow. As it is, trout are but one of many species of fish to which the angler's art is applied. There are gudgeon and bleak and roach; barbel and chub and dace; bream and carp and tench; eel and perch and pike; and, besides many others, the monarch of the stream, the salmon.

If every man, according to Walpole, has his price, so has every kind of fish its peculiar bait. For bottom-fishing in the Thames, besides worms and gentles, such various substances are used as greaves, bran, rice, boiled wheat, grains, and malt. If you would take roach out of the Norfolk rivers, you are directed to use barley-meal; and if bream, then boiled barley. If you go to the Hampshire streams for dace, a scrap of bacon-rind will tempt them to bite; or if you desire to capture chub, you have a wider choice of methods at your disposal, as, besides cheese—of which they are very fond—they will also take cockchafers, humble-bees, wasps, caterpillars, slugs, and snails. The barbel—sacred to youthful readers of Grimm's *Goblins*, by being once a prince, and turning the head of a poor fisherman's wife, though not, as he himself said when a king's son, good to eat—is an active creature, and gives good sport; he is partial to lob or dew worms, and will also succumb, like the chub, to a bit of cheese. The tench is another curious fish, living in the strictest seclusion at the bottom of weedy ponds; and although extremely cautious as to what food is offered him, can hardly resist a bit of dainty red worm. The carp, while getting the character of a lubberly fellow, is nevertheless, like Dickens's little Major, 'deep, sir, very deep, and—sly;' and though he may be taken at times by a common worm, yet his principal weakness is for paste, made either of honey or bread—and, what is rather remarkable in one brought up strictly as a water-drinker, he takes this all the readier, we are assured, if it be mixed with

gin or brandy! The eel is a greedy glutton, and not at all particular as to his diet, being quite well pleased to snap at a ball of worsted if it appear to have worms about it. The perch also, like the eel, is not over-scrupulous as to what he eats, and small tit-bits of worms will perchance lure a shoal to destruction. But the most voracious and unscrupulous of all is the pike, who is in general ready to bolt anything he can get his mouth over—frogs, mice, water-rats, dead birds, or—what is said to answer the purpose as well—an artificial rat made from a slice of the skin of a cow's tail!

But it is when you leave this, what may be called the vulgar order of fish, and ascend to the dainty trout and salmon, that the angler's resources are most severely taxed. Every season and river and locality seems to have its own peculiar bait. Besides the ordinary temptation of grubs, worms, creepers, larvae, &c., there is the almost countless variety of flies on which trout and salmon love to feed. For the former, there are, among many others, stone-flies, willow-flies, and sand-flies; silver-horns and cinnamons, duns and spinners. Each month brings its own particular ephemera. There are the February reds and the March browns; in May and June, the stone-fly and the oak-fly, the wren-tail and the brown-bent; then follow the July dun, the August dun, and the whirling dun of September. These, and scores of others, are either used in their natural condition, or imitated in form and colouring to represent life. For salmon-angling, artificial flies are used in still greater variety, many of them being exquisitely beautiful. And curious names some of these works of art go by among the angling brotherhood. There are the Purple King and the Green King; the Captain, the Major, and the Colonel; the Priest, the Parson, and the Doctor; the Coachman, the Policeman, and the Game-keeper; the Butcher, the Baker, and the Candle-stick-maker. Other flies derive their designations from the feathered tribes, and accordingly you have the Eagle, the Grouse, and the Partridge; the Guinea-hen and the Goldfinch; the Indian Crow and the Canary. Then there are such oddities among names as Jock Scott, Kate, and Switching Sandy; as also two others which bear the somewhat startling appellations of the Water-watch and Thunder-and-Lightning. And yet those we have enumerated are but a tithe of the expedients which experience and ingenuity have devised where-withal to replenish the angler's basket. Surely, after all this, you cannot still be of opinion that angling, however gentle, is a simple art.

Nor is this all. It is one thing to have your tools, and quite another thing to know how to use them. You may have your rod and line, gut and tackle, from the first makers—a score of different flies in your pocket-book, and a hand-book on angling in your head—and yet be fated to carry an empty basket. Not only so, but the stream at your feet may be stocked with fish, that will only lie 'laughing and winking' at you from behind the stones, wondering how you can be so foolish as to offer them a kind of food for which you ought to know they have not the slightest stomach. Nor need you be at the first too much cast down about this. Even such veterans of the rod and reel as Mr Francis Francis, whose delightful *Book on Angling* has mainly supplied us with

the materials of this sketch, has had his difficulties, and no doubt will have them still. It is only he, and such as he who has brought his wits to bear for a lifetime on how best to circumvent the finny tribe, that knows how many wiles, and smooth deceptions, and artful dodges, must be tried before your purpose can be effected. The carp, we have said, is a sly fellow. Well, to secure him, you must be sly too. You must offer him his food in the shape in which he usually gets it; for which reason, if fishing with worm, your bait should rest on the bottom, and not hang high in the water. 'It is not natural,' says Mr Francis, 'to see a worm hanging so as barely to touch the bottom, and that the carp know well enough. In this position, too, the gut ascends directly from the head of the worm, and the unnatural attitude of the bait challenges the carp's attention to this "new thing in worms." Monsieur Carp then catches sight of the shot-sinker, and, lastly, in all probability of the float above. All this is of course strange and unusual, and he proceeds to investigate the bait, with all due care nibbling and picking at it, like the female ghoul in the *Arabian Nights*, who ate rice with a bodkin. He cannot make up his mind to take it, and yet he cannot make up his mind to leave it, so he nibbles and nibbles; and at last you think he must have got the bait, and you strike. Now, it is not customary for worms to dart off in that frantic fashion; and therefore, while your worm dashes off one way, Master Carp dashes off the other.'

Even perch, which you may take in dozens and scores in January and February, require delicate handling on a summer's day. 'Often have I,' says the author just quoted, 'through the clear crystal water, watched the proceedings of a dozen perch, at the worm or minnow on my hook, some twelve or thirteen feet below; how they come up to it with all sail set, their fins extended, their spines erect, as if they meant to devour it without hesitation, and how they pause when they do come up to it, and swim gently round it, as if a worm or a minnow were an article of vertu, which required the nicest taste and consideration of a connoisseur to appreciate it properly. Then one of the boldest will take hold of the extreme tip of the tail—as timidly as a bashful young gentleman takes hold of the tip of his partner's finger, when he leads her to the festive quadrille—and give it a shake. . . . They cannot make up their minds about it. Is it a safe investment or is it not? . . . And then comes an aldermanic perch, a warm liveryman of the Fishmonger's Company, of nigh two pounds, a regular turtle-fed lord-mayor elect, with his cheeks blown up, his eyes staring out of his head, his fins all bristling with magisterial importance. "Now then, what is this case? Ha, hum! a worm, eh? yes. Found hanging about the streets with no ascertainable occupation, and without any home, eh? Ha! bad case—very bad! a mysterious and vagrom character evidently. Take him away, some of you, and lock him up—very suspicious indeed—very much so." . . . And so, with a fan of his tail, the alderman scuttles off to a fresh case, and all his little people scuttle after him, save, perhaps, one unhappy little fellow who won't take warning.'

And now you may fairly conclude that if such comparatively voracious fish as carp and perch call for such attention and skill on the part of the

angler, the coy trout and the capricious salmon will tax his energies still more. 'If trout,' says Mr Francis, 'are various in their forms and shapes, no less various are the means employed to take them, there being hardly any of the numerous plans adopted for wiling fish from their watery domains which may not be successfully applied to the capture of trout, for the trout feeds equally at the top, in the middle, and at the bottom of the water.' The skill and patience of the angler 'will often be taxed to the uttermost, and vainly, many a time and oft, in the attempt to hook some wily old four or five pound brook trout, who may be feeding rapidly and constantly under his very flies, which, tied on almost imperceptible gut, fall like gossamer above him, and float fruitlessly down over his head, as like the real thing as human cunning can contrive. Nay, you shall even float the live fly, drake, stone, or whatnot, over him so deftly, that nothing in your deception seems to you wanting. You shall offer him worms, minnow, and cadbait, or drop the all but irresistible cockroach or cricket within his ken, while you remain concealed. He may wave his fan-like tail coyly, and take a nearer glance askance at your bait, but proves a very St Anthony to your temptations. He will perhaps come to it like a bulldog, making your heart jump into your mouth, but he will then "pull up sharp on the post," as turfites say, and refuse it; and do what you will, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand his virtue is ancient Spartan, and his cunning modern Spartan; but haply on the thousandth, in some sheltering flood, a fair deceiver, in the shape of a fat worm or minnow, tempts him—he gobbles it down, and dies the death. Happy you if it be your worm or minnow!'

The hooking and playing of a salmon require equal skill and dexterity, though perhaps of a slightly different kind. It is in the capture of trout and salmon indeed, that all the elaboration of means to an end, which we have just referred to, is brought into action, and the art of the angler tested to the full. And a peaceful and pleasant art it is, bringing its votary into frequent contact with Nature in her most beautiful aspects, with the blue of the sky above him, and the green of the grass beneath his feet. The subject is a wide one, and admits of varied treatment; but we have not specially sought to deal with it either as an art, a recreation, or a pleasure. All we have aimed at has been to engage the reader's attention for a little over a few of the more salient features of old Izaak's favourite pastime.

Before quitting the subject, it may not be out of place if we take this opportunity of expressing our regret that the illegal practice of netting trout in our Scottish rivers and streams is becoming more and more general, notwithstanding the efforts of bailiffs and other water-guardians to put it down. Under cover of night, gangs of men set out from some quiet village or town by the water-side, and regardless of the interests of the legitimate angler, systematically harry the neighbouring waters of their speckled denizens. Nor are other nefarious means wanting, of depopulating streams, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter which appeared in an Edinburgh

newspaper (*The Scotsman*) last month. The writer, addressing the editor, says :

'While every legitimate angler rejoices in the late capture of some of the netting fraternity, will you allow me, through your columns, to draw the attention of fishing-clubs and all who desire to protect the streams from illegal depredators, to a deadly mode of capturing trout, which is destructive of the sport of all true anglers. As half a century's experience has enabled me to compete pretty successfully with most fair fishers, I was astonished to find, during a late fishing-tour in the south on the Gala and Leader, that my moderate captures were nothing in comparison, both for numbers and size, with the baskets I saw hawked for sale by professional fishers who make a living by the sale of their fish. I was puzzled to find out how these hawkers beat me, till I was initiated into the mystery by one of the gang, who, in the exuberance of his heart, and under the influence of "mountain dew," produced a pot of salmon roe, and generously offered me some. After pointing out the illegality and unfairness of his doings, and the chances of a jail which were before him, he went on to inform me how adroitly he could pick out the biggest and the best from a stream, under the very noses of other fishers, without their supposing that he was using any other lure than the usual worm. Such men make a regular trade of selling the fish so caught, and are inadvertently encouraged in their doings by the handsome price they often realise from gentlemen they meet on the riverside and other customers in hotels and elsewhere. One of these men I came across lately on the Gala who had twice in the course of half a day emptied his basket in this way ; and a second one I saw at Earlston, after having early scoured the Leader, take train for Melrose to dispose of his spoil there. I would suggest that an effort be made to organise a general association of anglers for the protection of the waters, something like that lately set up at Greenlaw for the protection of the Blackadder. There are few who follow "the gentle art" but would gladly join for such a purpose, and by annual subscription help to put an end to the practices complained of.'

From what we ourselves know of the wholesale destruction of trout by night-netting as well as by roe-fishing, practised in such rivers as the Tweed, Gala, and Yarrow, we do not hesitate to say that ere long, those time-honoured streams will be rendered useless for the true angler, unless the fraternity rise in a body to stamp out the practices that are so fast robbing them of their favourite pastime.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'There may come a time in your career when gentle dealing may seem out of place.'

I SUPPOSE it was a natural thing that Gascoigne and Gregory minor having had their quarrel out, should become fast friends. The conciliation seemed at first a strange one ; but I learned to welcome it. I had had so little companionship, and had become so solitary and sedentary in all my ways, that a rambling, adventurous, tree-

climbing, bound-breaking young person like Æsop was the most valuable of all companions for me. I was afraid of him at the beginning ; but I soon trusted him. He was as open as the day ; and I believe a lie at any cost would have been morally impossible for him. His fancy ran riot with him often, and he launched himself fearlessly on grotesquerie's wildest stream, and allowed it to take him whither it would ; but he was unlike any other imaginative boy I have known in his stolid adherence to fact in all matters outside the domain of fancy. He was always in trouble, and he seemed to like it and to flourish on it, for he was always happy. He taught me to boat and swim and play cricket, and was willing to bowl at me for an hour together. Out of the companions who crowded about me at school and college, Gascoigne and Æsop were the only two who accompanied me in after-life. I have no time to linger here upon the pleasant memories of my school-days, though I would do it willingly ; but there are two incidents which shew so clearly in the light of later years, that I record them. I see them distinctly. They make pictures in my mind. I can almost hear the voices speak again.

I have been swiftly brought from school by Major Hartley, with whom by this time I am quite familiar. Major Hartley is a sort of Captain Poyntz without Captain Poyntz's humour. He has a portentous drawl and a big moustache, and he swaggers a little in his gait. He takes me on fishing and shooting expeditions in the holidays ; and last season I rode to hounds beside him. He tips me with outrageous generosity, and tells me stories of the Crimean War. He is not a good teller of tales ; but my imagination fills in much of the detail of his sterile stories, and I am always quite absorbed by his narrations. But we have been very silent all the way home, and the house is very silent now. The domestics go about their duties noiselessly, like ghosts in livery. Everybody speaks with subdued voice ; and I, though I notice all these things with the keenest observation, am stricken through with grief. For the sad message that has brought me here is that Maud is at death's door, and that there is little hope for her. The medical man of Wrethedale is in consultation with a physician from the county town. They are clothed in black, and look to my frightened eyes like Death's heralds. I am admitted, on promise of outward calmness, to Maud's chamber, and see her lying asleep, wan and fragile. Uncle Ben meets me at the door, and I see that his whole face is red, as if it had been scalded. He makes no concealment of his grief ; and when he takes me on his knee in his own room, he puts his handkerchief over his face and cries unrestrainedly. I am too stonily cold in my grief to cry at all, and think myself terribly hard-hearted and unfeeling. I tell myself all that Maud has been to me, and how dearly I ought to love her, and still sit there cold and stony while Uncle Ben cries behind his handkerchief ; and I can do nothing but look at a great miserable gap in the world which nothing can ever fill again. And a voice which is no part of me at all says distinctly and keeps on saying : 'I don't care ;' and though I strive against it with abhorrence, it will not be silent. I grow to feel so fearfully wicked under the iteration of this inward voice, that I

become quite frightened at myself, and sit there whilst Uncle Ben's grief flows on, and feel stonier and colder every minute. At length a tap is heard at the door, and I rise and answer it.

'Mr Hartley is inside, sir,' whispers the domestic to some one outside the door; whereupon a very tall, broad-shouldered man with iron-gray hair, and a nose like an eagle's beak, nods in answer, enters the room, and lays a hand on Uncle Ben's shoulder.

'Is that you, Brand?' says Uncle Ben, rising from his chair. 'The other doctors are here, but I haven't got a lot o' faith in 'em. Come and see her.'

'Take me to the doctors, first,' says the newcomer; and Uncle Ben and he leave the room together. Then comes a long interval of silence, and I am left alone. I can hear one of the dogs whining in the kennels, for my uncle's room is at the back of the great house; and I think of the superstition which accredits animals with a foreknowledge of human death. After a great lapse of time, a female servant enters and makes up the fire; for Uncle Ben will have all domestic offices performed by women, and keeps up the tribe of menials in plush for service at table and for show. I venture to ask her if the new doctor holds out any hope; but she does not know, and steals away again as silently as she came. I wait a long time with a growing sense of fear, accusing myself all the while for my wicked want of feeling. Then the new doctor returns alone, not observing me at all, as I sit at the window looking out upon the night, which is calm and clear and cold. He seats himself with his back towards me, and lights a cigar and smokes it. I can see the dull red reflected in the polished marble of the mantel-piece, and the smoke that curls above the chair in which the doctor lounges. I want desperately to ask him the question which I put to the housemaid; but that accusing voice within me goes on saying: 'I don't care;' and I seem to have been so long silent and unnoticed that I am afraid to speak. Then after another lapse of time, a tap comes to the door again, and the doctor throws his cigar into the fire and walks out of the room; and with my stony misery still upon me, I fall asleep in my chair, until voices awake me.

'Where is Mr Hartley?' asks one voice; and looking up, I see that the doctor has returned, and that Cousin Will is with him.

'In his bedroom, and waiting anxiously to see you,' answers Cousin Will; and the doctor makes a movement to the door. But Will laying a restraining hand upon his arm, he turns round and faces him, looking down from under projecting brows. 'What,' asks Cousin Will, 'is your opinion of—the case?'

'Serious,' says the doctor; 'but there is ample room for hope.' With that he leaves the room; and I see Cousin Will fall upon his knees beside an armchair and bury his face within his hands. And for myself, at that good news, I only know that the false accusing voice within me goes silent suddenly, and that I weep for relief and hope, as I have never wept before.

Two weeks later, I am back at school with an egregious gratuity from Uncle Ben. Maud is recovering rapidly; and what with my joy at that, and the gleeful excitement with which I find

myself richer in the middle of the school-term than ever golden Midas was in his auriferous life, I am supremely contented, and the days race after one another till they bring the Christmas holidays.

Other pictures take form and colour before me, and there are other voices in my ear. It is my fifteenth birthday. Gascoigne is at the head of the school. Gregory minor is Gregory major now, and only one behind Gascoigne in the race. I lie upon the grass under the shadow of the beech-trees. It is night-time, and the moon is glorious; and across the field in the woods beyond the river, a nightingale is singing. I lie alone, heedless of damp grass; and I travel in thought through such a life as only an eager lad can live in his dreams. *On n'a pas toujours quinze ans*, sings Suzanne, and at fifteen one has a right to one's dreams. I recall the scene almost as if it were a spectacle in a theatre. The solemn beech-trees are alive with light at the edges of their masses of dark foliage. There is a visible nimbus about the meanest object in sight, and the nightingale sings. Over my dream and through the story of the nightingale steals a serious voice, which comes nearer as it speaks. I know the voice for that of the head-master. His companion is tall and slight, but manly in figure; and as they go by at a distance of twenty yards perhaps, I think it ridiculous when the figure looks like Gascoigne's. Gascoigne is a prosperous scholar, and a great deity of mine; but there are limits even to my beliefs in him, and I can scarcely dream of him—dreamer as I am—as walking in intimate talk with our head-master. Whilst I wonder, the head-master turns, and Gascoigne—for it is he—turns with him. The master's voice comes clear and solemn to where I lie in the grass, and my heart beats with half-a-score of emotions at once—sorrowful and joyful.

'You leave to-morrow, then,' says the head-master; 'and you carry my hopes and my prayers with you. Your career at school has been an exceptionally brilliant one, and you have proved that you are master of exceptional qualities. There is only one way with those qualities, if you would prosper with them and make them useful.' The measured tones and the measured step fall into the distance together, and after an interim, return. 'Good-bye, then,' says the master, pausing once more opposite my unseen post, and turning towards his own residence. 'I will keep the high hopes I had of you. I am more than willing to believe in you. There may come a time in your career, Gascoigne, when gentle dealing may seem out of place, and strict justice may claim her own more rigidly. But the scales will not be in my hands then. Take care that I have never to throw into them the weight which I reserve to-day. Good-bye.'

With no farewell from Gascoigne's lips, the master moves on towards his own house. His step dies in silence on the turf, and I lose his form in shadow. Now Gascoigne is down upon his face, and I can hear him moaning. What—what is this? What shadow of disgrace or grief is here? I dare guess nothing, dare fear nothing. And the memory haunts me like a nightmare through the day which follows, and through the next, and through the long vacation which succeeds it. Gascoigne has gone one day before his time, with-

out good-byes to any ; and his friends are chagrined, but not suspicious. And only he knows what casts that shadow which *will* fall between himself and me, though all my soul rebels against it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

ARCOT AND VELLORE.

WITHIN four hours by rail from Madras, are picturesquely situated amongst rugged hills the two towns of Arcot and Vellore. They lie close by each other, and although bereft of the pomp and grandeur of former days, are still populous and important places. Arcot was the capital city of the province of the Carnatic, where dwelt, in all their barbaric splendour, the Nabobs of that ilk ; whilst Vellore was their large and almost impregnable fortress. Both towns are intimately associated with our early conquests in India ; around their walls are the scenes of many hard-contested fights, in which French and English, Mohammedans and Mahrattas, were engaged. It was the taking of Arcot by Lord Clive—at that time simply Captain Clive, recently a merchant's clerk in Madras—which gave the finishing blow to the Mohammedan dynasty, quenched the hopes of their French auxiliaries, and firmly established the English rule along the eastern coast of Southern India. True indeed after that period the English had to fight many battles on these same plains of the Carnatic against many foes ; chief amongst them were the terrible Hyder Ali and his fierce son Tippoo Saib. Again and again did these redoubtable warriors hasten to the assistance of the Nabob, determined if possible to drive the hated Feringhi from Indian soil. But in vain. The great waves dashed against the little rock, and were broken and routed ; and campaign after campaign led to fresh conquests by the English forces and to new acquisitions of territory, until ultimately, as it is now, the kingdoms of Southern India from east to west had come directly or indirectly under British rule.

The taking and defence of Arcot is one of the most heroic stories in the annals of the British army, illustrative of British bravery and pluck. How history repeats itself ! The gallant defence of Rorke's Drift at Zululand the other day by the shattered remnant of the 24th, was but the repetition on a smaller scale of the equally gallant defence of Arcot by Clive a hundred years ago. With only five hundred English soldiers and sepoy under him, he was besieged by ten thousand Frenchmen and Mohammedans ; and yet with this handful he defied the surging host for fifty days, and then drove them, defeated and demoralised, from the broken-down ramparts, where they left behind them guns and ammunition and hundreds of slain.

After the conquest of the Carnatic, Arcot and Vellore became garrisons for British troops. In the former was stationed a regiment of English cavalry ; and in the fortress of the latter were one regiment of English infantry and three or four regiments of sepoy. Such were the troops stationed at those two places in the year 1806, when there happened a tragic event that filled our whole country then with horror and indignation ; just as we were appalled twenty years ago

by the outbreak of the Mutiny, or as, the other day, by the news of the disasters in Africa. After the death of Tippoo Saib, the tyrant of Mysore, and the overthrow of his dynasty, his family, consisting of several sons and daughters, were removed to the fortress of Vellore. Here they were permitted to enjoy almost perfect freedom, little or no surveillance being kept over them. And as the English government was most liberal in its allowances, those princes were enabled to live very luxuriously, and so attracted to their court many of the adherents and followers of their late father. The consequence was a secret but widespread conspiracy among the Mohammedans.

Very early in the morning of the 10th of July of that year, the soldiers of His Majesty's 69th Regiment were there asleep in their cots, every door and window being wide open, to admit a cooling breeze into the barracks. Suddenly a murderous fire of musketry was poured in upon them. These came from the guns of the British sepoy who had been seduced from their allegiance by the treacherous Mohammedans, and incited by whom, they were now bent on murdering the sleeping English. And unfortunately they succeeded but too well. Fifteen officers and eighty-two privates were killed ; ninety-one others being wounded. Some of the surviving soldiers hid themselves in nooks where the bullets could not reach them, and not a few gained the ramparts, where, led by Sergeant Brodie, they maintained a gallant defence. One man leaped from the fortress, swam the moat, that swarmed with alligators, and fled with breathless haste to tell the dismal news to the cavalry at Arcot. Luckily he met with Colonel Gillespie, the commander of the regiment, which was the 19th Light Dragoons, and who was out for his morning ride. The soldier told his story. The Colonel rode into the barracks, sounded the alarm 'to boot and saddle,' and at the head of the first troop that was ready, dashed on to Vellore. The gallant Colonel reached the gates before his men, and was pulled up the ramparts by a rope formed of the soldiers' belts. Rallying their exhausted strength, the poor survivors of the 69th charged the mutineers, whilst the Colonel drew the bolts of the ponderous gate. Thus the way was opened ; and the dragoons with flashing sabres rushed upon the sepoy and cut them down by hundreds. And to this day the mound in the middle of that fortress tells of the signal revenge that was taken for that dismal treachery. Such is the story of the 'Vellore Mutiny.' It fills a sad page in Anglo-Indian history. I have here given it as told to me by an old Scotchwoman, who was a member of my church at Bangalore, and whose young husband, seventy years ago, was one of that avenging column which rode from Arcot to Vellore on that bright summer morning to exact a retributive punishment for the murder of their fellow-soldiers.

Within the fort of Vellore is a group of Hindu temples, regarded as amongst the finest specimens of that kind of architecture to be found in all India. They are of a prodigious height, and built of stones colossal in their size and elaborately sculptured. The Hindus, who are very fond of dilating upon the antiquity of their country and their religion, love to speak of those temples as being so old that the time of their erection cannot be guessed. They have certainly

reached a good old age; their appearance tells us that; but it tells us something more than that, namely, that those temples have reached the decay of old age. I have groped my way beneath their gloomy darkness; I have wandered through their silent and forsaken vaults; I have trodden their passages and courts, where weeds of a sickening smell rankled, and where filth of every kind was strewn; and I have rejoiced in those undoubted evidences certainly of neglect, but certainly too of a day that will speedily come, brought about by that very neglect, when those temples shall stand as interesting ruins to tell of a darkness that was once upon the land, and a gross darkness that was once upon the people. 'Our day is past—yours is at hand,' said a Hindu priest to a Christian missionary. The poor Brahman was feeling not the mere breath of change, but the tempest of change. Not long ago he could command the riches of the people to uphold his sacred offices and sacred shrines; but now he can scarcely extort sufficient to keep himself and his family from starvation, let alone the keeping up of the temple.

One of my last visits to Vellore was in company with Dr Norman Macleod and Dr Watson. We went thither to visit the Scottish mission and to ordain a native pastor. And what a joyous day it was; one of many such, all laborious yet full of joy, spent with 'the Deputation,' midst the sunshine and warmth of Southern India; Norman—let me with all affection and respect call him such—ever being the light and life of our party. Nothing seemed to be able to weary him out, no travelling, nor speaking, nor 'interviewing,' neither early rising nor sitting late at night—although all the time he was far from being physically well. And certainly nothing could damp the exuberance of his spirits, nor interfere with what I must call his perpetual boyhood's glee. As I said in the first General Assembly after my return home, we in India were very glad to welcome him, and glad to have him with us; but we were glad too when he went away, for we felt that with his incessant labours he was killing us, as alas! he was certainly killing himself. For too, too soon thereafter, the 'death of Norman Macleod' was flashed as dismal tidings to every portion of the British empire, and beyond it too; and everywhere it cast a melancholy gloom over hearts and homes, for everywhere his name was known and honoured and beloved.

LUXURIOUS BATHING.

In an article on 'Hydropathic Establishments,' which appeared in a former number of this *Journal* (Sept. 7, 1878), occasion was taken to refer to some of the advantages of hydropathy as a promoter of health, and to the increased facilities afforded for the application of its principles by the establishment of such places of public resort as those indicated. Baths, as is well known, form one of the chief hygienic features of these institutions; and, no doubt, when judiciously applied, and under the medical superintendence that is given, the bath in its various forms becomes a valuable remedy in the case of individuals whose jaded energies require restoration, or whose enfeebled health stands in need of some gentle stimulant. But it is not at all times convenient,

or even possible, for the great mass of people, let them be ever so seriously indisposed, to relinquish altogether their professional or business engagements in order to submit themselves to the course of treatment which such establishments impose, and therefore it becomes a matter of much practical importance that people should have some knowledge of how to treat themselves in such a case.

There are few citizens of our larger towns who have not, either in their own dwellings, or by means of public baths, the opportunity of testing for themselves the benefits to be derived from the application of water, either in the ordinary purposes of ablution, or with a view to the removal or prevention of disease. Nor is there perhaps any other question so nearly affecting personal health and comfort on which such erroneous and hap-hazard notions exist, as this of bathing; great part of the prevalent dubiety as to its advantages being traceable not so much to its own defects, as to the irregular, capricious, and frequently mistaken methods by which it has been tested.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we draw attention to a volume entitled *Luxurious Bathing* (London: Field and Tuer), in which very simple yet valuable directions are given for the use of the bath.

The kind of bath first referred to in the book, is the hot or soap bath. The cold bath is to many persons a painful and trying ordeal; whereas the soap-bath is 'at once a necessity and a luxury, and in order to obtain the greatest number of benefits, including increased health, appetite, vigour, and good spirits, this bath is the most effectual, and moreover the pleasantest and least trying to the weakly or over-sensitive constitution.' It appears also, says the author, 'from the evidence obtained by modern scientific research, that hot water destroys the germinating power of malignant contagious diseases, and that soap chemically poisons it. These germs or spores are carried about by every wind that blows; and when it is borne in mind that, roughly speaking, a million of such germs will lie on a three-penny-piece, the value, as a preventive of contagion, of a thorough daily ablution with soap, may be estimated.' The application of the hot or soap bath is simple; the lather, provided with a piece of soap and a loose washing-glove, and with a basin of hot water before him, vigorously covers himself from head to foot with a thick and abundant lather. This process need not take more than three or four minutes, after which, while the body is thoroughly warm, two or three plunges should be taken into cold water, a couple of rapid dips being sufficient to remove every particle of soap. The head must remain uncovered and receive the full benefit of the cold water, otherwise a violent headache may follow. 'The momentary shock of the cold dip is succeeded by a delightful feeling of vital internal warmth—a delicious triumphant glow.' The nature of the cold bath which follows the hot is of little moment; and instead of a plunge—a shower, sitz, or sponge bath may be used.

But however the cold water be applied, the essential of its application is to obtain that reaction from its shock, without which bathing is injurious instead of beneficial. Much depends upon this reaction. If it be slow, then coldness, shivering,

violent headache, slow pulse, and probable sickness follow. On the other hand, if the reaction be lively, then the heart is actively excited, and the blood propelled with unusual force through the system; the temperature of the body rapidly rises, and a general glow supervenes, accompanied with mixed feelings of increased vitality, buoyancy, and exhilaration, difficult to describe. With the non-robust, the stay in the cold water can hardly be made too short; the principal shock is produced from the first application, and the endeavour ought rather to be to get out as quickly as possible, than to stay in under the mistaken notion of deriving increased benefit.

A milder mode of applying the cold water than the plunge, is the sponge-bath; and a more violent mode is the shower-bath. To obtain the fullest benefit of the sponge-bath, in the most agreeable manner, 'the charged sponge, as the bather steps into the bath, should be lifted and carried quickly to the back of the head, which should be slightly inclined forward, so that the bulk of the water will run down the spine and back; the next spongeful should be almost instantaneously applied, leaning forward, to the top of the head; and the third, standing quite upright, to the chest; the arms and legs may then be separately treated; and if desire be felt for more, the application may be repeated to the back of the head and chest.' The shower-bath requires greater caution in its use. 'To those able to stand it,' says Mr Tuer, 'nothing can be more agreeable and refreshing; but it may be safely questioned whether a shower-bath taken on a cold misty morning, with the water all but freezing, can possibly prove salutary even to the most robust. Nearly freezing water from a shower-bath produces a feeling something akin to what might be imagined to result from a shower of red-hot lead; the shock is tremendous, and the shower, if continued for any length of time, would assuredly cause asphyxia.' If headache follow, or reaction be slow, accompanied by shivering, the shower must be discontinued and a milder bath resorted to.

Immediately on emerging from the bath, dry towels should be vigorously made use of, and if desirable, the flesh-brush. No unnecessary delay should at this point be made, however the bather may dawdle in his subsequent dressing. With respect to tepid baths, the author rather discourages them, and suggests that persons who are in the habit of using these baths, and remain splashing about for a considerable time, would derive greater benefit, and the body be more refreshed, by a shorter immersion in water of a lower temperature. Another point as to which some difference of opinion frequently exists is, whether it is a wise or safe thing for a person who is warm from exercise to plunge into cold water. Mr Tuer is of opinion that it is quite safe, and may be indulged in with impunity even when much heated, provided the plunge be taken the moment the clothes are removed. The danger, he points out, is in standing about on the brink, during which time the body rapidly cools, and cold may be taken. But he adds: 'Although perfectly safe to plunge into cold water, no matter how much the body may be heated, care must be taken to avoid it, if there are feelings of lassitude and exhaustion; these are sure signs of over-fatigue, and a cold bath under such circumstances is not

only weakening, but might prove absolutely dangerous.' When a bath is taken while the bather is heated, he ought afterwards to have a complete change of clothes, so as to prevent any chance of taking cold through putting on clothes rendered damp by previous exercise. We would, however, caution all against the danger of plunging into cold water while the body is in a state of perspiration. Rather wait, before undressing, until the body has had time to cool from such excessive temperature, or let the intending bather first rub himself down till thoroughly dry. In slight colds, the baths may be continued; but in the case of a violent cold, or affection of the throat, they should be discontinued.

In treating of sea-bathing and swimming, Mr Tuer states that salt water is more energetic in its action than fresh, and after a dip in the sea there is not the same liability to take cold from insufficient drying as after a fresh-water bath, the saline particles which adhere to the skin further exciting its action, and producing a healthy and more vigorous glow. It is for the same reason that children may dabble and patter about in the pools by the sea-shore, without any risk of taking cold. In this connection, the author strongly urges the propriety of having boys and girls taught swimming at schools. 'We ought,' he says, 'as islanders, to be swimmers, and it is to be regretted that we are not. Swimmers are of necessity bathers; but bathers are not always, as they should be, swimmers.' It is an accomplishment unquestionably useful; is not difficult to acquire; and when acquired, not readily forgotten.

The volume to which we are indebted for the foregoing hints is a magnificent specimen of typographical and pictorial art. The descriptive portion of the book—that on bathing—is from the pen of Mr Andrew W. Tuer, while the beautiful folio etchings, initials &c., are the work of Mr Sutton Sharpe. The whole production—binding, paper, and printing—is faultless as a piece of book manufacture, and we are in doubt whether the epithet of 'luxurious' in the title is not intended to apply as much to the book itself as to its subject. Besides initials, tail-pieces, &c., there are twelve folio etchings, each of them illustrative of some poetical stanza; many of them representing real scenes; and all of them, as might in the circumstances be supposed, introducing water as a leading feature in the landscapes portrayed. Charming as all these examples of the etcher's art undoubtedly are, there are some of them, more than others, whose subtle beauties are qualified to elicit genuine admiration. One of the most striking of these is that entitled 'Ennerdale Water'—

That sacred lake withdrawn amid the hills.

By what may be said to be a few graphic touches, not one of which is wasted, we have the lake before us, in all its sheen of summer splendour, without a ripple or a shadow, save where a little boat shoots out into the water, the higher hills behind whitened in the sunlight, and the glare of the summer's day only relieved by the darker masses of the lower spurs. Another etching of great power and beauty is 'In the Fens,' illustrating a stanza of Tennyson's 'Brook,' as are also those entitled a 'Study of Water,' and 'Water Lilies.' But it is not our purpose to further dwell on the book as a work of art; in this respect it must be seen to be

fully appreciated. So much for the book and its subject-matter. It is not often that hygiene is so pleasantly set forth as in this volume. It is a work of art, yet not altogether so; for, as our analysis of its teaching may indicate, its pages contain much good sense, wholesome advice, and valuable hints as to the use of the bath—when to use it, how to use it, and when to let it alone. As to the connection between the subject and the illustrations, there does seem to be some little inconsistency; but the author has anticipated the objection, and ‘hopes that the first “shock” caused by the incongruity will be followed by a “reaction” of pleasure and perhaps approval. Anything,’ he adds, ‘which tends to the better health of body and mind must increase the capacity for enjoyment both in nature and art.’ It is to be hoped that Mr Tuer may see fit to issue an edition of the work which may place it within the reach of the masses.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER III.

MYSTERY (CONTINUED).

MUCH earnest but whispered conversation took place during the brief interval that elapsed from the time when the young officers entered the saloon, until a messenger, booted and spurred and covered with dust, as if he had ridden hard, appeared at the door. ‘All is ready, Signore,’ said he in Italian.

‘It is well, Signore,’ replied the aged officer, who—in conjunction with the young man who had boarded *La belle Jeannette* in the Gulf, a few hours earlier, and had persuaded Gustave Pailleur and me to accompany him on shore—appeared to assume the direction of affairs.

Advancing to the sofa, and again offering his arm to the youth who had not yet entirely recovered from his agitation, he led the way forth from the saloon, followed by several of the company; while the *padrone* and I were ordered to march in line in the rear with others, who were like ourselves disguised as common soldiers, whom I now suspected to be officers or other persons of superior position. We descended the long flight of stone or marble steps into an open courtyard, where three carriages awaited our appearance. To one of these carriages the aged officer who was addressed as Signor el Duca conducted the two youths; and when they had entered the vehicle, the young officer who was addressed as Altezza followed after them, and seated himself opposite to them with his back to the horses. The second carriage was occupied by others of the party; and then the *padrone* and I were ordered to take our seats with our backs to the horses in the third carriage. The aged officer and an individual disguised as a common soldier then seated themselves opposite to us in the carriage, and the three vehicles were driven forth from the court-yard.

‘Now, my friends,’ said the old officer, in his imperfect yet still intelligible French, addressing himself to Gustave and me, as soon as the carriages were in motion; ‘mark well what I say. You are Italian soldiers for the time being. You will probably be challenged by the sentries. In such case reply: *Tutta buono!* [All is well!]
—nothing more. And’—uttered to me—‘if you say a word

more, or if you attempt to escape or to give alarm, you will do so at the peril of instant death.’

He then became silent; and not another word was spoken until after a drive of perhaps a couple of leagues, we drew near the sea-shore. Here we alighted from the carriage, as did the rest of the party from the vehicles they had occupied. But to our great astonishment, two elegantly attired ladies, who we were positive had not entered the vehicle from the *palazzo*, alighted from the second carriage. These ladies appeared to be weeping bitterly, inasmuch as they did not for a moment remove the handkerchiefs which they held to their eyes, while they kept their veils down, as if to conceal their faces as much as possible. They were, however, courteously treated by the officers; though Gustave and I—a musket with fixed bayonet having been handed to each of us when we quitted the carriage—were sternly ordered to march on each side of them, together with four other men, who if they were not really what they appeared to be, were dressed like common soldiers—as if we were keeping guard over them, while several other persons followed. Still the attention of the aged officer who had accompanied us in the carriage was given entirely to the two youthful subalterns—who, together with the young officer who had boarded the lugger in the Gulf, brought up the rear—to the utter disregard or neglect of the weeping ladies!

Near the spot whereat we alighted from the carriage stood a military guardhouse, which it was necessary to pass within the distance of a few yards, in order to reach the beach. As we were passing this guardhouse, a sentry challenged us, and we answered *Tutta buono!* in accordance with the orders we had received. An officer then came forth from the guardhouse, and—as they passed by—entered into conversation with the officers of our party; but as they spoke Italian, the conversation was unintelligible to Gustave and me. On reaching the beach, we had a full view of the mouth of the Gulf; but we were unable to see *La belle Jeannette*, though she lay at anchor not more than a couple of miles distant, by reason of her being concealed by a projecting point of land, called Point Licosa. A man-of-war’s pinnace, steered by a young Italian naval officer, and manned by six sailors, was lying off the shore, to which it drew nearer as we approached. Again we were hailed from the boat, and again the *padrone* and I and the other men dressed like soldiers responded to the hail: *Tutta buono!* upon which the boat was pulled in until her keel grated on the pebbles. Two sailors leaped overboard, knee-deep into the water, and hauled her up as far as was possible on the beach; and then a plank was laid from her bows to the shore, in order that we might get on board without wetting our feet.

We entered the pinnace, which was a boat of considerable size, to the number of twelve, all told—namely, the aged officer, whom for distinction’s sake I may style M. le Duc; the young officer who had boarded the lugger, who from his being addressed as Altezza, I judged to be of princely rank; the two youthful subalterns; the two ladies; the *padrone* and myself, and four others attired in the garb of soldiers, whom, from their manners and appearance, I suspected to be

of superior rank. When all were seated, the boat was shoved off; and was pulled by the Italian sailors towards the lofty Cape on the northern shore of the Gulf, behind which the Italian corvette lay at anchor. Scarcely, however, were we out of sight of the guardhouse, when, on a signal given by M. le Duc, the Italian naval officer and the six oarsmen were suddenly seized all at the same moment, and ruthlessly hurled overboard! I uttered a cry of alarm, as also did one of the young subalterns; but I was sternly commanded to be silent by M. le Duc; while the Prince, as I may style the younger leader of the party, whispered in the ear of the young subaltern officer, as if to reassure him. Then addressing the *padrone* and me in French, and pointing to two huge buoys—to which large vessels that entered the Gulf were sometimes moored, and between which we were passing—he said: 'Do not fear for the sailors; you see they can swim; and they will cling to yonder buoys until help comes to them.'

The sailors were swimming towards the buoys, and they reached them before we in the pinnace lost sight of them; we were therefore satisfied as to their safety. It was evident that the sailors had quitted the corvette prepared for self-defence, anticipating the probability of an attack from some band of insurgents; for each man carried a ship's pistol stuck in his belt, and I had noticed that there were several cutlasses lying in the stern-sheets of the pinnace. But even if it had been possible for them to use their pistols when seized so suddenly and unexpectedly, the weapons were now rendered harmless by immersion in the water.

The oars were now taken by the *padrone* and me and the four men, attired like ourselves as soldiers; while M. le Duc took upon himself the office of steersman; and the pinnace was now pulled across the Gulf in the opposite direction into the deep shadow caused by the high land. Then we pulled along the land close in-shore until we rounded Point Licosa, and beheld *La belle Jeannette* lying quietly at anchor a short distance ahead, with a lantern hoisted to her mast-head. We now steered direct towards the lugger, and were soon alongside, to the great astonishment and alarm of the crew left on board. It would have been useless for them to have offered resistance; but some minutes elapsed after we had clambered on board before the men could believe that it was really the *padrone* and I who stood on the deck before them in the guise of Italian soldiers. It was yet hardly four o'clock A. M.; for the events I have narrated had passed rapidly, and it was still dark—darker indeed than it had been at midnight, for the moon was on the wane.

'You assured me,' said M. le Duc to the *padrone*, 'that your vessel could be got under weigh in a few moments. Lower the lantern, and get her under weigh immediately.'

'Whither, Monsieur?' asked Gustave, who still trembled with affright.

'Ask no questions, but obey the orders you will receive,' answered the aged officer. 'Do so, and you will have no cause for regret. Hesitate, and the command of the vessel will be taken out of your hands. Let all lights be extinguished.'

There was nothing else for the *padrone* to do but to obey, since he and his crew were powerless amidst so many armed and determined men; and

in a few minutes the lugger's anchor was hoisted, her sails were set, and she was standing out of the Gulf.

M. le Duc, who now assumed the command of the little vessel, ordered her to be steered as close as possible under the high land, that she might be concealed in the deep gloom it cast across the Gulf. The fishing-luggers are generally swift sailers and excellent sea-boats—these qualities being necessary to vessels that are liable to be exposed to storms and tempests at all seasons of the year. We had the breeze on our starboard quarter. It was the vessel's best point of sailing; and in half an hour we had rounded the Cape, and were in sight of the corvette, which lay at anchor about half a mile distant. In order, however, to avert suspicion by boldness, M. le Duc now ordered the *padrone* to steer the lugger in a straight course out to sea. This course brought us almost within hailing distance of the corvette, which, in evident expectation of the return of her pinnace, carried three lanterns at her mast-heads. Her commander, I presume, imagined the lugger to be a harmless fishing-vessel; for though the corvette had her boats lowered, none of them left her side, nor were there any attempts made to bring us to. We had not, however, got beyond range of her guns when three sky-rockets were sent up rapidly one after the other from the guardhouse, as an alarm signal; and a few moments afterwards we heard the report of a gun.

'Monsieur,' said the young officer whom I will style M. le Prince, who was standing by my side, 'that is an alarm from the guardhouse on shore. The seizure of the pinnace is discovered. The corvette will respond to the signal, and will give chase to us or will fire upon us. Are we beyond the range of her guns?'

'I should say that we are, Monsieur,' I replied, speaking to him in French, in which language he had addressed me. 'But whether or not, although her lanterns betray her position to us, those on board cannot discern the lugger through the darkness. If she gives us chase, we shall easily escape from her, unless a chance shot should strike us.'

'That is well, Monsieur,' said he. 'You are a sailor. You will do your best to avoid capture? The poor *padrone* is *tête montée* with affright.'

'The lugger is his property, and the means by which he obtains his livelihood, Monsieur,' I replied. 'He would almost as soon perish himself as lose his vessel.'

I was still speaking, when a tongue of flame darted forth from the side of the corvette; a round-shot struck the water about half a mile to windward of the lugger, and in a few seconds we heard the report of the gun. We were evidently not yet beyond the range of the corvette's fire; but the chances were a hundred to one that we should escape her shot in the darkness, even if she gave chase. The two young subaltern officers had retired to the cabin immediately after coming on board; but everybody else, even to the two females, was upon deck, and in a state of great excitement. But though two or three more shots were fired from the corvette without effect, she did not attempt to get under weigh, as we could perceive by means of the lanterns at her mast-heads, which to all appearance remained stationary.

Meanwhile the *padrone* and his crew were ordered to look out for a large schooner which

they were told would display a green light; and in about twenty minutes such a light was seen gleaming to windward of the lugger. The *padrone* was now directed to rehoist the lantern to the mast-head, and dip it thrice. This order was obeyed; and the green light was immediately dipped and rehoisted, in response to our signal.

'*C'est bien,*' said the young Italian officer to me. 'It is the schooner we were seeking.'

But daylight was now beginning to dawn, and though a light haze rested on the water, all doubt was soon set at rest by the appearance of a three-masted schooner, which, looming large amidst the haze, came bearing down towards us. The outlines of the lofty Cape Palinuro were distinctly visible above the haze to leeward; but nothing could be seen of the corvette, which lay concealed in the deep shadow cast over the water by the high land. The excitement on board the lugger increased. The schooner rapidly neared us; and in a few minutes we were hailed by some person on board of her. The hail was answered; the two vessels rounded to within speaking distance; and a lively conversation, in Italian, ensued between the people of the schooner and the officers on board the fishing-vessel. A few minutes more, and a boat was lowered from the schooner, and pulled alongside the lugger; the two youthful subalterns, who had until now remained below in the cabin, were led upon deck by the elder officer M. le Duc, and assisted into the boat, into which the younger officer Sua Altezza, had previously descended to receive them.

The strong suspicions I had heretofore entertained that the two young subalterns were females, were now confirmed. I had a good view of their features, and of their slender figures. Their fair delicate complexions, and small white hands, upon the fingers of which glittered rings of great value; their bashfulness and timidity; their manner of descending into the boat, and many other traits, together with the great respect and deference with which they were treated by the Italians, betrayed the fact beyond the possibility of doubt, that they were females, and to all appearance ladies of high rank and station; while the pretended sorrowing females—of whose sex I had certainly entertained some doubts, though these doubts had been from time to time discarded, so well did they act the characters they had assumed—were in reality two young military officers, but little past the age of boyhood, who now appeared in their proper apparel; and who, while evidently relieved of a great responsibility, seemed inclined to regard the whole affair as a capital joke.

The *padrone* was then ordered to enter the boat; and it was politely intimated to me by the young officer Sua Altezza, who remained in the boat with the ladies, that he would be happy if I would accompany the *padrone* on board the schooner. This request was seconded by M. le Duc, who remained on board the lugger.

'I cannot possibly remain on board that schooner, Monsieur,' said I to the young officer in the boat.

'Assuredly not, Monsieur,' he replied. 'It is not required. The boat will return to the lugger in a few minutes with you and the *padrone*.'

I no longer hesitated; for I had an eager desire to see the affair to the end. I entered the boat

therefore, which immediately put off to the schooner. As we left the side of the lugger, the Italians on board, who lined the low bulwark, lifted their hats to the disguised ladies and wished them happiness. Some among them appeared to be deeply affected by the parting, particularly the aged officer, who raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring a blessing upon them. The disguised ladies themselves wept bitterly; the younger and handsomer of the two seeming as if she were scarcely able to support herself, while the young officer by her side strove to console and encourage her.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE AUDIPHONE.

THOUGH on several occasions we have noticed this useful instrument, and have suggested a variety of kinds, we have been unable to publish any practical results accruing from its use. We are therefore glad to be able to offer to those of our readers who are afflicted with deafness, a few words from one who, having tested the instrument invented by Mr Rhodes, is qualified to speak of its efficacy. The importance of the subject is our apology for recurring to it. Our correspondent says:

I am not absolutely devoid of the sense of hearing, but I am deaf enough to make most annoying mistakes sometimes when engaged in conversation with any one; and when I happen to be in a room where several people are conversing together, I require to exert the utmost attention—sometimes even to a painful degree—in order to make out what they happen to be talking about, and frequently fail to extract sense or meaning out of the apparently confused buzz around me. My hearing being in this unsatisfactory state, I was much interested in a notice of the Audiphone which appeared in your *Journal* a few weeks ago; but as it was an American invention, I must say that I felt very much inclined to accept with caution accounts which I had gathered of it from other sources. I thought they were at least exaggerated, like many other travelled stories. But having discovered that the patentee of the invention had established an agency here in Glasgow, I resolved to satisfy my curiosity about it. The results of my inquiries I now write, in the hope that they may prove interesting to many of my fellow-sufferers, who may not be able to investigate the matter themselves. I must first, however, state that it is only in cases where the auditory nerve has not been altogether destroyed or very seriously injured, that the instrument can be of any service; just as a pair of spectacles would be useless if the optic nerve were gone.

The audiphone, in my opinion, cannot strictly speaking be called a discovery; it is rather an ingenious and highly useful application of the well-known fact in acoustics, that the auditory nerve receives impressions when conveyed to it through the medium of the teeth, almost as well as if they reached it through the ears in the natural manner. Almost everybody has at some time or other noticed deaf people, when wishing to ascer-

tain whether their watch was going or not, apply it to their teeth instead of to their ear; and we all know that the little instrument called a tuning-fork is almost always applied to the teeth when we wish to hear its sound. Some people—myself among the rest—have even advanced so far in the science of acoustics as to invert their hat, directing the aperture towards the place whence the sound is expected, and placing the edge of the top against the teeth, and have thus been enabled to hear a very great deal more distinctly than they could without any such appliance. It is also very generally known that Beethoven the great composer was deaf; but by placing one end of a metallic rod between his teeth, and resting the other on the sounding-board of his piano, he was enabled to hear perfectly. Many other instances might be adduced of the capability of hearing through the medium of the teeth, and of various plans which have been tried to utilise the faculty; but to Mr R. S. Rhodes—of the publishing firm of Rhodes and M'Lure of Chicago—is due the credit of having discovered a convenient and practical method of rendering this mode of hearing serviceable, and thus conferring an unspeakable boon on the great number of his fellow-men who are labouring under the very great discomforts and deprivations which result from the total or partial want of the sense of hearing.

On my arrival at the office of the agents of the patentees—Messrs Eglin and Gardner, 70 York Street, Glasgow*—I stated the object of my visit to them; and very soon had all my doubts as to the beneficial effects of the instrument in my own case completely removed. Mr Eglin handed me an audiphone, and told me how to use it. He then took a book, and began to read from it in a clear distinct voice close to me, before I applied the instrument to my teeth. He then receded from me till I could only hear his voice very indistinctly. I then placed the upper edge of the audiphone against my teeth; and by its aid I could hear quite as well as ever I could in my life. I noticed also that a confused chaos of noises, which kept buzzing in my ears, was apparently resolved into its component parts; and I was enabled to hear clearly all that was going on both in the office and in the street outside. Although I was quite satisfied with the effects of the instrument on my own powers of hearing, still I longed to see it tried on others. As the firm are agents for a number of other American patents and inventions, I set to work to inspect a few of the ingenious and useful novelties with which the premises abounded; and whilst I was doing so, a lady entered, bent on ascertaining the merits of the new invention. She was very deaf—indeed so much so that she could hardly hear any one although they shouted as loud as they could close to her ear; but by means of the audiphone she could hear any one talking in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, or even in a loudish whisper. I was also told by Mr Eglin that an old gentleman upwards of eighty, and who had a complete set of false teeth both in the upper and under jaw, called at the office a few days ago; and was so

well pleased with the efficacy of this help to hearing, that he purchased one, as a proof of his belief in its powers. I am afraid, however, that it would not succeed with decayed or carious teeth.

A few days after my visit to Messrs Eglin and Gardner's office, whilst looking through the Glasgow Agricultural Society's show, I found that those gentlemen had secured a stance for the exhibition of their various wares—the audiphone among the rest; and as a good many people were experimenting with that instrument, I had a good opportunity of observing its effects on a variety of persons. One young gentleman who tried it was entirely and completely deaf, but had not lost his hearing before he had learned to speak. He remarked by means of the finger-alphabet that he had only a very vague recollection of what sound was like, and how it affected him, as he was so deaf as not to be able to hear his own voice, which indeed only consisted of a series of weird inarticulate noises; having during his prolonged deafness entirely lost the power of modulating the performances of his vocal organs, although these remained in every respect perfect. After a few trials of the ordinary instrument, the gentleman tried the effect of a double one; and by means of it he was enabled to hear his own voice, the hideous sound of which dismayed him considerably at first; but joy at the recovery of his lost faculty soon overpowered every other feeling, and he confidently expressed the conviction that by the aid of the audiphone he would be able both to hear and to speak fluently. It was now only a question of time with him. After he had satisfied himself, many others tried experiments with the instrument; some of whom considered it to be too powerful, while others were of the opposite opinion; but all agreed in pronouncing it the best aid to hearing ever offered to the public.

I am by no means convinced that it has as yet reached that state of efficiency and perfection which it will attain in the future, now that the principle of its construction has been made known to the world; and I am told that Mr Rhodes is still endeavouring to improve it. I have no doubt of the capability of the audiphone to transmit sound by adjusting the thickness of the disc to the amount of hearing-power possessed by different people, just as the lenses of spectacles are adjusted to different sights. Some other material may yet be adopted from which to manufacture the instrument; or some other form may be discovered better adapted to collect and transmit sound than the one at present in use; or it may perchance be modified in many various ways, as it most likely will be before long, should the minds of skilled experimentalists in the science of acoustics be thus directed.

By way of experimenting, Mr Rhodes tried many kinds of metal and wood, all of which he found to be objectionable in a greater or less degree; till at last his attention was attracted to the diaphragm of a telephone, and from it he caught a suggestion which resulted in his audiphone. The following description we again quote from the *Chicago Tribune* (September 4, 1879): 'It is in shape like a square Japanese fan, and is made of a composition the major portion of which is vulcanite. At the back of this

* Our correspondent is not aware of any other agency in Great Britain, though others are to be appointed. A descriptive pamphlet, with illustrations and prices, may be had from the Glasgow agents.—ED.

thing there is a cord, stretching from the upper edge to the handle. By means of this cord the instrument is tuned like a violin, and the tension is regulated according to the distance the sound has to travel. The upper edge of this audiphone is placed against the two upper teeth; and the vibrations received on its surface are conveyed by the medium of the teeth and the nerves of the teeth to the acoustic nerves, and produce upon them an action similar to the action produced by sound upon the drum of the ear.'

To enable a deaf-mute to learn to speak and to hear his own voice, a *double* audiphone is preferable, or rather, necessary. This consists of two discs, like the one described above, fitted into the same base, about a quarter of an inch apart, and separated at the upper edges the same distance, so that each disc may act independently of the other. This arrangement is best adapted for the use of deaf-mutes, because not only is the sound produced of greater volume and more distinct, but also the voice of the mute when spoken between the discs is much intensified, and therefore the more distinctly heard by himself.

The difficulties attendant on the acquisition of speech even after the primary one—want of hearing—has been removed, must needs be so obvious to all, that I feel it would be a work of super-erogation for me to enter on that subject. Suffice it that I have endeavoured to give a true and faithful narrative about my inquiries into the utility of the audiphone; and from them I have come to the definite conclusion that never yet has an auxiliary to hearing, capable of such universal utility, been introduced to the world at large. I have no doubt as to its being improved in the future; but as to how or when such improvement will take place, I leave to more philosophic minds than mine to puzzle out.

[From other sources of information we learn that the inventor of the audiphone has been himself deaf for nearly twenty years. After using ear-trumpets and other appliances of this nature, and not receiving the requisite assistance from them, he began to make experiments for himself. He was led to do so by happening to hold a watch one day between his teeth, and noticing that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This led him to think that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sounds of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve, through the medium of the nerve-tube, just as the ticking of the watch had been. He forthwith began his experiments, which he extended over many years, testing wood, metal, and almost every possible material, and in all varieties of shape and construction; and at length hit upon a peculiar composition of hard india-rubber, which in a thin sheet enabled him to hear articulate sounds distinctly, and free from the sonorousness present in all the other materials which he had tried, and which rendered them useless so far as intelligible conversation was concerned. He then proceeded further to experiment as to the best form for such an appliance, and after considerable labour and anxiety discovered that articulate intelligible sounds could only be conveyed to the auditory nerve if the surface of such an instrument was convex; also, that it was necessary that such convexity should be regulated according to the ex-

gencies or peculiarities of each particular form of deafness, as shewn in individual cases. In effect, he found that sound, to be articulate and distinctly recognisable, required that the instrument should be capable of being instantly focused, as it were, to different degrees of convexity, much in the same way as an opera-glass or telescope may be arranged to suit different sights or distances.

The invention has thus far been remarkably successful. About ninety per cent., we are told, of those who test it are benefited in a surprising degree; in the case of the other ten per cent., the non-success is attributable to the auditory nerve being either quite destroyed, or so injured that no artificial aid is available to enable the patient to hear.—ED.]

AT THE TROIS ETOILES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WHERE am I to go? That is the question. The doctor has ordered me bracing air and rest; and I cannot quite make up my mind where to go in search of them. I have been shut up for some time in a sick-room, nursing an old aunt who is now dead; and the confinement and broken rest, which I did not feel at the time, are beginning to tell upon me. I am 'low' and nervous—a very unusual state of things with me, and my kind and cheery doctor has peremptorily desired me to 'fly to other climes.' 'I don't much care where you go,' he says, 'provided the climate is bracing, and that you can be a great deal in the open air. Go to bed early, sleep and eat and drink well, and in a fortnight you will be looking a different woman;' and he departs, leaving me to solve the knotty point as to the 'where' by myself.

'Bracing air and rest,' I repeat mentally, as I watch his figure disappearing down the garden walk. 'Where shall I find the combination?' And I run over in my mind the names of different places where people usually go to seek health; but I reject them all. One is too gay; another, too cold; another, too relaxing; others, too ugly, too far, or too near. But Memory has started on its travels, and in another moment has hung out a picture before me, at sight of which I exclaim: 'The very place! I will go to the *Trois Etoiles* at St Pourçain. I will rest; I will drink in deliciously bracing air, and I will sketch.'

So I ring the bell, order my box to be packed; and, in three days' time, find myself in the *coupé* of the lumbering diligence, toiling up the steep picturesque street of the little Norman village, which I have only seen once before, but which I am destined now to know intimately. A year ago I had been on a sketching tour through Normandy with a friend—I am an artist in a dilettante amateurish sort of way—and we had passed through this village, and been much struck by its quaint beauty; but we were then hurrying home, and had only time for a peep, promising ourselves that we would come again at some future time, and make a longer stay at the little inn where we

had found ourselves so comfortable during our brief sojourn.

I am the only passenger for St Pourçain ; so the *conducteur* deposits me and my box at the *Trois Etoiles*, and with a smile and a 'Bonjour et bonne santé, Madame,' proceeds on his journey ; while I turn to the pleasant-looking hostess who comes forward to meet me.

'Ah, how Madame must be tired,' she exclaims. 'That diligence is of a slowness—ah ! ciel, of a slowness ! And Madame has been ill, and demands repose.' [I had said so in writing to engage rooms.] 'No. 4 is quite ready for Madame—the chamber she occupied when she and her so charming friend were here, there is now a year. And what of goodness on the part of Madame to remember herself of the *Trois Etoiles*, and to come there to seek for rest and fresh air. Everything shall be done to insure Madame's comfort. Will Madame give herself the pain to mount to No. 4 ?'

Madame does give herself the pain, and follows the voluble little woman, talking all the way, into a charming room, fresh and bright as the hostess herself. The vine-wreathed lattice stands open, and on the table is a bouquet of freshly gathered flowers. The bed-furniture is white as the driven snow ; and the bright blue paper on the walls, and the gay clock and vases of flowers on the mantel-piece, are as refreshing to my eyes as the comfortable arm-chair into which I sink is to my tired body.

'Madame is quite exhausted,' says Madame Petit. 'She must descend no more to-night. What will Madame take before she retires ? Perhaps *un thé* would refresh Madame, and there is a *galantine* of the most delicious, or the wing of a chicken.'

I decline the tea, much to Madame Petit's surprise ; I am an old traveller, and know what straw-coloured infusion of scented hay would be presented to me. But I express my desire to test the excellence of the *galantine*, accompanied by coffee. And soon the table is spread with a snowy cloth, and I am making a meal with much more appetite than I could have dreamt of three days ago. Madame has not over-praised the *galantine*—made by her own fair hands ; and the coffee is—French coffee. The table is drawn into the window, whence I can look into the sunny little court-yard, with its gay flowers, its vine-wreathed windows, the lime-tree, under which stands a comfortable seat, and its pump, the handle of which seems never still for a moment. The clatter of Babette's wooden shoes makes a pleasant click-clack as she goes to and fro over the stones between the kitchen and the pump. The sinking sun sends a level ray through the open door, and I see the copper stewpans shining and glinting ruddily on the wall. A carved wooden beam runs across it, dark with age ; a tall oaken press stands in a corner ; and the red brick floor makes a bit of warm colour where it is touched by the sun. It is a pretty picture, and Babette's quaint costume and high Normandy cap add to the charm.

'I remember Babette when I was here before,' I remark.

'Oh ! certainly,' says Madame Petit, smiling. 'Babette was here last year, and no doubt will remain for many more, until she finds a husband, which Madame will comprehend is not so easy for a poor girl. Nothing changes much in St Pourçain.'

'Ah !' I say without thinking, 'I suppose there are not so many marriageable young men since the war ; but you must have seen many changes during that terrible time.'

I regret the words almost as soon as I have uttered them, for the little woman's face loses its brightness, her eyes fill with tears, and she glances down at her black dress. 'Ah ! indeed ; yes, Madame,' she says with a sigh. 'I had three sons, and I gave two to France. And I was not alone. Many a mother in St Pourçain sent her boys, full of hope and longing for glory, to fight the Prussians. But alas, alas ! but few of them returned !'

I take her hand, and press it in sympathy. 'Your two boys were in the army then ?' I ask.

'No, Madame,' she replies sadly ; 'they were drawn in the second general conscription, and no substitutes were permitted to be purchased. Besides,' she says proudly, though her tears are now falling fast, 'my Jean and my Henri were no cowards, and they were wild to get at those Prussians.'

'But you have one left ?' I say.

'Yes, Madame,' she replies, brightening. 'And a good son he is, my Oscar ; and the good God be praised ! he can never be drawn for the conscription, for he is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. It is a great mercy, for there will be a drawing for our *commune* in two or three weeks.' As she speaks, a fine young fellow enters the court-yard, with the blue eyes and light curly hair so often seen among the Norman peasantry.—'Ah ! there he is,' she exclaims, her vivacity returning as if by magic. 'I must go and give him his supper, if Madame will excuse.'

Left to myself, I soon seek my couch ; and after the fatigue of my journey, sleep more soundly than I have done for many a night.

The next morning, while I am dressing I hear the sound of the pump, and gay laughter in a girlish voice, accompanied by a man's deeper tones. I look out, and see a pretty picture. A young girl—she might have stepped out of one of Greuze's canvases, so fair, so fresh, so innocent is her face—is holding some salad with both hands under the pump, her sleeves tucked up, and shewing the dimples in the soft round elbows ; while Madame's son is pumping as hard as he can, and gazing with very evident admiration on the damsel beside him.

'O Oscar, how thou art awkward !' she says, with a coquettish glance from under her dark eyelashes, as a harder swing of his shoulder sends a stream of bright water right over the rounded arms. 'Thou hast wetted all my sleeves, and made me so untidy.'

He stoops forward and whispers something in her ear which I do not catch, but which makes her smile and blush.

'Chut, chut ! my children,' says Madame from the kitchen-door. 'The English lady sleeps still, and must not be disturbed ; she is not strong.'

I hardly recognise myself under this description, I feel so much revived by my good night's rest ;

and I descend, and confute Madame's first statement by appearing wide awake before her. She welcomes me with effusion, and is so pleased to find me less tired, so anxious to know whether I am quite comfortable, that I feel as if I were quite one of the family, and decide, in answer to Madame's questions, that I will take my meals in the *salle à manger* with the rest of her guests, instead of in sulky Britannic majesty in my own room.

Madame's guests are not many. An occasional *commis-voyageur*; now and again an artist, or an English tourist who has forsaken the beaten track, and who may linger here for a day or two; but that is all. At present, she has no one staying in the house but myself; but the *curé* always comes to dinner, a mild benevolent old gentleman, who continually presents me with *bon-bons*, in spite of my being a heretic; and an old soldier—who lives on his tiny pension in this quiet corner of the world—drops in on us occasionally, when he can afford himself a better dinner than his usual bread and Gruyère and fruit. A primitive life enough, but I thoroughly enjoy it.

'Who is that pretty girl?' I ask my hostess in the course of the morning.

'Ah!' says she, with a pleased smile, 'that is Marthe. She is the betrothed of my son, who loves her, dear Madame, that it is a pleasure to see. She is an orphan, the daughter of my dear husband's brother-in-law, by his first wife; so that there is no relationship, Madame sees. She has lived with me all her life, since she was a little one. She has a nice little *dot*; and when they are married, I will give over the *Trois Etoiles* to my children, and nurse the babies in the chimney corner.'

'And does she love him?' I inquire innocently.

'That goes without saying,' says Madame in a slightly offended tone—could any one help loving her Oscar?—'but I have never asked. My father and mother never inquired whether I loved M. Petit. He seemed to them to be a proper *parti* for me, and that was enough. For the rest,' she continues gravely, 'young girls ought not to allow themselves to have any thoughts about love until after they are married.'

I smile, but answer not, knowing that this is a subject it is useless to discuss with any Frenchwoman.

A few days afterwards I am sitting in the courtyard, making a little sketch—a bit of old wall, a pump, a few pots and pans seen through an open doorway—a nothing in fact, but somehow it looks pretty. Marthe is sitting beside me knitting (or rather pretending to knit; for she is watching with the deepest interest every stroke of my brush, and exclaiming vehemently as any familiar object is added to the little picture), when a shadow falls through the gateway, and is followed by a young man covered with dust and wearing a knapsack. He is English—that I see at a glance; and something in the Bohemianism of his dress, and the portfolio which he carries under his arm, tells me that he is a member of the fraternity of the brush. Madame comes forward in her pleasant *empressee* manner, and in reply to his inquiry whether he can have a room, escorts him up-stairs, and, probably, looks after him like a mother.

Presently he comes down, having got rid of the dust of his walk, and seats himself at a table in

my vicinity, where he has a meal of some sort served to him. I see him stealing an occasional admiring glance at Marthe from under his eyelashes, so I tell the child to go in and see if she cannot help Madame. 'It will not do to have the little thing's head turned by any wandering artist,' I say to myself severely, as I continue my sketch. I have not made many more strokes, when I hear a voice behind me saying in French: 'Excuse me, Madame—you have dropped your shawl;' and that garment, which has slipped from my shoulders, is gently replaced on them.

I look up, and laugh. 'I am English,' I say, 'as I can see you are, in spite of your good French.'

I am no longer young, indeed I am of a 'certain age,' which Lord Byron says means 'certainly aged;' but I am still susceptible to good looks in a young man; and the face which looks into mine is so *very* good-looking, that I am afraid I give a gracious and encouraging smile as if I should say: 'Pray, go on talking.' He evidently so interprets my facial expression; for he comes round and seats himself on the bench beside me, and begins to comment on my sketch, praising it where it deserves, and making two or three criticisms with so much acuteness and discrimination, that I feel certain he is a painter of no mean order of merit. From my sketch the talk wanders to art generally, then to artists. We discover that we have many mutual friends, and at length he tells me his name is Stirling. I remember at once having seen a little picture of his at one of the winter exhibitions in London, and having been very much struck by its talent; and I say so.

'Ah,' he says, 'I hope I may get something into the Academy next year. I am painting a picture for it; but I have no interest, and I am poor. I sold that little picture you liked for eighty pounds, and I have been spending that in seeing all the great art galleries of Europe. It is nearly exhausted now,' he concludes, laughing.

By the time Marthe comes back to tell me that coffee is ready, we seem to be quite old friends. 'Who is that lovely little thing?' he asks. 'She is a perfect Greuze. That is just the head I want for my picture. I must sketch her.'

'Must you?' I say dryly. 'I don't think her aunt will allow it.'

'But you will ask her for me, won't you?' he pleads. 'You don't know what a help it will be for me. See! I will shew you the sketch for my picture, and you can judge;' and he fetches his portfolio and, selecting a drawing from it, places it before me. The moment I see it I am conquered—I go over to the enemy without a struggle. It is full of genius; and I see that Marthe's is just the head he wants for one of the principal figures.

So the following morning he makes his petition to Madame, warmly seconded by me. To my surprise, she consents at once. It does not seem to enter her head that there can be any possible danger to Marthe in being painted by a good-looking Englishman. Is she not a well-brought-up young person? And is she not engaged to Oscar?

So young Stirling sets up his easel among the flowers in the sunny courtyard, and begins to paint Marthe's Greuze-like head against a background of vine-leaves. I generally come and sit by with my book or work and play propriety;

but in spite of this, I can see that Oscar does not like the arrangement; in fact I hear him remonstrating with his mother about it. She is generally a slave to all his caprices; but Stirling has bought her over entirely by a promise of a copy of the picture he is painting of the girl, to hang in her *salon*.

'Nonsense, my son,' she says, in answer to his objections. 'Where is the harm? I am in and out of the court-yard all the time; and Madame is generally there with her work.'

'Yes,' Oscar says with a dark look in his eyes; 'but he admires her. I know he does, by the way he looks at her.'

'*Ciel!*' cries Madame; 'only listen to the child? Do you suppose he would want to paint her if he did *not* admire her, great baby?'

But Oscar looks unconvinced as he walks away, and I see a pained expression on his face as he looks across to where Marthe is laughing gaily at something the painter has just said to her. As he so looks, Stirling goes over to Marthe and, taking her chin in his hand, turns her head into the right position, from which it has slipped—a natural action enough, as every artist knows. But Oscar does *not* know; and I think it is only my presence which prevents his giving more significant expression to his feelings than the muttered *Sac-r-r-é*, with which he swings through the arch and down the village street.

FRESH DISCOVERIES OF COAL IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

VERY frequent have been the predictions that the coal-fields of these islands would soon become exhausted. Considering the present enormously increased consumption for locomotive and stationary steam-engines, for the manufacture of gas, for the household requirements of an ever-increasing population, &c., the exhaustion of our coal-fields seemed by no means an impossibility. More particularly have these apprehensions been extended to the South Staffordshire coal-field, which, in the immediate vicinities of Wolverhampton, Bilston, and Tipton, has appeared to be either worked or 'drowned' out.

We have now, however, most reassuring intelligence from this supposed used-up coal-district. Some five or six years ago, coal was found, although at considerable depth, at Sandwell Park, about three miles from Birmingham, and the same distance from Walsall. Encouraged by this discovery, and making a careful survey of the country, geologists and practical mining surveyors came to the conclusion that coal, even the celebrated thick, or ten-yard seam, existed in abundance under a large tract of land in the neighbourhood of Great Barr, and more particularly under what is locally termed the Hamstead Estate, some three and a half miles from Birmingham.

In Reports dated so far back as February 1875, Mr E. Smallman and Mr David Peacock gave their opinion that the thick coal would be found here at a depth probably of five hundred and fifty yards; and Mr T. Checkley that he did not expect the depth would exceed six hundred yards. Five years have elapsed since the opinions of these eminent local mining engineers were written; and it must have been no small gratification to

these gentlemen and their friends to learn that on the 16th of April last, the borers struck the thick coal at a distance of six hundred and fifteen yards. The thick seam has since been proved; the net thickness of coal being found to be twenty-two feet three inches, and possessing all the good qualities of the famous ten-yard seams, with partings of one foot nine inches. Brooch coal, three feet thick, was found forty-one yards above the thicker deposit; and under this last, another seam two feet six inches thick has been found. As at present determined, the position of the new coal-field is about a mile to the east of the 'fault'—where the Silurian rocks are upheaved—which was supposed to form the eastern boundary of the South Staffordshire coal-measures, and is underneath the Permian rocks, with an eastwardly dip of one in sixteen. Between the two veins of coal, the strata are hard and strong, and will form a good roof for working the thicker deposit.

Some idea of the added wealth of fuel may be formed from the assertion of one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, who has given it as his opinion that practically the recent discoveries double the extent of the South Staffordshire coal-fields. So great an addition to our carbonaceous supplies is an event of national importance, and one which will have a material influence upon the 'toyshop of Europe' (Birmingham) as insuring for generations to come a cheap and abundant supply of that fuel which is the staff of life to its numerous industries.

A SKETCH.

THERE is a land—a lonely place—
No tree or flower is there to grace
Its flat and bare and parched face;
And evermore
The dark'ning shadows briskly chase
Each other o'er.

The glist'ning streams that were, are not,
Their moist'ning tendency forgot,
And all around is almost rot
For lack of rain
To make that dry and hardened spot
So fresh again.

The burning sun lays bare the heath,
And though no trees a shade bequeath,
A hidden stream runs clear beneath
That hard dry crust—
And some day bursting from its sheath,
Will lay the dust.

That gentle streamlet running clear—
Unseen, will run until 'tis near
Another, richer, deeper sphere,
And mingling there,
O'erflow the barren place and scar,
And make it fair.

A heart though young and oftentimes gay,
For lack of Love, may fade away;
Its own pure tide is left to stray,
Then nearly gone,
May meet a kindred heart one day,
And join in one.

ADA BREAKSPEARE.

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RURAL CRICKET.

BY 'SAXON.'

THE game of Cricket is such a thoroughly British pastime, that many people will be disposed to view with regret its apparent decline in popular favour in the small towns and villages of England. The reasons for this decline of what may well be called Rural Cricket are not hard to find. Not so very many years ago, every small town, and almost every village, could boast of its Cricket Club. The game was supported by rich and poor, by old and young; and in the matches that took place between neighbouring and rival Clubs, nothing but hearty good feeling was manifested. The spirit of rivalry extended only to the actual play; and the contending parties were both during and after the game, as good friends as ever: a hollow or a hard-earned victory only serving to cement old-standing friendships, and to incite the players on both sides to further exertions, with a view to alter the result of a match on a future occasion.

By degrees, however, a change came over the scene. Clubs once in a flourishing condition both as regards funds and skill, and under efficient management, gradually fell off. The officers ceased to take as lively an interest in their duties as of yore, and in consequence the Club declined in prosperity and efficiency. By degrees the apathy of the officers was communicated to the more active members—active with bat and ball, I mean, for a good officer need not necessarily be a good player—and one by one the playing part of the community dropped off. Other and equally attractive amusements, which, moreover, had the charm of novelty to recommend them, cropped up. Bicycle, Archery, and Lawn Tennis Clubs were formed. Boating-parties and Picnics usurped the holidays once devoted to Cricket. The martial ardour latent in every British breast took the form of an increasing interest in the formation of Volunteer Corps; and so the cricket-ground became deserted, the lustre of the once famous Club was

dimmed; and in a short time the Club itself, after a feeble struggle for existence, prolonged only by the exertions of one or two veterans, ceased to exist. This sketch is not by any means imaginary. Such a state of affairs has come under my own immediate notice on more than one occasion; and in my own locality only, I could point to half-a-dozen or even more Clubs as examples of what I have attempted to describe.

It must not be supposed, however, that the causes I have already enumerated are the only ones which have operated in effecting the decline of Rural Cricket. Internal mismanagement, it is to be feared, has in many instances brought about the unfortunate result. Time was when matches between Clubs were carried out with scrupulous fairness. By degrees, however, Captains and Secretaries, conscious of the inferiority of the skill of their legitimate members, began the pernicious practice of borrowing men from other Clubs. Members claimed the privilege of securing a place in the Eleven for a stranger friend. A young man spending his college vacation in the country, and bringing with him a cricketing reputation for skill with bat or ball, was greedily run after by prowling Secretaries, and so the matches lost local interest. It was not the Club that maintained its efficiency by steady practice and the due encouragement of the rising generation, that won the most matches; but that more fortunate one which had a popular Secretary with a wide circle of cricketing friends more or less remote from headquarters. Young members found the places in the Eleven that were theirs by right of membership and attendance at Club practices, usurped by peripatetic strangers; and no wonder that they ceased to take the same interest as formerly in the welfare of their Club. Matches were no longer played, by town against town, village against village, or even Club against Club; but on each side strangers, at times under fictitious names, or even second or third rate professionals, were smuggled in, and engaged.

The successful management of a country Club is not an easy matter, so many contingent circum-

stances having to be considered; and as the cricket season is now on, a few practical hints on the formation and carrying on of a Club may be both interesting and useful to those who have at heart one of the most beneficial and at the same time healthful institutions that can be organised in any locality. Cricket, like curling, is a game in which all classes can very properly be brought together; and for this reason alone, apart from many other considerations which naturally suggest themselves, it might be very properly urged that the encouragement of the game is for prudential motives incumbent on those who are placed in a more important, and consequently more responsible position than their less fortunate though perhaps no less deserving neighbours.

The preliminaries connected with the organisation of a country Cricket Club are so much dependent on circumstances, that no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down. We will presume that a suitable ground has been secured, a Committee formed, the amount of the subscription fixed, a title chosen, and a few—very few are absolutely necessary—rules made for the management of the Club's affairs. If the services of a good professional can be secured, matters will be much simplified; but this luxury can only be attained by Clubs which have very considerable funds at their disposal, and to such Clubs the hints I can give will appear perhaps somewhat presumptuous. It is, however, to less pretentious, though no less enthusiastic communities that these hints may be of service. Two good officers—a Captain and a Secretary—are indispensable for the satisfactory working of even a small Club; and these officials should work together in matters connected with the well-doing of their charge. While the Secretary need not be a hero with bat or ball, it will be better that the Captain should be *one* of the best, if not *the* best player in the Club. His suggestions will have far more weight if they come from one who not only knows how everything should be done, but who is able personally and practically to shew his subordinates, if occasion requires. It is with regard to the management of the practice days that most Clubs come to grief. The practice, for want of proper direction, is no practice at all in the real sense of the word; and here it is that the Captain will have an opportunity of displaying his fitness for the post to which he has been elected.

We will suppose that under the rules of the Club, certain days—three in each week is the usual number—are fixed for practice. In most if not in all country Clubs, the practice will take place in the evening, for the members will principally be engaged at business during the day. The three practice-evenings can profitably be disposed of as follows: one evening for net-practice, one for a sort of field-day, one for a pick-up-side.

Net-practice is undoubtedly good if it is carried on properly; but in how many instances is this done? All the balls the Club possesses are flying

about in every direction; bowlers fire away until they are tired; batsmen slog until their arms ache; copper-seeking urchins run hither and thither over the ground, fighting and squabbling with each other for the ball. Surely this is not 'practice'; yet in a way it does a certain amount of good. It is capital exercise, and is enjoyed by many cricketers. Let one evening be set apart for this. If the Captain is in the way, he can now and then give a word of advice, and above all he can see that each member has his proper share of batting.

Next on the list comes the important part of the practice—namely, the 'field day.' This should be fixed for the evening that is most convenient to the majority of the playing members of the Club. In fact the day should be settled by vote at a general meeting at the beginning of the season, and a fine levied on those who are absent, except when prevented by illness or by business duties from attending. If as many as fifteen members are available, it will be all the better, for with two batsmen and two umpires, there will be still eleven in the field. Umpiring may be voted rather slow work, but nothing else so well teaches the laws of the game, and each man can take his turn. The Captain, with the Secretary as his lieutenant, should take the command of affairs. The positions of the men in the field should be very carefully allotted, due consideration being paid to the physical qualifications of each particular man for the place in the field chosen for him, and also with reference to the place he will have to fill when matches are played. A scorer should be in attendance, and a careful register of the runs each man makes should be kept. The length of innings alloted to each pair of batsmen will depend of course on the number engaged in the game, and the time available for the practice. As a rule, ten minutes will be found convenient as well as profitable. The scorer can keep time, and with the field properly placed, the two umpires on the *ground*, and the two regular bowlers to start with, the game can be carried on with as much spirit as if it were a real match. If a man loses his wicket before his time is up, he goes on and completes his ten minutes, the loss of the wicket being marked against him on the scoring sheet. The other bowlers take their turn, and as each pair of batsmen complete their time, they take their places in the field, and allow others to wield the willow.

An analysis of the bowling should be kept, as well as the runs scored by each individual, and at the end of the season, if the funds of the Club will allow it, prizes should be given for the best average of runs, the best bowling analysis, and to the fielders who secure the greatest number of catches. Keeping these scores correctly may be looked upon as a toil rather than a pleasure, but it will add much to the zest put into the game if all these matters of detail can be attended to. A practice such as this once a week will surely be productive of great good to any Eleven; and so certain do I feel that this is the case, that I earnestly recommend my cricketing readers to give the plan a fair trial. The trouble involved in the undertaking will be amply compensated by extra smartness in the field, careful batting, steady bowling, and as a natural consequence, a greater proportion of matches won during the season.

Only, the plan to be of any real service must be persevered with; not merely tried once or twice as an experiment, and then dropped.

Having thus disposed of two out of the three practice-evenings, the third still remains to be dealt with. This last evening, provided the other two have been managed in the way I suggest, can with most profit be devoted to what is called a 'pick-up-side.' As many members as can be secured should be on the ground; two of pretty equal strength should choose sides, and a good game will be the result. The more equally the players are balanced, the better fun they will have; and if, as is often the case in country Clubs, there happen to be one or two men much superior in point of play to the others, they will do well to be satisfied with going in late on their respective sides, in order to allow their less skillful brethren to enjoy some batting. The Captain should make a point of being present. Let him stand umpire, keep wicket, or bowl if his forte lies that way, so that he can give a timely hint now and then to the youngsters engaged in the game.

The younger members of a Club require special looking after, as from them the ranks of the Eleven will have to be recruited in course of time. If no attention is paid to the rising cricketers, how is it possible to supply the place of the veteran who retires when he feels that his eye is getting dim, or that he is not so active as he was thirty years ago? The young members require to have the cricket-practices made as attractive as possible, or the restraint of a field-day might prove a trifle dull to some of them. If the Captain is up to his work, he will be able to inspire his crew with some at least of his own enthusiasm; and by well-timed praise and reproof he will have no difficulty in keeping his pupils—for so they must be styled—up to the mark.

It may seem at first sight that I have devoted too much space in this article to the method of conducting the practice-days, and have thereby excluded many other particulars connected with Club management, the arranging of matches and so forth, that I might well have touched upon. On consideration, however, I think it will be clear that *practice* is such an important element in the internal organisation of any Club, that too much cannot be said on the subject. How is it that School Elevens so frequently are victorious over teams individually far stronger than themselves? Why, because of their constant attention to those minor details of practising that their older opponents are so apt to overlook.

One last word to Club officers, and I have done. Let Captains and Secretaries of country Clubs remember that there is no wider field in the arena of games for the display of innate tact, ability, and judgment, than that which includes the duties that fall to their lot. Let them be courteous, yet firm, on all occasions, and ever ready to sacrifice their own pleasure for that of the other members and for the good of their Club. More depends on the officers of a Club than most people imagine. Under proper management, even where the game has almost been forgotten, or at best is only remembered as a relic of the good old times, we might see Rural Cricket once again in a flourishing condition.

In conclusion, I would remind past, present, and future members of cricket Clubs of the old adage: 'What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.'

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

My story calls me, and I go onward.

Gregory major held the position of school-chief for a year, and left at the end of it for Exeter, Oxford. But before he went, Uncle Ben—who had heard of him from me a thousand times—would needs have him at Hartley Hall; and we arranged it so that we travelled down from school together. On the way down, Æ-op amongst many other things spoke of my uncle's wealth, and said that the common legend went that he was made of money. I answered that he was not at all a metallic sort of a man, but honest flesh and blood, and lovable. In that case, Æ-op declared he'd soon get to know the old fellow, and get what he could out of him for a comic paper.

'Think of getting paid for making jokes, young un! Think of all the jokes I've made in my time, and never had so much as a "Thank you" for! I've been kicked, cuffed, and caned for 'em—I've been at school arraigned for 'em—I've often been disclaimed for 'em—my character I've stained for 'em—I've many a time been pained for 'em—but I've never been paid for 'em in all my life. If I were editor of *Punch*, I wouldn't swop berths with the Emperor of China. You'll see me go at the old foggy,' said Æ-op, 'a perfect bee-line.'

Knowing what I did of Æ-op's rugged manliness of character, knowing how he stuck by a friend, and how gentle he was at the bottom of all his roughness and his jollity, I was more than a little pained by his behaviour when we reached the station at Wrethedale. Who should be on the platform with Uncle Ben but Gascoigne? I leaped out of the carriage to greet him, and called out to Gregory that Gascoigne was here.

'Yes,' he said; 'I see;' and biased himself among the belongings he had stowed away in the railway carriage. When he alighted, he had nothing but a nod of the head and a rather sullen 'How d'ye do?' for Gascoigne. My hero himself looked a little disconcerted at Gregory's coming, I thought; and Uncle Ben that evening called me up to his study, and after a number of minor questions, asked me if I had not told him that the two old school-fellows were fast friends.

'They used to be,' I answered in some dismay.

'Never mind,' said Uncle Ben. 'Boys will be boys; and what they'd have to be if they couldn't be boys, I don't know. They've had a bit of a quarrel, I suppose. Leave 'em alone together, and it'll all come right. They're fine young chaps both of 'em, and as thoroughbred a pair as I'd wish to look at. You take pattern by 'em, Johnny; and remember above all things as they're your guests and not mine, and that you've got to do your best to please 'em. You'll find a plaything in that pocket-book as'll amuse you as long as they're here, I dessay. And now—off you go! You'll find 'em in the billiard-room.'

I discovered on my way to the billiard-room that the 'plaything' spoken of by Uncle Ben was a cheque on the Hetherton Bank; and Gascoigne went with me next day to cash it. Mr Crisp the manager invited us into his own room and proffered refreshment; and as I left the bank, I heard one man say to another as they waited at the counter: 'The one in the turn-down collar's a navy of the millionaire's. Hartley—Hartley Hall, you know.'

'I know,' said the other; and I felt as if their eyes burned my back as I walked out at the swinging doors. We had ridden over attended by a groom; and quite a little crowd assembled to see us mount and start again.

Gascoigne laughed, and said: 'You are a prince in your own country, Jack.'

I should have made an answer, I suppose, but that I saw something at that minute which put all thought even of Gascoigne from my mind. It was no less than Mr Fairholt's carriage, and in it sat Aunt Bertha and Cousin Will and Polly. That I should dare to call her Polly, even in writing, seems in the memory of that hour a wild presumption. Ay! I may laugh now, if I will; but I remember how, after bowing to the carriage generally, and exchanging greetings with Cousin Will and Aunt Bertha, I asked with a beating heart after the health of Miss Fairholt, and trembled at the sound of my own voice.

'Do you mean me?' said Polly, with her eyes dancing. 'How very droll!'

Aunt Bertha had always insisted that a certain portion of my holidays should be given up to her; and I had spent a yearly month with her at seaside places; but I had never passed the doors of Mr Fairholt's house since I had ceased to live there. In these yearly excursions, Polly had been Aunt Bertha's constant companion, and we had naturally been a great deal together. I had always been her submissive slave from the hour of my first capture; and now these long absences had brought timidity on top of helpless bondage. I cannot remember that I was up to this time at all under dominion of dress. That hard rule came later; but I know that at the moment at which I encountered Polly, every article of my attire seemed to have undergone some fateful change. My collar was rumpled and refused to sit, my boots were soiled, my riding-trousers were splashed to the knee, my jacket held my arms in awkward fetters. The very horse I sat had, to my changed and dispirited fancy, a besmeared and disorderly look. I resented the presence of the groom. What did I want a groom for, as though I were a girl, and not to be trusted on horseback without a man to take care of me? I would not by comparison have cared for an army of critics, though public notice of any sort was a burden in those days not lightly to be borne; but Polly's briefest glance dismayed me.

She was very pretty, fresh, dainty, charming—all these things Gascoigne said of her as we rode homewards. What were these praises to me? I believe from my memory of my own sensations that if I could have found a phrase, or found the sense to hunt for a phrase to describe her as she afflicted me, I should have called her a delicious avalanche. I felt like that. She was delicious; and her presence fell upon me, crushed me, broke me, buried me. Absence resuscitated me; and I

loughed again to be in her presence, and being there, was again crushed, broken, and buried. There came a time afterwards when Macassar oil made me feel less unworthy of her, and an embroidered and scented handkerchief brought some solace to my soul. But this was not so, as yet.

When Polly asked me if I had called her Miss Fairholt, and said: 'How very droll!' I felt in my crushed and broken and buried way, that that was a good sign, and that it might please me when I came to life again. Then I told myself: No; it wasn't. Girls who cared for a fellow were always coy. That was how I put it to myself. It remained as a natural conclusion that Polly did not care for me; and my views of the world became intensely misanthropic and gloomy accordingly. If any man chooses to think that I exaggerate in remembering, I defy him. I have never been more in earnest in my life than I was then. I have lain in the under-the-avalanche condition for a day at a time, and have had no other wish than to publish a volume of poems, and straightway die and be buried in the moss-grown churchyard. I told Polly of this aspiration once; and she said in her imperious and elderly way, that I was a foolish boy, and was not to talk nonsense. I went back to the house—we were at Scarborough at that time, I remember—and wrote a broken-hearted set of verses, of which all that I can remember is that one line ran thus:

This seemed to childhood's eyes the time of gold;
and that it rhymed to this:

I only feel that I am growing old.

I know that these were the second and fourth lines of a verse; but what went before and between them, I know no more than Adam. I wrote another set of verses at this time beginning with:

Let the mad world prate on of youthful folly;

but I can recall nothing further. I gather from it, however, an idea that I was under some sort of impression that the peoples of the globe either were or would be interested in my views about things, and that I despised those peoples, and wished to let them know it.

The result of this meeting in the street in Hetherton was an invitation for Gascoigne, Gregory, and myself to Island Hall. Cousin Will himself informally conveyed the invitation, and held out prospects of a dance. I have reason to believe that both my friends were at this time in love with Maud, and that they accepted the invitation chiefly because she was going, and because they hoped to dance with her. Mr Fairholt—so Will said at the luncheon-table—would spend the day and night at Wrethedale, in order to be out of the way. Uncle Ben being a good deal pressed, promised to attend the garden-party in the afternoon. It was to be an assemblage of boys and girls, with a sprinkling of older people, and some half-dozen young ladies, who were to be imported, as it appeared, for the especial benefit of Gregory and Gascoigne. I looked forward to the day with that eager tremor which always awoke at the bare thought of meeting Polly, and with a conviction that I should on this occasion do something or other which should decide my fate. I resolved that I would be avalanched no more, and that I would be as gay

and unembarrassed in her presence as anybody else could be.

The day came, broiling hot, with just a light wind from the west, which tempered the sun a little. We bowled along the broad white road, past the undulating meadows and the stretch of river, where the cattle always stood udder-deep, switching their tails at the flies—a luxurious picture on a day like this—and into that reach of road where, for half a mile, the trees, a living gallery, roofed us in. Then out of its sweet green gloom we came suddenly into the sunlight again, swept once into shadow, and again swiftly into sunshine. I leapt from the carriage half-blind with the glory of the light, and walked into the hall, where everything lay in a softly shaded coolness. All was very dark to me for a moment; but I could see descending the stair a something in white, which moved leisurely towards me. I knew Polly's voice; and by the time she had reached me, my eyes were accustomed to the shaded light, and I could see her. She laughed bewitchingly, and courtesied to me. She was dressed in white, as I have said already; and her hair was twined with flowers, that sat upon her regal little head like a diadem.

'How do I look?' she asked, turning a pirouette, that I might have a complete view all round. She asked the question just as she would have said: 'How do you do?'

Beautiful! I cried, and clasped my hands. There was such a fervour in the tone that Polly blushed. I meant it then, and I indorse the verdict now. I can see the dear little figure in the cool shaded air. It seems as if I had but to turn my head to see my companions helping Maud from the carriage, one to each hand. The blinding sunlight on the gravel, the cool green of the shrubs upon the lawn beyond the path, and then the belt of elms where the air looked like deep green sea-water in the shade—these are not fancies. I see these things as clearly as if with my bodily eyes. Dear little face flower-crowned, and dainty figure clad in pure soft white, I see no lifeless portrait, but herself! I see my old self less clearly, but I feel his spirit awake in me again. How pure a worship, how honest a devotion! How, in spite of all its perpetrated follies of boyish verse and speech, that was the fount at which I drank my purest draught of hope, from which I filled my pitcher for the desert, when my time came to sojourn there. You know no change, dear face and dainty figure, in my changeful mind; and though I am unfaithful to the loftier hopes my early worship bred within my soul, I am faithful to my memories of youth and you. But the hopes are withered, like the flowers you wore.

But where were my resolves? Gone! borne down by the resistless pressure of my own feelings. Gay? Unembarrassed? Could Cheops have danced beneath the load of his own pyramid?

I was very near taking Æsop into my confidence when we had reached home late at night, for I felt as swollen with my secret as the Duke of Clarence did in his dream of drowning. I held it in, however, by almost superhuman effort, and confined myself to some general statements to the effect that when I went into the world I would make a plunge to do something or other, and that there seemed nothing so enviable to me as to die gloriously in battle. To which Æsop responded

by an adaptation of the words of Mr Tennyson, who, curiously enough, was at that time his favourite author:

Yea [Simeon] thy dream is good;
It is the stirring of the blood
While thou abidest in the bud.

He left me at Gascoigne's call; and I wandered down the drive in the darkness to where the lamps blazed above the great gates by the lodge. There a voice from the road called out: 'Hi! young gentel-man!' and a man came into the range of light and stood outside the gate.

'What do you want?' I asked.

He answered my question by another: 'Do you live in the house?'

I answered that I did, and repeated my question.

'Are you anything to Mr Hardley?' he asked again.

'Yes,' I answered; 'I am his nephew. What do you want?'

'Misdar Hardley,' he said, 'was my baydron once. I zerved him for vive years; and zince he has left me, look and zee what I am begome. I have zent him many ledders, and he does not rebly. I have walked from London, and I ztarve. I have not dasted food for two days. Haf pity, little gentel-man—haf pity! Sbeak to Misdar Hardley for me. If he knew to what I had gome, he would haf mercy.'

I believe that was the first appeal that was ever made to me, and it touched me nearly. 'What is your name?' I asked him.

'My name,' he said, 'is Tasker. I zerved your uncle for vive years. I was his confidential agent in London. I am ztarving. I haf not one penny. Haf pity, little gentel-man!'

I gave the man a sovereign; for which he called down extravagant blessings upon me. I suppose that howsoever pliable he might have hoped to find me, he had scarcely expected that I should prove so wealthy. When he had blessed me out of breath, I bade him wait until I told Mr Hartley that he was there. I ran up the drive, and came breathless into the house, and panted out the story before them all—Uncle Ben and Maud and Gascoigne and Æsop. For the first time in my life, I saw Uncle Ben angry. His eyes grew small and fierce, and the veins rose thickly in his forehead as he tugged again and again at the bell-rope.

'Go down to the gates,' he shouted to the footman, 'and take one or two of the stable-helpers with you. You'll find a German blackguard there, a-askin' to see me. Flog him away. Break every bone in the rascal's body.'

The footman stood amazed; and Gascoigne and Gregory stared with open eyes.

Maud rose from her seat and touched Uncle Ben on the arm. 'Let me give these orders, uncle,' she said pleadingly.

He resumed his seat gasping and red in the face, and sat mopping his bald forehead with his handkerchief.

'Go down to the gate,' Maud said, 'and tell the man who waits outside that it is quite hopeless that he should expect Mr Hartley to forgive him, and tell him to go away.'

The footman bowed, and turned to go:

'Wait a bit!' shouted Uncle Ben. 'Did he say as he was starvin', Johnny?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'Then come with me,' said Uncle Ben, 'and let's have a look at him.' He beckoned to the footman to follow—took up a hat in the hall, and walked to the gates. The man still hung about there; and Uncle Ben stopped and asked me in an undertone if I had a sovereign in my pocket. I answered that I had; and he whispered to me to stop behind, and give it to the man, but to tell him that it would not be safe for him to be seen about the place again. Having arranged this little plan, he advanced to the gate, and addressed the man who stood without. Uncle Ben's speech was couched in very uncompromising language, and the petitioner listened to it and made no reply.

'You wolfish shark!' said Uncle Ben, 'you dare to come to me—do you? After driving a friend of mine to ruin, a gentleman, and breakin' half a score of people's hearts, and after being let off by me in a matter as might ha' transported you. Get out, you villain! If ever I see you near my place again, I'll have the dogs set on you! Off you go!'

The man shrunk off; and as he went, I beckoned him to stay. Uncle Ben saw the sign, but of course took no notice of it. I slipped the sovereign into the hand stretched through the bars, and said that he had better go far away. He touched the rim of his battered hat and disappeared.

When I overtook Uncle Ben in the drive, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said: 'That's the feller, Johnny, as drove poor Frank Fairholt to ruin, more than eight years ago. He was a money-lender, and the poor lad borrowed money of him. Now let me speak to you serious.' He paused, and faced me. 'If ever you want for money, come to me. If you've got yourself into a scrape through evil conduct, and want money to get out of it, still come to me. For as I'm a livin' sinner, Johnny, if ever anybody as depends on me was to put his name to a bill for a money-lender, I'd disown him. Remember that, Johnny: if ever you put your name across a bill for anything or anybody, self or friend, I've done with you for ever!'

I had never seen him more in earnest. But he gave me that advice often afterwards when I began to go into the world and understood it better, and gave it always with the same solemnity.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE following exciting incident occurred while we were at Brighton—exciting, that is for the crowds who witnessed it, but rather amusing to the few who were in the secret. One day while I was standing in the shop of Mr Phillips our printer, and chatting upon various local topics, in came Mr T—, and joined in the conversation. This gentleman had once been a well-to-do hotel-keeper in Brighton, but had been unfortunate; and at this time owned a small beer-shop in an unim-

portant street close at hand. At the date of which I am speaking, it had become the rage to make a 'draw' at taverns and beer-shops by various strange devices, such as dressing the barmaids in 'bloomer' costume, or hiring men of gigantic stature to serve behind the counter as barmen. T— was complaining of the badness of trade, and appealed to Phillips to try and think if something could not be done to make a novel attraction—something that no one else had tried. Several ideas were mooted, and found impracticable. At last I suggested a North American Indian in full war-costume and well tattooed. T— jumped at the idea at once; but—where was the Indian to be found? 'Oh, I'll find the Indian,' cried Phillips, turning to me, 'if you'll find the dress.' 'I'll find the dress then,' I replied. Thus the matter was arranged; Phillips also undertaking to print and distribute some placards, to draw public attention to the 'stranger' in their midst. The Indian chief was quickly forthcoming, arrayed in the picturesque garb of his race, the head-dress of enormous feathers being of course a prominent feature of the costume. The plan succeeded admirably. Numbers of people flocked in to see the 'Red Indian,' who jabbered away in an outlandish tongue, interspersed by an occasional word or two of broken English; and T— had the satisfaction of witnessing a good increase in his profits. But the novelty of the thing soon wore off, and not only that; it began to be whispered among the habitués of the place that this man in feathers was no Red Indian at all—that his skin was as white as any man's in Brighton—that the tattoo marks were painted on—that, in short, the Red Indian was one of Phillips' men 'got up' for the purpose. Again T— was in despair, and sought once more to lay his troubles before his friend the printer. A council was held, and once more Phillips and I went out of our way to try and serve the unlucky publican. Something was to be done which would at once revive the flagging interest, and silence for ever the disgraceful rumours afloat that this wild hunter of the prairies was but a Briton born and bred.

It was a lovely afternoon, and all the wealth and fashion and beauty of Brighton were serenely enjoying their daily stroll in King's Road, the fashionable promenade of the town. Suddenly a heart-stirring cry was heard in the distance, startling the gay and careless crowds from their languid composure. The sound—like a horrible yell with an unearthly echo—was repeated again and again, growing nearer each time. Then a strange form appeared in their midst, dashing along the King's Road at the top of his speed, and recognised by some of the young swells in the crowd as 'old T—'s Red Indian!' Onward he sped, repeating his fearful war-whoop and brandishing a tomahawk aloft—the people scattering right and left as he passed swiftly by. A few yards in the rear, were about a dozen men following in hot pursuit—the foremost armed with a long strong rope. Thus the race continued for more than half a mile along King's Road, causing the greatest consternation to the fashionable throng, till at last a stalwart policeman, regardless alike of the terror-inspiring

war-cry and the death-threatening tomahawk, sprang upon the flying man, and in spite of his terrific struggles, held him till his pursuers, of whom I was one, came up to assist. We at once bound his arms to his sides, and made ourselves responsible for his safety; the policeman, who knew us, being nothing loath to relinquish his weird prisoner into our hands. A full, I might almost say an exaggerated account of the whole affair appeared in the papers next day; the result being another sensation for wonder-seekers, another influx of visitors to T—'s shop, and another good lift for T— over his troubles.

Soon after this I left the town, and do not know precisely how matters fared with the Redskin, or how long he served behind T—'s counter. Perhaps he is now chasing the bison in the boundless prairies of the Far West, or tracking the grizzly bear to his den in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. Or perhaps, scorning such tame pursuits as these, he is setting up, or printing, or placarding, a flaming, red-hot poster announcing to the good people of Brighton some new and startling sensation.

While performing at Brighton, we had Henry Brown as one of our clowns; not a 'tumbling,' only a 'talking' clown. In his younger days, Brown had been a first-class 'tumbler;' but increasing years had rendered him somewhat more rotund than is convenient for a person who, as Charles Dickens somewhere says, has to 'tie himself in a knot and then untie himself;' and he now confined himself to somersaults of wit and repartee, at which he was no bad hand. At the time of which I am writing he was tall and of a portly build, and a very gentlemanly looking man as far as I could judge of him in his clown's attire and painted face. As ring-master I saw him and talked with him every day in the ring; but he was always dressed and off before I came out, so that I never knew him but as a clown.

Leaving Brown just at this point, I must introduce a person whose acquaintance I had formed as follows. In my daily walks for the past two or three weeks, I had regularly met a gentleman in the street, who if going in the opposite direction to myself, would invariably stop for a few moments' chat; or if in the same direction, would accompany me on my way for a short distance, the topics of our conversation usually being the weather, local news, politics, and other equally original subjects. Looking upon him as perhaps a visitor to Brighton, or perhaps an inhabitant of the town, who had recognised me through going to the circus, it struck me as something not quite in accordance with human nature that he never once mentioned one word of circus matters or made any reference to myself as connected therewith. From his appearance—of commanding stature and somewhat stout, dressed with scrupulous care from the crown of his shining hat to the toes of his well-polished boots—he might have passed muster for a prosperous retired merchant; but there was a calm gravity in his face and in his demeanour which spoke of clerical sobriety of thought and quietness of life, and made me more than half inclined to look upon my acquaintance as a dissenting minister. Hence, while his conscientious scruples forbade to discourse upon the frivolities of a circus, his brotherly love impelled him to

converse with the manager thereof, perhaps in the hope that he might wean me from such paths of wickedness! One morning I had paid a visit to the Mayor's house on business connected with the circus, and had not gone many yards from the door when I met my mysterious friend. 'Fine morning,' he said as I approached.

'Beautiful,' I replied.

'How did you get on with the Mayor?' he then asked. (He must have seen me come away from the house.)

'The Mayor?' I answered in the tone of one who was not quite certain what a 'Mayor' might be.

'Yes—the Mayor,' he echoed. 'You've just been to his house, haven't you? Wasn't he at home?'

'O yes; he was at home,' I replied. 'But—you'll excuse my saying it—my business with the Mayor was of a private nature—connected with the circus.'

'Precisely so,' coolly answered my companion. 'That's just why I thought myself entitled to ask. But it's of no consequence.'

'Confound the fellow!' I mentally exclaimed; adding aloud: 'Well, you must pardon my rudeness; but really, sir, I fail to see in what way my employer's business can concern *you*.' This seemed to stagger him a little; and how the dialogue might have ended I can't tell, had I not at that moment, as I looked him full in the face, noticed a peculiar twitch or twinkle of the eyelid, and recognised the man. It was Brown the clown!

I at once apologised, and explained that up to that moment I had not had the faintest notion who he was.

'Pray, don't apologise, my dear fellow,' he replied; 'but, considering that for the past fortnight you and I have stood face to face in the ring, and rattled away on terms of the greatest intimacy, I could never have dreamt you didn't know me!'

Before quitting Brightonian themes, I will record an amusing incident which befell a worthy gentleman there who has since figured prominently and honourably in the history of the town. It was the occasion of my benefit at the Pavilion, and I had gone to the house of Dr—afterwards Sir John B— to solicit his patronage for the evening. Dr B— was a man of wealth and position, and was well known in that celebrated watering-place. He was a Colonel of the local Volunteers, and as such had attended the first great Volunteer Review held at Brighton, a year previous to my interview with him. It was in connection with this Review that the incident I am about to relate occurred. After promising me his patronage—no slight favour, let it be said—the Doctor asked me if I had seen anything of Mr Newsome lately, or if I had heard anything about his—the Doctor's—borrowing one of that gentleman's horses the year before. I replied that I had not. Doctor B— then narrated the following laughable occurrence, and I repeat it as nearly as I can recollect it in his own words.

'The great Review was near at hand, and it was imperative that I should accompany my regiment on horseback. Well, you know, I am but an indifferent rider. Not but what I can stick on to my horse well enough; but as this was to be a grand

affair and fashionably attended, I had a pardonable desire to stick on gracefully, and to be quite at my ease amid all the warlike din and confusion. In this emergency I applied to Mr Newsome, whose circus was then in the town, and laid my troubles before him.

"I have the very horse to suit you," he said; "a splendid creature, quiet as a lamb, and as easy to ride as a rocking-horse."

"That will just suit me," I replied; and it was arranged that on the morning of the Review the horse was to be brought round.

The day came; and my proud charger—his name was Napoleon—in splendid trappings was brought round to the door. Wasn't I elated! I knew I should take the shine out of a few of them that day; and I did. Having mounted my steed, my wife and friends witnessed my departure, and I was soon serenely trotting towards the rendezvous of my corps. You should have seen the people stare as I passed along. When I arrived on the ground, I was the chief attraction of everybody, and the envy of my brother-officers. There wasn't a single man among them mounted as I was. My horse was a magnificent creature!—splendid action! full of life! He couldn't have been prouder if I'd been a field-marshal. Newsome told me he would be easy to ride; and so he was; it was like sitting in an armchair rather than being on a horse. Well, the Review passed off all right, and my horse shewed admirable coolness at the volley-firing and the blare of the trumpets; that of course was natural enough for a trained circus horse. But during the march-past at the close of the Review, I happened to be stationed not very far from where the generals and others who had been reviewing us had taken up their position—a brilliant staff, their scarlet coats rendered still more conspicuous and glaring by contrast with the sombre uniforms of the civilian troops. My horse became uneasy, and appeared impatient to join the group; but I restrained him without difficulty. Presently, however, just as I was off my guard, the entire staff made a sudden movement from the spot, and galloped rapidly to a distant part of the field. In a moment, my horse, as though seized with some irresistible impulse, bolted off at full speed after them. I tried to pull him up, but in vain. He'd got his head, and I'd lost mine; and presently I found myself right in the midst of a formidable array of generals, and army colonels, and foreign officers, to my great trepidation and dismay. Some of them turned round in their saddles, and looking with a supercilious air over their shoulders, appeared to wonder what in the name of fortune I was rattling after them for. Soon, however, the party made a halt, during which I succeeded in persuading my horse, by the aid of spurs and whip and hard words, that I was not in my proper place, and that the sooner he took me to it the better for him.—When I told Newsome all about it next day, he very coolly remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "I don't feel surprised, Doctor. Nap's my favourite hunter; and when he saw the scarlet coats galloping off, he mistook them for the "field," and was off after them. You don't get Nap to keep far behind, when there's business about, sir!"

The Doctor laughed quite as heartily as I did myself, as he recounted to me the ludicrous adven-

ture which had thus somewhat dimmed the glories of the earlier portion of this eventful day. Since then, Sir John has played a much more important rôle even than that of Colonel of Volunteers. He has been Mayor of his town, and I do not doubt that he was one of the most popular Mayors Brighton ever had. To his generosity in private, hundreds can testify; many indeed were the poor creatures who, while benefiting by his professional skill, were at the same time recipients of his bounty. To his munificent liberality in public, all Brighton, to say the least, can bear witness.

A CONSPIRATOR IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

A FEW vigorous strokes of the oars carried us alongside the schooner—a large, roomy vessel, having the appearance of a pleasure-yacht that had been adapted for warlike or defensive purposes, she being armed with six heavy guns, while boarding-pikes and cutlasses were ranged round her fife-rails under cover of a tarpauling. The ladies were carefully assisted on board, and received with every token of respect by the commander and his officers, who were attired in uniform. They were immediately conducted to the cabin by the commander, and the young officer who accompanied them on board. The *padrone* and I were then requested to leave the boat, which was made fast under the stern to a long rope; the schooner was hauled close to the wind; her sails were trimmed, and she stood away to the westward, with the boat, with one man on board, in tow.

In the course of half an hour the *padrone* and I were requested to descend to the cabin, where we found the ladies and the young officer His Highness, or Sua Altezza, awaiting our appearance. Every preparation must have been made beforehand for the reception and comfort of the ladies; for they had already divested themselves of their masculine apparel, and now appeared in garments suitable to their sex and high position. Both were handsome; but the younger of the two, who was evidently the superior, and to all appearance not more than twenty years of age, was, as I have said, the handsomer. Both had in a great measure recovered their composure; and when the young officer was about to address the *padrone* and myself in French, the younger lady said in the same language, which she spoke fluently: 'Nay, Monsieur; pardon, but I will thank and reward these good men myself.' Then looking earnestly at me for the first time, and evidently surprised at my youthful appearance, she said: 'You are very young, Monsieur; and pardon me, but you have not the aspect of a fisherman.'

I explained who and what I was, and how I came to be on board a fishing-lugger.

'Ha!' she exclaimed. 'An English officer.—Was not this hazardous, Adolphe?'

'On the contrary, I deemed it desirable,' replied the young officer. 'Monsieur pledged his honour not to betray us.' He then added something in Italian, in a low tone of voice, that was

unintelligible to me, but which appeared to convince or satisfy the lady, who with a slight bow to me, now turned and addressed my companion, having first placed in his hand a small bag of gold, which she received from the young officer. 'Receive, Monsieur *Padrone*,' she said, 'this small recompense, in acknowledgment of the services you have rendered me this night; and with it accept the thanks of an unfortunate lady, who will ever feel grateful for all that you have done in her behalf. Adieu, and may God preserve you, and the Blessed Virgin be ever your protectress!' 'And for you, sir,' addressing me, 'may you rise high in your noble profession.'

Gustave, who was still half stupefied with bewilderment, mumbled his thanks; and the lady, rising from the sofa upon which she had sat, again bowed to me, and retired, with her female companion, into the after-cabin. Gustave and I ascended to the deck, followed by the young officer, who told us that we were at liberty to return to the lugger, which had accompanied the schooner, and was now about half a mile to leeward.

'You will place M. le Duc and the other gentlemen who remained behind on board your vessel, on shore at whatsoever spot M. le Duc shall advise,' he said to Gustave. 'Then you will be free to go where you please. But I advise you to give the corvette a wide berth; and warn you to be silent respecting what you have seen or heard this past night.' He then warmly thanked me, and returned to the cabin.

The boat that was towing astern was hauled up alongside. The *padrone* and I and three additional seamen descended into her; and the seamen pulled us alongside the lugger, which was hove to as the boat approached her. We clambered to her deck, and the Italian sailors returned to their own vessel, which was likewise hove to, in order to receive them on board. We saw the boat hoisted to the davits; and then the schooner's sails were trimmed, and she sailed away westward under a press of canvas, with great swiftness.

It was by this time six or seven o'clock A.M. and broad daylight; but with the exception of ten or a dozen fishing-vessels, whose crews were plying their avocation to windward, nothing was visible upon the water. The aged officer M. le Duc, directed the *padrone* to steer southward towards the coast of Calabria; and about mid-day, we landed our passengers at a solitary spot a few miles south of the small seaport of Paola.

The fishing-vessels were making their way slowly northward under easy sail; and by my advice, the *padrone* ran down towards them, and when we reached them, we threw out our nets, as if we had been patiently occupied in fishing throughout the night, Gustave and I having previously divested ourselves of our military uniforms, and resumed our proper garb. The military garments were sunk beneath the waves; and I recommended the *padrone* to conceal the money-bag—which was found to contain five hundred *scudos*, making, with the hundred *scudos* Gustave had previously received, the sum of one hundred and forty pounds sterling—in some secure place, where it was not likely to be found, if the vessel should be searched; for I thought it very probable that the corvette—whose officers and crew had seen us enter the Gulf of Policastro on the previous day, as we sailed close

past her—would be cruising about in search of the fugitives.

We soon discovered that I had advised wisely. An hour or two later, a ship-of-war was espied cruising to windward between the fishing-vessels and the shore. She bore down swiftly towards us; and the fishermen hauled in their nets and made sail on their vessels, for they dreaded, during these troublous times, lest they should be impressed, or lest their vessels should be seized for the service of the government. A gun fired from the corvette, the ball from which passed over them and ricocheted on the water for a long distance beyond them, speedily brought them to; and when within a short distance of the little fleet, the corvette was hove to; and four boats filled with officers and men were lowered from her sides. The boats were pulled towards us, and one after another, the fishing-vessels were boarded and searched, and their crews sharply questioned. The crew of *La belle Jeannette* were told, for the sake of their own safety, to be perfectly silent in respect to all that had occurred during the past night; and to reply to all questions that might be put to them, that they were harmless fishermen prosecuting their arduous calling.

In a few moments it came to our turn to be boarded; and we learned from the officer who came on board that some great personage had escaped from the shore during the night. This was all that we could make out; for we could not understand the officer's language; and his attempts at French were nearly as unintelligible to us as was his Italian. He made us to understand, however, that he was confident that our lugger had sailed from the Gulf during the night.

'Yes, Monsieur,' I replied. 'We sailed at midnight. We have been unfortunate. The fish had quitted the Gulf, and we sailed to try our luck in open water.'

Between signs and words, he asked if we had seen any other vessel leave the Gulf during the night.

'Only a large boat, Monsieur,' I replied. 'It was crowded with people, and it rowed out to a vessel that was awaiting it outside.'

'At what hour?'

'At midnight, Monsieur officier, just when we were leaving.'

The officer shook his head. It was evident that he suspected that we knew more than we thought proper to disclose. The vessel was searched narrowly; but as he could find nothing that looked suspicious on board, he did not detain us. I have no doubt that had the lugger been under the Italian flag, he *would* have detained us; but nearly one half the number of the vessels that were searched were French, like our own, and he feared lest he might cause trouble with France. At all events, he let us go unwillingly; and as soon as the corvette was out of sight, we set sail, and steered for Toulon, at which port we arrived safely at the end of a fortnight.

The fishery had been unsuccessful. *La belle Jeannette* had not half a full cargo on board, and none of the other luggers belonging to the port had met with much better fortune; but Gustave Pailleur, though he had been much frightened, and though, had we been arrested, he would probably have been placed in a position of great peril, had after all made a prosperous voyage through his

involuntary connection with a conspiracy of whose nature and object he was perfectly ignorant. The *padrone* offered me a share of the money he had received, which I of course declined to accept; and the *scudos* consequently were fairly divided amongst Gustave Pailleur and his crew.

About three weeks after my return to Toulon, the frigate to which I belonged arrived in that port from her cruise, and I immediately rejoined her; but a long time elapsed ere I spoke of the adventure in which I had taken part, even to my messmates in the midshipmen's berth. It was in fact to me an incomprehensible mystery. I had been connected with a conspiracy organised to effect the escape of two ladies, evidently of high rank, from Naples. This was certain; but I could not understand from whom these ladies had escaped. If they had been in the power of the insurgents, and I had aided a party of royalist officers to effect their escape, the affair would have been perfectly comprehensible. But the ladies themselves were evidently connected with the royalists, a party of whose officers effected their escape from other officers of the same party who sought to arrest or detain them! The more I strove to solve the mystery, the more mysterious it appeared to be.

It was not until nearly two years had elapsed from the date of the occurrence that I came by chance across an old French newspaper—dated shortly after the cessation of the troubles in Naples—which, though in accordance with the French custom, proper names were designated simply by initials, threw some light upon the subject. The writer of the paragraph alluded to a 'Romantic Affair' which occurred during the late revolution in Naples.

'A young *demoiselle*,' he wrote, 'of high rank, nearly related to the king, beautiful, and the possessor of great wealth in her own right, had long been secretly attached to the Prince de G., a young officer in His Majesty's service. The king—who was, in fact, the young lady's guardian—was informed of this attachment, of which he strongly disapproved. It was His Majesty's wish that his young and beautiful ward, who was at this period but nineteen years of age, should enter a convent, in order that he might appropriate to himself the greater portion if not the whole of her vast wealth. The young lady, however—the Princess de L.—had no inclination towards the life of a *religieuse*, no matter how high the position to which she might have attained in the convent. Sympathising strongly with the distressed peasantry in the vicinity of her abode in the royal *palazzo* D., on the confines of Calabria, she frequently sent them such assistance as she—still a minor—was able to afford. It was said, moreover, probably with some truth, that she secretly favoured the cause of the insurgents, and regarded with utter detestation the tyranny of the king. Be this as it may, His Majesty made the rumour the pretext for a stricter confinement of his ward to the *palazzo*, and ordered that her domestics, in his pay, should exercise a keen surveillance over her movements.

'The Princess, who had many friends among the nobles of the court, revolted against this rigid surveillance, and at length, weary of persecution, determined to escape, if it were possible, from the country, carrying with her such an amount of

wealth—chiefly consisting of costly jewels—as she could collect together. The young Prince de G., to whom she confided her purpose, joyously consented to aid her to escape, and to accompany her in her self-exile. He arranged his plans with some other nobles and officers in whom he could place confidence—the chief of whom was his uncle, the Duc de P. It is supposed that the king heard of this disaffection on the part of his ward, and also received some information of her desire to escape. At all events, fearful lest the destined victim to his cupidity should elude his grasp, he resolved to cause her to be removed to the city of Naples, where she would be completely in his power. A sloop of war was secretly despatched for this purpose to the Gulf of Policastro; and the Princess was to have been inveigled on board the vessel of war, and quietly conveyed to the capital ere her friends could be apprised of His Majesty's purpose. Unfortunately, however, for the success of his scheme, the corvette was attacked, immediately upon her arrival in the Gulf, by a fleet of small vessels, fitted out and manned by the insurgents. These vessels were beaten off; but the heavy firing betrayed the presence off the coast, where there was no necessity for her appearance, of a vessel of war, and aroused the suspicions of the Princess and her friends. These suspicions were confirmed on the following day, when an officer from the corvette arrived at the *palazzo* with an autograph letter from the king, in which His Majesty expressed his fears for the safety of his young ward, and his desire—or command—that the Princess would hold herself in readiness, on the night following, to repair, under the protection of an escort, on board the ship of war, which would then sail immediately, and convey her from the disturbed part of the country in which she was residing, to the capital, where she would be in a place of safety. This intimation called for immediate action on the part of the Princess and her friends, and rendered it necessary for them to alter in some measure their preconceived plans.

'The escort, consisting of a party of officers and soldiers from the corvette, duly arrived at the *palazzo* at an early hour the next evening, and informed the Princess that she must be in readiness to accompany them to the shore, with one female friend or attendant, shortly after midnight. But on retiring from her presence to partake of refreshments, they were seized, stripped of their outer garments, and safely secured in a dungeon beneath the *palazzo*. The young Prince de G. then hastened to the coast, and boarded a French fishing-lugger that was at anchor in the Gulf. By means of bribery or force, or both combined, the *padrone* of the lugger and one of his crew were induced to accompany the Prince on shore to the royal hunting-lodge, which is situated a mile or two from the coast. Thence they were conveyed blindfolded to the *palazzo* occupied by the Princess and her suite and servants, in a wagon laden with firearms, destined for the defence of the *palazzo*, should it be attacked by the insurgents. On their arrival, they were compelled to divest themselves of their fishermen's garb, and to array themselves in military uniforms that had been taken from the soldiers of the imprisoned escort; and thus disguised, were ordered to form part of an escort consisting of the friends of the

Princess, some of whom wore a similar disguise, that was to accompany the Princess and her friend and companion, the Countess de S., to the sea-shore. This escort, which consisted of the same number of persons as that which was confined in the dungeon beneath the *palazzo*, set forth an hour after midnight; the two ladies—in order that they might more easily escape, in case of a surprise—being disguised in the uniforms of two young subalterns who had formed part of the imprisoned escort; and two youthful pages of the *palazzo* being dressed in female attire, to represent the Princess and her companion.

They met, however, with no difficulty on their journey, and even passed close to the guardhouse near the shore, and embarked on board a pinnace from the frigate, which was awaiting their arrival, without awakening suspicion. No sooner, however, had the Neapolitan seamen on board the pinnace pulled out of sight and hearing of the officer and soldiers in the guardhouse, than they were suddenly seized, and ruthlessly thrown overboard, to sink or swim as might be. The oars were taken by some of the escort, and the pinnace was pulled alongside the fishing-lugger, whose master was ordered to get his vessel under weigh immediately. The pinnace was cast adrift after the ladies and their friendly escort had ascended to the deck of the lugger, which as soon as her anchor was hoisted, stood out to sea.

It appears that some days before her escape from the *palazzo*, the jewels, money, and other effects of the Princess and her companion, had been secretly conveyed on board an armed vessel, that was formerly a pleasure-yacht, belonging to the Duc de P. The lights shewn by this vessel, which was cruising about off the coast, awaiting the arrival of the Princess and her friends at any moment, were soon espied. A signal was made from the lugger; the armed vessel bore down to her, and sent a boat alongside, on board of which the Princess and the Countess, the young Prince de G., the master of the lugger, and the fisherman who had accompanied him on shore, proceeded to the schooner; the other individuals of the escort remaining on board the lugger.

The ladies now divested themselves of their masculine garments, and appeared in their proper attire; the fishermen were called into the cabin and generously rewarded for the part they had taken perforce in aiding the escape of the Princess, and were then sent back to the lugger, whose master was now ordered by the Duc de P. to land him and his companions on a certain solitary spot on the coast. The landing of the conspirators was safely effected. But scarcely had the lugger again stood out to sea and joined a small fleet of similar vessels whose crews were engaged in the prosecution of their arduous calling, when the sloop of war was espied bearing down towards the fleet. She fired a gun, and compelled the fishing-vessels to heave to; and then sent out boats to search them, and discover, if possible, whether the Princess had escaped on board one of these vessels, or whether she might still be on board one of them; for it appears that the alarm was given within half an hour from the time when the escape was effected. The fishermen had, however, wisely changed their garments on their return to their vessel, and had sunk the military uniforms they had worn deep beneath the

waves of the Mediterranean; and if the officers of the corvette had any suspicions of the complicity in the plot of the French fishermen, they could discover no proof that such had been the case; and in the absence of such proof, they were afraid to detain a vessel that sailed under the French flag. The fishermen subsequently returned to their native port rejoicing, for they had been most liberally rewarded for the risks they had incurred, by the generous gift of the young Princess.

'We are glad to assure our readers that no untoward event occurred to interfere with the complete success of the plot thus far successfully carried out. The armed schooner steered for Gibraltar; and on her arrival at the British settlement, the gallant young Prince and the fair Princess were united in wedlock. They afterwards travelled through Spain and France; but the success of the revolutionary party in Naples and the dethronement of the king very soon released the Princess from her exile, and enabled her to return with her young husband to Italy and take possession of her paternal estates. We assure our readers that we can vouch for the truth of the above romantic story.'

Thus was I compelled to become a Conspirator in spite of Myself. And yet, I am by no means sure that, even had I been aware beforehand of the nature of the adventure in which I perforce took part, I would not have voluntarily offered my services to aid in the rescue of a persecuted young and beautiful Princess from her tyrannical guardian.

AT THE TROIS ETOILES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

PRESENTLY Madame Petit comes through the court-yard with a visitor. 'Courage, my good friend,' I hear her say, as she parts with her; 'René will have good luck, I do not doubt.' She comes across to me, and seats herself beside me.

'What is the matter with Madame Gomet?' I ask.

'Why, Madame knows the conscription is to be drawn at Gannat the day after to-morrow; and her boys have to draw; for though she lost her husband and one son in the war, she has still two left, so one must take his chance. Ah! Madame, that I should live to thank God that I have only one!'

'Can she not buy a substitute?' I ask.

'No, Madame; she is poor, and cannot afford it. If I only had the money,' says the kindly little woman, 'she should not want it; but times have been bad with me lately, and I have it not. However,' she continues cheerily, 'René may draw a good number; why not?'

'And even if not,' I remark, 'there is no war now; and it is but serving for two or three years, and he is back with his mother. Is it not so?'

A look almost of terror comes into Madame's dark eyes. 'Ah! they never return—they never return,' she cries. 'And as for no war, who knows? They say that we *must* get back Alsace and Lorraine!'

'Yes; for very certain we must, and will,' says the old Captain, who has strolled in and joined our group. 'Those pestilent Prussians! Let them only come again, and this time they shall not go

back ; we will make each of them a present of six feet of French soil,' concludes the old soldier grimly, fiercely twirling his moustache.

'Ah!' sighs Madame, rising and folding her work, 'France may get back Alsace and Lorraine, but who shall give us back our children?'

Marthe's sitting is now over, and she runs to me at once. I have made quite a pet of the little thing. I am getting an old woman, and I like bright young things about me; and the child has pretty caressing ways about her, which, joined to her fresh beauty, make her very winning.

'Will not Madame look?' she cries, drawing me towards the easel. 'Is it not wonderful how Monsieur has made it like? See my coral necklace! Ah! if I only had a silver chain and locket like Madame's, how beautiful it would look in the picture!'

I laugh, and look at Stirling. 'The coral necklace makes a good point of colour, and is much prettier than my silver chain,' I say in English; 'but all young girls like fashion;' and I make up my mind that before I leave St Pourçain, my silver chain shall change hands.

'When will you have finished?' I go on, as Marthe leaves us in obedience to a call from Madame Petit.

'Two more sittings will be enough, I think,' is the answer.

'I am glad of it,' I say heartily; 'for I do not think Oscar likes them. He is inclined to be jealous of you.'

'Without cause then, I am sure,' says Stirling. 'She is a lovely little thing to paint; but I should be sorry to trouble her lover's peace of mind by even a flirtation. Besides,' he continues, with the frank look in his handsome eyes which has first won my liking, 'I should be loath to do discredit to your recommendation. You have been sponsor for my good conduct, you know. I shall leave here the day after to-morrow. I am in a hurry now to get home and to work hard.'

I am sorry to lose him, and say so. We have been on several sketching expeditions together, and I have found him a most pleasant and helpful companion. But still, with that look in Oscar's eyes fresh in my memory, I am glad.

The next day, after the sitting is over, he goes off to the neighbouring town for the rest of the day; and I, feeling 'off guard' as it were, sally forth to complete a sketch of a quaint old house I had begun some days before. I am interested in what I am doing, so that it is late when I put up my sketching materials and prepare to stroll homewards. It is market-day in St Pourçain, so I go through the *place* to get some flowers, and also because the gay scene always delights me. The women in their quaint costumes sitting under blue, green, and red umbrellas, and with fruit and vegetables in glorious masses of colour piled up before them; the picturesque buildings with their queer old carved beams and overhanging stories and gables, and the gray old Norman church—which forms one side of the little square—on the steps of which the women deposit their baskets while they go in to tell their beads. The market is almost deserted when I get there; the buyers have nearly all gone home, and the sellers are beginning to put up their remaining wares before leaving. However, I am able to procure my flowers, and am waiting for some change,

when, looking over towards the church, I see a group which interests me. Marthe is standing on the steps beside Stirling; she is holding something in her hand which he has just given her, and is looking up at him with such genuine delight written on her face, that I can read it even at this distance. Then she says something to him, at the same time putting her hand into his. He raises it laughingly to his lips, and in another moment she has turned away and is hastening in the direction of the *Trois Etoiles*. But there has been another spectator of the scene beside myself; for to my consternation, I see Oscar emerge from the shadow of the church and follow her quickly.

'Never mind the change,' I cry to the market-woman; 'you can give it to me to-morrow;' for something tells me that there will be a 'scene,' and that it will be as well for me to be at hand. But when I arrive at the *Trois Etoiles*, I find that I am a day after the fair—Oscar and Marthe are already 'having it out' under the lime-tree.

I have no pretext for interrupting them, so I go up to my own room. My window stands open, and I can both see and hear them, for every word reaches me distinctly through the still evening air. Round Marthe's neck is a silver chain and locket, handsomer than mine; and Oscar is pointing to them angrily. 'I will not have it—do you hear, little traitress?' he cries passionately. 'You women would sell your souls for a bit of finery. Take off that horrible necklace, and give it to me—do you hear? If you are to be my wife, you shall accept no presents from fine gentlemen' [My poor painter a fine gentleman!]; 'no; nor yet hire out your face to be stared at. Take it off!' he repeats.

But Marthe puts up her hand to her silver chain and holds it fast. 'I will not—I will not!' she says. 'What harm have I done? Monsieur brought me this from Gannat, and that is all.'

'I saw him kiss your hand,' cries the incensed lover; 'and you allowed him!' and he utters a malediction. He is in a frightful rage; that I can hear by his voice; but Marthe is angry too, and will not heed the signs of the coming storm.

'A pretty thing truly,' she says, 'if I am to be watched and suspected like this. You have no right to do it; you are not my husband yet, thank heaven!'

Oscar's face darkens. But there is a terrible anxiety in his eyes as he says with an effort at calmness: 'Then you do not love me?'

Marthe pouts her full lips, but answers not.

'If you love me,' says Oscar, 'you will take off that chain, and give it to me.'

'No, no,' she repeats; 'it is mine.' The child clings to her bit of finery, and will not give it up.

'Then you do not love me?' says Oscar once more.

'No!' says Marthe, vehemently stamping her foot and flushing scarlet. 'I hate you—hate you—do you hear? And I will never marry you—never!' And with a sudden flood of tears, she jumps up and rushes into the house.

When I go down in the morning, I find she is in bed with a headache.

'I do not know what is the matter with the child,' says Madame, unsuspectingly concocting her a *tisane*, 'she is so hot and feverish.'

'Where is Oscar?' I ask.

'He has gone to Gannat to see the conscription drawn,' says Madame Petit. 'Poor Mère Gomet! God grant her René good fortune.'

I am glad that Oscar is out of the way; for finding that Marthe is unable to sit to him, Stirling makes up his mind to leave by the diligence, which passes through St Pourçain in the course of the morning; so that by the time Oscar returns, my task of effecting a reconciliation will, I feel, be comparatively easy; and when young Stirling proposes that I shall 'set him' a bit on his way, and let the diligence pick him up, I assent with much satisfaction. I have not the heart to tell him at the last moment of the mischief his locket has wrought; and we part with mutual expressions of good-will and hopes of meeting again before long; and I return to the *Trois Etoiles*, hoping to make all things straight between the lovers before night. But my hopes are destined to disappointment. When I arrive at the *Trois Etoiles*, I find the court-yard full of people, all talking at once with French volubility, while Madame is standing in the centre of the group crying and exclaiming: 'It is not true; I do not believe it.'

'What is it?' I ask.

Every one answers me at once; and it is some time before I am able to arrive at the cause of the disturbance, which is this. Madame Gomet's son has drawn an unlucky number, and she has no money to buy a substitute. 'Well, that we knew before,' I say.

'Yes, Madame. But here is one come from Gannat who says that Oscar Petit has volunteered to go in his place, and been accepted.'

'No, no!' cries Madame; 'it is a vile story—an invention. It is impossible that he could so treat his unhappy mother.—Is it not, Madame?' turning with piteous entreaty in her face to me.

'Of course, of course!' I begin hastily; but the words die on my lips as I see Oscar standing in the gateway, with stern eyes and pale compressed lips.

'My son, my son! say it is not true!' says the poor mother, rushing towards him.

But Oscar turns away. 'Yes, my mother, it is true!' he says; and with a low moan, Madame Petit staggers back and sinks fainting into my arms.

We carry her into the *salle*, and I manage to send every one away but Oscar and Babette. 'Go go, my friends,' I say; 'I will see what can be done.—You have been quarrelling with Marthe, I say angrily to Oscar when they are gone; 'and so you propose to yourself to break your mother's heart—a fine revenge, truly!'

Oscar looks rather ashamed of himself, but says simply: 'I love Marthe too well to live in the house with her if she will not marry me. She cannot leave her home; therefore I must.'

'No, no!' says the poor mother, who now begins to recover. 'She shall go. I cannot lose you, Oscar, my son, my only son!' and she falls into bitter weeping.

Oscar kneels beside her and buries his head in her lap; so he does not see a little figure which comes stealing in at the door with tear-dimmed eyes and white cheeks, and holding a silver chain in its hand. 'Oscar,' says Marthe, 'do forgive me; do, do! Take the chain. I love you—I love you; I only love you;' and she too falls on her knees, crying bitterly.

I feel very much inclined to laugh at the couple of young fools who have got themselves into this scrape—were it not for the grief of the mother, which is almost tragic in its intensity.

'Can Oscar not get a substitute?' I ask.

'I do not know, Madame; but even if he could, I should have to pay heavily, and I have no money laid by—times have been so bad since the war.'

'There is my *dot*,' says Marthe eagerly; and Madame's sad face brightens for a moment; but of this Oscar will not hear, even if the money can be touched legally, which is doubtful, Marthe being under age.

Perhaps I am an old fool for my pains. 'Perhaps,' I remark cynically to myself, 'I am only helping two people to make each other miserable for life;' but it ends in my driving over to Gannat, enlisting the sympathies of the *sous-préfet*, finding a substitute, and paying for him—rather heavily, I am afraid. But when I return home and place Oscar's release in his mother's hand, duly signed and attested, I am more than repaid when I see her joy, which, although she is a Frenchwoman, is too deep for words.

So we have a gay wedding before I leave St Pourçain; and by Oscar's special request, the bride—who looks lovely enough to turn any man's head—wears as her sole ornament a silver chain and locket; and we are all very content and happy, with the exception of the old Captain, who says that I have robbed France of a good soldier.

Marthe is as happy as the day is long. She often writes to me. Oscar has never been jealous again; and heretic though I am, I am to go over this year to attend the christening of the most wonderful *bébé* which has ever been born beneath the shadow of the *Trois Etoiles*.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE details of Mr Hannay's experiments on the artificial formation of diamond have been laid before the Royal Society, and read at one of their meetings. Except as a record of persevering labour carried on under much risk, they are not interesting to the unprofessional reader. Having noticed in his early experiments that very small hard scales of carbon were formed in the tube, that fact became the basis of his further endeavours. Great heat and enormous pressure were required, and where was a material with sufficient power of resistance to be found? The massive iron tubes slowly cracked or flew to pieces with dangerous violence. Out of more than eighty experiments, not more than three successful results were achieved. It is easy to believe that 'the continued strain on the nerves, watching the temperature of the furnace, and in a state of tension in case of explosion, induce a nervous state which is extremely weakening, and that when the explosion does occur it sometimes shakes one so severely that sickness supervenes.'

'In nature,' says Mr Hannay, 'the temperature has been at one time higher than we can obtain artificially; and the pressure at a depth of two hundred miles below the surface is greater than can be supported by any of the materials from which we can form vessels. It will thus be seen

that whereas in nature almost unlimited solvent power could be obtained, we are not as yet able to reproduce those conditions artificially. Could pressure alone increase solvent power, then much might be done; but pressure acts only by keeping the molecules close together when they have great *vis viva*, and this condition is obtainable by high temperature only.' Notwithstanding that the difficulties appear to be insurmountable, we may, now that the particulars of the experiments are made public, feel assured that other investigators will take up the research, and that further demonstration will be given of the artificial formation of diamond.

By a series of observations made at Grasmere last summer and autumn, Professor G. F. Armstrong of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has come to some conclusions on the diurnal variation in the amount of carbonic acid in the air. Great care was taken to avoid error; and the results were that the normal amount of carbonic acid present in the air of the land is distinctly less than usually stated, and that it does not exceed 3·5 parts in ten thousand of air—That plants absorb carbonic acid during the day and exhale it at night, and that vegetation, therefore, affects the quantity of carbonic acid present in the air, decreasing it by day, and increasing it at night; and that from this cause there is during that part of the year when vegetation is active, at least ten per cent. more carbonic acid present in the air of the open country by night than by day. Some difficulty was experienced at times in collecting air for the experiments, in consequence of the overabundance of rain in 1879. Grasmere is notoriously a wet place, and is within seven miles of the wettest place in England—Sty Head, where the average annual rainfall is one hundred and seventy-five inches. Last year it amounted to two hundred inches. This is a fact worth recording.

Dr Angus Smith, F.R.S., has devised a means for Measurement of the Actinism of the Sun's Rays and of Daylight, of which he states in a preliminary notice, 'when examining the air of towns and the effect of smoke and fogs, he has often wished for a very simple chemical method of measuring the total light absorbed by these gases, vapours, and floating solids. He does not undervalue the work of others, but thinks he has obtained a process promising good results with great simplicity, although it may introduce its own class of difficulties.' The method is based on the 'fundamental fact, that when iodide of potassium in solution is treated with nitric acid, so small in quantity as to cause no change of colour in dull diffused light, a change takes place when the same mixture is brought into clear light; iodine is set free, and the solution becomes yellow.' Meteorologists as well as sanitary functionaries are agreed that it is important to have a record of the total amount of sunshine; hence we trust that this new means for recording will realise Dr A. Smith's expectations. Further information on all that precedes may be found in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society.

An observer in the East has pointed out that in the three years 1876—1878 there was an unusual and persistent amount of atmospheric pressure over a large part of India, extending to Singapore, Batavia, and Australia, where it was greater at Adelaide than any one of the Indian stations. It

appears that a gradual increase of pressure had been observed since 1870, and that the maximum was reached in 1877; thereby shewing an approximate conformity to the sunspot variation. This conclusion is supported by more than thirty years' observations made at Calcutta and Bombay; for they prove that the variation of pressure with the sunspot cycle is a regularly recurrent phenomenon.

In a discussion concerning the chemical and geological relations of the atmosphere, Professor Sterry Hunt, F.R.S., of Montreal, shews that while the atmosphere modifies the rocks, the rocks in their turn modify the atmosphere. A layer of the rock known as orthoclase, one metre thick over a fortieth of the earth's surface, would absorb the entire quantity of carbonic acid at present in the atmosphere. This faculty of absorption is fraught with important consequences. The total volume of our atmosphere at the density which it has at the sea-level is, according to calculation, less than four-thousandths that of the earth; the volume of the ocean being very much less. 'There is no known mass of cooled rock,' says the Professor, 'which has not a greater porosity than is represented by these figures; so that the conclusion seems inevitable that, with the complete refrigeration of the earth which must come in the course of ages, its atmosphere, following the ocean, will have so completely sunk into the pores of the cooled mass that its tension at the surface would be very small.' In other words, the earth would be in the same condition as the moon now is, devoid of atmosphere and life; which condition probably exists also in the planet Mercury.

The Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society has published in their *Journal*, 'Notes on Market Gardening and Vine Culture in the North-west of France,' which are well worth reading by all persons engaged in producing food-crops. The extent to which salad is grown and consumed on the other side of the Channel, seems almost incredible to a dweller on this side. One article is particularly mentioned—the dandelion, which, as we are told, is now systematically cultivated on a large scale, while the market-gardeners and the consumers are enthusiastic in its praise. In England, the dandelion is partially used for medicinal purposes; but in France, five varieties of the plant are cultivated to be eaten as salad in the middle of winter; and this, as the Secretary says, is its great merit, in addition to its hygienic properties, that it abounds at a time of year when most other salads are very scarce.

Among the same 'Notes' are statements concerning the cultivation of asparagus and of the vine; and a curious fact is mentioned concerning figs, shewing how their ripening may be hastened. When the eye of the fig is yellow and about to dilate, the skin also being brilliant and inclining to yellow, a small touch of olive-oil is put on the eye in the early morning or in the evening, and in nine days the fruit will be ripe. But if this operation is tried before the fig is quite ready or in full sunshine, it does more harm than good.

We learn that in another part of France asparagus is cultivated by the plough, and yields a handsome profit.

When Sir Samuel Baker was exploring Cyprus, he was told by certain monks that they believed the Scriptural 'chittim-wood' to be a species of

pine which grows only on the mountains between the monastery of Kyker and the town of Khrysokus, a pathless and almost inaccessible region. Boughs, as specimens of the tree, were fetched by a trustworthy messenger, and were sent to Sir Joseph Hooker, Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, who in a brief description published by the Linnean Society, says of this newly-found tree, that it differs from the known forms of *Cedrus* in the shortness of the leaves and the smallness of the female cones. In size of cone, size, form, and colour of leaf, it approaches the Algerian far more closely than it does any Taurian, Himalayan, or Lebanon cedar. Among tree cultivators it may be called the Cyprus cedar; and its special characteristics will be better understood when the promised ripe cones and seeds shall be received at Kew.

Sir Samuel Baker writes that he has found two varieties of cypress. One he describes as a tree thirty feet high, with a girth of six or seven feet, the wood cedar-coloured, 'emitting a powerful aromatic scent resembling that of sandal-wood. This is (in Sir Samuel's opinion) the celebrated chittim-wood. Why should Solomon have sent for cedar, which is so common in Asia Minor? The No. 2 variety of cypress is an intensely hard wood, resembling somewhat *lignum vitæ*.'

Two papers—one on Iron as a Material for Architectural Construction, the other on Mild Steel and its Application to Building Purposes—have been read and discussed at meetings of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., took part in the discussion, and made clear to all who heard him what is meant in the present day by steel, particularly that form of the metal described technically as 'mild steel.' He made clear too the reason why steel is pure, and iron more or less impure. In producing the steel now used in engineering and architecture, a mass of some ten or twelve tons may be seen in the furnace in a state of perfect fluidity, in which state it is tested by means of samples both as to its chemical and mechanical condition. That steel can be shaped as required for any purpose. Mr Siemens holds that 'for purposes where boldness and grandeur of outline are essential no material can rival steel. When we want to bridge a third of a mile in span, or to construct a roof or dome of enormous size, there is no material that can serve our purpose like steel. If the object is simply to get tensile strength, as is the case in the chains of a suspension-bridge, the use of steel wire enables us to attain a limit of strength exceeding a hundred tons per square inch, or as much as five times the tensile strength of wrought-iron.' In building a house of an area thirty feet by sixty, the using of steel girders instead of wood would effect a saving of two hundred and ten pounds, and the rooms would be higher. This mild steel, which has nearly expelled iron from naval construction, has an absolute strength of about thirty tons per square inch; but its toughness is such, that if a bar eight inches in length is subjected to increasing strains, it will stretch to ten inches before giving way. This steel is of uniform strength—a great advantage when overloaded, or in case of fire; and it is capable of being wrought into the highest artistic forms.

We learn from the tenth annual Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, recently published,

that the total number of pieces struck at the Mint during 1879 was thirty million fifty thousand three hundred and forty-four. Nearly twenty-eight millions of these were British coins. The demand for bronze coin continues, notwithstanding that from 1860 to the present time, the total of bronze issued to the public amounts to one million four hundred and forty-six thousand pounds, or nearly three times the value of the old copper coin withdrawn from circulation. The officers of the Mint do not fail to take advantage of discoveries or advances in science in carrying on their operations; spectrum analysis has been employed to determine the nature of alloys, and Professor Hughes' induction balance to investigate their molecular structure. It was shewn by the chemist of the Mint that a suitable solvent, aided by a battery, could be used to regulate the weight of 'blanks,' the disks of metal from which coins are struck; and this process having been adopted at the Bombay Mint, the operators there found that the metal dissolved from the too heavy blanks could be deposited on those which were too light; and up to the present time five million silver pieces have been so treated. Formerly, much annoyance and loss were occasioned by brittle gold being sent in to be coined; but since the discovery of a way by which brittle gold could be made malleable, those objections have disappeared.

The Worshipful Company of Turners have given notice of prizes which they will present in October next to 'any workman, whether master, journeyman, or apprentice in the trade in England, who may send in the best specimen of hand-turning in wood, ivory, and precious stones, including engraving in intaglio.' Excellence of workmanship, apart from elaborateness of design, will be accepted as a qualification. The prizes will be silver and bronze medals, sums of money, certificates of merit, and the freedom of the City of London. The week ending October 9 is appointed for the sending in of the competing specimens. Intending competitors will doubtless obtain full information by applying to the secretary of the Company. Let all applicants remember to transmit a postage stamp for reply.

As was predicted, the telephone is now used for reporting speeches in Parliament. The reporter in the House reads his notes into a telephone receiver; the sound travels along wires to the *Times* office, where a compositor sits with his ear close to the mouth of the instrument, and, with the composing-machine, immediately sets up the spoken words in type. The labour and delay of writing out the reporter's notes are thus avoided, and the reports of debates can be printed an hour later than heretofore by the newspaper. In like manner reports may be spoken to all parts of the kingdom; and orators in the country will see their latest words printed at once in the London papers.

Dr Corfield, Professor of Hygiene and Public Health at University College, London, has published a thoughtful book entitled *Health*, which ought to have many readers. He begins with the human anatomy and the circulation of the blood; passes on to nutrition, to the functions of the body, and the nervous system. The conditions of health are then reviewed, air and ventilation, food and drink, water, climate, dwellings, small-pox, and communicable diseases. Any one who has read

all this will know how to live a healthy life. On the subject of hereditary disease, the Doctor makes wise remarks, which should be kept in mind by young people about to fall in love, for he shews that they have 'no right' to marry into a family in which there may be a tendency towards disease which they themselves suffer from. Where this precaution is disregarded, the 'children are almost certain to suffer from that disease in the worst possible form.' 'If,' continues the Doctor, 'there is a tendency to nervous disease in your family, and you marry into a family in which nervous diseases are prevalent, it is very likely indeed that your descendants will furnish a very large number of inmates to the lunatic asylums. Not only are tendencies to disease hereditary, but a tendency to long life is hereditary. If mischief in the organs of the body is likely to descend, and if likenesses descend, it follows, that perfection of the various organs of the body is transmitted in families, and so long life is hereditary. But there is another reason why long life is hereditary, and that is, that long-lived people have a kind of contempt for persons who are not long-lived, and they rarely marry into families that are not long-lived families; and so this tendency to long life is increased, and that makes it still more markedly clear, and it has been observed over and over again that long life is hereditary.' Dr Corfield may well declare that 'people ought to think of these things a very great deal more than they do.'

A book by Mr Kingzett, a Fellow of the Chemical Society, entitled *Nature's Hygiene*, gives an account of the discovery of oxygen and hydrogen, of the physiological action of pure oxygen, of ozone and respiration, discusses the parasitic theory of disease, and sets forth by numerous examples 'the chemistry and hygiene of the eucalyptus and the pine.' We have already in a former *Month* given particulars of the remarkable disinfecting properties of the eucalyptus tree and its oil; and a similar statement may be made of the pine and its turpentine. Indeed, considering the much greater abundance of the pine, it may be regarded as the more important of the two. The quantity of oil of turpentine that finds its way into the atmosphere, especially in hot weather, is simply incalculable. 'The governments of this and other countries ought, therefore, never to lose sight of the value of eucalyptus and pine plantations. Valleys and swamps may, by their agency, be freed from malarial fever; and in the place of a poisonous atmosphere, they substitute a state of balminess and purity at once luxurious and healthful.'

A paper On Nerve-stretching in Neuralgia, read by Mr Underwood at a meeting of the Odontological Society, shews that stretching of the nerves will take away the tormenting pain felt in neuralgia. Cases were mentioned of patients who for years had suffered agony, but who by submitting to an operation, were permanently cured. The operation is simple: an incision is made; and the nerve thereby exposed is seized and stretched until ultimately the pain ceases. Nerves will bear a great deal of stretching. It was found by experiment that the sciatic nerve of a strong man would bear a weight of one hundred and eighty-six pounds, and that of a delicate girl eighty pounds, without giving way. Persons

desiring further information on this interesting subject will find it in *Transactions of the Odontological Society*, Number 7, 1880, published by Wyman & Sons, 81 Great Queen Street, London.

THE VIKING'S DEATH.

Down to the shore slow marched the mournful throng,
Bearing within their midst the dying king;
And sadly rose and fell the plaintive song,
As 'mid the rocks the cortège moved along—
A song as of a people sorrowing.

Down through the gorge, where, huge on either hand,
The stern cliffs raise their bare heads to the sky;
Where nothing breaks the silence of the land,
Save fitful sound, heard from the neighbouring strand,
Of Ocean's moan, or lonely sea-bird's cry.

So to the water's edge they slowly passed,
And there laid down their load with tender care,
Fearful lest each faint breath should be the last—
For life's enfeebled tide was ebbing fast—
And it should be too late to grant his prayer.

For he, their king, whose deeds dim legends tell,
Had made with trembling lips this last request:
That, rocked to his last sleep on Ocean's swell,
Lone 'mid the waves whose voice he loved so well,
He might sail slowly to the fabled West.

So, near the shore a glorious galley lay,
Splendid with gems, and awnings, fold on fold,
Wondrous and rich in light of dying day,
Which lit with varied hues the sparkling spray,
And shot the purple sails with threads of gold.

On to the deck the aged king they bore,
And gently laid him on the silken bed;
Placed near his hand the sword he ever wore,
With shield and crown, that on the distant shore
He might still be a king among the dead.

The snow-white deck they strewed with flowers bright,
And set the sails to catch the gentle wind,
And then, ere changed the evening's mystic light
Into the glimmer of the starlit night,
The vessel left the shore and them behind.

The pale stars watched the galley glide all night,
Wave-rocked, whereon the living, lone king lay;
But when the sun uprose in lordly might,
And bade the world—aroused to life and light—
Renew its toil—the king had passed away.

CHARLES A. CLOSE.

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THE PEASANT-PROPRIETOR CRAZE.

At intervals of a few years, as long as we can remember, there breaks out a craze, that nothing could be more salutary than the creation of a large body of peasant proprietors, each with his family occupying from five to ten acres of land, so as to form a sturdy intelligent yeomanry, the pride and social safety of the body-politic. The persons who throw out these glowing suggestions for public approval are for the most part politicians or literary theorists who have no practical experience in the treatment of land. They doubtless speak or write in good faith. The topic is attractive. Nothing is more delightful than to picture a cure for poverty by a return to that imaginary period the Golden Age.

Very poetical and beautiful these fancies, but desperately at variance with the mental aptitudes, and the conditions which ordinarily govern society. That such is the case, we may offer the following considerations. In the first place, we take it to be a self-evident truth that the use of land is to produce food, and that the more it produces, the better is it for the community at large. Hence, setting aside exceptional cases where there is a necessity for recreation, any plan which tends to limit productiveness for the general benefit, is objectionable. While, on the same principle, everything that skill and capital can effect should be employed in the improvement and cultivation of the soil, with the view of bringing it into the highest state of fertility. It is a mere truism that land is very various in quality, as is the climate, on which fertility largely depends. The soil of the Netherlands, for example, naturally produces far more than by any expedient can be procured from comparatively sterile and humid districts in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

It would be possible for a family near a populous city to make a comfortable living from no more than two or three acres of rich land, by the cultivation and sale of vegetables; but that would be gardening, not agriculture. In Italy may be seen a combination of agriculture and gardening.

So fertile is the soil, and so fine the climate, that there are commonly two crops a year; and we have the spectacle of vines, oranges, citrons, melons, and pomegranates growing in the open air amidst crops of grain. By this combination of advantages, a farm of three acres and a half will support a family of five persons in comfort. Circumstances are totally different in the north of Europe, where, for the most part, farming is a constant struggle with nature, or at least conducted under difficulties. In obedience to a popular craze, peasant proprietorship was some time ago introduced into Norway; but the prevalent state of affairs is far from satisfactory, for it is signalled by bad farming and pauperism.

In France, owing to a law dating from the Revolution, which enjoins the equal division of property among children, the land has in many cases been divided and subdivided down and down, so as to be at length partitioned into small possessions of only a few acres, out of which a living has to be wrung the best way possible. Those who have not seen it can hardly imagine the intense industry, the severe drudgery, and parsimonious habits of the small French proprietors. Early and late, every member of the family is toiling at hand-labour in the unclosed fields. The fare is of the very poorest. The sole object in life is to save. Not a sou is spent on books, or newspapers, or anything out of the dullest routine. The costume is of the scantiest and meanest. With a view to limit claimants in succession, families are ordinarily restricted to two children, sometimes only one child; wherefore the population of France is decreasing to a degree that is a little alarming in a national point of view. There are other evils. Brought up in ignorance, the people in the rural districts can lend no intelligent assistance in public affairs, and become puppets in the hands of political adventurers or of official dictators. Surely, even were it practicable, such is not the social condition to be aimed at for any section of the British islands.

The plan of allocating small parcels of land in

long leasehold at a small annual rent, for the benevolent purpose of rearing an independent and respectable body of peasant occupants, has been tried, in several places in Scotland, and as far as we have heard, the experiments have been generally unsuccessful. Sooner or later, as it would appear, the families to be benefited get into debts and difficulties, fall away from the original design, and the properties in time are either coalesced or revert to the landlord. Where the families linger on as crofters or cotters, and have no other means of subsistence, they lapse into a condition of semi-pauperism and wretchedness. From all that has fallen under our own notice, any expectation of a family living in decent comfort on the produce of five to ten acres of land, even if but a trifling annual rent be payable, is dismally hopeless. Were the land given even for nothing, the project of so small a farm could not answer. The family making the attempt must have a dwelling, however plain, of two or three apartments, which has to be kept in repair; must either keep a horse or hire one when wanted; must feed cattle for the sake of manure, or buy artificial restoratives; must do all the harvesting, or hire labour for the purpose; must get the thrashing effected at some outlay; must keep a cow for a supply of milk; must possess sufficient capital to pay rates, taxes, and accounts when payment is demanded. To expect that a man, though a Hercules in strength, and reasonably thrifty and intelligent, can with his own hands, aided by wife and children, make a decent livelihood and pay his way out of the proceeds of such a small and difficult-to-be-conducted agricultural concern, is in this country an impossibility. A man farming a piece of ground on so limited a scale, or of a few acres larger, would live a life worse than that of a slave. He would not enjoy the comforts of a hired labourer at a pound a week. His troubles would be endless. His existence a dreary burden. The grave a relief.

No wonder that benevolently conceived schemes of this kind should have broken down. The business of an agriculturist or of a store-farmer in the United Kingdom requires to be conducted on that large and creditable scale in which skill, capital, and enterprise find their proper exercise, not alone for individual benefit, but for the advantage of the entire community. We need not describe an improved system of husbandry. It is embraced in good-sized farms of four to five hundred acres, conducted with the best mechanical and scientific appliances, and entered upon only by persons possessing a capital of at least four thousand, or more likely five thousand, pounds, and who are insured a lease ordinarily of nineteen years, during which there is a fair chance of getting out of the land all that is put into it. According to the practice in Scotland, which we think could hardly be improved upon, the landlord, at the beginning of every lease, puts the farm

establishment in proper tenantable order, so that no claim for improvements has to be put forward by the farmer. It may seem a hardship that a certain specified rent should be paid. But how, with justice, is that to be helped? A good farm in workable order such as we speak of, probably cost the proprietor or one of his predecessors five-and-twenty thousand pounds; and after paying all outlays, the money received half-yearly as rent does not yield two per cent. on the investment. Land, in fact, is the least remunerative of anything that can be purchased. It is for the most part acquired only for the honour of the thing, and a costly honour it is. In some respects the tenant is the better off of the two. If he does not find the farm remunerative, he can give it up at the end of his lease. On some estates, farmers remain from generation to generation, the farm being valued each time the lease is renewed. We know cases where after a successful career, tenants have bought farms and become their own landlords. To this there can be no objection. Only, it is to be kept in mind, that by the system of renting their farm, men with a limited capital are able to enter the profession.

The marked feature in the system of leases of land in Scotland is the perfect liberty on both sides—liberty in the proprietor to give a lease to whom he pleases, liberty in the tenant to take a farm or let it alone. Fixity of tenure at a specified rent would be alike abhorrent to both. Owing to a possible reduction in market prices, fixity of tenure might bring ruin on the farmer, while it would amount to a qualified confiscation of the rights of the landlord. If these views be correct, the cry for fixity of tenure among certain classes in Ireland seems ill-advised and unreasonable. In all cases, as it strikes us, the proper plan is to let land, like everything else, find its natural marketable value. We would go further, and say, that the fewer trammels on the transference, disposal, or occupancy of land, the better for every one.

It may be averred that circumstances have rendered the position of Ireland so peculiar, that there can be no analogy betwixt it and Great Britain. We entertain grave doubts on this point. The state of affairs in Donegal and some other parts of Ireland does not differ materially from what prevails in some of the western isles of Scotland. There, within these few years, we have seen the direst poverty and misery, as a result of precisely the same causes as in Ireland—namely, a habitual dependence on crofts, or small patches of wild land, supplemented in some instances by fishing; and when both sources of subsistence fail, starvation is only averted by doles of oatmeal. It has lately been noticed in the newspapers that in some parts of Skye, charitable relief of this kind was required by the crofters. This does not surprise us. The poor inhabitants live as their forefathers did in centuries long gone by. And so they will remain struggling with starva-

tion, while they continue to speak nothing but Gaelic, and rely for subsistence on the paltry patches of land they are allowed to occupy on the bare sea-margins, and still more bleak hill-sides.

What the English as a nation have done for the spread of civilisation, is well known. Their self-reliant and prosperous colonies are found in every clime. We must be excused, however, for saying that in one respect the English have been remarkably deficient. They have neglected or mismanaged the fragmentary relics of an ancient people at their own doors. The consequence is painfully observable. Within the sphere of the United Kingdom are found stretches of country where the inhabitants know nothing of the English tongue, or English habits of thought. Drifting on from generation to generation as occupants of meagre patches of land, without thrift, capital, or knowledge of the world, they live a wretched hand-to-mouth existence, in a style little better than that of the lower animals, their companions in misery, and are ever on the brink of destitution. The failure of some petty crop finishes them. So dire is their condition, so slight their self-respect, that in the day of distress they are contented to accept doles of food, old clothes, or anything. The blame cast upon them is that they live as they please, without the foresight enjoined by English notions of duty. It would be more correct to say that they are helpless and live as they can, as beings who know no better. Fixed to the soil, as it were, by language and traditions, they deserve our sincere sympathy. Remaining where they are, their condition is hopeless.

Some of our readers may have perused the graphic and faithful accounts of the sufferings now endured in the south and north-west of Ireland, as given by the daily press, and it is not necessary to expatiate on the subject. We offer only the following few scraps from a report of the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at the beginning of January. He is writing of what he saw along the coast of Donegal, where the people are half fishers, half farmers, the patches of land they occupy being two, three, or four acres. 'For several years past the seasons have been bad, and that of last year meant absolute ruin. Potatoes rotted in the ground, and were dug up as masses of corruption; barley and oats and beans, exposed to untimely Atlantic storms, were levelled with the ground or torn up by the roots; turnips sickened in the sour soil—there they are still, some of them, and a pig would hardly deign to root them up; while the incessant rain made it impossible to lay in a store of turf. As for the fishing industry, the poor people have neither the boats nor the gear requisite for deep-sea fishing in winter, and so they are cut off from every means of earning a livelihood. Knowing all this, I was prepared for sad scenes at Kildonay, but even if I had given imagination full play, it could not have conjured up those which actually met my eyes. Our route lay for some time through a dreary and neglected country, sodden with wet, undrained, and in some cases fast going back to a state of bog. Here and there a larger farmstead than usual, surrounded by well-kept fields, shewed that capital, as well as industry, was at work; but these were very exceptional instances, and only, by contrast, deepened the prevailing melancholy.'

By-and-by he comes to a kind of village or hamlet. 'The first cabin into which I went was a place that an Englishman would think too bad for his pig. Its floor, of earth and stones, reeked with damp, and water even stood in the hollows; the only furniture was a few cups and saucers, a stool or two, and as many tubs and pots; in one corner a mass of dirty straw had evidently been used as a bed, and on the wretched hearth smoked rather than burned an apology for a fire. The man of the house—shoeless and coatless, pale and haggard—sat idle upon a bag of Indian meal, beyond which his food resources did not go, and through the gloom around the hearth—there was no window to speak of—could be dimly made out one or two crouching female figures. I never saw anything in the way of a home in a civilised country—and I have seen a good deal—more appalling than this. Yet here was the case of a man renting three acres of land, and usually getting what he would be content to call a living out of them. Now, alas! he and thousands of others like him have reached the end of their miserable last season's crop, and beyond them but a little way lies starvation.

'Not far from this, I was shewn by my melancholy attendants into an equally wretched hovel, where a widow with seven young children was fighting the bitter battle of life, and rapidly getting worsted in the struggle. She herself had gone out gathering what she could of stuff to make a fire wherewith to cook the family dinner, consisting—O my brothers in comfortable English homes—of a single cabbage! But the poor little children, half-clothed, thin, and hollow-eyed, were there to plead with heart-rending eloquence for aid. Once more I heard the old story. The land had yielded nothing; no turf could be obtained for fuel short of a journey of eight miles, and the family had touched absolute destitution. Over the way, in another apology for a dwelling-place, I found three poor women trying to kindle a fire with damp bean-stalks, their only crop, in order to cook a dish of Indian meal, their only food. Another and another house I visited—but why describe over and over again a uniformly dark and dismal picture?'

It is to this, then, that the social condition of large stretches of country in Ireland, and in a scarcely modified degree in some parts of Scotland, has been brought through the inveterately maintained practice of endeavouring to draw a subsistence from small portions of unimproved moorland. The whole is obviously wrong, an anachronism at this advanced stage of history. It should have been put an end to, or at least discountenanced, long ago. Instead of this, it has been fostered, and absolutely applauded by persons affecting to speak as philanthropists or statesmen. Peasant proprietorship, or occupancy in perpetuity, has been represented as the proper cure for the ills under which Ireland unfortunately labours. In other words, that there ought to be an extension and confirmation of a system which, looking to results, has wrought indescribable mischief, and is very deeply to be deplored. Against this, every reflecting individual, we think, will set his face, as either fraught with confiscation of the rights of property, or the purchase of these rights at the national expense, with the certainty of perpetuating in an aggravated form a species of

land tenure that is synonymous with mental decrepitude and beggary.

For the hapless condition into which certain districts have lapsed, there seems to be but one feasible remedy, comprehensive in its operation. The land should be cleared of its superfluous population; and then, by means of drainage, planting for the sake of shelter, and other improving processes of a costly nature, rendered fit for cultivation or grazing on a large remunerative scale. In the execution of such works, probably there would be employment for many of the resident inhabitants; but for all who are not required, emigration is the proper outlet. On no account, should attempts at peasant occupancy be resumed. A good deal has been done in the Highlands, both mainland and isles, to reclaim the lands and meliorate the climate, followed by the substitution of large for small holdings. Hence, the immensely improved sheep-farming and grazing that have taken place, as is observable by the vast quantities of sheep and fat cattle that are now brought to market. All such territorial improvements have been effected by the land-proprietors, assisted in some instances by loans from government, which are extinguished by annual payments, within a limited number of years. What has thus been done in Scotland, may be done in Ireland, if landlords do their duty and know their own interests. Ireland, however, can already offer examples of improving landlords, as well as either England or Scotland; and the methods of reclaiming bogs and initiating store-farming on a suitable scale have only to be introduced into those parts of the country still lying in a state of nature.

The removal of families from spots to which they cling even in the depths of destitution, may not be without difficulty; but by kindly consideration and assistance, and by taking things gradually, all troubles may be overcome. At anyrate, we know of no alternative. On the one hand, by remaining in the old country, are starvation and frequent appeals for public charity. On the other hand, by removing to new homes in the western states of America, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, there are prospects of well-requited industry and comfort. In his book recently issued, Judge Bathgate explicitly tells us that the wage of a labouring man in New Zealand is eight shillings a day. How preposterous, then, does it appear that people should prefer to stay in a poverty-stricken country, perishing for want, when at comparatively small trouble and expense they could reach a place abounding in means for enjoying every earthly blessing.

The facilities now offered for transferring large numbers to new settlements waiting their arrival are so complete, that emigration has more the character of a pleasure excursion than anything else. There is, of course, the pang of departure; but the whole history of man is a history of the migration of races and changes of situation, impelled by urgent necessity or some other controlling circumstance. The very Celtic people who claim our compassion are not indigenous to the soil. They are the descendants of bands of emigrants from Central Asia, who, ages ago, landing in these islands, dispossessed a prehistoric race, now forgotten, or dimly known by researches among sepulchral mounds and monoliths. Facts

of this kind should be eminently suggestive and consoling. The destiny of man is movement, ever advancing onward and upward. Excelsior! Fixture to a spot is apt to degenerate into stagnation. It is, indeed, only through impulses to improve in circumstances, or to benefit in health, that the surface of the earth is to be eventually peopled. We never hear of a shipload of gallant emigrants leaving our shores without connecting the incident with the great migratory hosts in the days of old, for the same impelling influences are at work. With these sentiments, we must deprecate those fanciful and unwholesome schemes which would fix down men to the soil and perpetuate the conditions incidental to peasant proprietorship.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XVII.—HISTORY.

'It's ninety-eight pound ten,' said the rueful man.

HERE let the Muse who guides this chronicle introduce to the reader the host of the *Spotted Dog* in Bloomsbury. Mr James Groves had by nature no more right to a place in a romance or a tragedy than the Derby Dog to gambol in the Elysian Fields. He was a pale and pimpled young man, of weedy growth, and his hair and eyebrows were of a faint primrose colour. He was great in the matter of pins and scarfs and fancy waistcoats. His father had been a pugilist, and had fulfilled the ordinary fate of gentlemen of his profession, who being first over-trained, are afterwards not trained at all, and settling down in a public-house to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of their lives, take to drinking, and so sink to an unheroic close. With such an ancestry—it might be invidious to trace it further—Mr James Groves might naturally be regarded as an authority on sporting matters. Many matches, of all sorts and for amounts large and small, were made in his house, and the *Spotted Dog* was indeed the chief rendezvous of the sporting contingent in London. I have indicated that Mr Groves was not by nature intended for a place in written romance or tragedy. But one man in his life plays many parts. The heavy-villain of real life has little in common with his prototype of the lending-library and the theatre. Poor old King Lear lets you know when you spend an hour with him that the convulsions of a kingdom have brought about the hanging of the court fool along with other matters. Fate pitchforks people about in an inexplicable way, giving this foolish youngster a place in a tragedy, and that venerable philosopher a part in a farce.

It befell that on the morning of the day on which Frank Fairholt wandered in desperation on to Hampstead Heath, and stood there lonely and half-mad in the rain, Mr James Groves arose and adorned himself with much jewellery; and drove in a high dog-cart in the society of two congenial spirits to the *Spaniard's Inn*, a hostel known to fame, and celebrated in the fiction of that chaste and elegant author the late Lord Lytton. Here the trio bestowed the high-stepping steed and the dog-cart; and after refreshing themselves with certain liquids, they took their unostentatious way to the house of a gentleman in the near neighbourhood. This gentleman lived

for no other end than 'sport,' and was one of those peculiarly constituted people who find their keenest pleasure in witnessing the combats of the lower animals. That is the formula. But for fear of misconstruction, I should have preferred to say the higher animals. The egotisms of humanity shall, however, be respected; and although I have my own opinion as to the relative values of this gentleman's life and those of the rats, dogs, and birds he induced to slay each other, there is no need to impress it on my reader.

There may have been perhaps a score of sporting gentlemen around the cockpit when our trio arrived at it. The brutal restrictions of British law even in those days were extended to the manly sport of cock-fighting, and considerable care was taken by the gentleman at whose house the present 'main' was held, to shroud their pleasure in the profoundest secrecy. No interruption befell the refined enjoyment of the day. Mr James Groves, an admitted authority upon the matter in hand, found many people who were rash enough to bet with him, and having netted a considerable sum of money, was in unusually high-feather. When the main was over, and the greater part of the witnesses had quietly dispersed, Mr Groves and his friends stayed and had luncheon with their host. In the course of the luncheon, Mr Groves launched out in enthusiastic praises of the high dog cart—which was a new product of the art of Long Acre—and of the high-stepping mare, which had been purchased by the lamented Groves senior, a notable judge of horse-flesh, and was famed for having repeatedly trotted a mile in some quite incredibly small number of seconds. These things to hear did the host of Groves Junior seriously incline, and being blessed with the two things which Groves Junior most admired in others—money and credulity, namely—burned to possess the marvel of a dog-cart and the high-stepping mare of fabulous achievement. This flame of desire being artfully fanned by Mr Groves's friends, and Mr Groves himself declaring with much emphasis that he would sooner be boiled alive than part with either of those his properties, the host determined upon an ocular inspection of them; and despatched his own groom to the inn with orders to bring the matchless mare and unprecedented dog-cart round. This done, he inspected them both with the aspect of a profound connoisseur; and by way of establishing his own cunning in the matter of horse-flesh and dog-carts, admired the pair so highly, that Mr Groves was at length compelled, with many sounding asseverations of his sorrow, to part with them at something like twice their highest value. A formal receipt was drawn up and signed, a cheque handed over, and the transfer was complete.

'And now,' said Mr Groves, 'how am I a-goin' to get 'ome, my pippings?'

This query accorded well with the host's simple ideas of humour, and he laughed loud and long. Mr Groves with great geniality joined in the laughter; but his friends, who had not especially profited by this transaction, 'relucted,' as the Great Essayist puts it, at the idea of walking home.

'I can put two of you fellers up here,' said the master of the house; 'but I can't find room for all three of you.'

Mr Groves had an important engagement at a

most absurdly early hour in the morning, and must go home that night. Would the host let his groom drive him over?—'No; he wouldn't,' said the host, and added humorously: 'Let him walk. It would do his legs good.'

'I'll tell you what we'll do, Grovey,' said one of Mr Groves's friends. 'Bobby and me'll stop here to-night; but we'll walk with you as far as the top of the Spaniard's Lane, and there you're bound to be able to get an 'ackney-coach, you know.'

This programme was accepted; and in the lowering dusk, the three set off together. They had not gone far when the rain began to pelt down sharply, and they took refuge at the inn. The rain rather increasing than failing in force, after the space of an hour passed in the consumption of alcoholic liquors, Mr Groves announced himself as 'gettin' a leetle peckish,' and proposed a steak with onions. His companions, who were pretty generally willing to eat or drink at any man's expense, fell in readily with his views, and another hour went by. By this time none of the three felt at all inclined to move.

'You landed a bit on the main, didn't you, Bobby?' asked Mr Groves from his side the fireplace.

'Five flimsies,' his friend responded sententiously.

'What did *you* fetch out of the pit?' asked Mr Groves of his other companion.

'Oh,' said he carelessly, stirring his grog as he spoke and sipping at it, 'I won about twelve pound.'

'I don't quite know what I won,' said Mr Groves; 'I'll see.' And suiting the action to the word, he drew his chair up to the table, and produced a little chamois-leather bag containing gold and notes, and throwing this on the table, where it fell with a pleasant muffled jingle, he began to count its contents.

Whilst that gambling, horse-chanting, cock-fighting trio sat over whisky-and-water at the hospitable fireside of *The Spaniard's*, one solitary and melancholy figure plashed about the roads of the heath in the darkness and the rain. For poor Frank, the pillars of the world were shaken, and chaos had come again because of the want of a trifle less than a hundred pounds. Emotions in a nature like his are very changeable, and he had come now to a blind angry rage at Fate who had thus cruelly waylaid him. How bitter and how hard it was, you may partly guess. His penitence had been sincere, his reform earnest, his struggle with the worse half of himself severe and constant. He had striven honestly after virtue, had banished his besetting sin of idleness, and had crowned himself publicly with hard-earned laurels; and here and now in the very flush of his triumph and the confidence of his hope, his dead vice and folly came to life again, and laid their hands thus heavily upon him. He saw father and brother and lover broken-hearted; his delicate vanity heard already how the town rang with his disgrace. Then he could bear the thought of these things no longer; he fell into a dull desperation, and in that mood tramped on through mud and rain until he came suddenly upon a gleam of light, and seeing that he stood before an inn, bethought him suddenly of how tired and wet he

was, and so entered. He called for a glass of hot brandy-and-water, and threw his wet coat and dripping wide-awake over a chair by the fire.

'Will you walk in here, sir?' said the landlord, throwing open a door.

Frank accepted the invitation; and entering the room, saw three men standing at a table, two of them laughing, and one somewhat ruefully regarding a quantity of gold and two or three notes which lay before him.

'Well, now, how much is it, Jimmy?' asked one of them.

'Why, it's ninety-eight pound ten,' said the rueful man, with an exclamation which need not be chronicled.

Ninety-eight pounds ten? Those words had been ringing in Frank's ears all day. After his exposure to the rain and his long tramp in the darkness, he felt a little dazed and dream-like on his sudden entry to the warmth and light of the room. The sigh of the wind and the plash of the rain and the noise of his own monotonous footsteps were yet in his ears. He was scarcely certain that his fancy had not played some trick upon him in the repetition of this haunting phrase. But he had scarcely seated himself when the man repeated it ruefully. 'I'd ha'e bet twenty to one,' he said, 'that there was a hundred pound there.'

'Well,' said one of his companions, 'you *did* bet two to one as there was a hundred pound there. Hand over a couple of sovs.—Thankee.'

'Hand over,' said the third man laughingly.

The loser paid both claimants from his purse. 'I'll carry this here ninety-eight pound ten home as I got it, anyway,' he said; and raked the money towards him, and bestowed it in his chamois-leather bag. 'Oh, you fellers can grin as much as you like; but I've done a pretty good day's work, takin' it altogether. I've made pretty near a couple o' hundred out of that little bargain, my boys, and I pulled ninety-eight pound ten out of the cock-fight'—

'Sh!' said another, looking across at Frank.

Mr Groves was somewhat inflamed by liquor, and chose to be very loud and lordly over this interruption. 'Look here, Mister "Sh!"' said he, with semi-drunken importance, mimicking his companion. 'I'm a-takin' it for granted as I'm a-talkin' among gentlemen; an' if any gentleman over-ears me a-remarkin' as I've won ninety-eight ten to-day on a cock-fight, why, so he may, and welcome. I don't suppose as anybody here is a-going to lay a criminal information; but if anybody is, why, my name's Jimmy Groves, and I'm the landlord o' the *Spotted Dog* in Bloomsbury, and what I say I stick to.'

'Oh, all right!' said the other, shrugging his shoulders deprecatingly. 'Say what you like.'

'Well,' said Mr Groves, elaborately desirous to justify himself, 'I'll leave it *with* the gentleman. If a man's won ninety-eight ten on a cock-fight, and he says so, fair an' square an' plain, without palaver, mind you, what's the odds? I didn't say wheer the cock-fight was—did I, stupid? I leave it to the gentleman.—Did I say wheer the cock-fight was, sir?'

Thus accosted, poor Frank responded that the gentleman seemed to him to have spoken most discreetly, and to be admirably worthy of his high good-fortune. This speech which fed the bitter-

ness of his own heart, put Mr Groves into a great state of good-humour, and he refought the great encounter—'main,' as it is termed by the sporting fraternity—of the morning, whilst Frank sickened at him. Whilst he sat there and heard this drunken cad relate his brutal story, the young man thought how wild was the fashion in which Fortune distributed her gifts. Frank looked at this pimpled and bejewelled young publican, and felt very bitterly towards him. 'This howling drunkard,' he thought as he looked at him, 'has made to-day, by his presence at that degrading spectacle, the very sum of money the want of which will be my ruin at noon to-morrow. One can hardly believe in Providence, in the face of it.' Frank became half-frightened at his own thoughts, so dark they grew. He called for more brandy, and drank it; then passed into the outer room, put on his overcoat and hat, and went out into the darkness and the rain again. He tramped along slowly, so wretchedly absorbed that he scarce knew where he went. He filled and lit his pipe mechanically, and coming to a gate, threw his elbows on it and lounged there unconscious of the night, or not caring for it, and smoked as he looked across the gloomy fields.

As he leaned there, he heard loud voices coming up the lane, startling the dreary night with tuneless song. *We won't go Home till Morning* refused to blend with *Auld Lang Syne* and *The Bay of Biscay*. Frank, half-hoping that they would go by in company, and save him from the demon who tempted him, drew nearer to the hedge at the side of the gate, and stood still there. The voices and the footsteps ceased awhile, and then he could hear the murmurs of conversation. Then two voices went away, and one came nearer, unmusically roaring, 'For he's a jolly good fellow.' As the owner of the lonely voice came on and reeled past the gate, Frank knew him for the man who had been boasting of his winnings. 'That blackguard,' thought Frank, 'has in his pocket the very money which would save my whole life. Would it be theft to take it from him, and send it back when my cheque comes? I know who he is, and where he lives. It would save me, and do him no harm.' Thus the demon tempted him. 'Bah!' said Frank; 'I haven't the pluck for it. I can do any amount of filibustering in fancy, but I let the chance go by.' Up to that second of time he had only feared that he might be tempted, and had speculated on what he would do if he were. Now, as if some irresistible hand impelled him, he dashed on at full speed after the stumbling drunkard in front, and coming up with him, in half a minute laid a hand upon him. The man supposing it to be one of his late companions, hiccuped 'Hillo!'

'Listen to me!' said Frank.

'And who are you?' asked the other with an oath, reeling from beneath Frank's grasp and throwing himself into an attitude for defence.

'I am a desperate man,' said Frank. 'You have money about you that I want. I don't mean to rob you. I know who you are and where you live, and I will send the money back again to you; but I *will* have it now. Give me the bag with ninety-eight pounds ten in it.'

'Stand off,' said the landlord of the *Spotted Dog*, 'or I'll blow your brains out! D'ye think I travel down a lane like this without pistols?'

He made a pretence of feeling in his breast-pocket; and in that instant Frank sprang upon him and brought him to the ground. He lay dead-still; and with a frantic haste and horror such as no words can tell, the abandoned madman searched for the bag and found it and dashed away. He then leaped the hedge, and ran in a blind and maddening terror across the fields. It was not the dread of anything that might pursue that urged him onward. His fear dwelt within. His abhorrence of the deed before it was fairly done was a thing that language cannot deal with. There is no such Tophet elsewhere as any man may create within the depths of his own soul. He was bound for ever beyond hope of release to himself, that vile footpad who had just struck down the helpless man in the road behind, and he shuddered at that hideous companionship, and shrank from it with inexpressible loathing. Such a hopeless gulf arose between his present self and that happy misery of five minutes since, that as he ran he sobbed and wailed to think of it. He had not been running for twenty seconds when, with an access of remorse and terror, he stopped and turned, and hurled the bag away from him with all his strength. Then he ran once more like a madman until breath and strength failed him together, and drove him to the ground.

When he came to himself, the rain had ceased, and a watery moon was shining. He arose weakly, and knew the place in which he found himself. Like a man in a dream, he walked homeward, dragging one weary foot after the other. He was three miles from the scene of his crime, when a cab came rumbling by, and he hailed it, and ordered the cabman to drive him to the square nearest to his rooms. When he reached them, he found the house in darkness, except for his own sitting-room, in which a lamp was burning. He entered, and was surprised to find nothing changed. A whole unfathomable gulf of time lay between him and the hour at which he had left the place. He looked on his table for letters, as a phantom returning to the place known in the flesh might do things once familiar. He opened them, and regarded their contents with almost an added misery. All had been well if he had but suffered that little trouble patiently. It seemed quite a pany trouble now in comparison with this awful companionship with himself, which must be endured for ever. The decanter of brandy from which he had poured a glass before going out was still upon the table. He seized a tumbler, and helped himself plentifully. Then he took the lamp into his bedroom, undressed, and got into bed. The brandy and his fatigue sent him to sleep, and he lay in heavy forgetfulness until the sun was high.

He awoke with a sense of rest and ease, and stretched his arms luxuriously. But the terror which waited for his awaking dropped down upon him as swift as light, and oppressed his soul with anguish. Through it all, with a strange automatic exactness, he went through the usual routine of his toilet, bath'd and dressed, and wound his watch, and then rang for breakfast, and even ate a little. Next he called for a cab, and drove to the bank with Benjamin Hartley's cheque. He opened an account there, and drew one hundred and fifty pounds in notes and a hundred pounds in gold. It was strange to

himself how his thoughts seemed to float on the surface of that fiery sea of remorse which lay burning in him. He looked a little ill and tired, he thought, when he regarded himself in the glass. Could such misery look so unconcerned? he wondered. Could men carry such tragedies as his about the town and not declare them in their looks? What numberless horrors there might be in the world, unguessed of! He drove to Tasker's place in Acre Buildings, and found the office boy alone. The lad said his master had not yet come; and Frank waited there, and read the paper the boy gave him, and read understandingly and with interest, whilst that vast sea within lay burning him, and the knowledge of his sin and the eternal presence of his remorse were with him all the time. By-and-by a fellow-countryman of Tasker's came in excitedly, and told the story of the previous night, and stated that Tasker had recovered sufficiently from the first shock of the attack to send for him and to give him a power of attorney; and that he, the fellow-countryman, whose name was Schmidt, was ready to do any business in behalf of Mr Tasker. He had already been to the police station and received the documents found upon his friend's person—amongst them Frank's bill for ninety-eight pounds ten shillings, which he now delivered. Frank paid over a hundred pounds in notes, received his change, put the bill in his pocket-book, drove home, and there burned that fatal paper. He sat awhile after this, and then bethinking him of certain jewellery which he had of late been compelled to pawn, he sought out the tickets, and walked to the pawnbroker's and redeemed them. When he had gone, for the first time, thither, he had walked shamefacedly up and down the street in the dusk; but now, memory left him no room for any smaller thought, and he went into the house unconcernedly and emerged with boldness, with the recovered rings already upon his fingers. He returned home, and again sat vacant for a while, and then rising, he took a towel, and looking carefully over it to see that it was unmarked, he laid within it the hundred pounds in gold, and putting it into a cigar-box, sealed it carefully, using a half-crown as a seal. He wrapped the box neatly in brown paper, and putting the parcel into a small travelling-bag, laid it on one side awhile, and walked the streets, and met friends and acquaintances, and talked with them. Some of them remarked that he looked unwell, and he answered that he had been a little worried. So the day passed in idle routine, and the inward tragedy went on. All ambitions, all purities, all innocent pleasures and sweet hopes were dead—drowned in that inward sea of fire. A score of times when the common vacuities of the day failed him, the pain of remorse came with so intense an agony upon him that he could have cried aloud.

He dined at the old Club. Food and wine were flavourless. He went home when the night had fallen, and took up the black travelling-bag, which bore nothing to indicate its owner, and walked by devious ways towards Bloomsbury. In a by-street in Soho he came upon a ticket-porter, who stood alone at the door of a little public-house with a pewter pot in his hand.

'Will you do an errand for me?' Frank asked.
'Yessir,' said the man, and hustled into the

house with the pewter pot, and returned wiping his lips.

'Take that,' said Frank, 'to the *Spotted Dog* in Bloomsbury.—Do you know it?'

'O yessir,' said the ticket-porter.

'Say the gentleman who borrowed it in *Spaniard's Lane* last night has sent it back again.'

'Any name, sir?'

'No.—Yes. Thomson.'

Frank gave the man a shilling, and he shuffled off. Frank also, bearing his haunting pain with him, went away, and rambled listlessly about the streets. Finally he went home wearily, and slept a horrible disturbed sleep, full of awful faces and night-fears unseen, and sudden gulfs that opened for him, and seas that drowned him, or floated some ghastly thing up to him slowly out of the depths. He arose in the morning, had his bath, and dressed, and rang for breakfast. The girl who waited upon him lingered a little.

'Do you want anything, Mary?' he asked.

'Why, no sir,' said the girl. 'But you're looking very ill yesterday and to-day, Mr Fairholt; and if you'll forgive me for saying so, sir, I think you'd better see a doctor.'

Everybody had loved the young fellow, and his kindly generous jollity had enlisted Mary's sympathies these past two years. He dismissed her fears lightly; but she went away with a shake of the head, to indicate that she held her own opinion. Frank toyed languidly with his breakfast for a time, and then opened the paper. And there out of the printed page this struck him like a blow—'Murder and Robbery in Spaniard's Lane.'

TRAMWAYS.

THE practical application of the tramway system took place in the United States, where the straightness and regularity of the streets offer many facilities for such a system. An American—Mr Train—primarily constructed tramways in London, in three or four localities. But he was beset with difficulties from first to last; vested interests combined to baffle him; parish and county authorities, omnibus companies, cab owners and drivers, carriers and carters, all joined in the opposition; and the public were not sufficiently familiar with the conveniences of the system to espouse the cause of the projector.

Tramway companies have been established by degrees, first in the metropolis, then in many parts of the United Kingdom. It belongs to the history of railways to trace the manner in which George Stephenson and other clever men, taking the tramway as their basis, gradually developed the truly mighty railway system. Had it not been for the invention and continued improvement of the locomotive, railways would only have been a kind of superior tramway.

We may incidentally say a few words concerning that curious modification known as the *Wire Tramway*, invented and introduced by Mr Hodgson the engineer. It is in effect a suspended tramway, the rails being over the cars or trucks instead of under them, and running along an elevated wire instead of on the solid ground. The wire, or rather wire-rope, is upheld by posts or poles; and by a most ingenious application of

mechanism the trucks travel along unimpeded by the summits of the posts. If the posts are made of various heights, the wire-rope can be carried across wide valleys or deep ravines without touching the ground. The wire-rope is kept continually moving from end to end by the tractive power of stationary engines. The gradients of the wire or rope are so regulated that the ascent of empty trucks just counterbalances the descent of those laden with minerals. These singular tramways avoid the expense of cuttings and embankments, and that of bridges and viaducts over rivers and deep hollows; they occupy scarcely any land; they are not affected by floods or snow; and they can be readily removed from place to place. Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, the system has commercially failed—in this country at all events. The idea had been to employ the wire tramways to transport slate, stone, and other minerals from quarries and mines to towns and shipping-ports; but the working expenses, chiefly for steam-power, have proved to be too heavy to leave a sufficient margin of profit.

Let us now return to our real tramways. Like Mr Hodgson's system, they dispense with bridges, viaducts, embankments, tunnels, and deep cuttings; but they have difficulties of their own to battle with. The rails must be made of such a form as not materially to interfere with the wheels of ordinary street vehicles, and at the same time so laid as to give a side groove for the wheels of the passenger cars. These cars are longer, broader, and loftier than the wretched omnibuses that continue to disgrace the metropolis, more comfortable to the passengers inside, better provided with stairs or steps for outside passengers to reach the roof, and easier for ingress and egress to all. The tramways are, in fact, decided favourites with the public; and this will gradually enable the companies to overcome alike commercial and mechanical difficulties.

At present, however, the problem of the mode of traction is a difficult one. The cars are usually drawn by two horses abreast. Where the streets are level, this species of traction is not particularly objectionable; for the animals are not severely tasked. In all cases, however, where the thoroughfares are less or more on an incline, the drawing of the cars is attended with difficulties which it is painful to witness. In such cities, for example, as Edinburgh, which is built on a group of hills, with heavy ascents, the traction by animal power, even when three horses are employed, cannot merit approval. The heavy expenditure on horse-flesh is another matter of serious concern. Many of the tramway companies have succeeded in establishing and organising so large a trade, that they have surmounted the results of this heavy drag upon their resources, and realise fairly good dividends. Nevertheless, the use of some more economical mode of traction—one that shall alleviate the merciless work which in certain districts is assigned to the poor horses—continues to be a problem of serious importance to them all alike.

Can tramway cars be drawn by steam-power through the streets of a busy town without danger to foot-passengers or to horses and vehicles engaged in ordinary traffic? It is known that more than a century ago an engineer invented and constructed a steam-carriage for transporting

heavy articles to short distances. Next after him came Trevithick, Murdoch, and several other English inventors, who one by one introduced numerous improvements in the same direction. The first steam-carriage actually used for conveying passengers, invented by Griffiths, made its appearance in 1812, but was soon abandoned on account of its deficiency in steam-generating power. Next came Burstall, Gordon, Gurney, Anderson, and James, who severally displayed an almost inexhaustible fund of ingenuity in devising new forms of carriage and improved modes of employing steam-power. Gurney made the nearest approach to success, seeing that some of his steam-carriages attained a speed of twenty miles an hour on common rough roads. But this was about the year 1830, when the railway system was beginning to display some of its great capabilities; and the new competitor seriously affected the road-locomotive. Not killing it, however; for Dance, Ogle, Macerone, Church, Maudslay, and above all Hancock, continued to labour in the same direction for several years longer. The Americans carried on experiments of the same kind, and in 1859 placed a locomotive on one of their tramways. Ingenuity was not confined to the use of steam; seeing that compressed air and ammoniacal gas engines were in succession tried, but not with satisfactory results. England and Scotland followed suit by the placing on short lines of tramway various forms of locomotive invented by Perkins, Grantham, Merryweather, Hughes, and other clever mechanical engineers, professional or amateurs.

It appears, from inquiries made by a Parliamentary Committee, that the legislature has had much to do with the frustration of plans for using steam or other locomotives on tramways. A statute has been passed, bearing relation to the use of such a mode of traction on common roads, but it is also found to affect tramways. The desire of the companies to introduce steam is very urgent, due to the expense and waste of horses already mentioned. The Secretary of the Edinburgh Tramway Company informed the Committee that though they purchased good horses at good prices, provided the best fodder and the best stabling arrangements, yet the horses are severely tried, and speedily become worn out. The Committee say in their Report: 'This evidence is entirely corroborated by the experience of the London General Omnibus Company. The Company owns nearly eight thousand horses; and in addition to its own vehicles, supplies horse-power to some of the tramways. The horses are usually bought at about the age of five years; and the average life of a horse after that time, if drawing an omnibus, is four years and a half, or four years only if drawing a tram-car. It follows thus, that in the work of this Company alone sixteen or seventeen hundred horses are broken down every year. Of these no less than one thousand are sent at once to the knacker's yard; while the rest are sold at the hammer for what they will fetch, usually at an average price of nine or ten pounds. Common humanity therefore loudly demands some other motive-power than that of horses.'

Do the horses attached to other vehicles manifest any symptoms of fright at the strange puffing fiery monster passing along the streets and roads?

The answers to this question remind us of the old saying, 'When doctors disagree,' &c. Some witnesses state that horses, even in crowded thoroughfares, appear to be almost wholly indifferent; others hold a contrary opinion, and express serious alarm at the prospect of the introduction into the streets of a new motive-power. This diversity of opinion is most striking in the case of the witnesses who have watched with interest the working of a steam-car upon one of the tramways in Paris. The steam-car has been running over a length of three to four miles, from the Bastille to the Mont Parnasse Railway station; it passes about six thousand horses daily, besides cavalry, and horses brought to a fair in the vicinity. During the period of its running, says one witness, 'not a single member of the public has been killed or wounded; but several accidents have occurred, and in one instance an omnibus was overturned. Much depends on the nature of the traffic; whilst a real public advantage may be obtained at no risk where the roads are wide and the passing horses are chiefly employed in drawing cabs, omnibuses, and carts.' Our own experience leads to the conclusion that the fears sometimes entertained on this matter are exaggerated.

The Committee, after considering the facts and suggestions brought before them, recommend in their Report that all reasonable facilities should be afforded by the legislature and the Board of Trade, with due regard to the convenient arrangements of the tram locomotives—in most instances the steam-engine forming part of the car itself—to protect and conceal the engine and its boiler from view; to keep the cars free from unpleasant noise, heat, and smell; to obtain free ingress and egress for the passengers without hindrance from the machinery; to make the engine consume its own smoke and noxious vapours as much as possible; to supply amply sufficient brake-power; to furnish the engine with a bell or some kind of warning; to keep the maximum speed at eight miles an hour in towns and twelve miles an hour in the open country—these are the recommendations made by the Committee.

As to the total mileage of tramway in the United Kingdom, little definite can be said. Not for want of statistical returns; but because the carrying out of the several schemes is so very uncertain. No Act of Parliament is necessary. If the consent of municipal, parochial, district, and county authorities be obtained, the Board of Trade issues the regulation orders, and the construction of the tramway may commence. We say *may*, seeing that many a hitch is likely to occur. Sometimes the projectors or promoters of the scheme cannot get the public or the capitalists to take shares or advance the money; especially at times when the financial prospects of the country are under a cloud. Sometimes the Company arrive at a conclusion that the route chosen is not the best that could be found; they abandon it, and have to apply for other powers *de novo*. Sometimes they construct only a small part of the length for which they possess powers, and either abandon or indefinitely postpone the rest. But the tram system has taken hold of the public favour, and is sure to triumph over all obstacles. Setting aside the vast metropolis: when we are told that Edinburgh, with only six or eight per cent. as

many inhabitants, has carried some millions of tramway passengers in a year, we may well look forward to a successful future career for the system.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I BELONG to the Whartons of Westchester. The branch of the family with which I am immediately connected has never been by any means the wealthiest; and as I was born the youngest of five sons, there was not much for me to look forward to in the way of patrimony. However, my parents did the best in their power for me; they gave me a good preliminary education, and when I had arrived at the age of twenty-one they sent me to Oxford. There, unfortunately, my studies were of a very unpractical nature; in fact, I developed no taste whatever for entering upon a profession. When the time came for leaving college, I had no reason to congratulate myself on my position or prospects; for, save a small legacy, I found myself with absolutely nothing to fall back upon. Thereupon, acting on the principle that 'greater evils medicine the less,' I married a penniless wife. Married for love, without being able to afford it! True it was that the family into which I had married was closely related to that of the Earl of Mahon, and we had hopes that he would exert himself on our behalf. But two years of our married life passed away, and our second child had already been born before any signs of the expected favour appeared.

At last the opportunity came. Mr Carnegie, the agent for many years of the Earl of Mahon's property in Westmeath, Ireland, had died suddenly. By the kindness of his lordship, I was at once accorded the vacant post, despite the fact that a large number of well-qualified men had sent in applications for it. The decease of Mr Carnegie, falling as it did upon the annual rent-day itself, had thrown the business of the estate into considerable confusion. Accordingly, I received instructions from my noble patron to cross over to Ireland forthwith. My wife had not yet recovered completely from her late confinement; with cheerfulness, however, she expedited the preparations for my departure, promising to follow after me as soon as circumstances and her health would allow. The second day after I had received notice of the appointment, I was *en route* for Ireland, a country which I now visited for the first time.

On my arrival there I posted direct for Castle Mahon. It was a fine old baronial hall, the residence of the Mahon family whenever any of its members were minded to visit their Irish estates. But the country swarms with absentees, as an Irish wit has expressed it; and the Earls of Mahon were no exception to the rule. The establishment shewed traces of this neglect. Intrusted to the tender mercies of a care-taker, it had an air of all-pervading mouldiness; environed by gloomy woods, in which the woodman's axe had long ceased to ring, it seemed the very abode of solitude and melancholy. However, I had neither time nor inclination for indulging in such reflections; and the sight of the bailiff of the estate, who, with the housekeeper and a groom, was at the entrance to receive me, soon recalled my

mind to a sense of business. The bailiff was there to obtain instructions from me, and to deliver up certain important papers connected with the management of the estate. I gave him an audience at once; found everything in the main satisfactory; and arranged for the earliest date practicable for the receiving of rents. Business over and the bailiff dismissed, I wrote a cheery letter to my wife, as I knew she had peculiar views about the state of Ireland, which would be apt to unsettle her peace of mind. Thereafter, I addressed myself to a lonely dinner in the dining-hall, and some hours later to a still more lonely couch in the Earl's bed-chamber. It was the first time since my marriage that I had been away from home: I felt unaccountably disquieted and anxious; but I was at anyrate glad that I had written the cheery letter to my wife.

The day appointed for the receiving of rents came round. Michael Donnelly—that was the name of my bailiff—was in attendance, and afforded me much valuable assistance in the task. This he was well qualified to do. Independent of a good share of natural ability, he had also a long practical experience with the working of the estate, having served under Mr Carnegie, my predecessor, in his present capacity for the twelve previous years. But no case that required especial attention occurred during the day; thanks to a good season, the condition of the tenants was unusually flourishing, and the rents were paid up in a most commendable fashion. In the afternoon, however, running my eye down the list, I came upon the name of a defaulter, which I had not observed before that time. At once calling the attention of the bailiff to the matter: 'Donnelly,' said I, 'who is this Patrick Scallan? He appears to have forgotten that this is rent-day.'

'Faix, Mr Wharton,' replied the bailiff, 'he's been forgettin' often an' often these past years under Mr Carnegie. 'Deed this time twelvemonth we sarved him with a reminder in the shape of a notice to quit. That, av coorse, was all well an' good. Sorra a bit of it put him about; fur though the notice was sarved duly, the niver a bit of notice, saving yer presence, was taken by the same boy'—

'Well, of course,' interrupted I, 'when the legal interval had expired, Mr Carnegie put the affair into the hands of the sheriff to get possession?'

'No sir; fur jist afore that time Scallan an' the wife—there's only the two of thim—kem up to the office with a cock-an'-bull story, an' begged him to stay proceedings fur a week longer, an' so an ever since; till at last the poor ould gintleman tuk the inwardly pains that settled him.'

'This must be attended to at once,' said I. 'But perhaps I had better see the folks concerned before we write to the sheriff. What do you think?'

'Twould be a good job, sir, to have thim up here face to face wid yerself an' talk thim over, fur they're slippery folk them same Scallans. Rap-scallions is what Mr Carnegie used to tarrn thim.'

'Very well,' said I; 'let them know this evening that I want to see them particularly at the office to-morrow.'

'I'll have thim up, sir, an' no mistake; laste-ways his wife; fur Scallan himself has been on the boose ever since Sunday week.'

'On the what?' I asked.

'Dhrunk, sir. He'd dhrink the say dhry. Shure it's between that an' bad company that he's become to be the politishun he is, sir. An' whin he has a dhrop in, he cares jist as much for a madgisthrate or an agent as he does for a gobblin' turkey-cock.'

'Well, well; at all events deliver my message. I want to do the best I can for the unfortunate couple.'

CHAPTER II.

The message was delivered. To it Scallan made no response in person, as the bailiff had prophesied; but he sent his wife Biddy over with plenipotentiary powers, as his representative. She seemed to be a quiet broken-hearted woman. I gave her a seat, and stated as briefly and clearly as I could the position in which affairs were. Her husband had been nearly two years in arrears of rent, when my predecessor in office served him with a notice to quit. Since that time he had apparently made no effort to rid himself of his difficulties, nor fulfilled certain promises made to Mr Carnegie under the pressure of the sheriff's process. Since I had come into office, I had received several offers for the land from persons who were both able and willing to pay the rent, which indeed was ridiculously low. There was no help for it—the affair must be put into the hands of the sheriff. However, as this was the first case of the kind I had to deal with, and as I did not wish even to seem to deal harshly with them, I was willing to allow them an advance of thirty pounds, to keep them going till they got an opening somewhere. I told her that I should do this on my own responsibility—no legal claim for compensation could be established, as it was a simple case of eviction for non-payment.

Biddy listened with great attention and apparent satisfaction to my harangue. At its conclusion, she said: 'Thank ye kindly, yer honner Mr Wharton, fur spakin' so fair intirely. 'Deed an' word, sir, whin Mick Donnelly kem down last night an' tould me that I was going to be sarved with an injectment pross, if the very breath didn't lave me wid fright. Paddy kem in attherwards, an' tould me all about what it was. He'll do whattiver ye tell him, but not to expict any rint on the primises; an', throe for him, there's not twinty shillins' worth about the whole consarn. 'Deed an' 'deed, yer honner, he's jist dhrunk himself out of house an' home, an' left his wife the talk of the counthry. It wasn't always so wid me, Mr Wharton yer honner; fur I kem of the Maginnisses of Ballybrien, an' there was priests in the family, so there was. An' a sarry day it was for me, a clane daycent Maginnis, to take it into me head to marry a dhurty Scallan. But yer honner, I was young an' foolish. How-andiver, he was a good man to me whin he kep off the dhrop. An' there was the public-house so handy, axin' him in like to have a glass, as he would say to me. So as I tould him, maybe it's the luckiest job ever happened ye to get clane away from that ruidyvous an' the dhrinkin' an' the play-actin'. "Prehaps, Biddy," sez he to me, "prehaps yer right." So on the spot I settled wid him to go to his brother's in the County Tipperary, who is well to do, an' wants Paddy down there very bad. An' the money ye offer us

—we've no right to it, good or bad; but it would be very welcome jist at prisent.'

Thus ended the interview. The money was paid over to the unfortunate couple; the legal process was gone through; and the sheriff formally took possession. Scallan and his wife transferred their quarters for the time being to a neighbour's house, whither their furniture, a few wretched sticks, had preceded them. The applicants for the vacant homestead, three in number, formally presented their claims. For one of them, a Scotchman named Nesbitt, I declared a preference, and appointed an early day for settling the matter with him.

Since my arrival, several of the resident gentry of the place had called on me. Among the rest was a Mr Gerald Carnegie, nephew and sole representative of my predecessor in office. He shewed himself very kind, and gave me a warm invitation over to his place. I determined to cultivate his acquaintance; the society of such a man would be not only agreeable, but, for a man circumstanced like me, profitable in the extreme. Towards the latter part of his uncle's life he had taken part in, nay, almost entirely managed the business of the estate. Before he took his leave—he had called on the afternoon of the day that I had been speaking to Nesbitt about taking the farm—I mentioned Scallan's affair to him. He was quite pleased at my conduct in the affair. The fellow, he said, was an arrant ruffian, who had given his poor uncle a great deal of trouble.

'In what respect?' I asked.

'In every way possible. He was constantly in bad company, organising conspiracies and getting up shooting-parties.'

'Shooting-parties!' I echoed. 'That sounds badly for his lordship's preserves.'

'Oh, nothing of that sort,' replied Mr Carnegie, smiling; 'but parties of Ribbonmen, for the purpose of shooting obnoxious bailiffs, agents, and landlords.'

'Merciful powers! he must be a regular villain! I am quite delighted to have rid the estate of him.'

'It is a good job, Mr Wharton; and the neighbouring land-agents should feel deeply indebted to you. I am sure he materially shortened my poor uncle's life by a systematic course of intimidation. When both mind and body become enfeebled, there is a strong temptation to make a truce with villainy; and I'm afraid that was the case with the old gentleman. The fact is, Scallan kept himself quiet; but he was asked for no rent.'

'It was a ruinous principle to go upon,' I remarked.

'That's a fact, and I used to remark the same to my uncle daily. It was no use advising him. There was something in it too—for at any rate the poor old soul died in his bed.'

My visitor dismissed, I went to dinner. A review of the day's proceedings afforded me considerable satisfaction; but this satisfaction was somehow tinged with an uneasiness, caused by the statements which I had heard from Mr Carnegie relative to Scallan's connection with the Ribbon society. After dinner, I felt more secure. But with the evening post came two letters, one from my wife in England, the other from I knew not whom. As a matter of course, I opened my wife's letter first. From it I learned that both

she and the children were much improved, and that she hoped to be able to join me in two or three weeks at the most. She had been reading the account of a murder in Galway, since my departure; how a landlord had been shot by an enraged tenant. Hence she had been very uneasy; but she prayed every night for me beside our children's cot that God would keep me from danger. Then followed a lot of minor details, of no interest to the reader, but of the deepest interest to me, separated from my home for the first time in my life, a stranger in a strange land.

I laid down my wife's letter, and took up the other—a suspicious-looking billet, to say the least of it. It was addressed in a sidelong fashion: 'To WHARTON, Sassenach agint over the Mahon property, Castlemahon.' I tore open the envelope, and plunged into the contents. They were as follows:

Wharton, you villan, this is to let you know that the Boys has had a meatin on you for puttin poor Scallan an' the wife out of there place, an' your to give the same back to thim at waunst. Else prepare your coffin, fur the Boys thinks that the likes of you is not wanted in the County Westmeah. Neglect this warnin at your Perill; an' the next notiss youll have ill be the Death Billet. Sined by me in the preasence of the Boys.—RORY OF THE HILLS.

N.B.—My freandly advise to you is to lave the counthry intirely. Dhrop the thrade an' quit it.

On the top of the letter was sketched the rude effigy of a coffin; on one side of it, an Irish pike; on the other, a blunderbuss; at its foot, the legend, 'God save Ireland.'

The crisis had come. I threw down the threatening letter upon the table, and leaning back, strove to review my present position calmly. What was I to do? What was going to befall me? Was I to violate my trust, and consent to the dishonourable course proposed to me? Or was I to adhere to my original purpose? which I knew to be the only one in accordance with honesty. In other words, was I to stipulate with ruffians for my life, or were my wife's fears to be realised—that she should soon be left an impoverished widow, and her children helpless orphans? Or was there some third course open to me—was I to fly the country forthwith? I knew not.

CLEVER MARRIED WOMEN.

MARRIAGE is much more to a woman than it is to a man; it only forms a part of his life, while it constitutes the whole of hers. Her chief interests centre, or ought to centre in her home. Some of the happiest unions have been where husband and wife have had intellectual tastes in common, as in the cases of Dr and Mrs Somerville, Henry and Sara Coleridge, William and Mary Howitt, Samuel Carter Hall and his wife. It is to women such as these that Wordsworth refers in the following lines:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command—
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

In the case of clever women being married to a dull heartless class of men, what can be expected but great unhappiness on both sides. Such, from the method of arranging marriages in France, frequently occurs in that country; the misery being aggravated from the circumstance of there being no means of liberation by divorce. The well-known French novelist who wrote under the name of Georges Sand was married when a young, lively, and pretty girl of seventeen to a man old enough to be her father—we had almost said grandfather—a retired military officer, entirely devoted to amateur farming. He spent the large fortune which he had received with his wife in importing new breeds of sheep and magnificent bulls. In Georges Sand's novel of *Indiana*, one of the characters who closely resembled him is thus described: 'He was a man with a gray moustache and a terrible eye; an austere master, before whom all trembled—wife, servants, horses, and dogs.' The Baroness Dudevant, for that was then her name, endured her uncongenial existence with this man for some years. Two children were born to her, and they for a time a little reconciled her to her fate, but only for a time. One day early in the year 1828 she was missing. She had left her home, determined to seek a happier life elsewhere. She first took refuge in the convent where she had been educated; but soon found that she had only exchanged one kind of captivity for another. Again she took flight; and we next hear of her as inhabiting a garret in one of the streets of Paris, and supporting herself by flower-painting and by writing those novels which have made her name famous. Some time afterwards, Georges Sand entered into a lawsuit with her husband, and obtained a separation from him and the restitution of all her property.

Delphine Gay, another French novelist, was the daughter of a French official in one of the departments, and of his wife Sophie, who was the authoress of a number of works both in poetry and prose. Monsieur Gay was doomed to experience one of the penalties which sometimes attend the possessors of clever wives. Sophie having written a witty sally against a prefect of the department, her husband was deprived of an appointment which he had enjoyed under the victim of his wife's satire. Their daughter Delphine married Monsieur Emile de Girardin the well-known journalist, a really good and conscientious man, but one also whose temper had been soured by early misfortunes. His young, beautiful, and witty wife was as great a favourite in society as he was the reverse. Her rooms were the constant resort of the most celebrated literary characters of the day: Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Méry, Théophile Gautier, Eugène Sue, and sometimes Alfred de Musset. Among all these celebrities it is to be feared that the husband was often forgotten; and though Delphine occasionally met him at dinner, nursed him when he was ill, and was ready at all times to help him out of the difficulties into which his quarrelsome disposition had involved him, he inhabited his own rooms, and never appeared at his wife's receptions.

We hardly read of a single authoress during the middle ages. In those days female education was almost entirely neglected, except in rare instances.

If women possessed talent, they were compelled to hide it. No female novelist worthy of the name appeared in England until the reign of George III. The lady who first had the courage to brave public opinion was Frances Burney, the friend of Garrick and Dr Johnson. Miss Burney remained unmarried until she was nearly forty years of age. Romance is then supposed to exercise a less dominant power; but she nevertheless had the imprudence to espouse Monsieur d'Arblay, a French refugee, whose income consisted only of a precarious annuity of one hundred pounds. The marriage, however, proved a very happy one. Macaulay describes Monsieur d'Arblay as 'an honourable and amiable man, with a handsome person, frank soldier-like manners, and some taste for letters.' The pair did not suffer from poverty; the wife became the bread-winner; and not very long after her marriage her third novel, *Camilla*, was published, by which she is said to have realised over three thousand guineas.

Charlotte Brontë in the zenith of her fame married Mr Nicholls, her father's curate, a thoroughly good conscientious man, but possessing by no means literary tastes. It was the woman not the authoress with whom the hard-working clergyman fell in love, and whom he wished to make his wife, and he would rather have preferred than otherwise that she had not written at all. This fact seemed to add to, not to detract from his wife's happiness. Writing of him to a friend shortly after her marriage, she thus speaks: 'One of the villagers when proposing my husband's health described him as a consistent Christian and a kind gentleman. I own the words touched me deeply; and I thought to merit and win such a character was better than to earn wealth or fame or power.'

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was a great benefactress to her country, and a very clever and beautiful woman; but she was not quite fitted for domestic life; though, however, she chose to reside abroad while her husband remained in England, they regularly corresponded with each other on the most friendly terms. Mr Edward Wortley Montagu was by no means deficient in talent; he was the intimate friend of Addison, and distinguished himself in parliament as an able and upright politician. He was much older than his wife; and it is very probable that Lady Mary would never have accepted him in spite of his entreaties, had it not been to escape from a most distasteful marriage, into which her father endeavoured to force her. Few young ladies would like to imitate her example, and elope with a man with whom they were not in love; but the high-spirited daughter of Lord Kingston would not be given away against her will.

The life of Angelica Kaufmann, the gifted Swiss artist, was a very romantic one. It has been said that she actually refused the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether this is true or not, it is almost certain that while in England she married an adventurer who represented himself as Count Horn, a Swedish nobleman. Her second and last husband was an artist of the name of Zucchi, whom she had known from a child; and the remainder of her life was spent happily with him in Italy.

The beautiful and enthusiastic Manon Philipon, who so distinguished herself by her devotion to

liberty, and her animosity to the monster Robespierre during the French Revolution, married, at the age of twenty-five, Monsieur Roland, an elderly man of reserved manners, and with a grave, harsh countenance; nevertheless, under this unpleasing exterior were concealed sterling qualities. His political opinions were like his wife's; and her literary ability was of great service to him in his capacity of Minister of the Interior. He entertained for her the greatest affection and esteem; but his love was so selfish and domineering, that he expected her every feeling to yield to it. To this tyranny she submitted without a murmur. Madame Roland was one of the many victims of the Revolution. She perished on the scaffold. A few days afterwards, her husband was found quite dead, leaning against the trunk of a tree, with a paper pinned on his breast. This paper, after explaining who he was, went on to say: 'Whoever thou art that findest me lying here, respect my remains; respect them as those of a virtuous man, who consecrated all his life to being useful, and who died as he had lived—virtuous and honest. Not fear but indignation made me quit my retreat, on hearing that my wife had been murdered. I wished not to remain longer on an earth polluted with crimes.' When the poor old man first heard of his wife's death, he had wished to go at once to Paris, in order to denounce her murderers; but he remembered that if he were tried and condemned, all his property would be forfeited to the state, and his child left penniless, and therefore put an end to his own life.

Probably the happiest years of Madame de Maintenon's life were those which she spent as the wife of Scarron, and yet he was so deformed that it is wonderful that a young girl of sixteen or seventeen could be induced to accept him as her husband. But Madame de Maintenon, then Frances d'Aubigné, was an orphan and nearly penniless, and Scarron was almost the only friend she had. This well-known writer was not born the misshapen being which accident afterwards made him. As a young man he was active and well-shaped. The story of his misfortunes is as follows. He was the son of a wealthy counsellor, and was forced to enter the Church by his father, greatly against his will. He did not perform his duties as an abbé with much propriety. In Marseilles, as in the greater part of the cities of Provence, the carnival is closed by public masquerades. For one of these Scarron chose the following strange disguise: he first plastered his body over with honey, and then rolled himself in a feather-bed, which he had ripped open for that purpose. Thus transformed, he went to the masquerade, and drew the attention of the company entirely on himself. Of the women, some fled frightened at his approach; others crowded round him, and despoiled him of his feathers; and it was soon discovered who he was. The people now exclaimed against the scandal given to the Church. Scarron at length succeeded in making his escape; but being pursued, and finding a bridge in his way, he jumped heroically over it, and swimming to the opposite bank, lay down among the reeds to conceal himself. The cold now struck into him, and fixed in his blood the principles of those disorders which afterwards overwhelmed him. Sciatica, gout, and rheumatism sometimes seized him successively,

and sometimes all together, and rendered him an epitome of human misery. When Frances d'Aubigné married him, his body was, from the contraction of the nerves, something like the letter Z. His head hung on his breast, and his legs were drawn up; he wrote either upon his knees or upon two steel brackets fastened to the arms of his easy-chair. In spite of his sufferings, however, he was always cheerful, and even merry; and his rooms were the constant resort of the most brilliant society in Paris. When eight years after her marriage, Madame Scarron was left a widow, she wept long and sincerely for the kind and good-tempered husband she had lost.

Genius, when unaccompanied by right principles and self-control, is a more dangerous quality in a woman than a man. Nothing shews this more plainly than the life of Lady Caroline Lamb. No one was more fully alive to her faults than she was herself. When the Hon. William Lamb, then Lord Melbourne, laid his heart and fortune at her feet, she refused him, saying that she was afraid her violent temper would wreck their happiness. Again, however, he proposed; and this time, unfortunately for himself, he was accepted. Lady Caroline's fear that she could not control her temper was by no means groundless. At the marriage ceremony she was seized with a fit of passion, and she thus afterwards described her behaviour: 'I stormed at the bishop, tore my valuable dress to pieces, and was carried nearly insensible to the carriage which was to convey me for ever from my home.' Lady Caroline was certainly at times not quite sane. Lord Melbourne made her a far better husband than most men would have done; and though at last he was obliged to separate from her, he still retained a portion of his old affection.

Without undervaluing intellect, we think that no one will be inclined to deny that both in men and women the qualities of the heart are far more important than those of the head; and we cannot do better than conclude with the following lines of the late Canon Kingsley, addressed to young girls, and which bear closely on this subject:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
So making life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

A STORY OF ADEN HARBOUR.

It is a common practice on passenger vessels, more especially on board the large 'overland' steamers voyaging to and from India, for certain of the male passengers to assemble after dark in the smoking-room or other snug retreat, and there spend the long evenings in singing songs or telling 'yarns.' On one of these occasions it had come round to the turn of an Indian officer either to sing a song or to tell a story for the benefit of his companions; so after thinking for a few minutes, and urged on by repeated calls of 'Come, go on, B——,' he at length chose the latter alternative, and commenced as follows.

Many years ago, during the last China war, I was attached to a regiment bound for the Peiho and Peking; but most unfortunately, just as we

were on the point of leaving Hong-kong for the north, my health, which had been ailing for some little while, suddenly gave way; and much to my chagrin, after appearing before a medical board, I was ordered home to England by the first mail-steamer. Naturally, the disappointment of taking leave of my companions—all in high spirits at the prospect of seeing a little field-service—was a severe trial to me: but undoubtedly my being sent away from China to a healthier climate was all for the best, for I daily grew weaker, and the disease I suffered from appeared to get a stronger hold on me, so much so, that when the homeward-bound steamer anchored in the harbour of Hong-kong, and the time came for passengers to embark, I was so ill as to be quite unable to walk, and was carried on board as helpless as a child. Soon, however, when the vessel got under weigh and faced the broad ocean, the glorious sea-air worked a gradual change for the better, and by slow degrees I began to pick up strength and spirits. We touched at Singapore to take in a supply of coal, and made a quick run thence to Ceylon, and on the evening of the sixth day came to an anchor in the beautiful harbour of Point de Galle. The Calcutta boat arrived some few hours later; and early the following morning I found myself and baggage on the deck of a crowded 'overland' steamer. After the usual bustle and confusion had in a measure subsided, and I had made the acquaintance of the purser and doctor of the ship, I obtained, by their assistance, a good airy cabin in the forepart of the vessel, away from the noise and heat of the engines, and occupied by one other passenger only—a weather-beaten old General in the Madras army, returning to England at the termination of his service.

Our steamer was named the *Nemesis*, a well-known Peninsular and Oriental vessel of former days. She was a fine large boat, splendidly fitted up and equipped, like the generality of her class, but was nevertheless, for more reasons than one, exceedingly unpopular among overland passengers in general, and deservedly so, for the following reasons. She was built almost entirely of iron throughout, and was so strongly framed that she bore to all outward appearance a greater resemblance to an armour-plated frigate than to a steamer intended to carry the government mails, a heavy cargo, and a large number of passengers. She was ill adapted for a mail-steamer on account of her very moderate rate of speed—still less so for a passenger-boat; for when loaded up with mail-boxes and merchandise she lay so low in the water that her ports could seldom be opened with safety, even in fine weather and with but little motion on the vessel. This fault in her build was a very serious objection to the *Nemesis*; for often during the hot-weather months, when the heat of the Red Sea was something terrible and overpowering, her cabins were filled with poor invalids, returning from India to their native land, to whom a breath of fresh air between the heated decks of the steamer was almost a matter of life and death.

The *Nemesis* had met with several adventures and mishaps during her career. Once, when coming down a narrow and most dangerous channel in the Hooghly, she met with a steamer

from Rangoon bound for Calcutta, passing up the river. The latter should never have been allowed to enter this narrow passage till it was clear of vessels, there being no room for two large steamers to pass each other. The *Nemesis* held straight on her course, and presently struck the Burmah steamer so terrible a blow as to cut her almost in halves without receiving any material injury to herself. This little occurrence had earned for her the sobriquet of 'the Peninsular and Oriental Ram.' On another occasion the *Nemesis* ran on shore near Point de Galle; but her powerful frame again stood her in good stead, for after scraping and bumping about for several hours among reefs of rocks that would speedily have wrecked any ordinary vessel, 'The Ram' was got off little the worse for all she had gone through. But I am wandering from my story.

Our passage from Galle to Aden was fortunately, for the time of year, a remarkably good one. The heat was certainly very distressing; but the sea was so smooth that we were able to keep the ports wide open night and day; and this was no slight boon to an invalid like myself, unable to leave his bed or to enjoy life on deck; for although there was comparatively little breeze to speak of, yet the mere motion of the vessel as she ploughed her course through the deep, caused a slight current of air to blow through the stifling cabin.

At length the bare Arabian coast was reported to be in sight; and some few hours later we slowly steamed into Aden harbour, and safely dropped our anchor amidst a crowd of shipping. I had so improved in health during our run between Galle and Aden that latterly, when the great heat of the day was over, I had been able occasionally to spend a few hours on deck, reclining in an easy-chair, propped up with pillows, and there enjoyed a talk with my companions; and two days before reaching Aden, I had made such good progress towards recovery as to be able to reach the deck without the assistance of the steward. I felt so elated at this change for the better, that a longing desire came over me to accompany some of my comrades bound for a ramble on shore, flattering myself at the same time that if I could not walk far, I could at any rate hire a carriage of some kind, and drive about from one place to another. But my friend the doctor of the *Nemesis* very soon put an end to my project, and dissipated these illusions so soon as he heard of them, by peremptorily forbidding anything of the kind; at the same time earnestly advising me to keep quiet on board ship, for that the least exposure to the sun, or the slightest over-exertion, would assuredly bring back a return of the illness from which I was only then just recovering. Of course I had to give way and submit to my fate; though it was a sore disappointment to me to see my fellow-passengers all going ashore, while I was left behind alone. However, it could not be helped, so I amused myself by looking over a bundle of fresh newspapers giving the latest intelligence from England. But I was not long to be thus left in peace. Soon some immense lighters, deeply laden with bags of coal, and manned by gangs of half-naked savages, approached the steamer; and speedily the babel of voices alongside, the clatter of the coal as it was shot down the iron bunkers, and the cloud of

black dust which began to cover everything, drove me away from my comfortable easy-chair on deck, and forced me to take refuge in the saloon below.

The day wore on; but still the unceasing noise and uproar of the coaling continued, till about sunset, when much to my relief, the din and confusion outside the steamer suddenly ceased, and the vessel once more became quiet. Feeling tired, I made for my cabin. The steward presently came down, opened the port, and lighted a small lamp, to enable me to read while reclining in my berth. And he also brought me a bottle of iced lemonade. Then, quite in opposition to the rules of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I smoked a cigarette in my cabin.

Gradually eve stole on, and the sun disappeared behind the towering crags of the fortress. I got tired of reading, so blew the lamp out. My berth was exactly opposite to, but considerably above the open port, so that while reclining on my couch I obtained a good view of the harbour, shipping, and shore. The air was calm and still. Lights began to glimmer among the distant houses, and I could see the signal-lamps gliding up the rigging of the vessels riding at anchor. Now and again I heard the tinkle of the ship-bells marking the hour. Presently a bright flash of flame momentarily illuminated the cabin, and then after a pause came the booming thunder of the evening gun across the water. I could hear the distant roll of the garrison drums beating the tattoo; then a profound stillness supervened, broken only by the gentle plash of the waves against the iron side of the steamer. I pulled my blanket closer round me, preparatory to taking a nap, and gradually glided into the land of forgetfulness. I must have slept for some little time, when I gradually became aware of low muttered voices. I must tell you that as it happened I had fallen asleep directly facing the open port, so that on opening my eyes, I could, without moving my position, see what was going on in the cabin. To my astonishment, the first thing I beheld was the half-naked form of a Soomalie—as the woolly headed inhabitants of Aden are called—balancing himself on the lower sill of the port. He was leaning forward and eagerly scanning the various articles of clothing, &c. scattered around. The moon was shining brightly at the time, and rendered objects on the floor and sides of the cabin clear to view; although my berth, considerably higher up, was shrouded in darkness. I was very soon wide awake on discovering this intruder, and eagerly watched his movements. The rascal kept up a low converse with some confederate apparently in a boat on the outside of the steamer; and as he glanced round the cabin, I fancied that I could see the glitter of his black eye. For a second he looked furtively up in my direction, and I imagined that he had discovered me. But no. I was well concealed by the darkness, and remained perfectly motionless. At length, my friend with the curly head seemed to have decided upon making a prize of a gay Cashmere dressing-gown, the property of my fellow-passenger the old General, which article of raiment hung suspended from a peg on the door of the apartment, and as it happened was rendered fully conspicuous by the light of the moon. Presently a long forked stick was handed up from the outside of the ship

to the would-be thief, who stretching out his arm, by a dexterous twitch with the tip of this weapon removed the coveted garment from the peg, and then turning the stick round and round, gradually wound the valuable article into a ball, preparatory to drawing it towards him and removing it altogether.

Things had now reached a crisis. While this scene was being enacted within a few yards of me, I had been rapidly revolving in my mind what was to be done to punish this rascal, and at the same time to prevent him from carrying off my comrade's property. A heavily knobbed stick, called a 'Penang lawyer,' was resting on two pegs within easy reach of my hand; but I felt certain that long before I could possess myself of this weapon, the thief would discover me, and immediately escape. However, there was not a moment to be lost; so I slowly raised myself on my elbow, intending to make a sudden clutch at the stick, when the knuckles of my hand touched something hard lying on the edge of the berth, and the next moment I had firmly grasped the neck of the empty lemonade bottle. And not a moment too soon; for already the thief, who had been leaning forward while disengaging the dressing-gown, was slowly recovering his former position, and in another moment would doubtless have successfully accomplished his design. But I was well above him, and he was yet within easy range. So raising myself on my left hand, I suddenly leaned forward and hurled the heavy glass bottle full at the curly pate of the cabin invader, and with a good aim, for the conical end of the missile struck him a tremendous blow, apparently full in the centre of his skull. With a yell of pain and fright he dropped stick, dressing-gown, and all; and in spite of the thump which he had received on his cranium, which was sufficient to have fractured the skull of a European—though seemingly it made little impression on the thick skull of this Soomalie—he dropped down into the boat with the agility of a monkey, and quickly disappeared. By the time that my shouts had brought one of the stewards of the ship to my assistance, all trace of the thieves had disappeared; though one of the watch on deck, when questioned, remembered noticing a boat paddled by two natives making off at speed from the side of the vessel.

We got under weigh the following morning at daylight; and when the hour to dress came round, it was discovered for the first time that numerous articles of clothing had mysteriously disappeared. Fortunately, however, nothing of any great value had been taken; though a lady in the next cabin had to mourn the loss of a waterproof cloak, which doubtless, like the other missing articles, had fallen a prey to the thieves of Aden harbour.

PLAYMATES.

A TRIPPING footfall on the stair—
A vision from 'Le Follet'—
A sudden fragrance in the air—
Ye gods! can this be Molly?
This 'symphony' in silver white,
Perchance some star—off duty—
Come down to set us mortals right
Upon ideas of beauty.

Or snow-flake that has lost its way—
Its path in life mistaken—
Some dream that flies at break of day,
And leaves us loath to waken.
The Molly that I knew of yore,
Was but a chit of seven,
In sandalled shoes and pinafore—
While I was just eleven.

A pair of youthful lovers we
In days of childish folly,
Ere Time had stole a march on me,
And carried off my Molly.
'Relentless parents' came between.
Behold Miss Mary Seaton
Consigned to boarding-school routine—
And me—a fag at Eton.

Ah, Molly, I shall ne'er forget
The day on which we parted;
I think you cried, you small coquette;
But I was broken-hearted.
A Niobe in garments brief,
Your tears were quite in season;
But then your doll had come to grief—
An all-sufficing reason.

I still preserve with tender care
Your Prayer-book—frayed with kissing—
A relic much the worse for wear,
With half the pages missing.
Have you the many-bladed knife
I gave you once?—I wonder.
The most unlucky gift in life;
It cleft our paths asunder.

My sweetheart of the Past is dead—
That mourned her broken 'Dolly';
And now I turn to greet instead
This most imposing Molly.
Observe—A dress of filmy lace
Beyond my powers of painting—
A tiny vinaigrette—in case
The maid should think of fainting.

A dainty cap (I think I'm right)
The golden head surmounting—
A pair of gloves whose buttons quite
Defy attempts at counting.
A satin fan where baby-loves
That seem to weary never,
Disport themselves in myrtle groves
That blossom on for ever.

A gleam of gems whose elfin light
In weird and fitful flashes
Reflects the eyes—demurely bright
Beneath their shady lashes. . . .

* * * * *
'And did you not forget?' she says.—
'Forget you, Molly, never!
The love of Eton jacket days
Is just as green as ever.'—
'You silly boy.'—'As silly still,
Ah, Molly, do not doubt it.'—
'My glove has come unbuttoned, Will.
. . . . How long you are about it!'

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

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ILLUSIVE VISIONS.

MODERN science has made us aware that the old belief in apparitions rested on nothing more than illusive fancies caused by some kind of physical derangement of the person so affected. It is important that young persons should be made thoroughly aware of the fact, that there never was and never will be any such fancy which is not capable of being explained upon natural grounds. A person in weak health, though in perfect possession of all his faculties, begins to be troubled by waking visions of persons with whom he may be familiar, or who may have been long dead, or who sometimes may appear as perfect strangers to him. The spectres who flit before him, 'come like shadows' and 'so depart.' They represent, in the most perfect manner, the reproductions of things that are or were—utterly intangible creations. The subject of these visitations may hear the spectres converse, and they may even talk in turn to him. He is perfectly aware of their visionary nature, and is as convinced of their unreality as is the friend who sees them not, and to whom the phantoms are described. No suspicions of insane delusion as to these visitations can be entertained for a moment, and the question may therefore naturally be put to the man of science, 'How can these illusions be accounted for?' The answer is to be found in one of the simplest studies in the physiology of nerves and of mind, and shews us that these illusions have a material basis, or that, in the words of the poet, the 'shadow proves the substance true.'

To thoroughly elucidate the subject of illusions within a brief space, we may begin by selecting one or two illustrations of illusive vision, such as have been recorded for instruction and edification in the pages of the physiologist. One of the best known cases—deriving its interest from the fact that the subject of the visitations in question himself narrates the facts—is that of Nicolai, a well-known citizen and bookseller of Berlin, who read an account of his case before the Berlin Academy of Sciences. We shall give the

account in his own words. 'During the few latter months of the year 1790,' says Nicolai, 'I had experienced several melancholy incidents, which deeply affected me, particularly in September, from which time I suffered an almost uninterrupted series of misfortunes, that affected me with the most poignant grief. I was accustomed to be bled twice a year, and this had been done once on the 9th of July, but was omitted to be repeated at the end of the year 1790. . . I had, in January and February of the year 1791, the additional misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which were followed on the 24th of February by a most violent altercation. My wife and another person came into my apartment in the morning in order to console me; but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. On a sudden, I perceived at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it. It was but natural that she should not see anything; my question therefore alarmed her very much, and she sent immediately for a physician. The phantasm continued for some minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted fell into a restless sleep, which lasted about half an hour. The physician ascribed the vision to violent mental emotion, and hoped there would be no return; but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced further consequences, which deserve a more minute description.

'At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was by myself when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment; but there likewise I was persecuted by the form, which, however, at intervals disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first. After the first day, the form of the deceased person no more appeared; but its place

was supplied with many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers: those whom I knew were composed of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. . . . When I shut my eyes these forms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet, when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. . . . They all appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts, as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature; none of the figures appeared particularly terrible, conical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these persons continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while at the same time they increased in number about four weeks after they had first appeared. I also began to hear them talk; sometimes among themselves, but more frequently they addressed their discourse to me; their speeches being uncommonly short and never of an unpleasant turn. At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided; their consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes, however, I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. The consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at other times they were regularly executed.'

Such was Nicolai's account of the phantom-visitors who addressed and consoled him in his domestic affliction. It is interesting to pursue still further his account of their disappearance. The reader will recollect that Nicolai had neglected to repeat at the end of 1790 the blood-letting in which it was customary in the days we speak of for our forefathers to indulge. It was at last decided that leeches should be used, and on April 20, 1791, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Nicolai informs us the operation was performed. 'No person,' he continues, 'was with me besides the surgeon; but during the operation my chamber was crowded with human visions of all descriptions. This continued uninterruptedly till about half an hour after four o'clock, just when my digestion commenced. I then perceived that they began to move more slowly. Soon after, their colour began to fade, and at seven o'clock they were entirely white. But they moved very little, though the forms were as distinct as before; growing, however, by degrees more obscure, yet not fewer in number, as had generally been the case. . . . They now seemed to dissolve in the air, while fragments of some of them continued visible for a considerable time. About eight

o'clock, the room was entirely cleared of my fantastic visitors. Since that time,' adds Nicolai, 'I have felt twice or three times a sensation as if they were going to reappear, without, however, actually seeing anything. The same sensation surprised me just before I drew up this account, while I was examining some papers relative to these phenomena, which I had drawn up in the year 1791.'

Such is a historical account of what may appear to the senses of a sane and reasonable individual. Before entering on their scientific explanation it will be advisable to give one or two further examples of the phenomena in question. On the occasion of the fire which destroyed part of the Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-7, part of the menagerie had been sacrificed to the flames. The chimpanzee, however, was believed to have escaped from his cage, and was presently seen on the roof endeavouring to save himself by clutching in wild despair one of the iron beams which the fire had spared. The struggles of the animal were watched with an intense curiosity mingled with horror and sympathy for the supposed fate which awaited the unfortunate monkey. What was the surprise of the spectators of an imminent tragedy to find that the object which in the guise of a terrified ape, had excited their fears, resolved itself into a piece of canvas blind, so tattered, that to the eye of the imagination and when moved by the wind, it presented the exact counterpart of a struggling animal!

Such an example is of especial interest, because it proves to us that not one person alone, but a large number of spectators may be deceived by an object imperfectly seen—and aided in the illusion by a vivid imagination—into fancying all the details of a spectacle of which the chief actor is entirely a myth.

A singular case has been given on strict medical authority of a lady, who, walking from Penrhyn to Falmouth—her mind being occupied with the subject of drinking-fountains—was certain she saw in the road a newly erected fountain, bearing the inscription, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' As a matter of course she mentioned her interest in seeing such an erection to the daughters of the gentleman who was supposed to have placed the fountain in its position. They assured her that no such fountain was in existence; but convinced of the reality of her senses on the ground that 'seeing is believing,' she repaired to the spot where she had seen the fountain, only to find, however, a few scattered stones in place of the expected erection.

We may now turn to consider the scientific explanation of such curious phenomena in human existence. The causes of these illusions are not difficult to understand, since they in reality depend upon a slight derangement of the powers whereby we see and hear in an ordinary and normal method. To make our meaning clear, let us briefly consider what takes place in ordinary sensation, when we see or hear the objects and sounds of every-day existence. The eye alighting on an object transfers an impression of that object

to the brain through the special (optic) nerve of sight, which leads from the eye to the part of the brain exercising the sense of sight. We in reality do not see with the eye. That organ is merely an arrangement of lenses adapted to receive, focus, and otherwise adjust rays of light streaming from the objects we see. The function of the eye is simply that of adjusting and correlating the conditions necessary for the production of an impression. This impression is carried in due course to a special part of the brain, where it becomes transformed into a special sensation—that of sight. We thus truly see not with the eye, but with the brain, or rather with that portion of the brain which lies in direct relation with the nerves of sight. The eye represents the lenses of the photographer's camera; but the brain corresponds to the sensitive plate which receives the image of the sitter, and on which all subsequent alterations of the image are effected. Of the other senses, the same prominent feature may also be expressed—namely, that in the brain and not in the mere organ of sense must be allocated the true seat of knowledge. The ear modifies waves of sound; but it is the brain which distinguishes, appreciates, and acts upon the information conveyed by the organ of hearing. The finger touches an object; but the seat of knowledge does not exist at the extremity of the hand. The impression of touch is duly conveyed to the brain as before, there to be analysed, commented upon, and if necessary, acted upon as well.

On the appreciation of the simple fact that the brain is the true seat of the senses, rests the whole explanation of the ghosts and apparitions which occasionally attend the footsteps and meet the eyes of humanity. When we are conscious of looking at a real object, a sensation of sight is formed in the brain, as we have seen. Such a sensation we called an 'objective' one, because it is derived from a veritable object. So also, when we hear a tune played by a person whom we see, or of whose existence, even when unseen, we entertain no doubt, the sensation of sound is then called 'subjective.' But there are many familiar instances in which the power of the mind to reproduce the sensations, sights, and sounds we have received, is demonstrated. The day-dreamer can sometimes bring the scenes in which he has once taken part so vividly before his mental gaze, that his reverie may actually be broken by the words which unconsciously flow from his lips as his imagination starts into bodily action. Such a power of fancy and imagination is the beginning or faint imitation of a still more powerful means which we possess of bringing before ourselves the forms and scenes which have once been objectively present with us. In the dream this power is illustrated typically enough. From the background of consciousness so to speak, we project forwards, in our sleep, the pictures which a busy brain is reproducing, or it may be piecing together from the odds and ends of its fancy to form the ludicrous combinations we are familiar with in the 'land of Nod.' And if we carry the idea of this same power being exercised in our waking moments, to form the ghosts of science, the explanation of the otherwise curious and mysterious subject of illusive visions will be complete.

We know then, that the brain has the ordinary

power of forming images which may be projected outwards in the form of the fancies of every-day life. But these projected fancies may grow into plain and apparent sensations or images under the requisite conditions. When we hear 'a ringing in the ears,' we know perfectly well that no objective sound exists, and scientifically we say that the sensation of hearing in such a case is an internal or subjective one. When we see flashes of light which have no existence in the outside world on which we happen to be gazing, we explain their occurrence in the same way. Now, on such a basis, the ghosts of science are both raised and laid. The images and phantoms of Nicolai, like the sparks or flashes of light, are subjective sensations. They arise, in other words, from some irritation of that part of the brain, which would have received the impressions of sight had the objects in question had an actual existence. But the subject also involves a reference to bodily condition and to memory itself. Primarily, it will be found that illusive visions appear only when the health of the subject of these visitations is in a weakly state. The derangement of the health is the primary cause of these curious states.

It is, however, equally worthy of remark that many of the phantasms of Nicolai were persons whom he knew. Such visions then may be supposed to simply represent the effects of very recent images which had been received and stored in the brain, and which were evolved by the exercise of unconscious memory. Of the deceased persons whose images appeared to him, the same remark may be made—memory again reproducing, by the subjective impressions of the brain, the forms of dead friends. But what, it may be asked, of the strange visions whom Nicolai did not recognise? The reply which science offers, is that these also were images or conceptions of persons whom Nicolai must have seen at some time, but whom he could not remember; mysterious reproductions, by the brain, of events which had been impressed thereon, but which had escaped remembrance by ordinary memory. Even the characters whom Nicolai may have simply heard described, could be thus produced, and present apparently the images of persons with whom he was not, as a matter of conscious memory, familiar. The brain, in other words, registers and remembers more than memory can evolve; and it is reasonable to conceive that forgotten images of things or persons once seen formed the mysterious strangers of Nicolai's waking dreams.

It is noteworthy that only after a long period of visitation from his fantastic friends, did Nicolai begin to hear them speak. Thus, the sense of hearing had also come in time to lend its aid in propagating the illusions; and the fact that the visions addressed Nicolai concerning his own immediate affairs and his personal griefs and sorrows, clearly shews the unconscious action of a mind which was brooding over its own trials, and which was evolving from within itself the comfort and consolation of kindly friends. Last of all, that the material basis of these visionary friends resided in the weakly body of their host, is proved by their disappearance on the resumption of the customary blood-letting and the improvement of the health—an additional

fact shewing the relation of the healthy body to the sound mind.

One of the most interesting cases of vision-seeing by a person of culture and intelligence is that related in the *Athenæum* of January 10, 1880, by the Rev. Dr Jessopp, who, in Lord Orford's library, when engaged in copying some literary notes, saw a large white hand, and then, as he tells us, perceived 'the figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books I had been at work upon.' The figure was dressed in some antique ecclesiastical garb. The figure vanished when Dr Jessopp made a movement with his arm, but reappeared, and again vanished when the reverend narrator threw down a book with which he had been engaged. Dr Jessopp's recital called forth considerable comment, and a letter from Dr Andrew Wilson of Edinburgh, presenting a theory based on the principles of subjective sensations, treated of in the present paper. After detailing the fashion in which subjective sensations become projected forwards, Dr Wilson says (*Athenæum*, January 17, 1880): 'The only point concerning which any dubiety exists, concerns the exact origin of the specific images which appear as the result of subjective sensory action. My own idea is that almost invariably the projected image is that of a person we have seen and read about. . . In Dr Jessopp's case there is one fact which seems to weigh materially in favour of the idea that the vision which appeared to him in Lord Orford's library was an unconscious reproduction of some mental image or figure about which the Doctor may very likely have concerned himself in the way of antiquarian study.' It is most interesting to observe that in the succeeding number of the *Athenæum*, a Mr Walter Rye writes: 'Dr A. Wilson's solution "that the 'spectre' . . . was an unconscious reproduction of some mental image or figure about which Dr Jessopp may very likely have concerned himself in the way of antiquarian study," seems the right one, and I think I can identify the "ghost." The ecclesiastically dressed, large man, with closely cut reddish-brown hair, and shaved cheek, appears to me the Doctor's remembrance of the portrait of Parsons, the Jesuit Father, whom he calls in his "One Generation of a Norfolk House," "the manager and moving spirit" of the Jesuit mission in England. . . Dr Jessopp when he thought he saw the figure, was alone in an old library, belonging to a Walpole, and Father Parsons was the leader of Henry Walpole, the hero of his just-cited book. Small wonder, therefore, if the association of ideas made him think of Parsons.'

All such illusive visions are thus readily explained as the creatures of an imagination which, through some brain-disturbance, is enabled to project its visions forward, on the seats of sense, as the 'ringing' in our ears is produced by some irritation of the hearing-centre of the brain. The known vision is a reproduction of a present memory, and the unknown vision is the reproduction of a forgotten figure which has nevertheless been stored away in some nook or cranny of the memory-chamber.

Science may thus—as we have before had frequent occasion to assure our readers—dispel the illusion by its free explanation; and science has

no higher function or nobler use than when, by its aid, a subject like the present is rescued from the domain of the mysterious, and brought within the sphere of ordinary knowledge.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XVIII.—HISTORY.

'War's declared! Hurrah! Come and join us.'

NEITHER Mr Tasker nor his assailant gave prospect of early recovery. Tasker had received a terrible shaking; and Closky had been thrown with such force against the railings of Dr Brand's house, that he incurred a severe concussion of the brain, and made no conscious movement for many days. With the wide benevolence of British charity, which falls like the rain of heaven upon the just and unjust, this man was nursed as carefully for penal servitude as if it had been intended to restore him to lifelong happiness and comfort. The emotions which agitated Mr Tasker's bosom when he recovered his senses and discovered that Closky lay in the next bed to him, may in some measure have retarded recovery; but be that as it may, five weeks elapsed before he was able to leave the hospital walls and go in pursuit of the friend and compatriot to whom he had intrusted his affairs. The friend and compatriot was not to be found. Mr Tasker found his place of business in Acre Buildings, closed; and the inquiries which he caused immediately to be set on foot resulted in a discovery. The compatriot had realised everything realisable, and had disappeared with the proceeds into space. Detective ingenuity revealed the fact that the land to which he had betaken himself was one with which England had no extradition treaty. Tasker's creditors were for the most part of his own people, and had compassion upon him; and he with a true Eastern love for jewellery, had got together in the days of his prosperity a large collection of goods of value, the which he now disposed of as circumstances pressed him.

When Closky was so far recovered as to be able to endure with safety the first examination before a magistrate, he was taken from the hospital to the police court; and Hastings, Benjamin Hartley, and Dr Brand met Mr Tasker there, and gave their evidence. The prisoner was formally committed for trial; and the business being over, Tasker essayed an appeal to his old employer. Mr Hartley would have none of him, and bade him sternly, if he valued his own freedom, to speak to him no more. Tasker went away sadly and disposed of a jewel, and broken-heartedly drank away the proceeds. He was so crushed, that he made none but the feeblest efforts to recover his position; and he had, moreover, so little will to curb his old propensities to extravagance, that by the time the trial came on he was on the very edge of the gulf of poverty. The counsel for the prosecution alluded to Tasker's losses, which he deplored in feeling terms as the result of the ruffianly and unprovoked assault of the prisoner. Closky was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve years' transportation beyond the seas. Penkridge, his old companion in Bolter's Rents, sat by Mrs Closky

in court whilst sentence was passed, and took the poor woman out and offered her whisky, which was by that time perhaps the only consolation he knew.

The necessary attendances at the police court and at the assizes brought Hastings and Dr Brand together. Hastings took a fancy to the Doctor, who returned the young man's liking cordially. Grief for the death of the dearest cannot last for ever, and Hastings was growing reconciled to loss; but he stood steadfast to his resolves, and accepted the responsibilities which his new position threw upon him. Mrs Brand would fain have enlisted him in the cause of Bolter's Rents; but beyond money he could be persuaded to give nothing to that enterprise. The little lady accepted his donation with reluctance, and would have refused it outright but for the thought of that great ocean of poverty on the shores of which she now walked so often. All this time the rumours of war were growing, and Benjamin Hartley made money as only millionaires make money when the fate of nations approaches. He was much in London negotiating on 'Change and in the arcana of Cræsus Brothers and others of that golden breed, for vast *coups* of financial policy.

One night Will Fairholt walked quietly into the chambers to which Hastings had recently removed in King's Bench Walk, Temple, and where, to keep himself out of harm's way, he was assiduously reading for the bar. Hastings sprang eagerly to salute him. 'What brings you to town? Have you any news?'

'None,' said Will, shaking his head. 'I am here on business. The poor old governor is quite broken, and can attend to nothing.' His voice quivered as he spoke, and he looked pale and wretched.

'Will, old friend,' said Hastings gently, 'you are wearing yourself out. It ought to lie more heavily on me than you; for though, heaven knows, I would do anything now to undo what I did, I know I helped to this miserable end, and that all your strength went to prevent it.'

'You meant no wrong,' said Will, 'nor I; but I'm afraid we all did wrong together. There is nothing to do but to wait now, and no hope that waiting will do anything for us.'

'The scoundrel who ruined him has met with his deserts,' said Hastings; 'and there's some comfort any way.'

'Little comfort,' said Will, shaking his head.—'Hastings,' he added suddenly, 'I must tell somebody, or I shall go mad. Before this terrible thing happened, and poor Frank disappeared, he and I were rivals. And I feel sometimes so hideous a temptation to be glad that he is gone and out of my way, that it is killing me.' After saying this, he buried his head in his hands and leaned above the table.

'A morbid dread of a foolish shadow, Will, believe me,' his friend said kindly. 'I know you better. A casuist torment, which a man of your conscientious and sensitive nature is safe to create for himself as often as he can. No, no, Will. Don't fight phantoms of that sort any longer. Turn daylight on them. You are worn and tired just now. Come into the streets, and let the wind blow the cobwebs from your brain.' He clapped his companion on the shoulder.

Will arose without a word, and they went out

together. They passed up the silent walk, and through the narrow way beyond it, and came out at Temple Bar, where they turned westward. As they passed the western church, there broke upon the air the sound of a scattered cheer, and then another and another. A chance acquaintance of Hastings' came by at that moment arm-in-arm with a friend, and turning at the sound of the cheering, lifted his hat and shouted 'Hurrah!'

'What's the matter, Ward?' asked Hastings, laying his hand upon the arm of the man who cheered. 'Is war declared?'

'Hillo!' cried the other, turning round. 'That you, Hastings? Now, old man, you always said that if there was any fighting to be done, you'd get a commission. Go for it. Now's your time.'

'Is war declared?' Hastings asked again.

'Yes,' roared the other in reply. 'War's declared! Hurrah! Come and join us. We shall sail in less than a week.'

The street was full of excited people. Stranger questioned stranger. Men who had never seen each other before shook hands upon the news, and cheered. Some doubted, some denied, but all were wild at the prospect, and the general heart beat with a fierce joy. Rickety clerks and pale shopmen felt the blood tingle in their thin veins, and were ready to march and fight and die. Most people after this lapse of a quarter of a century have come to believe that the Crimean War, that terrible and splendid crusade, was a huge blunder; but in '54 the large soul of England was throbbing to the old heroic music, and beat to another measure than that mean tune of '77, which still jars on our ears. It was the old great mission on which the sons of this Mother of the Nations were going—to lay the Oppressor low, and to succour them that had no other helper, and to hold Europe clean of tyranny. A great purpose, and howsoever it failed or fell, carried through with a great spirit. Ay! and even you—pale shopman and rickety clerk—had a right to cheer in such a cause; and it was well for you that your thin blood ran warm and tingled, and well for the land that bore you that your hearts responded to her call.

Hastings' chance acquaintance went eastward, cheering still, and left the two friends facing each other, pale and excited.

'I shall volunteer,' said Hastings, catching Will by the arm, and walking on rapidly.

'I wish I could,' said Will, sighing. He caught his breath at the thought. No; it was not possible. His father was dying. He could not leave him to bear the burden of his griefs alone.

'At last,' said Hastings, hurried by the excitement of the time into forgetfulness of his companion's sorrows and his own—'At last the world has something in it for a man to do. I'm told they fight—these fellows; and it won't be an easy business. But to think, Will, to think that at last we are let loose with leave to pull that bragging bully down! *Ca ira, ca ira, ca ira,*' he sang under his breath, and marched on wildly, with Will silent at his side.

Hastings went to work next morning; and before Will Fairholt left town, rushed in upon him with news that he was certainly going to the Crimea. Will heard him sadly, but congratulated him with all his heart, and envied him not a little. All he could do was to go home, and make the

poor old father's last days a little lighter than they could be without him. And he had within him—or so he held it—a greater enemy than the Czar of all the Russias could bring against him. So when the time came, he went back home, and soothed the old man's fretful grief, and buried his own, and lived in outward melancholy quiet, and prayed hard, poor soul, and did his duty, and found no rest.

When Frank read that terrible heading to the paragraph in the morning paper, he sat still for a moment, stunned. Then he smoothed the paper out mechanically, and folded it, and read the hard dry narrative through. It ran thus:

'Early yesterday morning, two men, named respectively Isaac Shakell and John Turner, were proceeding to work, when they were arrested by the sight of a well-dressed figure which lay prostrate in the mud in Spaniard's Lane, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the *Spaniard's Inn*. The figure was that of a man of about twenty-five years of age. He was quite dead, and had apparently lain there all night, for his clothes were saturated with mud and rain. Letters were found upon him, addressed to James Groves at the *Spotted Dog Tavern*, Bloomsbury. Inquiries were at once set on foot; and the deceased was immediately identified as the landlord of that well-known hostel. All that is known of this tragic incident is that, at a late hour on the previous evening, the deceased left the *Spaniard's Inn* in the society of two friends, who returned almost at once, and shortly afterwards left the house for that of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whom they spent the night. These gentlemen agree in stating that the deceased was in a condition to take care of himself. When the body was found, the head rested upon a large and jagged stone, upon which he had evidently fallen backwards. Except for the wound thus produced, which was clearly the cause of death, there were no marks of violence upon his person. A pocket in the breast of his overcoat was turned inside out, and a chamois-leather bag, known to have contained the sum of ninety-eight pounds ten shillings in notes and gold, had been abstracted. The police on visiting the spot believed that they could discern evidences of a brief struggle, and their attention being called to a breach in the hedge near at hand, they succeeded in tracing foot-steps for some distance. The most singular fact in the whole of this mysterious and tragic business is, that the bag above alluded to was found at the side of the field, at some distance from the track left by the footsteps of the criminal, and that a purse containing a considerable sum of money was found on the person of the deceased! The police have as yet no clue to the perpetrator of this apparently purposeless outrage.'

After this came another paragraph, headed 'Mysterious Restitution;' which set forth that a ticket-porter had delivered a package containing a sum of one hundred pounds in gold at the *Spotted Dog Tavern*, with the statement that the gentleman who borrowed it on the previous evening in Spaniard's Lane had sent it back again.

All this, understanding it quite clearly, Frank read over, and then laid the paper down. He put on a velvet wideawake, and left the house, and walked quietly away. Nobody paid him any

unusual regard, and he walked on, not knowing where he went, and not caring. He passed through Uxbridge and the two Wycombes; and night fell as he entered on that lonely stretch of country which lies northward on the Oxford Road. He had not tasted food or drink, although he had put thirty miles between himself and home since he started. Nor did he feel any want of food or drink, or think of anything but the one consuming terror which dwelt with him. The inexorable terrible Past set its pillar of cloud by day before him, and its pillar of fire by night. All day long the sordid and hideous crime of which he had been guilty enacted itself in shadowy form before him, and in the night it glared in fiery lines. Fire seemed within and without him as the weary automatic feet went on, hour after hour, hour after hour, until, before the eastern skies were gray, he sank from sheer exhaustion, and lay until the sun aroused him from dreams which enacted his crime with horrible iteration. He rose again, and once more the automatic feet carried him on. Where he had lain on the bare road, he was mud from head to heel. His eyes were bleared with the sleepless agony of his soul, and his knees bent beneath him. Country people passing him stared and laughed and pointed, believing him to be tipsy. He scarcely saw them as he staggered by. Coming to a little village inn, he entered, and called for bread-and-cheese and ale. He tendered a sovereign, and was going away without the change, when the host ran after him and placed it in his hand. He took it like a man in a dream, and roamed on again with all his senses clouded by the action of the food he had taken, and by the fatigue he had undergone, and the aching pains which followed his rest upon the muddy road. Yet the cloudy presentment of his tragedy was still before him in the cloud, and the dry fire of Remorse burned on within him. And he knew that though he lived beyond the uttermost span of human years, the fire would burn.

Thus with horrible automatic step, without volition of his own, he walked on slowly and more slowly, until he reached the little town of Thame. It was with no thought of escaping the detecting hand of justice that he avoided the better sort of inns. Exhausted Nature cried aloud for food and sleep; but he went wearily about the town until he came upon a little public-house in a by-street, and ate coarse food there ravenously and without relish, and then mounted the rickety stairs, and threw himself upon the uninviting bed and slept. Through the dark hollows of the night his dread walked with him, nameless, indefinable, full of unspeakable fear, unrecognised. When he awoke, he knew the companion of his sleep; and first as an added terror, and then as a first faint gleam of hope, and then again as an added terror came the thought, 'I shall go mad!'

The landlord and the landlady of the place had been discussing him, and when he descended the rickety stairs in the morning, the landlord questioned him.

'Might I make bold to ask where you're a-goin', mate?' asked the landlord.

Frank had not thought of going anywhere, but had started on that vainest of all vain enterprises, the attempt to outwalk himself. But he answered 'Liverpool,' thinking that would do as well as another place, and that he would go there.

'You bean't a seafarin' man?' said the landlord, pursuing his inquiry.

'No,' said Frank.

'Lookin' out for a job anywheer?'

'No,' said Frank again.

'Got money, maybe?'

'I have enough to pay your bill,' Frank answered, weary of the questions, but scarcely resenting them.

'That's right enough,' returned the host; 'a man's business is a man's business, and yourn ain't mine, and mine ain't yourn. But I suppose you can guess as it looks odd to see a man like you a-coming into a place like this.' Frank returned no answer, though the landlord waited. By-and-by he went on again. 'You've been on the loose, I reckon?'

'Suppose I have,' Frank returned, lifting his eyes for the first time. 'That gives you no right to question me. What do I owe you?'

'That's reasonable enough,' said the landlord; 'but a man like you can't help knowin' as it's suspicious-like, don't you see?—'

'Will that pay you?' Frank asked, laying five shillings on the table.

'For a gentleman as doesn't want no questions asked, and doesn't want to be interfered with,' said the landlord, 'I think an extra five bob ud be the handsome thing.'

Frank laid down two other half-crowns, and went his way without further question. The landlord looked after him, jingling the ten shillings in his hand as he stood. His wife looked over his shoulder at the retreating limping figure. 'Poor young gentleman!' said she; 'I wonder what's wrong with him? He's in some sort o' trouble.'

'Ah!' said the landlord, shaking his head with an air of prophecy, 'we shall hear of him again. He's done something;' and with this sage conclusion, the landlord walked indoors, and threw the ten shillings into the till.

'I thought he was a gentleman,' said the landlady, 'directly I set eyes on him, for all the dirt on his clothes.'

'Anybody could ha' seen that,' said the landlord, 'if he'd had a heavy launch o' mud on him.'

Frank went onward in the old mood. There was a gap between his common life and this which his mind almost failed to bridge; and he looked back dimly and with a lack of interest not easy to understand, on a happy life which somebody else seemed to have led a long long time ago. And all this time he never said to himself, 'I am miserable,' or 'My punishment is heavy,' or had any really conscious form of thought at all, except for instants of time, when Memory stabbed him, and then he always fell back into the dreamy horror which had before possessed him. Late that night it rained, and he was out upon a lonely road with only one light in sight, and that shone ruby red in the darkness. The road led him towards this light, and the telegraph wires made a mourning noise in the wind as he plashed along below them. Losing the red light now and then among the trees as the road twisted, he found himself suddenly below it, and near a railway arch. A set of wooden steps led towards the rustic railway station, and not knowing why, he stood before them in the rain until the far-off roar and whistle of an approaching train reached his ears. Still scarcely knowing why, he mounted the wet steps,

and faced a porter who was stamping down the platform in a gleaming tarpaulin cloak.

'Going by this train?' said the porter. 'She doesn't stop till Rugby.'

'Give me a ticket for Rugby,' Frank answered. It mattered nothing where he went, and he allowed chance to drift him.

The train came lumbering up, and he entered one of the carriages. But for himself it was empty; and as he sat there, the monotonous clank of carriage and engine sent him to sleep, and for an hour he was at peace. But Remorse stood ready for him with that Nessus cloak of torment which she carries, and wrapped him in the fiery shroud when he awoke. So in the rain, he turned into the streets of the familiar town. Rugby! he had spent the happiest hours of his life, the happiest years there, as many hundreds of English gentlemen had done before, and have done since his day. And as he walked about the silent rainy streets, the magic of things familiar laid a hand upon him, until recalling what he had been, he was seized with such a passion of self-pity that he laid his head down upon a garden-wall and wept as if his heart would break. As if his heart would break? His heart was broken.

Though pity for himself unsealed his tears—and few men ever weep tears of real passion, but at the bidding of their own sorrows, and not another's—his soul, unclouded for a moment, looked back, and saw all whom he had left and lost who loved him, and he wept for their sakes and for the tears which they would weep. And thereby—as I would fain believe—God's hand of healing for the first time touched that sinful and suffering soul. Shine out, Repentance, with angelic eyes, sweet opposite of harsh Remorse; shine out, and lead us to a purer stream than Lethe's, which is all Remorse dare pray for!

PROFESSIONAL ROBBERS OF THE PESHAWUR VALLEY.

PESHAWUR, which is about sixteen miles from the Khyber Pass, has a population of fifty or sixty thousand. Its position at the entrance of the chief gateway into Cabul gathers within its walls men from almost every district in India and every country in Central Asia. About two miles from the city is the military cantonment. It is perhaps the most important in the whole country. In general there are stationed in it nine or ten regiments and three or four batteries of artillery. It is not my intention to discuss the importance of its position or give a sketch of its history. My purpose is to give a short account of some of the robberies which took place when I was quartered in it some years ago.

Many soldiers who have been stationed at the cantonment have left Peshawur without any knowledge of the city itself. This does not arise from any unwillingness on the part of the British soldier to visit the city, but from a garrison order forbidding him to enter it without a written permission from his commanding officer. Such an order is seemingly a very hard one, but it is one which is absolutely necessary. In the bazaars are to be found men from almost every district in India; and what is more to our purpose at present, men belonging to the many tribes which occupy the neighbouring hills. These tribes in their form of

government and in their devotion to their chiefs are very similar to the Highland clans of Scotland in former times. Though they are at constant enmity with each other, there are two things which can band these tribes, and these are by them considered as one—a war with the English, and the defence of their religion. Such a people are readily excited, and street brawls in the native city of Peshawur are consequently by no means uncommon. The appearance of the British soldier has often a maddening influence on the more religious Mussulmans; and Europeans, at least those belonging to the military branch of the service, have not yet learned to take meekly any insult offered to them by natives. It is on this account that permission to enter the city is so carefully guarded by commanding officers.

Arms, horses, and money are the chief things sought after by the thieves and robbers in the Peshawur Valley and adjoining hills; and there is no breach of charity in stating that the men of the hill-tribes are professional robbers. To secure these articles, they adopt almost every conceivable plan, and shew no little skill and daring, as may be seen from the following illustrations, which, I may add, are given without any colouring, and are strictly true.

Mr Lowenthal, a well-known missionary, stationed at Peshawur, was one night sitting at his desk, when he saw his *dhurree* (carpet) quietly lifted up by a man's head rising apparently out of the floor. An exclamation of surprise and a call for help caused the head to disappear. On inspection, Mr Lowenthal found that his house had been entered in a way somewhat unusual, but by no means new. The thieves—there must have been more than one engaged in the affair—had dug a hole close to the study, and run a tunnel right under the wall to the middle of the floor of the room. Some idea of the skill of the miners may be learned from the fact that Mr Lowenthal was not disturbed by any noise until the head of the robber was actually in the room. A year or two after the above incident took place, this eminent oriental scholar was murdered in his veranda by one of his own servants.

Earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in the Peshawur Valley, and on this account nearly every house is built of mud mixed with chopped straw, the same material being used for out-house buildings, of which the stable is generally the most important. A mounted officer has perhaps two hundred pounds invested in horses, and it is therefore a most important matter for him that these animals should be protected from the hands of thieves. Many are the plans used for this purpose. Perhaps the most successful, and consequently the most popular, is to fasten an iron chain round each hind-leg of the horse, and padlock the chains to an iron bar driven firmly into the ground. This, however, does not always defy the thieves, as they know the use of a file as well as their pale-faced neighbours. There are instances known when the robbers, finding all their attempts fail to get rid of the chains, in their anger have had the brutality to cut the feet off the horse.

Many officers trust to *chokedhars* or watchmen; but these men are only to be implicitly trusted when there is no danger near. The Sikh watchmen are an exception, but they are difficult to

find. There has ever been a deadly feud between the Afghans and the Sikhs, and a sleeping Sikh watchman found by an Afghan prowler receives no mercy. A knife driven into his heart ends sleep and life together. In general the watchmen are natives of the district, and are quite aware that the most pleasant part of their duty is to draw their wages once a month. They may actually see the thieves loosening their master's horses, and the groom may be lying within a yard of the horses watching with fear and trembling every movement; yet neither will interfere. They will not even shew any sign of being awake, because any attempt on their part to disturb what is going on, or to raise an alarm, would make the thieves take notice of them in a way far from pleasant. There is, in fact, no plan to protect horses which has not occasionally proved a failure. The gallant General commanding the Peshawur Division at the time to which I am alluding, had a very valuable mule—an animal greatly prized in a hilly country—which he placed for security in front of a guard of native soldiers and within a few yards of the sentry's beat. It attracted the notice of some of the hillmen, and a little cautious daring made it their prize. Selecting a dark night for their enterprise, they crawled along the ground until they reached the animal. With one slash of their knives the head and heel ropes were cut; and before the sentry could do anything, one of the thieves was on the back of the mule, and both were lost in darkness.

The most popular plan of horse-stealing is, however, somewhat different. It requires at least three men to carry it out comfortably and successfully. One of them quietly steals his way into the stable, and lays hold of a cord which has been pushed through one of the air-holes in the wall by one of his friends outside. The two use the string as a saw, while the third man pours upon it a plentiful supply of water. The cord silently and speedily cuts its way down the mud wall. In a wonderfully short time the three craftsmen manage to saw round a portion of the wall, which when pushed outwards, leaves a space sufficient to allow a horse to pass out. This done, the remaining work presents no difficulty. The ropes which bind the horse are cut, and in a short time he is cantering to the hills with generally two and sometimes his three new masters on his back.

A somewhat bold and impudent exploit in the horse-stealing line was the amusement and the talk of the station for some days. The cantonment is literally a camp. At sundown a chain of sentries communicating with each other is posted right round it. This demands a great number of men, and all regiments, cavalry and infantry, European and native, nightly give their proportions. A native trooper on the occasion to which I refer, fastened his horse to the peg fixed about the middle of his 'beat;' and to keep up his courage and himself warm—the night was very dark and bitterly cold—walked pretty smartly backwards and forwards on his 'beat.' The extent of his walk was not more than thirty yards, and thus at no time could he have been more than fifteen yards from his charger. He was armed in the usual way with a short rifle and a tulwar or sword. While thus doing duty, a hillman was

watching him with an eye to business. He managed to crawl quite close to him without exciting notice; and waiting quietly until the sentry was near the end of his walk, and of course with his back to the horse, the robber cut the charger's rope, mounted him, and in a moment was galloping from the station. The sentry fired his rifle in the direction in which his steed had gone; guards turned out, and a lot of noise was raised; but the outwitted soldier never saw his horse again. To him the loss was a serious one, as the horses of the native cavalry regiments do not belong to the government, but to the troopers themselves.

The Peshawur robbers are not only daring fellows by nature and training—conscience being a commodity of which they do not know anything, and for which they have really no word in their language—but their courage in their enterprises is kept up by the careful preparations which they make before beginning any serious undertaking in their line. They strip themselves of every article of clothing, and then smear themselves over with oil or ghee, which is butter prepared in a particular way for keeping. Thus they can literally give the slip to any one attempting to 'v' hold of them. In addition to this precaution they carry a knife about the length of the arm, somewhat heavy, and of the keenest edge.

Farther 'down country' there prevailed a strange custom among the professional thieves, which I have not seen noticed in any books. They fasten iron hooks—very similar in shape to our ordinary fish-hooks—to their fingers. Should they be disturbed in their operations, and attacked, they claw the faces of those trying to capture them, and thus inflict four terrible wounds.

One of the most common preparations to insure safety made by the hillmen when they intend to rob a house in the cantonments, is a very simple one. They provide themselves with ten or a dozen stones half the size of the fist, which they lay down on the ground at intervals on their approach to the house on which they contemplate operations. Should they be disturbed or pursued, they retreat on the line of the stones, and picking them up as they retire, throw them at their pursuers, and with such precision and force, that we have never heard of a capture under these circumstances.

Seldom indeed do the thieves, unless compelled, use violence, though they, like all their countrymen, hold life cheap. They prefer to carry off their booty quietly. I was in a camp on one occasion, when some thieves came into the regimental bazaar and lifted the tent in which the baker and his wife were sleeping without disturbing their slumbers, and carried it away. The silence of the movements and the gentleness of the touch of these men are wonderful. One *has* difficulty in believing the story about the native who climbed a tree and took an egg out of a nest without disturbing the bird which was sitting on it; and one has a little more difficulty in believing the addition to the story, that while the man was taking the egg, a second man climbed the tree and stole his trousers. But I have known servants who put the socks on the feet of their masters without disturbing them, before they awoke them for morning parade with, 'Sahib, Sahib, bugle gone;' and it is a well-known fact

that a good 'professional' will take the sheet from under a person lying upon it, even after he has given warning that he will do so. The plan adopted is ingenious. The performer folds very smoothly the one side of the sheet which is not occupied. He then tickles the ear or the nostril of the sleeper gently, but sufficient to cause him to turn round a little. The piece of sheet thus gained is added to the folds. The process is repeated until one half the sheet is in folds. The operator then goes to the opposite side of the bed, and with a delicate use of the feather he soon has the sleeper over the folded portion, and the delicate trick accomplished.

A very good illustration of the confidence which the hillmen have in their ability to do their work quietly, occurred some years ago. One of the highest military officials, whose name is well known along the western side of India, and who should have been a very prominent person in the late war, was promoted on account of excellent services to an important post 'down country.' A night or two before his departure, and after all his goods had been packed up, he and his wife were awakened from their sleep by a noise in their bedroom. Before them were several men coolly removing their boxes. The officer, with perhaps more courage than prudence, at once made an attempt to defend his property, but this quickly induced one of the robbers to fire a pistol at him, with fortunately a badly directed aim. They knew that the report would arouse the neighbourhood, and that further chance for that night was gone, and accordingly they took to flight. Subsequent inquiries shewed that the robbery had been deliberately planned, and that many were engaged in it. Men were placed at short distances from each other a considerable way along the road leading to the country, to hand the boxes one to the other. The men who entered the bedroom had the hardihood to light a candle, and the cunning to shade its light from the eyes of the sleepers by keeping the lady's parasol, which they had opened for the purpose, between them and it. It was found that some of the officer's servants had a hand in the attempt to rob him, and one or two were punished; but their accomplices were never caught.

I have only to allude to the way in which the hillmen try to get possession of firearms. There is nothing they prize so highly as the British soldier's rifle and some rounds of ammunition. Every precaution is taken to secure the rifles, but during the time I was in the station many were stolen. An order was given commanding every soldier to place his rifle under his cotton mattress and sleep upon it. Still the rifles were lost. There was a suspicion that some of the soldiers sold them; and accordingly strong presses were placed in the barrack-rooms, in which the rifles were lodged every night; but still now and then rifles were missing. The hillmen, finding that their chance in the barrack-rooms had gone, turned their attention to the guard-rooms. The guard consisted of a sergeant and twelve men at least. Each man had his rifle, and every sentry had his rifle loaded. The thieves easily managed to escape the notice of the sentry in a dark night, and slip into the guard-room; and there they generally succeeded in finding at least one rifle handy, and made off with it. If the sentry

discovered what was going on, he was unwilling to fire, because if he sent a bullet through one of the robbers, he was tried by a general court-martial. Though 'honourably acquitted' was always the finding, the trial nevertheless brought a great amount of trouble to him—a fact of which the thieves were doubtless aware.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

My reverie was interrupted by the low prolonged sound of a horn, proceeding apparently from some point not far from the mansion. I at once extinguished the lights upon the table, and, going to the dining-room window, partially undid the shutters. From the point where I stood I had a view of a long strip of lawn, bordered on both sides by a dense wood. I looked and listened attentively. The night was very calm, and the moon lit up the whole place almost as bright as day. Soon again the dull booming of the horn could be heard; and immediately after, I saw three men emerge from the trees on the right hand at some distance from the house, cross the lawn leisurely, and plunge into the wood on the opposite side. This observation made me very uneasy. It was now well-nigh midnight, and all honest country-folk would be in bed long before that hour. I might have concluded the persons I had observed to be poachers; but poachers do not usually rally together at the sound of a horn. I remained standing at the window for some time longer; but, nothing more presenting itself, I closed the shutters again carefully, and went up to bed. All night long I was oppressed with sad forebodings, and sleep fled from my eyes.

Early next morning, Donnelly the bailiff came to me in a state of great excitement and alarm. He declined to utter a syllable till we were alone in the office. Then, after having carefully examined the doors and apertures, as if to preclude the possibility of an eaves-dropper, he returned, and remarked to me in a sepulchral tone: 'Mi Wharton, this affair of Scallan's is goin' to be a bad business. Me boy Mick brought me home a quare letther last night—the murderinest letther I ever read. It called me the stag Donnelly, an' wint on to say that the bhoys wor goin' to have me life for intherfarcin' in the eviction, an' backin' Nesbitt for to get the farrum. It made me blood run cold. An' there was thrampin' o' men round me house the whole blessed night.'

'Could your son,' I asked, 'recognise the man who gave him the note?'

'No sir, barrin' that he was a dark low-set man, an' apparently a stranger in these parts. Ochone! I'm not the same thing at all at all since I got it. Here it is, sir.'

I took the letter from the bailiff's trembling hand, and perused it carefully. It was apparently written by the same hand as the letter I had received, but conveyed threats much more dire and peremptory. No wonder that it unnerved him; it would have unnerved many a stouter-hearted fellow than he apparently was. I strove to reassure him as best I could, assumed a jocular air, and told him that doubtless some folks were

trying to frighten him. But jocularity sat ill upon me in my present mood; and I utterly failed to reassure the unfortunate bailiff. He talked dismally about his wife and family—he asked me to make his will. He reminded me of a fact which I feared was but too true—that I didn't know the class of people I had got to deal with. He said it was easy for me to see my way. I could come and go as I liked; but he, in virtue of his little holding, was doomed to live among them, for better or worse; and the tenor of the letter left little doubt that it would be for worse. These were facts; and facts were stubborn things. As I was casting about for some device, it occurred to me that I might do worse than get young Mr Carnegie's advice upon the matter. No sooner said than done. I went to the desk and wrote a short note to him, stating that I wished to see him as soon as possible on some very urgent business. Having directed it, I gave it into the hands of Donnelly to deliver. He readily divined its purport, and appeared considerably satisfied withal, if I could judge by the alacrity with which he left the office to execute his errand. I had been careful to conceal as much as possible my own uneasiness, and of course forbore mention of the threatening letter which I myself had received.

Scarcely had he left the office when the Scotchman Nesbitt entered it. The latter came to tell me that he had changed his mind about the taking of Scallan's farm; that he had been over it, and found it generally unsuitable for his purposes. 'The land was as bare as a tin whistle,' to use his own expression. Besides, he had got an unco unpleasant epistle over-night, full o' threatenin' an' murder; an' he, for fear that he wad get his 'head in his hand,' wad like to let the matter drop.

This view of things, so advisable from the Scotchman's point of view, put me in a very awkward fix. However, without loss of time I set myself to get out of it, by sending a special message to the two other competitors for the land, who luckily lived in the neighbourhood. They answered my call with sufficient promptness; but they also had caught the contagion. It was thrue, they said, that they wor lookin' for land, but each of them had got better offers since they wor spakin' to me about Scallan's farrum. An' forbye that, the farrum was in the height of dissolution, the ditches bruk down, an' not as much grass on it as 'ud graze a Tom-cat. Wid respect, they wouldn't go no farther wid the job, an' shure there was no harrum done.

I was in a state of mind far from enviable, as a result of these negotiations, when the servant entering, announced Mr Carnegie. I hailed his arrival with extreme satisfaction. I felt that he was just the man to direct me in the present crisis. He knew the country, and he knew the people. His genial spirit was calculated to invite confidence; so I talked to him without restraint. I detailed to him the incident of the morning, and shewed him the two threatening letters. I asked him for advice in the matter; there was no one, I said, better qualified to give it. As for myself, I was at a dead-lock.

'Is there no prospect of applications for the land from elsewhere?' he asked.

'I fear not,' said I.

'And you don't feel inclined to hush up the business by giving back the land to Scallan?'

'Certainly not. Besides, even if I were ever so much inclined to that course, it is impossible to adopt it, after what has occurred between the parties concerned.'

'Well then, the farm must run to waste unless something is done.'

'I suppose so.'

'A happy thought strikes me. Why not stock it yourself? It will get you out of your dilemma, and prove a profitable way of investing your extra capital besides.'

'The idea is really very good, Mr Carnegie. But I don't know anything about cattle or fairs; and I would like to get the thing settled at once, if at all.'

'There is a score of bullocks down at my place, that I'm preparing for the Nobber Fair. You might step down and have a look at them. If they please you—and I think they will—we could get them quietly slipped over to Scallan's lands after dark without any unnecessary fuss.'

'I am sure I am extremely obliged to you for your suggestion; it is just the thing. I am quite satisfied to leave the entire matter in your hands.'

'Nothing of the kind, my dear sir. Friendship is all very well in its way; but business is business. Send your man Donnelly down; he is a good judge of cattle, and can drive a bargain with any cattle-jobber in the country. Between us, we can settle the value of the lot, and he can have them back with him. The whole thing is quite simple.'

'Take care, however,' I put in, 'that you don't allow the fellow to cut you down in the price of the bullocks. Their value to me is greatly enhanced by the circumstances of the case.'

'There is no ground for alarm on that score,' replied Mr Carnegie, smiling. 'I know how to take care of myself.'

'I certainly feel greatly relieved at having my difficulty solved so satisfactorily.'

'Oh, that is all well enough. I should be much better pleased to know that you realised your exact position. At this moment, you are in a state of extreme peril. By retaining tenders for Scallan's farm you have thrown down the gauntlet to the Ribbonmen; and doubtless ere this they have arraigned you before their dreadful tribunal.'

'Oh, I am not unprepared,' said I, throwing back my double-breasted coat, and displaying to his admiring gaze a Colt's revolver and a pair of pistols.

'All very well; but useless, sir—perfectly useless, if you intend to move about the country. You don't suppose that the Ribbonman is going to have a duel with you? No sir; he will have at you from behind a wall or a hedge. You must keep indoors this weather; it is your only chance. Leave the bailiff, or somebody, or anybody, to manage your business, and to come down periodically to report progress. The rascals may be, and probably are lying in wait for you at your own gate. I observe a number of very suspicious characters about the neighbourhood just at present.'

'But I am not my own master; it is absolutely necessary that I should go out. Besides, constant

staying in the house would be insupportable; it would be worse than imprisonment itself. What means of protection would you suggest for me to adopt out of doors—to employ occasionally, you know?'

'Well, the best thing you can do is to mount an inner coat of mail, one that's bullet-proof. There is such a one down at my place, which my poor uncle wore in the bad times. You are welcome to it, of course. I daresay you'll find it somewhat heavy; but that is a thing of small importance when life is at stake. I shall send it over to you this evening by Donnelly.'

'A thousand thanks. You could not have hit upon anything better. By the way, talking of arms and armour, don't you think that a little revolver practice would do me no harm—just to steady myself if any difficulty arose? It would give me something to do indoors.'

'It is a most excellent idea: I was on the point of broaching it. During the bad times, my uncle went in for three or four hours of it every day; it was his favourite pastime. He used to remark that every land-agent in Westmeath should be able to hit an ace of hearts twice out of three times at fifteen paces.'

'It will be a long time, I fear, before I arrive at such a pitch of excellence.'

'You can only do your best. Believe me, it is most important; for if in an encounter with those rascals, you happen to miss your mark, it's bound to be all up with you. Independent of that, it will give them a hint in season.'

'In what way?'

'When they come to hear that you are a marksman. There are spies about, who will be safe to report your movements to the fraternity; ay, spies where you least expect them—among your own domestics, perhaps. The fact is, every man in the country is a Ribbonman; he must be one, to be able to live in the country at all.'

'What about Donnelly?'

'Oh, he's all right; he's as true as steel. A bailiff stands on the same footing as a policeman in Ireland; and both are considered as the tools of English despotism. Donnelly might be trusted with untold gold; but he's a doomed man, sir, if there was ever one in Westmeath.'

'Poor fellow! he will leave a wife and family behind him,' I sighed, thinking of my own case.

'Ah, yes; that is the worst point about most of these occurrences. When a fellow is single and unencumbered, he doesn't mind running risks. But we must hope for the best; and if the worst does come to the worst, why, sir, it is the visitation of Providence. But I must be off. Don't forget to send Donnelly over.'

'Before you go, allow me to thank you again for your very great kindness. Believe me, I can never forget it.'

'Tut, tut, man—nothing of the kind. Put if anything does occur where my advice or assistance would be of use, be sure to let me know. By night or day, at whatever time the message comes, I shall be ready. Meanwhile, expose yourself as little as possible. So good-bye.'

That evening, the bailiff went over to Mr Carnegie's place; looked at the cattle; purchased a score of the best; and after nightfall, drafted them over into Scallan's meadows. He brought

the coat of mail back with him also. I saw him cast very wistful looks at the same as he handed it to me. For his own protection, I gave him a brace of pistols and an American bowie-knife; for which he seemed grateful. Poor man! he seemed to require such things more than myself. He went home in high feather.

When all the domestics had retired to rest, I went up to my bedroom and tried on the coat of mail. It was somewhat heavy, but appeared fully up to its business—that is, of stopping a flying bullet. The possession of such an apparatus should, I suppose, have eased my mind considerably. But somehow it did not. On the contrary, I felt as despondent as ever. I could not but reflect that such armour afforded a very poor protection after all. At that very moment, midnight assassins might be surrounding the house; perhaps might be lurking in the very next chamber. I slept very little that night; and what sleep I had was troubled with harassing dreams.

THE FATE OF THE SPANISH ARMADA OF 1588.

THE great Armada which in 1588 was prepared by Philip II. of Spain to conquer England and Ireland, in order to crush the Protestant religion in these countries and to punish Queen Elizabeth and her subjects for their apostasy from the faith of their ancestors, will always be considered an interesting historical event. As is well known, the preparations of Philip had lasted eight years, and were on a great scale. A fleet of one hundred and thirty-two large vessels, commanded by the Duke de Medina-Sidonia, carrying three thousand one hundred and sixty-five guns, and about thirty thousand soldiers and sailors, sailed from Lisbon; while an army of forty thousand men under the Duke of Parma was assembled in Flanders, to co-operate with the Armada. On the 20th of July, the Spanish Admiral, having received information that the English fleet had taken shelter in Plymouth, made for that port, in order to destroy it; but during the night the English ships glided out of the harbour, and on the following morning attacked the Spanish fleet in its rear.

After various vicissitudes, the Armada, as every reader knows, suffered dreadful disasters; but as the ultimate fate of many of the ships and their commanders may not be so generally known, we propose to offer a few words on the subject.

One of the squadrons, commanded by Don Juan Gomez de Medina, which consisted of about twenty ships, was wrecked on Fair Isle, between Orkney and Shetland, where those who escaped drowning suffered great hunger and cold for six or seven weeks. The commander having at length obtained a vessel, the shipwrecked Spaniards put to sea, and at last found themselves off the little seaport town of Anstruther in Fifeshire, where the officers landed, and asked for shelter and assistance. The bailies of the town, surprised at the arrival of so many strangers, notified this unusual event to their minister Mr James Melville, who happened to have some knowledge of Spanish, and who thus records what took place: 'Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of the town, came

to the Tolbooth; and after consultation taken to hear them and what answer to make, there presents us a very reverend man, of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, gray-haired, and very humble-like, wha, after meikle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground, and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance, and being about to answer in Latin, he having only a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld ower again to us in gude English. The sum was, that they were come hither, as to their special friends and confederates, to kiss the king's majesty's hand of Scotland—and therewith becket [bowed] evin to the yird [ground]—and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, these gentlemen, captains, and the poor souldiers, whose condition was for the present maist miserable and pitiful.'

The Laird of Anstruther entertained the commander and his officers; while the soldiers, to the number of two hundred and sixty—described 'for the maist part young beardless men, silly [weak], trauchled [worn out], and hungered'—received shelter and a supply of 'kail, pottage, and fish.' The names of the officers, besides Juan Gomez, were Capitan Patricio, Capitan de Legoretto, Capitan de Luffero, Capitan Mauricio, and Signor Serrano.

Melville also relates an interesting anecdote in connection with this circumstance, which was, that on his return home, the Spanish Admiral shewed great kindness to the crew of an Anstruther vessel which he found arrested at Calais. 'He rade to court for her, and made great roose [praise] of Scotland to his king, took the honest men to his house, and enquirt for the Laird of Anstruther, for the minister, and his host, and sent hame many commendations.'

It is interesting as connecting these remote events with the present time, that in 1870 a Shetland gentleman, Mr Edmonston of Bunes, presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland a chair which belonged to the Spanish Admiral wrecked on Fair Isle. There is also preserved in the family of Mr Balfour of Trenaby a silver cup, given by the Admiral to a native of Fair Isle, named Malcolm Sinclair. It is also believed that the shipwrecked Spaniards instructed the natives of Shetland in knitting and dyeing the fine wool of their country, articles made of which are now so much esteemed.

On the west coast of Scotland, several ships of the Armada were wrecked. About the beginning of October 1588, one of the larger ones, in which there were five hundred men, sixty brass besides other guns, and a great deal of gold and silver, was driven ashore near the Mull of Cantyre. It was suddenly blown up with gunpowder, when two or three hundred men perished. Another ship having found its way into the Firth of Clyde, sunk near Portincross Castle, Ayrshire; but in this case some of the crew were saved. In 1740 several guns were recovered from this wreck by divers, one of which, having traces of the Spanish crown and arms, lay for many years beside the old castle. In 1855 a descendant of one of these Spaniards, who was said to have retained many of the peculiarities of his race, died at an advanced age at Ardrossan.

Another vessel of the Armada, called the *Florida*,

was blown up and destroyed off the harbour of Tobermory, a plot for that purpose having been planned and executed under the direction of Maclean of Dowart, for which he obtained a remission under the Privy Seal. Remains of this vessel have been within a recent period occasionally brought up. Part of the wood was presented by Sir Walter Scott to His Majesty George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh in 1822. Several attempts were made to recover the sunk treasure in the *Florida*; one in 1608 by Sacheverel, governor of Man, who tried diving-bells with success. The report of the country was that he recovered many valuables. Another attempt was made in 1740 by Sir Archibald Grant and Captain Roe to raise her by means of divers and machinery. This attempt was unsuccessful; but some guns were brought up. Within the last year or two the question has been again mooted.

On the coast of Ireland, above seventeen ships of the Armada, with nearly twelve thousand men, were wrecked or destroyed; and such of the crews as escaped shipwreck were either executed or murdered by the natives. In the beginning of October 1588, during a storm, a galleon of one thousand tons, named *Our Lady of the Rosary*, went to pieces on the coast of Kerry. Out of a crew of seven hundred men, five hundred had died, and the remainder—most of whom were gentlemen—there perished; the son of the pilot, who had lashed himself to a plank, alone being saved. Seven ships were dashed to pieces on the coast of Clare, and only one hundred and fifty men, who struggled through the surf, escaped. A galleon commanded by Don Lewis of Cordova surrendered at Galway, and other vessels went on shore at different points of Connemara. Any survivors of these crews were shot or hanged; the only exception being Don Lewis, whose ransom it was supposed might be valuable. A galleon commanded by Don Pedro de Mendoza ran aground behind Clare Island. The Don landed with one hundred companions, taking with them their chests of treasure; but the chief of the island, Dowdany O'Malley, set upon and killed them all; while a few days afterwards the ship itself was in a storm dashed upon the rocks, and all the crew were drowned. Another galleon was wrecked in the immediate vicinity of Clare Island, and the crew were either drowned or killed by the people. On the coast between Sligo and Ballyshannon, the principal destruction of the Spanish Armada took place. There the scene was one of the most frightful ever witnessed. Sir G. Fenton wrote at the time: 'When I was at Sligo, I numbered on one strand, of less than five miles in length, eleven hundred dead bodies of men, which the sea had driven upon the shore. The country-people told me the like was in other places, though not to the like number.' It was computed that eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giants' Causeway and Blasket Sound. Any that the sea spared were killed on land. Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, claimed to have killed eleven hundred! A man named Melaghlin M'Cabbe was also reported to have despatched no less than eighty with his gallow-glass axe. When a galleon came ashore, the natives flocked like wolves to the scene. As the crews were flung on the sands, some drowned, some struggling for life, they became the prey of the

savages who were watching for them. 'A stroke of a club,' says Froude, 'brought all to a common state, and stripped of the finery which had been their destruction, they were left to the wash of the tide.'

The fate of one of the ships of the Armada called the *Rata*, commanded by Don Alonzo da Leyva, one of the bravest and best loved of the Spanish officers, forms perhaps the saddest episode in the history of the expedition. To the care of this officer many of the noblest youths of Castile had been intrusted. His ship had been in the thickest of every fight, and although much shattered, found its way to Blacksod Bay, and anchored outside Ballycroy. In a storm about the beginning of September, the ship was driven on shore, and Don Leyva with his crew managed to land, and took shelter in an old castle in the neighbourhood. After a short time they fell in with another galleon and a galleass of the Armada which happened to be off the coast, in which they put to sea; but they were afterwards driven on the rocks, and again were shipwrecked. In October, however, a galleass that had gone on shore at Callibeg was repaired, and Don Alonzo taking the half of the survivors on board, at length ventured to set sail for the west of Scotland. The vessel, however, struck on a rock off Dunluce and went to pieces. Only five out of the whole number were saved, while Don Alonzo and the Castilian nobles at last perished. Two hundred and sixty of their bodies were washed ashore, and committed promiscuously to the grave.

Of the whole Armada, only fifty-four ships, with between eight and nine thousand men, returned to Spain; the latter in such a wretched state that it was piteous to see them. They were so overcome with hardships and fatigue, and so dispirited with their discomfiture, that all their country was filled with accounts of the desperate valour of the English, and of the tempestuous violence of the ocean by which their islands were surrounded. Nearly every noble family in Spain was thrown into mourning, from having lost sons, brothers, or other relatives, who had entered the Armada as volunteers in this holy crusade. 'They had rushed,' says Froude, 'into the service with an emotion pure and generous as ever sent Templars to the Sepulchre of Christ. They believed that they were the soldiers of the Almighty.' These delusions, however, were dispelled by the English cannon; while to complete their misfortunes, the elements hurled them upon the most dangerous coasts in the world.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

WHEN I first knew her, she was fifteen years old; I was twenty-four. She was a schoolmaster's daughter; I, a schoolmaster's son. We first met one September evening. Her father was a struggling pedagogue, with a family of seven children to support, and few pupils. I had it in my head to become his partner, and went down first to see how things were looking. I arrived after a lengthy journey; and the first thing I saw when ushered into the room was a little girl seated in an old arm-chair, with a

big book upon her knee. Such a little girl, in short frocks, hardly up to my shoulders. She shook hands with me; and as she did so, I noticed her eyes were blue, her hair was a golden brown, escaping from its bonds in rippling wavelets; and that she had a curiously winning smile, smiling not only with her lips, but with her eyes and face and all. Later on, I was struck by the way her little head was poised upon her shoulders. She was upright as a dart; and when she moved, it was with an infinite grace, as some tiny queen.

Her name was Emily; to her friends she was always Em. I am not, and was not particularly susceptible; but in some strange fashion this little fifteen-year-old lady wound herself round my heart as no one ever did before or since. She was the greatest puss. She was full of mischief as an egg of meat. She was lazy; she was untidy; she was perpetually—and deservedly—in hot-water; but with it all, she was as some little maiden stepped down from fairyland.

She and I struck up a friendship. She always did make friends with all male creatures, whether five years old or fifty. I was a scribbler even then; and I fancy the pride of authorship, even in so small a degree, had a certain charm for her, which set me up in her eyes. She wrote her name in my birthday-book; and beneath it I wrote, 'My Little Sweetheart.' It lies before me at this moment. She was the most audacious talker; would prattle of all things under heaven, and was never happy if her tongue were still. She was full of the grandest projects; meant to do the greatest things; and in moments of enthusiasm would pour forth her ambitious soul. But she had no idea of anything beyond its commencement; she knew not what system was, and would take up a plan but to fling it from her, just like the idle puss she was. One thing, and one thing only, would she persevere in—mischief.

'Reform!' she would say, when very penitent, her sins being anew found out. 'Now, did you ever hear of anybody reforming at fifteen?' This with her hands behind her, and the most solemnly comical look in the blue eyes which waited for an answer to her question. 'I think,' she would say, if you could manage to be in earnest with her five minutes in succession, 'if you only give me one more chance, I will—yes, I *will* be better.'

But no. She would fly through her work like a bird flinging unwelcome showers from its wing. She could not see that life was real.

Yet had she good cause to see that it was so. It was the hardest struggle in the world for her father and mother to bring two ends together. Very little money was ever hers. Her wardrobe was of the scantiest. She knew nothing of pleasure, as some people understand it; she had never been ten miles out of the town where she was born. Yet there must have been some fairy present at her birth, for she was like a summer's day, always bright. Not that she could not be grave. That was one of her rarest charms—her gift of sympathy. Only let some one whom she knew and cared for be in sorrow, and Em would not be far away. Dark indeed would be that

sorrow which did not change to light when *her* sun was shining. Her voice, her eyes, her arms, all joined to drive the shadows away, and soothe the sufferer with the presence of her love.

Yet was it love? That is a question I have been long revolving. Did My Little Sweetheart understand what love might be? Hardly. There was no depth in her nature; and that foundation of patience on which love must rest, was scarcely there. Hers was a heart which felt for all the world, but only till it laughed with her. Absence never made her heart grow fonder; and if she sorrowed to part with you to-day, she joyed with your successor on the morrow. Constancy was more than she could fathom; and he would have been a foolish fellow who would have had her wait till he carved his way to fortune. She could not understand that life was real.

Time sped. I had now known her more than two years. I was going for a rambling expedition to foreign parts; and though I knew I was a fool for my pains, to me it was a bitter parting. And so for the time, I think it was to her; for in some way links had been joined between us without our ever knowing they were being forged.

'Well,' said I to her, the day before I went, we being alone together, 'Blue Eyes, how long shall I be missed?'

The only answer was to throw herself upon the hearth-rug, place her hands upon my knees, and turn her eyes up towards my face.

'Ah, Blue Eyes,' said I, trifling with her sunny hair, 'you'll have another sweetheart in a week.'

'In a week?' said she, in that curiously clear voice of hers. 'Do you think so?' She looked up at me and watched me for a moment. Then she turned and got upon her knees, kneeling in front of me. 'Perhaps so,' she said. 'But—leaning forward, so that her breath mingled with mine—he'll never be a sweetheart like you.'

What could I do? I knew her so well! I knew that this was just what she would say to any one by way of comfort. I knew that her words were as trifles, light as air.

'Make no vows,' said I, 'only to be broken. You and I have had happy times; why should I begrudge the same to another?'

She was silent. She was now nearly eighteen; but she was so small, that it never occurred to me to think of her as anything but a little girl. She put her hands out and took mine, still in the same quiet fashion. 'Would you like me to?' said she—'would you like me to—to take another?'

'Em,' said I, 'what does it matter what I like? Before the sun has gone down upon my going, another day will have dawned for you.' I looked at her. It came to me that this was very bitter, and however great a fool I might be, I could not entirely hide what was in my heart. 'Little Sweetheart,' said I, 'of one thing be sure—I never shall forget you.'

She came to me, and I kissed her. She still kept her face near mine. 'Bertie,' said she—it was the first time she had ever called me Bertie; it had always been plain Mister before, and the name rang in my ears—'Bertie, I'll not forget you in a week.'

I almost pushed her from me. I knew this dalliance was worse than folly—I knew her so well—and rose to my feet. ‘No,’ said I, with bitter mirth; ‘not in a week, but in eight days.’

She made no answer, but still knelt at my feet. And so we parted; for the farewell on the morrow was but a formal one.

Two years passed by. Occasionally I sent her little notes, pictures of noted places, foolish curiosities. But I never gave her my address. I knew letter-writing was not her strong point, and for some reason I did not like to think that she would not write, although she could. Through it all I bore her memory with me, and wherever I might be, at times would come the shadow of her sweet face. I would not own it to myself; but now and again I hungered for a sight of her, and because I knew it was so, and that it was such foolishness, I stopped away longer than I had intended. But at last I came back. One of my first visits was to B—; for, try how I would, I could not deny the longing for another sight of her. I found that the position of the parents of Em had little improved; and her mother told me that she had gone into the world as a governess. Such had always been the intention; but I wondered what sort of governess she would make. A staid *gouvernante*? with those blue eyes, and that smile, that everlasting spirit of mischief which would be bubbling out? Fancy her a sober preceptress! And who were her sweethearts now? Was there a pupil old enough to be made the recipient of her favours? Or was there some one who was not a pupil, still more capable? Well, what did it matter to me? She and I had each our way to go.

Her mother told me her situation was in the neighbourhood of Ryde. Happening to have friends in that town, I made them an excuse for a visit there. Yet, on my arrival, I was in no hurry to find them out; and taking up my quarters in a quiet inn, I prepared to have a day or two alone. It was a Saturday afternoon, lovely weather; and I set out for a walk well known in years gone by, through the Lovers’ Lane, past Quarr Abbey, to Fishhouse, nestling by the water’s side. It was so warm, and the country was so alive with beauty, that I took my time and lingered, noting spots memory once held dear. Reaching Quarr Woods, I wandered through the brushwood to the water’s edge. Along the shore there runs or ran a wall, an old moss-grown wall; and within this wall an ancient garden—so ancient it deserved no better name than wilderness. The weeds grew rank and thick, and no hand but Nature’s had much to answer for in it. There was an old green gate at the bottom, which moved on rusty hinges; under the trees was a garden-seat, much the worse for weather and wear; and on the left was an old summer-house, damp and mildewy, with steps up to the roof, and seats upon it.

Now once upon a time when I was a tutor at Ryde, I was wont to linger with my young charges in this same garden. They would play upon the shore or among the woods; while I would lie upon the roof of the old summer-house, sheltered by the trees, looking out upon the summer sea, smoking, reading, or in a waking dream. So, partly because of old times, partly

because it was so fine a day, I entered the garden and climbed up to the old roof-seat. My pipe, in sympathy with the weather, was soothing to my nerves. Gradually substance became shadow; the soft wind sang sweet music to my languid ears, and a gentle charm came over me. I fancy it was sleep. Utopian to lie there, the wavelets rippling softly upon the shore; a dim suspicion of unclouded skies pervading my dreams!

Something woke me—a sound. I opened my eyes, dreamily conscious that voices were somewhere near. I lay listening with a sort of curiosity, and became aware that I was listening to the prattle of children; little voices were borne upon the breeze, children’s laughter mingling with the rippling waves. But every now and then there was another voice, not a child’s, yet childlike. It was familiar to my ears, and as I listened, its sound woke within me chords of forgotten music. Before many seconds had gone, I knew it was Em’s voice I heard. But I did not move, nor did I turn to see. I lay as in a tower of strength; and it was a comfortable feeling to know that I had but to turn upon my elbow, and there before me would be the little lady who once was My Little Sweetheart. But at last I moved. I rose upon my elbow quietly, so as to make no noise, and looked over the side of the summer-house on to the garden below. And there I saw her. She was on the seat under the trees. About her were four children, two boys and two girls. They stood at her knees close together, watching her make a chain of daisy flowers. She had grown, but not much; she was still a little maiden, and it was plain she never would rank among big women. She was dressed in blue—a little blue cloth cap perched daintily upon her dainty head, still poised like a queen’s upon her shoulders, and a blue serge dress, which fitted better, I noticed, than her dresses used to do. Even from where I was I could see her blue eyes flashing, and that wonderful smile upon her face. She was certainly prettier than of old, and she still looked like a maiden stepped down from fairydom.

I lay still and watched, content to be near her. I knew I had but to open my lips, and she would be with me on the instant. But I did not choose. I preferred, like a child, to play with pleasure, spinning it out to its full length. It was a summer’s ecstasy, and for a while I would not break the charm. But then the thought came to me, what would she do if she knew that I was there? Wondering what the answer might be, softly, hardly above a whisper, I gently called ‘Em!’ But she, engaged with the daisy-chain and with her little ones, did not hear, and paid no heed. So, smiling as I watched her, a second time I called a little louder—‘Em!’ But still she did not hear. The daisy-chain and little ones seemed to engross all her thoughts, and my voice blew past her with the wind. How would it do, I thought, since she was so obstinately deaf, to rouse her by confronting her? If she would not hear, she should see, and her eyes, if not her ears, be opened. With some such fancy, I was just about to rise and intrude myself upon her presence, when I noticed the figure of a man coming down the path.

I had no objection to children witnessing our meeting, though I could have spared even them;

but a third party, and he a stranger, I did not want. So I waited till he should have gone. He was a young man, a gentleman beyond doubt, good-looking, dressed in a gray suit of Scotch tweed, and bright red necktie. His was a fair young face. He had a promising moustache, which he tended with one hand; and he was smoking a mighty meerschaum. Instead of passing as I expected, when he reached the wall he paused and looked at the group within. There was I, peeping over the outer edge of the summer-house, wondering what kept him there. There was he, leaning with one hand upon the moss-green wall. There was she with her daisy-chain, and children at her knees. Just as I thought he would surely be moving on, to my surprise he vaulted lightly over the wall, hiding behind the very summer-house on which I sat. Then quickly and quietly, he passed from tree to tree, as though he wished to do so unobserved, until at last he was behind where the unsuspecting maiden sat.

While I watched with angry eyes, he darted from his hiding-place, ran to her from behind, drew her head back to him, and kissed her twice or thrice upon the lips. The blood boiled within my veins. I did not doubt that this was a dastard outrage, and that my darling needed a defender. In a minute, vengeance would have been done, and he or I would have lain low. But her answer shewed I was mistaken. 'Charlie!' cried she, with that sweet smile I knew so well; 'how can you kiss me before the children!'

'Why not?' said he. 'Don't I kiss them before you?' And to prove his words, he snatched up a little girl and kissed her again and again, she laughing at the fun. Then he sat down by her side, and putting his arms about her, drew her to him. The daisy-chain dropped to her lap, and she looked at him as though he were all the world to her. 'Darling!' said he, not loudly, but loud enough for me to hear, 'I have spoken to my mother about you and me to-day; and she thinks I am very foolish; but since I always have been, and always will be so, she thinks I may as well take you to be my little wife—though you will be very foolish for letting me.'

Her answer was to lay her head upon his shoulder, and flash her blue eyes with a still softer blue upon his face. 'Charlie!' said she, 'are you sure you love me?'

'Love you?' he returned, and he meant it—'my darling, more than I can tell!'

'And you are sure,' she continued, 'your mother will not be angry? I could not bear to anger her.'

'Angry?' said he, closing her lips with kisses. 'Who in all the world could be angry with My Little Sweetheart?'

And so on. The children looking on, at what was a new experience to them. What mattered? They would have to learn themselves some day, though perhaps they were beginning early. And I—I had to listen to it all. Who could have shewn himself, placed as I was, at such a time? They cooed and cooed, and made love as love has so oft been made, until the afternoon was spent, and then they went. And I was free to go as well. Was I disillusioned? Partly, though the fault was all my own. Once I knew her well. The knowledge which for a time was lost, was only found again.

I have not seen her since. For some cause, her happiness stuck in my throat, and I left Ryde that evening. I may never see her again. Ere this, doubtless she is another's wife. But when I think of her, even to this hour it is as My Little Sweetheart.

BY A POET'S GRAVE.

THE Spring has come and gone,
Yet silent sleeps he on;
His poet-heart unstirred
By leaf or song of bird.
Though daisies dot the lea,
And blossoms crowd the tree;
Though Earth responsive all
Awakes from Winter's thrall,
And finds restored what Autumn had decayed,
No Spring-tide reaches where the dead are laid.

The Summer calls in vain;
Not here he wakes again.
The south wind's balmy breath
Woos not the ear of Death.
Not all the wealth of flowers—
Not all the sunlit hours
Making Earth glorious,
Can bring him back to us.
And for his sake, but half is ours, I ween,
Of Summer's gladness and its golden sheen.

Then, pensive, Autumn come,
With woodlands bleak and dumb,
When garnered are thy sheaves,
And shed thy flowers and leaves—
Come, veiled, his grave to greet
Who, laid at Nature's feet,
Had listened rapt and long
To learn her matchless song.
Come, wail him, Autumn winds and weeping skies;
Moisten the sod where our dead darling lies.

Yet let him sleep, nor rave.
The boon we idly crave,
That he might live again
In mortal strife and pain,
Though joy to us it brought,
For him were dearly bought.
Then let him sleep, great heart,
Since but the grosser part
To dust is given, and where his spirit wakes,
The dawn of heaven's eternal Summer breaks—

And though his sun be set
For us—a glory yet
Beams on us through our tears,
That all the after-years
A light and guide will be—
A hallowed memory.
He liveth still—above,
And lives he in our love.
And though, alas, the cold grave lies between,
That love will keep his grave for ever green.

G. P. D.

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THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

DURING the Lancashire riots of 1878, a mob of rough men went out of Burnley with the intention of wrecking one of the houses which stood a little way out of the town. The owner of the house, one of the employers, was away from home; but his young wife had remained, and was alone with her servants. Hearing that the dreaded mob was coming, she went out and stood at her door to receive the rioters. Seeing her, they paused; then she addressed them, told them that her husband was away, and that she was there alone at their mercy. She offered them what food she had, and asked them to go and leave her in peace. The result of this appeal was remarkable. The rioters threw down the stones which they had brought with them to cast at the windows, and went away quietly, leaving her house untouched. Such is woman's influence. Strong in her very weakness, she tamed the rude mob, which would have laughed at threats, and been deaf to any other appeal.

There could not be a better illustration than this of the strange power which a good woman can exercise over men. But the exercise of this power is nothing new, as the pages of history can testify. From the very earliest times, the influence of women has had a very marked effect for good or for evil over the lives of men with whom they have come in contact. It was through the influence of Marcia that the Christians were leniently treated by the vicious and cruel Emperor Commodus in the second century. Again, it is well known that no one had any influence over the passionate Emperor of Russia, Peter the Great, but his wife; as a celebrated writer says: 'She acted as mediator between the monarch and his subjects.' These and many other instances which must occur to the mind of any reader of history, only shew that there is a great amount of truth in the aphorism which states that 'men are what women make them.'

If the influence of women is so great—if their society has such a great effect on the lives and

characters of the men with whom they are associated—and if this influence is to be for good, it is very plain that they must be regarded as the social equals and not the social inferiors of men. One of the greatest mistakes that the world has ever made has been that of regarding women as inferior to men, simply because of their physical inferiority. In consequence of this mistake, men have at all times and in all parts of the earth seriously injured themselves. Instead of looking upon woman as a 'helpmeet' for man, the tendency has been to regard her merely as a slave or plaything; and so the true position of woman has been altogether lost sight of. In degrading woman, man degrades himself; therefore, by raising women—or rather by not allowing them to sink below the position which they were intended to fill—men in reality serve their own interests. The position of woman is fully recognised throughout the inspired writings, and in whatever place Christianity has been recognised, woman has been raised to her proper position of 'helpmeet' to man, and consequently permitted to develop her higher qualities, and exercise her refining influence unchecked. Thus the responsibility of women under the Christian régime is very great. With increased influence comes increased power for good or evil. And this power may be exercised in a variety of ways.

In many cases a woman is a 'helpmeet' to some particular person, such as her husband. As a rule, the influence of a wife over her husband is very great. Insensibly she guides him; with keen perception she detects his best qualities, and encourages him to develop them; with loving tenderness she points out the faults in his character, and with sympathy that none but a woman can shew, helps him to do battle against them. If he is despondent, she is hopeful; if he lacks perseverance, she animates him with her energy; if he is crushed with sorrow, she is strong for his sake; if he is distracted with anxious cares, she is his counsellor; and if all the world looks coldly on him, if friends fall away in the day of trouble,

she shares his lot, and clings to him still. Thus, a true woman may guide a man over the ocean of life, keep him in his best course, and bring him safely past many a dangerous reef; just as a single hand on the wheel can steer the strongest vessel over waves which would drift the rudderless bark to destruction.

Then a woman may exercise the most powerful influence for good over a father or a brother. How often has a daughter been the means of reclaiming a father from evil, and leading him to develop good qualities that have long lain dormant? Many a man has torn himself from vicious company—many a man has been reclaimed from the path of the drunkard, through the holy influence of a daughter; and in the same way many a brother has been kept in the path of honour and virtue by a sister's influence.

But a good woman's influence may extend far beyond her own home circle. When she meets her friends and acquaintances in social life, when she goes among strangers, her presence must make itself felt in some way, especially by men. A refined gentle woman exercises, unconsciously, a powerful influence for good over every man with whom she comes in contact. She wins respect—without which her influence can never be for good—because she is refined, gentle, and womanly. She holds men's passions in check by that strange and commanding power which virtue alone can give. And by shewing in her life, in her actions, and by her sympathy 'how divine a thing a woman may be made,' she elevates the tone of every man who knows her; and does more to promote purity and a real love of virtue than sermons from a thousand pulpits.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman can only exert her influence for good, as a wife and mother. There are some women who think that marriage alone can place them in a sphere of real usefulness. But it is to be hoped that women are learning better; for under any circumstances, a woman cannot associate with men or women without to some extent affecting their characters. Moreover, the influence of women is great in any station of life. Whether a woman is a princess or a maid-of-all-work, there are some lives on which her influence must tell for good or evil. The higher a woman's social position, the greater is her responsibility, it is true; but she cannot live in any position without being responsible in some degree for the way in which her influence is exerted. On the banks of a canal in Belgium, there is a chapel built in memory of a good and virtuous barmaid, so that even in such a calling, where women are exposed to contaminating influences and great temptations, it is nevertheless possible for them to win respect and use their influence for good.

There is no necessity to point out how fatally a woman's influence may be exerted for evil. As wives, unscrupulous women may suppress all that is noble in the characters of their husbands, and develop all that is base; as mothers, they may bring up their children to be worldly, scheming, and utterly devoid of principle; and as fast, pleasure-seeking girls, they may exercise the most pernicious influence on the men who admire them and seek their society. It is to be regretted that so many women in all classes are so careless about their responsibility, and so thoughtless

about the way in which they exercise their influence over others, especially men. If men are what women make them, it is time that women should learn to appreciate their position, and realise the great responsibility their influence entails upon them. There would not be so many fast and dissolute men, if women shewed (as they could if they chose) a disposition to shun the society of such men. If they were to treat dissolute men as they treat their erring sisters, there would not be so many rouses, and what is more important, there would not be so many women among their victims.

Among the lower classes especially, women might use their influence far more effectually than they do. There is no reason why there should not be more refinement among them, and why they should not use their influence to check foul language and drunkenness. If English women would keep the young men of our towns and villages waiting for wives until they gave up swearing and drinking, a very wholesome reformation would soon be effected among the godless and coarse youths of the country. 'Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country,' says Aime Martin, 'the women of it decide the morals.' The better this fact is recognised by women, and the more frequently women are found to act as if they understood its truth, the purer and better in every way will men become. But it is very certain that women will never increase their influence for good if they follow the example of that miserable minority among their sex who clamour for what they are pleased to term 'woman's rights.' It is a woman's right to be honoured, respected, beloved, so long as she remains, in the highest sense of the word, womanly. And if she retains this right, she needs no other; and will exercise a refining and purifying influence, that will continue to live and act long after the days of her pilgrimage are over.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XIX.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The mystery in which he moved was forgotten and unforgetable.

THINGS went smoothly with me at Hartley Hall for many days. Maud was my tutor and my chief companion, and was still the same sad and gentle creature as at first. I learned something of her secret from herself and something from Sally; and looking back on myself at that time, I am inclined to believe that I knew the melancholy story of her lost lover as well as I know it now. It was Sally's one romance; and being at that time of somewhat a romantic turn myself, we fell continually upon it in our talk. Sally was especially fertile in suppositions as to the whereabouts of the lost lover, over whom so singular a mystery hung. She was sanguine of his return, and of Maud's final happiness; and sometimes amused herself and me by wild imaginations in which she pictured his coming back in a coach-and-four with outriders. After these flights, a reaction generally took place, and she cried, and had mournful thoughts of what would happen if Bob should disappear. At the close of one of these conversations, which had wound up in the common way, a housemaid tapped at the door of my room, and asked for Mrs

Troman; for by that name Sally was known to the household.

'There's a person at the back wants to see you,' said the housemaid.

'What sort of a person?' asked Sally.

'In black clothes, with a sandy beard on,' the housemaid answered.

'Say I'll be down directly, if you please,' said Sally; and the housemaid departed smiling. My faithful friend gripped me and kissed me, and laughed and wiped her eyes, blushing all the time, and said, as she smoothed her hair with her fingers: 'Master Johnny, I believe it's Bob.'

There was something so comic and so pleased in Sally's fluttered expectation, and I was so glad at the thought of seeing Bob again, that I laughed and clapped my hands. Sally laughed and clapped her hands; and we went down-stairs together. There, in a paved yard behind the kitchen stood Bob, attired in funereal, holiday black, and a tall hat, and white thread gloves—like an undertaker's mute. He saluted Sally by one nod of the head, sideways, and said to me: 'Well, young master,' as though he had seen me yesterday. I shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, to which he responded: 'Theer's nothin' the matter wi' me, so fur as I know,' and then nodded his head at Sally again. He was so very solemn, that I began to think he had some bad news to communicate; but just as the fear crossed me, he grinned very broadly and winked at Sally, relapsing instantly, and looking as solemn as before. The wink and the grin were accompanied by a backward jerk of the head; and the three taken altogether seemed intended as an invitation to 'a more removed ground.' That Sally accepted them in that sense, was evident; for with a brief injunction to us both to wait a moment, she retired into the house, and presently appeared with my cap, and a bonnet for herself. Then we all walked solemnly into the kitchen-garden, and Bob after his own manner unfolded his purpose. He spoke with a very broad Staffordshire accent and with great deliberation.

'Have yo heerd annythin' about the war as we am gooin' to have wi' Roosia?'

'I have heard tell of it,' Sally answered.

'Do yo remember Bill Hince, Becky Hince's brother?'

'Of course I do,' said Sally.

'He's 'listed for it,' said Bob, turning his head round slowly in his high shirt collar, and rolling his eyes on Sally, who said 'Dear me!' in a tone of some distress.

'Yis,' said Bob, still keeping a solemn eye on Sally across his collar; 'he's 'listed; an' he ain't the only one as ull 'list. Mind that.'

'No?' said Sally, in a questioning way.

'No,' said Bob, biting at the word; 'he ain't. I know a feller as wo't be long behind him, if things ain't altered. I know a feller as ull goo back to-night, an' 'list to-morrer, if things do't get along more prosperous-like.'

'Dear me!' said Sally in a tone of disinterested assent.

'Yis,' said Bob, ruffling his beard against his collar, and still keeping his eyes on Sally; 'I know a cove as ull be off to-morrer, if things ain't altered. An' what's more, he ain't fur off.'

'Really now,' said Sally, with an eminently artificial toss of the head; 'you don't say so.'

'I say so,' Bob returned with great gravity. 'Good-bye, Sally.' But Sally released my hand, and stood before him, crying with an hysterical break in her voice: 'O no, Bob; you couldn't!'

'I could,' said Bob stolidly; 'an' what's more, I wull, if things ain't altered. I hain't gooin' to be kep' danglin' no longer. Settle it how you like it. Say "Yis," an' I'll stay. Say "No," an' I'll be off an' 'list for the Roosian war to-morrer.'

'O Bob!' cried Sally, 'how can you be so cruel? Think of the child.'

'I've done little else but think o' the chile the last five year,' said Bob a little sulkily.

When things had gone so far, I understood the drift of the conversation perfectly. Sally would not leave me to marry Bob, and Bob was making it a question of choice between us.

'Why,' I asked in a sudden inspiration, 'couldn't Bob come and be a carpenter in the village? Higgs is dead.'

'Higgs is dead, is he, young master?' Bob responded.

Sally, who was on her knees, hugging me for the suggestion, looked up, and explained that Higgs now defunct had been the village carpenter; and that since his demise, there was nobody of the trade nearer than Wrethedale.

'Will that suit yo?' said Bob.

Sally swiftly and silyly snatched loose one of my boot-laces as she knelt beside me, and whilst she tied it up with her face very close to the ground, with only her red ears to shew how much she was blushing, made answer: 'Yes; it'll suit me very well, Bob, if it'll suit you.'

'That's all right, then,' said Bob; and Sally, rising from her knees, adjusted my collar and set my cap with unnecessary exactness; and finally, having kissed me in such a vigorous fashion as to rumple my collar about my ears and knock my cap off, she fell to wiping her eyes with her apron. The matter being thus happily adjusted, they began to discuss ways and means in a calm and business-like fashion, over the remembrance of which I have laughed a hundred times. But Bob had a surprise in store for us, which turned out to be eventually a greater surprise than he intended. When the time had come for him to leave—for he had availed himself of an excursion to the Cathedral city fifteen miles away to get a cheap journey over here, and was bound to catch the homeward train—he pulled out something from his pocket. It was carefully wrapped up in brown paper, and after the removal of numerous foldings it revealed itself as a gold watch with a handsome chain attached.

'I meant yo to ha' this,' said Bob, 'whether yo said "Yis" or "No." An' now I've got a bone to pick wi' you. Why dissent [didst not] thee call o' me when yo come down last time along o' young master here; eh?'

'Well, Bob,' said Sally taking the watch and chain, wonderingly, from his outstretched hand, 'I ought to ha' come, I know; but we was in such trouble, an' in such a hurry.'

'Trouble,' he repeated. 'What about?'

'Why,' she answered, 'there's a poor young gentleman from over yonder'—she pointed towards Island Hall—'as disappeared sudden-like, nobody knowin' why, an' Master Johnny saw him close by mother's cottage, in clothes like a workin'-man's; and we went there wi' the poor gentleman's

brother to see if we could hear anything about him.'

Whilst she spoke Bob regarded her with a look of wonder so remarkable, that she was impelled to take him by the hands; and they stood so, looking into each other's eyes for half a minute.

'Why, the poor creetur,' said Bob at last. 'O Sally, Sally, yo' ought to ha' come to me. We might ha' found him. He's gone to the war.'

'What does the man mean?' cried Sally, looking terrified and eager at once.

'Do yo' remember, Sally, the night as yo' left along o' Johnny an' the lady as come for him?'

'Yes, yes,' she said, and waited.

'That very night, as I was walkin' o'er the Waste, I found a mon i' the road, pretty nigh dead. I thought at fust as he was drunk, but I picked him up, an' found as he seemed nigh dyin'. So I carries him whum wi' me; an' mother, her gets him to bed, an' he lies theer for pretty nigh three we'ks wi' rheumatic fever. He was dressed like a workman, but his hands was all o'er wi' rings an' as pretty as a lady's. Well, one mornin' when we gets up we finds him gone, an' that theer watch an' cheen on the table, an' just a scrap o' paper wrote all shaky like, sayin':

'Thank you; keep it for your trouble.'

'It must be him,' cried Sally. 'But what do you mean by saying he's gone to the war?'

'Why,' said Bob, speaking to the full as eagerly as she, 'Joe Brittle come in one night when he was lyin' theer, an' see him abed i' the kitchen, an' about five we'ks later, he went into Brummagem o' business, an' see him again with a recruitin' sergeant, an' knowed him at once.'

'Come to Mr Hartley,' said Sally, laying hands upon him once more—'come to Mr Hartley. He'd gives a thousand pounds for this news.'

We passed into the house. In the eagerness of my interest, I followed Sally to the door of Uncle Ben's private room, furnished—like no other apartment I had ever seen at that time—in the fashion of a business-office. There Sally poured out an incoherent breathless story, finishing up by placing the watch in Mr Hartley's hands.

Uncle Ben rose in a state of great excitement.

'Bring the man here at once,' he said.—'Tell me what you know about this feller, Johnny.'

I told him briefly what I knew of Sally's sweetheart. There was very little to tell; but before I had well done, Sally, in defiance of all decorum, came bursting into the room with Bob behind her. The examination lasted but a few minutes. I was sent from the room whilst Bob told his story, and being called back again, told mine. Uncle Ben sat down at a table, and wrote one or two hasty lines, telling Sally to ring the bell meanwhile. He gave an order that a horse should be saddled, and that the groom should ride at speed to Island Hall with a note for Mr William Fairholt. Then we were all dismissed for the time, and as we left the room Uncle Ben took the watch to the window, where he examined it with great closeness.

I should be satisfied if I could convey only a hint of the manner in which this reappearance of the stranger whom I had seen beside the clay-pit affected me. I speak of this renewal of my memories of him as a reappearance advisedly, and without exaggeration. He came back to my mind as clearly as though I had only seen him yester-

day, with all the sense of mystery which belonged to him, and all the terror he inspired. And in a way which is common to imaginative children I began in fancy to associate my life with his, until for the time I was absolutely certain that by me, or in some occult manner through me, and only by or through me, the mystery would be cleared, and the lost man discovered. It would have been stranger than it was, if my enforced association with his history had not seemed strange. I had been deeply impressed by the discovery of his identity when I went down with Sally to our old home in the Black Country, but this last reiteration of my own part in the story made the mark deeper. I will not forestall the tale I have to tell, but it seems to me now not less marvellous than it seemed then. I, a child playing negligently in the Black Country, encounter, by what seems the wildest accident of chance, a relative of mine who for some inexplicable reason has thrown away the most brilliant hopes and snapped the promise of a happy life in two. Three days later, by what again seems but an accident of chance, I find myself, not knowing it, settled in the home he has for ever deserted. Further on, lest I should lose the remembrance of his face, he appears again, is identified, and so stamps his own portrait on my brain that I could not fail to know him if I saw him among ten thousand. Yet again I find the very garments he wore when I first saw him, and with them the link between the well-dressed and the ill-dressed stranger. Yet again through my migration here, I draw my old nurse's sweetheart to the only place in the world where the story he had to tell could have been even of the faintest service.

Henceforth Frank Fairholt and the mystery in which he moved were forgotten and unforgettable.

Whilst I still pondered these things in my childish mind, Cousin Will, with the groom a little way behind him, came pounding along the avenue on horseback, and made straight for the hall-door, as if he would have ridden into the house. He pulled up within a yard or two of the steps, dismounted, and hurried in. He was closeted with Uncle Ben for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when Bob and Sally were sent for, and I was left alone. Before another quarter of an hour had gone by, he was away again. It was arranged that a bed should be found for Bob, and that he should leave on the morrow. I was not as a rule allowed to go about the servants' quarters, but on this occasion nobody interfered with me, and Bob and Sally being formally invited to the housekeeper's room, I invited myself thither, and we spent the evening together. The talk was all of young Mr Fairholt and Miss Maud; and the housekeeper described to us how clever and how handsome young Mr Fairholt was, and what a favourite in the county. She was a very stately old lady, was the housekeeper, and I had an idea that she would have rather looked down on Bob on common occasions, and that it was only the interest she felt in the singular story of which his narrative formed a part, which induced her so to condescend to him at all. But Bob was very respectful, and very communicative. He remembered all the things his mother had told him about the stranger's broken sayings in his illness,

and repeated some of them, which left no doubt upon our minds, and could leave no doubt upon the mind of any, of the sick man's identity. When the time came for me to go to bed, I thought all these things over and drifted into sleep with the strangest mixture in my mind of myself with them. In my dreams they mingled again with all the figures I had known. On all these confused and intricate fancies a red light seemed to fall, and I came back to my own bedroom again, and heard a voice say brokenly: 'It was God's hand that brought him here.' Looking up, I saw Maud and Uncle Ben regarding me together. There were traces of new tears upon her face, but there was a light of hope upon it too, by which it seemed almost transfigured. Uncle Ben put out his hand and stroked my hair when he saw that I was awake, and bade me go to sleep again. They both kissed me, and went away quietly with the lamp, leaving the suffering and hope of Maud's face somehow present with me. It touched me vaguely, yet keenly, into tears; and before I fell asleep again, I knelt in my bed and prayed that she might be comforted, and her hope fulfilled.

I was present on the morrow at another conference between Sally and her lover, in the course of which it was definitely arranged that Bob, who had saved a little money, should migrate to the village, bringing his mother with him, and that as soon as it could be seen how things were likely to turn out, they should be married, allowing always that the prospect seemed favourable. Before he went away in the afternoon, Uncle Ben sent for him, and after being absent for about five minutes, Bob returned, with a beaming countenance.

'I took the freedom, like,' said Bob, 'of tellin' of him, as a man may say, as I was a comin' here to settle down; and he gin me this.' Opening his hand, he displayed two or three gold coins cautiously, and closed his fingers over them again. 'He seems to be wonderful pleased at havin' come across anybody as knowed the poor young gentleman; and the young gentleman's brother is a-goin' down wi' me to find Joe Brittle, an' see if he can find the recruitin' sergeant.'

Not long after this, Cousin Will drove up in the dog-cart; and Bob taking his place behind with the groom was whirled away to the railway station.

Perhaps three weeks later, as nearly as, after this interval, I can compute the time, Mr Fairholt, Cousin Will, and a gentleman whom I had not seen before, were at Uncle Ben's table at luncheon. Mr Fairholt looked greatly aged, and the irritability of his manner had notably increased. Everybody treated him with an air of pitiful respect, and I thought I noticed that he resented this. The gentleman whom I had not seen before had blue eyes, and a complexion like a lady's. He wore his hair rather long, and it was parted in the middle and golden like a girl's. He had a long silky light-coloured moustache, with which he played with delicate and much jewelled fingers. He was dressed in black, and seemed very languid and quiet. I sat next to Maud, who somewhat to my humiliation minced my food for me as she was in the habit of doing. I could see that she was in a state of much agitation, and I noticed that Cousin Will glanced at her often with a pained and anxious look. There was but little talk

during the progress of the meal. There were no servants present, but the conversation on indifferent matters went very dismally, and nobody seemed inclined to eat.

'Well, Mr Fairholt,' said Uncle Ben at last addressing Cousin Will, 'I think you've taken the very best course as could be taken, and I wish you luck. Here's to you. And I hope as them above'll guide you, and bring you safe back again.' He poured out a glass of claret with a shaky hand, and his eyes glistened as he drank it.

'I would rather not discuss this question, now,' said old Mr Fairholt in an absent tremulous way. Then turning to me, he added: 'You can run into the garden, Johnny, and amuse yourself.'

'Oh, never mind the child,' said Uncle Ben, with a jovial loudness which it was easy to see was not quite natural to him at the moment; 'he's all right where he is. I think Mr William's right in not takin' a commission, Mr Fairholt. It might hamper his movements and keep him from coming back again with a good grace. If you find him,' he said turning again to Cousin Will, 'well and good. You can fight it through then, and get attached to his regiment, no doubt, and bring him to reason, an' anyhow he'll have somebody to look after him. If you want any influence used at home, let me know, and all I can do, I will do.'

'I am assured of that, Mr Hartley,' said Cousin Will.

'An' you'll sail together?' said Uncle Ben turning to the lady-like gentleman.

The lady-like gentleman nodded. 'The Lieutenant's out theer a'ready,' said Uncle Ben. 'If you meet him, you tell him not to be afraid of anythin'; not even of drawin' on his father. Tho' I never knowed him to be particular afraid of that, either.' He chuckled as he said this, and turned round on Mr Fairholt. 'That *ain't* a thing as they're afraid of as a rule.—Is it Mister?'

'There is a circumstance, sir,' said Mr Fairholt, 'of which you cannot claim ignorance, which might have restrained that question.'

Uncle Ben arose and stretching out his hand to Mr Fairholt, cried: 'I beg your pardon, sir. Nothin' meant, I do assure you. I wouldn't, for the world.'

Mr Fairholt arose stiffly, and feigning not to see the outstretched hand before him, said: 'I came to your house, Mr Hartley, at my son's request, to recognise what he chose to regard as a quite disinterested friendship for his brother, and a kindly interest in his unhappy fate. I was not ignorant, sir, of the motive which created your regard for my poor Francis, and it is a comfort to me in the midst of my sorrow to know that your plan is frustrated. But I should have carried my knowledge away with me silently, but for the open and gratuitous insult you have now put upon me. I wish you a very good-day, sir.'

He started to go, overturning his chair in his haste, but he paused at the sound of Uncle Ben's voice. Casting a frightened look about the table, I saw that the one stranger to me was regarding Mr Fairholt with a look of languid curiosity, and that Maud and Will and Uncle Ben were all pained, though evidently in different ways.

'You're an old man, sir,' said Uncle Ben, 'an' I've been told you're a gentleman, an' you've had a lot o' trouble, as I'm well aware. Now them's three claims as you've got on my respect, and I'll

bear 'em in mind. But don't you come into my house again, till you've changed your opinion o' me. As for what you may say about motives, why, look here: I can give my niece enough to make a Duke glad of her, if I like, let alone a country gentleman.'

'Mr Hartley!' said Will in a low tone of remonstrance. Uncle Ben's eyes following the direction of the other's glance, fell upon Maud, who was blushing painfully. She cast an appealing glance at her uncle, and hurried from the room.

'All the same,' Uncle Ben went on, 'I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, and I didn't mean to do it; an' between man an' man, I won't and can't say more.'

'I am sure, father,' said Will, 'that Mr Hartley had no wish to offend.'

'I do not care,' said Mr Fairholt, 'to be troubled with an endeavour which would probably be perpetual to distinguish between the desire to offend and the incapacity to avoid the commission of offences. I accept Mr Hartley's apology; and I believe he had no wish to hurt my feelings by his very inconsiderate speech. But I will take Mr Hartley at his word, and will not intrude again upon his hospitality.' With that Mr Fairholt left the room, with an air of quavering dignity, having first bowed to Uncle Ben, who regarded him with a stern and unbending countenance. Cousin Will stood for a moment as if uncertain how to act. Recovering himself, he spoke a few hasty words to Uncle Ben and hurried out of the room after Mr Fairholt. The lady-like gentleman all the time remained seated, and when Will had gone he faced round in his chair and looked at his host. Uncle Ben shook his head gravely, and quitted the room by the door through which Maud had passed. The stranger beckoned me across to him with his forefinger, and told me a fairy story, of which I can remember nothing now, but that there was a droll blue-bottle in it, whose singular sayings and doings convulsed me with laughter. He began his narrative with no sort of preface or exordium; and when he had finished it he rose gravely, shook hands with me with much ceremony, and walked to the door. I had been delighted with the fairy tale, but this curious behaviour rather disconcerted me. I suppose my looks expressed it, for he turned round gaily and said that I should arrive some day at man's estate, and that I was never to forget that the two things which made small boys happy were fairy tales and tips. Then taking a sovereign from a netted purse, he put it into my hand. 'Be this,' he said, laying one hand upon my head, and striking an extravagant attitude, 'the soldier's epitaph graven on thy young mind the veracious history of the comic fly, and tipped me a sov at parting.' Fare thee well' With that he patted my head rather heavily, and went out with a walk which I afterwards discovered to be an imitation of that of Mr Charles Kean, but which seemed to me at the time a very extraordinary performance. I was not at all sure that the lady-like gentleman might not be a harmless lunatic. I ventured that night to put the suggestion before Maud, who rebuked me for it, and told me that Mr Hastings was very clever indeed, and that he was going out, like a brave man, to fight against the Russians in the

Crimea—'and to try to find,' she said, but checked herself suddenly, and walked away. I followed her to the window and slid my hand into hers to comfort her. She drew me to her side, and we sat there whilst the mist and the darkness met each other and hid from us the trees which surrounded Island Hall. But when I looked, I saw a light upon her face, and as the shadows gathered round us, she sang to me.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS IN 1879.

ALTHOUGH the year 1879, on account of its extreme wet and dull weather, was the worst possible for the purposes of sun-pictures, it will be ever memorable in the annals of the photographer because it has seen a marvellous revolution in the manner in which his work is conducted. The substitution of a film of gelatine for the time-honoured collodion, as a support for the chemicals sensitive to light, has already formed the subject of a short article in these pages; but the importance of the matter, affecting as it does many of the arts and sciences, thousands of photographic artists, and indirectly every one who cares to sit for his portrait, warrants a more extended notice of the new process.

The employment of gelatine in photographic manipulations is in itself not new; indeed it was used in one way before collodion itself. Glass-plates and paper coated with gelatine were sensitised in the silver-bath; but the results were so unsatisfactory that the process was soon abandoned. The first attempt at the gelatine process of to-day was that published by Dr Maddox in 1871. It was gradually improved by many different workers; and hints of its wonderful simplicity, rapidity, and general excellence found their way occasionally to the newspapers. But its practice was limited to the hands of a few experimenters and amateur photographers. Professional photographers would have nothing to do with it. The old collodion process gave them certain results—their clients were pleased with those results; and what was the use of trying a new process full of uncertainties, and requiring new chemicals and appliances? Perhaps the professional photographer was right; perhaps too, guided a little by that laziness common to us all, which lets the wheel run in the same rut year after year, so long as it serves our purpose to do so. It is true that the gelatine process was rather uncertain in its action; but this uncertainty was due not to any inherent defect in the process itself, but to the ignorance of its action and treatment which must accompany the adoption of all things new.

The year 1879 has, however, seen such rapid improvement in the gelatine method of photography, and the proofs of its work have been so marvellous in their nature, that the professional suddenly woke up to the desirability of giving it a trial. This he was easily enabled to do; for a new trade has sprung up having for its object the supply of sensitive dry plates for photographic purposes. These plates are supplied in boxes impervious to light, and are ready at a moment's notice for use in the camera.

Under the new process most of the difficulties are obviated. It is so rapid in its action, that a picture can be taken in very dull weather; indeed on a rainy day, with a leaden sky, the exposure in

the camera need not exceed one second. Indeed, on bright days the difficulty found is to make the exposure short enough; and many mechanical aids to secure this—to which we shall presently allude—have been devised. The sitter has merely to take his place; the plate is ready; the operator focuses the image in the camera; and while his customer is unconsciously laughing and talking, his portrait is instantaneously secured. The development of the image need not be proceeded with at once, as in the wet process, but can be postponed until next day—or next year if need be. This delay is of vast importance to a busy operator, who can leave this part of his work until the evening, when customers have heretofore ceased to present themselves.

The new process, however, affords the means of taking portraits at night, and some photographers specially invite this branch of custom. The electric light is of course sufficient in intensity for either the wet or dry process; but few photographers care to go to the expense of the plant necessary to produce it. Another artificial light has been devised for the photographer under the name of the 'luxograph.' This light is due to the combustion of a pyrotechnic mixture, in which powdered metallic magnesium plays a prominent part. But sufficient light can be obtained from coal-gas for the purposes of gelatine photography. The kind of burner used is that known as the Wigham light. This light has been adopted in many of the Irish light-houses, and is nightly to be seen in London shining, when parliament is sitting, from the summit of the Westminster clock tower. It consists of an assemblage of ordinary fish-tail burners, crowned with an oxidiser of tale. This insures complete combustion; and the light given is most intense. The fact that gas can be had at command, makes this light peculiarly convenient to the photographer.

It may be thought that extreme rapidity is not of great consequence in taking a photograph; but the man who has to earn his bread by the work will tell us that many of the subjects who daily come before him, require specially quick treatment. Nor does he refuse such sitters, for he knows well that they will go to some other artist who will prove more complaisant. Of these tire some clients, the one he most dreads is the inevitable baby. A dog is bad enough; but it can by certain deceitful noises more or less resembling rats and cats, its natural foes, be made to prick its ears and keep still for a moment or two. But the baby is not half so obedient. It will kick, squall, and do everything else common to babyhood, but it will not be photographed. Most photographic artists keep a small stock of toys, whistles, bells, drums, and other noisy artifices to delude fractions of humanity into momentary quietude. Occasionally these pacific engines are effective; but more often the baby's picture turns out to be so excessively vague about the eyes and mouth, that it is at once condemned as a gross libel upon the 'darling little cherub.' This was often the case under the old regime. But now, thanks to gelatine, there is no need to keep baby quiet. He may jump, tear his hair if he has any, kick to his heart's content, in short comport himself in any way he may think proper; but whatever he does, the gelatine is too

quick for him. A string is pulled or a button is pressed, and baby's image is captured, 'a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever,' to his delighted parents.

As already stated, these necessarily quick exposures of the gelatine film to the action of the light in the camera, are obtained by mechanical means. In the old method, the lens had an outer cap or lid, which the operator removed and held in his hand until the image was secured. This cap is now commonly replaced by what is called an instantaneous shutter, which is placed within the camera. It may be a curtain of thick silk held down by india-rubber straps; a slight pull will raise it for a second, and the straps will immediately draw it back again. Or it may take the form of a little shutter with a slit in it, which will fall on being released by a catch actuated by the pressure of an electric button. Another plan is to blow it open by pneumatic means; the pressure upon an india-rubber ball held in the operator's hand, and connected by a tube with the camera, being sufficient to attain this end. The principal feature in all these contrivances is that the shutter can be acted upon while the sitter is quite unconscious of it. The photographer watches his opportunity, and when he notices that his model is not prepared, and when therefore the features and expression are in repose and natural, the picture is secured.

The really wonderful pictures which are possible by the new process, coupled with these mechanical aids, were well seen in the last autumnal exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain in London, as well as in some which have since been submitted to our inspection. We will select one or two as examples. A group of fishing-boats tossing on gently rolling waves; every ripple of the water being clearly defined, and every spar and rope beautifully reflected on the glassy surface of the sea. This picture deservedly won a prize. Here is another, a silent pool overshadowed by trees. One bright patch of light is reflected from the sky on to the surface of the water, and above that bright background appears a veritable flying swallow, its shadow being cast below! Another prize was rightly bestowed upon some splendid pictures of the noble lions at the Zoological Gardens; every hair seeming to stand out upon their coats with marvellous clearness. Here we have the inverted image of a gunboat in the sky, appearing above a church steeple; this was the effect of a mirage seen at Tenby, and which would have probably disappeared long before an old-style photographer could have had his chemicals ready. Two more pictures may be noticed as examples of the marvellous celerity of the gelatine process. One, a representation of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in full swing, with its accompanying rabble of steam-boats and rowing-boats of all descriptions. And the other perhaps more extraordinary production—an express-train at full speed, passing through Chisellhurst, on its way to Dover.

The extreme rapidity of the process opens up many new fields to the photographer. Portraits can now be easily and satisfactorily taken in private sitting-rooms; and we need hardly point out that such pictures with home surroundings must have additional charms. Dark interiors of public buildings as well as of private apartments

—and many such apartments in these days of art refinement are veritable gems of beauty—can now be secured in the camera. In the old days, the photographer would have laughed at the possibility of attempting such subjects; but now such feats are accomplished with comparative ease. The figure of a trotting horse in several positions, each position having been photographed while the animal was in quick movement, was recently published. The various positions were said to have been each secured in the two thousandth part of a second. This photography of muscular movements may possibly some day be applied to artistic purposes. What more valuable aid could an artist have than the varied movements of an athlete as he drew a bow or hurled a spear? The increased sensitiveness of the photographic plate will also no doubt be taken advantage of in other branches of science. The spectra of the stars have already been photographed; indeed the art of photography has had more to do with the progress of spectrum analysis generally, than most people are aware of. For instance, one scientist may remark certain lines in his spectroscope which may be totally unseen by another. But upon the photographic plate these lines are represented with unfailing accuracy. The truth of the old aphorism, that 'seeing is believing,' has long been questioned by most thinking people, for they know that sight is as liable to err as other human faculties. But the photographic lens stamps its records upon a retina which never forgets, and which, with due care, cannot make a mistake.

It is evident from what has been stated, that the introduction of the gelatino-bromide process marks quite an important era in photography. As usual, in cases where a new method of working an old art is discovered, there are many who will insist upon sticking to the wet process, just as there are said to be some old stagers—literally old stagers—who refuse to travel by railroad. These maintain that the results of the older method are better than the new, and that the time is not far distant when it will be made as rapid. Should this last prophecy come true, the wet process may perhaps still hold its own; but as we have already pointed out, it will never compete with gelatine in the question of convenience or aptitude for certain classes of work.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

ON the following day I was called away to Dublin, where certain rent-deposit business had to be transacted. Under the circumstances, it was desirable that my movements should be known to as few as possible; and save the bailiff, none knew of my departure. I went over to his house in the forenoon; gave the cattle into his charge; told him to keep an eye on things in general, and on Scallan's movements in particular; made my way to the railway station; and caught the train for Dublin. Having arrived there, and transacted the business for which I had come, I was suddenly struck with a happy thought. 'Why not go to the detective office,' said I to myself, 'and put the

matter into the hands of the detectives? The plan may succeed; and even if it does not, it is worth at least a trial.'

I wended my way to Exchange Street—the Scotland Yard of Ireland—and had an interview with one of the officers connected with the secret inquiry service. He was a very gentlemanly looking man, and extremely intelligent. A short time sufficed to put him in possession of all the details of my case; he saw at a glance everything that I wished to explain to him. Scarcely had I finished my recital, when he had his plan of action matured. It was as follows. He would go down to Castle Mahon at once, in the character of a visitor. Major Croker, an old friend of my family, has come over to Ireland on a tour. I meet him at the hotel in Dublin, and of course ask him down to stop a while at my place. He is delighted at the opportunity of seeing something of the Irish peasantry. We arrange to start by the evening train. At the last moment, business has cropped up to detain me in town overnight; the Major runs down to the country before me; and I arrange to follow as early as practicable. I write to the housekeeper, stating who he is, giving her directions to make him comfortable, and so forth.

Such was the plan he sketched out for himself. He informed me at the same time that extreme caution would be necessary; above all, that it was absolutely essential for the success of the scheme that his incognito should be strictly preserved. I was to divulge the secret to no one, not even to the wife of my bosom. It was a perilous game at which he and his coadjutors were playing, and it was only just and right that such precautions should be taken.

In dealing with such an intelligent officer, suggestions would have been idle; it only remained for me to accord with his arrangements *in toto*. He went down to Castle Mahon in his assumed character, on the evening of the same day; and I followed after, two days later. Certain repairs had to be made in my coat of mail; this fact, besides my anxiety to return at an unexpected moment, occasioned my delay in town.

Upon my arrival, I found Major Croker comfortably ensconced in his new quarters. He said he had been looking about him in a general way; but nothing of importance transpiring, he had been unable to attain any definite results from his investigations. However, now that I had returned, things would begin to look a little more lively. For myself, I sincerely wished that they would not. I asked him whether any persons had been inquiring for me. None, he said, except Donnelly the bailiff, who seemed to have something of importance to tell me, if one could judge by the frequency of his visits and the troubled aspect of his countenance. We concluded that it would be well to have him up as soon as possible. I sent a special message, which brought him to the castle half an hour later. I had him ushered into

the private room in which the pseudo-Major and I were sitting; the Major of course, as a friend of the family, not being out of place when such important questions were at issue.

CHAPTER V.

'Well, Donnelly, what news?' said I cheerily.

'No good news at all at all, Mr Wharton. Last night, sir, no later, three of the bullocks wor houghed, sir, an' a fourth runnin' so lame, that I'm afeard he has got a touch too, sir.'

'I'm very sorry to hear that. But perhaps they got the injury some other way; by leaping over fences or the like?'

'O no, sir; there could be no mistake about it, for me own gossoon Pether caught the fellows doin' it. You see, every mornin' since you wint up to Dublin, I used to get up at sunrise, an' go over to Scallan's meadows to have a look at the bastes; but this mornin' not feelin' too well to stir out, I called Pether, an' he riz in me place an' wint out to see thim. An' shure enough, whin he kem in sight of the place, if there wosn't two min wid their faces blackened a-carvin' away at the blissed cattle! An' the momint they seed him comin' they dhropped the game they wor at, an' run like hares, an' him afther thim. An' whin the hindmost of the pair saw that Pether wos gainin' on him, what does he do but he turns on the gossoon wid a horse-pistol an' lets fly at him. An' only for an ould bit of a sack that Pether had round his shouldhers, to kape aff the dhrizzlin' rain, he'd a niver cum back to tell the tale; fur the pistol wos loaded wid duck-shot an' slugs. But as it wos, it downed him; an' be the time he kem to, the raskils wor clane gone an' disappeared.'

'Bless me, this is a terrible affair! I hope your son was not much injured?'

'Not much, thank God; he wos only a bit scarified about the chist—jist skin-deep, that's all. It wor the blissed saints an' the sack saved him.'

'I'm glad to hear that, at all events. But this ham-stringing of cattle is shocking. Is it a usual thing in this neighbourhood? I thought that the Ribbon fraternity confined their tender mercies to the shooting of landlords, land-agents, and such meaner game.'

'No sir; it's not usual here; thanks be to Providence. An' I don't think that this wos done be the residenthers aither. I see a hape of quare-lookin' sthrangers about the counthry these last few days.'

'Where have you seen them?'

'Well, mostly about the O'Reillys', where Scallan an' the wife is stoppin' since they wor put out. An' av coorse, there's a lot of thim to be found at the public-house convanyent; where Scallan, they say, is thratin' all hands wid the money you gev him.'

'I must put a stop to this work, at all risks. Have you any idea of their recent movements?'

'No sir. Av coorse, thin boys wouldn't be for lettin' me know more nor shuits me, an' by the same token, that same doesn't shuit me less or more. Iver since you wint to Dublin, they've been houldin' their meetins to thry the case finally like. I got that out av one of thimselves, who warned

me to fly in time, an' tould me at the same time not to let out that he mintioned it to me; "for," sez he, "I'm your frind; but if I find you iver breathed it to man or mortal," sez he, "I'll be the first man to shoot you meself."'

'When was that?'

'The day afther you wint to Dublin, sir. An' forbye that, shure I heerd wid me own ears the blowin' of the death-horn.'

'The death-horn?'

'Yes sir. What they blow at night to call the boys together, whin a murder-case has to be thried. It was fit to dhrive me out of me senses; for it ned me think of poor Mr Park of Grangegorman, that wos shot jist this time twelvemonth—shot sir, in his own dinin'-parlour, forninst his own wife an' family. Ochone! Mr Wharton, to think that I should live to see meself knocked down a dead corp, murdered in cowl'd blood! For me frind tould me that some owld hands—delegates, is what he called thim—has come from all arts an' parts to attind the meetins; an' among the rest, three or four of the very pick of Tipperary.'

So ran the report of Donnelly. It was clear to me that things were approaching the crisis. I resolved to bestir myself, despite Mr Carnegie's caution about venturing out of doors. Doubtless, his advice was good; still, I could not abide the idea of submitting to butchery in a passive manner, like a helpless lamb. And then there was the unfortunate bailiff, in a far worse predicament than myself. It was due to him that I should do something.

A council of war was then held, the Major taking part in our deliberations, such a part of course as a friend of the family would naturally take. Such was that gentleman's caution however, that even before the bailiff, he was anxious to preserve his incognito. The upshot of the debate was that all three of us, the Major, Donnelly, and myself, well armed, sallied out to make a raid upon the O'Reillys' house, where Scallan and his wife had been living since their eviction. It was the headquarters of the enemy. I wanted to shew the country-folk that I was not afraid; I wanted the Major to get a look at the parties, which might be useful in future for purposes of identification; I wanted to take the Scallans to task with regard to their delaying in the country; I wanted to find out how the land lay, as the phrase goes; I wanted to encourage my almost intimidated bailiff. It was deemed advisable that we should keep our weapons out of sight, but yet concealed in such a manner that they could be brought into requisition at a moment's notice. The ostensible purpose of my visit was to adjust some claim with regard to bog which the O'Reillys had made to me. Donnelly, of course, as bailiff was an indispensable adjunct on such an occasion; and the Major was very anxious to see the interior of an Irish cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

It was still early in the afternoon when we arrived at the O'Reillys' house. Save Mrs O'Reilly, there was none of the family at home. We found her seated by the kitchen-fire, presiding over some cooking operations, which apparently were on a large scale, as if she meant to entertain a goodly number of guests. Beside her sat Mrs Scallan, wife

of the evicted hero. In one corner lay Scallan himself, sleeping away a drunken debauch, or perhaps pretending to do so. In the other, a strange man in the garb of a travelling tinker. At our entrance, both of the women exhibited signs of confusion. As for the men, they retained their recumbent positions with apparent indifference. Addressing Mrs O'Reilly first, I told her that I had come to see about the bog. She said that her husband was out with a lot of men that he had working for him, and that he would not be home till night-fall. As for herself, she could do nothing in the matter; but if it would be all the same to me, she would send him up to the office on the next day. The bog question having been postponed, I proceeded to address myself to Mrs Scallan, who since my entrance had been standing by the side of her chair, fumbling uneasily with the corners of her apron. I did not deem it advisable to say anything to Scallan himself, though he was now sitting up, and striving to attract my attention by certain inarticulate grumblings. So turning my back to the corner which he occupied, I remarked: 'Well, Mrs Scallan, I am surprised to see you here still.'

'We'll go whin we like,' grumbled the occupant of the corner. 'Ajint nor bailiff won't grind us dōwn no longer—do ye hear? There's bhoys comin' from Tipperary that'll see me all right.'

'What does your husband mean?'

'Och, yer honner, don't be afther mindin' what he sez at all at all,' cried Mrs Scallan in a terror-stricken fashion. 'Shure, it's only fur the carts that meself an' him is waitin', to bring our flittin' away out of the place; an' that'll not be longer than three days at the furdest.'

'As you please, Mrs Scallan; but your money won't stand long at this rate.'

'Is it the money ye'll be wantin' back—yer dirty thirty pounds?—Throw it to thim, Biddy. No; ye can't, fur I have it meself. Ay, an' I'll keep it too, to thrate the bhoys wid, the sthrappin' bhoys av Westmeath. I like to stand thrate to daycent fellows—do anythin' at all I want, from pitch-an'-toss to manslaughter.'

'This is going a little too far, Mrs Scallan.'

'Och, Mr Wharton, yer honner, he's out of his twelve sines wid the whisky to spake to yerself in such a way. An' it's himself 'ill be sorry about it the morrow whin he comes to. Shure, I'm thryin' hard to get him out of the place as soon as I can; but the naybours come from all arts an' parts to see him afore he goes, an' he hasn't the heart to sind thim home dhry, as long as he has money in his pockets.'

'I have a hundhred min in Westmeath that ud die for me this minit. I'm lavin' it; but I want to shew ye that I am a betther man than any agint or bailiff in the counthry.—Isn't that a fact, Joss?' added he after a pause, addressing himself to the occupant of the opposite corner.

The latter individual, who had hitherto been perfectly silent, replied to Scallan hurriedly in an undertone and in the Irish language.

'Who is that man?' I asked of Mrs Scallan.

'Shure sir, he's only a thravellin' tinker, sir, that Mrs O'Reilly brought in to mind her kittles. An' a good thradesman he is too, sir; but he doesn't know how to talk a word of English barrin Irish, sir. He's a grand hand at kittles, sir.'

'Ay, an' forbye kittles,' growled the incorrigible again from the corner, 'he's a first-class man in a pinch; yes, he's a frind an' a brother; that's what he is.—Aren't you, Joss, avick?'

Thereupon ensued a dialogue in Irish between Scallan and his friend Joss, under cover of which we thought it advisable to withdraw. Mrs O'Reilly was to send her husband up to the office next day to settle the bog difficulty; and so ended our interview.

'Rather unprepossessing folk those,' remarked the Major, as we quitted the house. 'Certainly not calculated to prepossess one in favour of the Irish character.'

I was too much annoyed to make any reply.

'They're a murderin' lot, the whole jing-bang of thim, an' that's the holy all of it,' interposed the bailiff warmly. 'Did ye undherstand what that other sthrange chap was remarkin' in Irish about yerself, Mr Wharton? If ye didn't, all the betther; fur it was tarrible.'

'No, Donnelly. Scallan's English was quite enough for me; perhaps a little too much.'

'Do ye believe me what I'm goin' to tell ye, sir? That chap is here for nothin' good. He's no more a tinker than meself, or you, or the Major is. No sir; he's a Tipperary man of the name of Kelly, an' high up in sthripes among the Ribbonmin. He carries the goods. But ye don't know what that manes, av coorse. It manes that he brings the new passwords from one lodge to another through the counthry. That's what he is, sir. I seen him in this naybourhood afore, sir, when poor Mr Park was shot.'

'Well, it's something to know that; it may be useful in future. In fact, I have a good mind to lodge an information without further delay, and have the whole pack up before a magistrate.'

'Och sir, what good ud that same be? Shure you could make nothin' out of thim, good or bad. They'd jist be afther snappin' their fingers at ye, if ye thried it on wid thim. Why sir, last year there was hardly a week wint by widout an agint or a bailiff bein' popped. An' how many convictions tuk place accordin'? Why, sarra a wan at all at all, sir. They're as knowin' as foxes, sir, an' sarra a grip can ye git on thim.'

'What do you say, Major? You have seen and heard the folks?'

'I am of the same opinion with your man,' replied he curtly.

'Deed an' deed, Mr Wharton, the law and the polis is no puthetion whatsomdiver. An' if wan of the lot was tuk up, the whole counthry would gether round the house to murder us all, an' burn us alive preaps into the bargain. An' shure, Mr Wharton, darlint, if you had a hundhred pounds to spare, I'd say give me the lind av it, an' let me be aff to Ameriky or Liverpool or some other foreign land, before we're all kil't an' massacred. Deed an' word, sir, it's aff I'd have been long ago ony for the wife an' the childher. I want to bring thim wid me, fur the ruffins ud slaughter thim whin me back was turned, fur spite that I had got clane away from their claws.'

I was deeply impressed by the bailiff's pathetic appeal. I saw myself in no less helpless a plight; and

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

I began to reason that if an appeal to the civil

authorities were useless in the present attitude of affairs, it might be made too late at some future time, when agent and bailiff had already fallen victims to the brutality of an organised gang of murderers. Surely it were better to follow my bailiff's example, and fly the accursed land for ever. But then, what would the world say? Public opinion would readily interpret such legitimate caution as cowardice. While I was thus vacillating, I caught the Major's eye fixed upon me in apparent disapproval; for he readily divined the state of my feelings. A look from him settled the business; so I dissembled, and told the bailiff to be calm. I reminded him that we were in a position of trust. Until we were reduced to the direst extremity itself, we would not be justified in abandoning the posts assigned to us. That time at least had not yet come. I sent him home with the assurance that every protection would be afforded him and his family.

When we were once more alone: 'What's your opinion now, Major, about the aspect of affairs?' I asked.

'Time, sir, is all I ask,' he replied. 'Do you merely keep yourself quiet, and trust to me for the rest.'

So we reached Castle Mahon.

Upon our arrival, I found Mr Carnegie there waiting to see me. Having heard about the loughing of the cattle, he had dropped over in a friendly way to learn the exact extent of the damage—which indeed had been greatly exaggerated by the country-folk—and whether there was a probability of bringing the miscreants to justice. I insisted upon his remaining to dinner. I introduced the Major to him, and all three of us spent the evening in a warm discussion of the question. The Major renewed his advocacy of a cautious defensive policy; Mr Carnegie was of the same opinion, and justified it by local experience. It remained for me to subscribe a mild assent. But I felt like Job sitting among his comforters. Some sort of action—no matter what—would have been preferable to the terrible suspense, which racked my very inmost feelings. But feelings apparently counted for nothing with my case-hardened advisers. I felt for once the disadvantage of being an Englishman.

On the stroke of ten our guest rose to leave. By our direction, he looked to his pistols before going out; remarking at the same time in a laughing way, that he at least was quite safe; he might go through any part of the country at any hour of the night. For a short time he stood at the outer door, to repeat his warning to me about venturing abroad; then he bade us good-night, and the great door closed behind him. We had not long regained the dining-room, when we heard the report of a shot fired outside, upon which we rushed back to the door, opened it, and, waiting for a few seconds till the butler procured a lantern, proceeded in the direction of the shot. We found Mr Carnegie lying prostrate on the ground scarcely a hundred paces from the house. He had been shot at! By the light of the lantern, we could see that his features were ashy pale, and that his hand was pressed to his side in the convulsive manner of a man who is suffering mortal agony. To our eager inquiries he could make no answer; he was speechless. The absence

of blood on his person or on the ground, shewed that he had escaped at least the assassin's bullet; but his unconsciousness, his attitude of pain, all the circumstances of the case, made us fear that he had received some serious internal injuries. Carefully lifting him up, we carried him back into the castle, and stretched him on a sofa in the dining-room. We administered stimulants. Soon he opened his eyes. Never shall I forget the look of silent anguish which he cast upon me at that moment! He apparently did not as yet realise the fact that he was surrounded by friends.

We proceeded to make an examination; our every movement being followed by the anxious eyes of the sufferer. The result of it proved that we had been right in our conjecture. The ball had been aimed at his left side. Penetrating his thick ulster and the coat and waistcoat underneath, it had stopped just at the watch-pocket, having failed to reach his person. Never had escape been so narrow! We told him so, and the news reassured him greatly. In a little time he was able to talk to us, but very feebly at first. It appeared that, upon leaving us, he had been going down the avenue at a tolerably brisk pace, when on a sudden he heard a footstep in his rear, as if some one had sallied out from behind a tree. He turned round to see who it was, and observed at a little distance off, a stalwart fellow with a mask on his face in the act of presenting a pistol at him. The next moment he was conscious of a shot being fired; then, of his being hurled with violence to the ground. Then he felt a strange giddiness come over him; and—he knew no more till he found himself in the dining-room. There was no doubt but that our timely arrival had saved his life, so completely was he in the villain's power. The assassin apparently thought that he was dealing with me, from the frequent mention made of my name, accompanied with horrible imprecations.

Such was the gist of Mr Carnegie's statement. Now that the sufferer was sufficiently tranquil, the Major and I sallied out to revisit the scene of the catastrophe. On the walk, the gravel was in a torn-up state, as if a severe struggle had taken place there. Close at hand, lay a recently discharged pistol, and the half-burned shreds of a newspaper, which had probably been used in loading. Beyond these we could discover no evidences of the recent affray. As for the assassin himself, a systematic search would be perfectly idle in such a place and at such an hour. Besides, our delay had given him ample opportunity of getting clear off. So we returned to the castle.

I spoke to the Major about the advisability of calling in the police. To this he objected as a measure practically useless; at the same time hinting, *sotto voce*, that it was quite out of keeping with his plans. I appealed to Mr Carnegie. He was of the same opinion with the Major. In the midst of a population made up of assassins on the one hand and of their sympathisers on the other, the greatest caution was necessary; and in order the more effectually to achieve the ends of justice, the affair would have to be kept a profound secret. We should wait for a clue. When it was found, we could follow it up with effect. I had no relish for such delay. But of course there

was nothing left for me except to acquiesce in the opinion of two such competent authorities. At daybreak, we smuggled Mr Carnegie to his home, in a close carriage.

MAN-EATING TIGERS.

OUR Indian government, as we have had occasion to mention in former articles, make a practice of publishing yearly a detailed Report shewing the loss of life occasioned among the natives of Hindustan by the ravages of wild beasts, and the still more terrible list of deaths attributable to the bites of venomous snakes and other dangerous reptiles. It is satisfactory to observe that although this melancholy total is still lamentably large, yet that the exertions of the government in recent years to keep down the numbers of wild animals and other pests so destructive to human life in British India have not been without good effect, for the Return last published—that of 1878—shews a steady improvement on those preceding it.

Unfortunately, however carefully these statistics may have been compiled from the information supplied by district officials, they cannot be accepted as altogether complete, or as furnishing the full number of deaths from the above-mentioned causes; and this remark specially applies to deaths from snake-bites. The natives of India are in general exceedingly superstitious, and are great believers in *kismet* or fate; and it is surprising how little notice is taken of any unfortunate who may be bitten, and in a few hours carried off, by the bite of some deadly snake. In large towns or villages under the direct supervision of the police the circumstance would undoubtedly be reported to the officer in charge of the district; but in out-of-the-way parts like the wilds of Central India—and still more so in large independent states such as Rewah and Gwalior—hundreds of poor creatures yearly perish whose deaths are not returned under the true heading.

Although the great majority of deaths—which have reached the enormous number of twenty thousand in a single year—included in this gloomy Report are rightly put down to the terrible bite of the cobra, the krait, or other venomous snakes, yet in spite of large rewards offered for their extermination, we learn that panthers, and others of the *felida*, as also bears and wolves, still roam through the jungles, and that tigers still carry off human beings. Happily, in our times this majestic creature, the royal tiger, is less common than formerly was the case, and indeed in many parts where once he ruled king of the jungles, he has now, from being constantly hunted and shot down, become almost if not altogether extinct. Still, in the wilder and more hilly tracts of country, or in parts where the forest, on account of the swampy nature of the soil, has not been cleared away, and where the land has not been brought into a state of cultivation, tigers yet hold sway, and constantly prey upon the herds of the poor

natives. These cattle-devouring tigers, however, though by their constant depredations they prove to be a sore tax and a source of constant dread to the people of the country, will yet, if left unmolested, as a rule seldom take to man-killing. And it may here be mentioned that it is a common mistake to imagine that the tiger, savage and blood-thirsty by nature as he undoubtedly is, will readily attack human beings, the exact contrary being the case. The tiger, like all other wild animals, has an instinctive fear of man; and unless pressed by hunger, provoked, or come upon suddenly face to face, when on the spur of the moment, and more from fear than anything else, he will sometimes make use of his terrible powers—the animal will on meeting a human being almost invariably turn aside from the path, and with a surly growl quietly slink off into the thicket. But if such is the general character of the royal tiger, how then, it will naturally be asked, is this lamentable loss of life yearly laid to his charge to be accounted for? and this question we will endeavour to answer.

We often read and hear about man-eating tigers; but most fortunately these terrible creatures, once so common, are nowadays exceedingly rare in British India. Probably not one tiger in a hundred is a professional man-eater. Now and again, however, one is heard of, generally speaking in Central India, or further south, towards the Madras Presidency. When once a tiger takes to devouring human beings, he will seldom touch any other prey; and consequently, unless the detestable monster be speedily sought out and destroyed by some English sportsman or native hunter (*shikary*), the awful roll of victims continues to increase with alarming rapidity, till at length many scores of poor creatures are carried off in a comparatively short space of time by a single animal. The husbandman ploughing his field is taken away in broad daylight. The village maiden on her way to the river with her water-pitcher, disappears mysteriously. The watchman posted to scare the flocks of parrots from the ripening corn, returns not at sundown.

In vain the poor oppressed villagers endeavour, by taking increased precautions during the day-time and securely barring their doors after night-fall, to guard against their common enemy. For a few days, perhaps for a whole week, nothing is seen of the tiger, and once more the inhabitants venture forth and resume their daily occupations. A renewed sense of security begins to be felt, mingled with a hope that the animal may have departed elsewhere; but the probabilities are that the cunning creature may yet be lurking in the neighbourhood, and only watching for a favourable opportunity to spring upon a fresh victim. Again the terrible foe, now grown bold from uninterrupted success, suddenly appears, and carries off yet another human being from the devoted village. At length matters reach a pass beyond all human endurance; a panic seizes upon the terror-stricken inhabitants, and hastily packing up their goods and chattels, they desert the spot, driving before them their flocks and herds, and depart *en masse* for some neighbouring town, leaving their humble dwellings to fall to ruin, and the ripe crops to perish unharvested in the fields.

This is no exaggerated picture; though happily it is, as already mentioned, becoming rarer. Still, scenes of misery such as we have described have frequently occurred amidst the wilds of Rajputana, in the Nagpore country, and in other districts bordering on Central India. Not only have individual villages been thus rendered uninhabitable for a time by the ravages of a single tiger, but in former days it was nothing uncommon to hear of several large villages being depopulated by these animals.

It is one of the many onerous duties incumbent on the magistrate and collector of a district to check by every means in his power the inroads of wild animals in his particular circle. Ever since the Mutiny of 1857, our Indian subjects have been disarmed; though, generally speaking, in villages bordering upon a forest country, one or two of the inhabitants are licensed to carry a matchlock; but this rude weapon, though useful in driving off crop-devouring deer and wild-hogs after nightfall, is altogether unsuited for tiger-shooting; consequently, when a roaming man-eater makes his appearance, and begins to make a practice of carrying off human beings, the poor country-people are altogether powerless, and unable to cope with their fell oppressor without the aid of their European masters. It then becomes the bounden duty of the magistrate or one of his subordinates to take immediate steps for their rescue.

Probably the district officer himself, or his police-officer, is a sportsman; if so, one or the other of them will at once take the field, pitch his camp somewhere near the tiger's stronghold, and in conjunction with the village people, use every endeavour to destroy the animal. Sometimes their efforts are successful; but often the contrary is the case; and in spite of the most carefully devised plans, the hunters are thwarted again and again by the extreme cunning so often displayed by the wily game. Unlike the generality of tigers, which during the hot-weather months can usually be discovered in certain favourite spots, and when once marked down are driven out and destroyed with comparatively little difficulty, the man-eater is almost invariably a skulking coward, who, as if conscious of his evil deeds, is ever suspicious and on his guard against danger, seldom showing fight, even when closely pursued, fired at, and driven into a corner, and sneaking off on hearing the first shout of the beaters.

Not the least pleasing among the attractions of tiger-shooting is the value and extreme beauty of the trophies of the chase; and there are few prizes more coveted by the young Anglo-Indian sportsman or more carefully preserved when gained than the glossy striped coat of his first royal tiger; but the man-eater, when at last he has been outmanœuvred and met with his just deserts by a well-aimed rifle-bullet, seldom presents a prepossessing appearance. It may be a thin under-sized tigress, in poor condition, and altogether wanting the elastic form and graceful beauty of her sex; or perhaps an old decrepit male tiger, with decayed fangs and mangy hide, the latter hardly worth the stretching. But in spite of this drawback, which, however, is not always the case, the true sportsman who, after many disappointments, at length comes off victorious, and rids the country

of the most terrible of all wild beasts, feels within him the sensation of having done a really good action, which more than repays him for the time and trouble he has taken.

LIVING BY THE WITS.

SOME time ago, professional pursuits took me about thirty miles from home, and kept me there until I had just time to catch the last return train. Although I knew every inch of the road, yet I somehow had made a false turn, the consequence of which was that albeit I made more haste than was prudent to retrieve lost time, I had the mortification of seeing the red light of the tail-lamp of the train pass out of sight around a sharp curve of the line. Coming to a dead-stand, I said (to myself I imagined): 'There!' I'm in for it now. What is to be done?

'Make the best of a bad job, sir,' said a voice at my elbow in a cheerful tone.

Looking round, I saw a middle-aged and kind-looking farmer, who seemed to regard my loss of the train with compassion; for before I had time to reply, he said: 'There's many a worse case existing at this moment than yours, friend; the saddest part of it is the disappointment of friends at home.'

'That's the very thing that troubles me,' I said; 'for I know I cannot wire my loss of train to them.'

'Bring your mind to your circumstances, friend,' was the philosophical advice of my newly-found acquaintance. Then added: 'As for yourself, you need not be long in suspense; for if you can put up with such accommodation as my house affords, you are welcome to it. What say you?'

Seeing that nothing better could be done, I gratefully went with my friend-in-need; and in about ten minutes I found myself at the door of the moderately sized farm-house of Mr Samuel Pitchforth. As we were about to enter, we almost stumbled over a man who was in the act of knocking at the door. He turned out to be a broker from the market-town at which I had done business, about two miles off, and had come respecting some furniture which my host had spoken to him about. It was not much past nine o'clock; and as the newcomer had ridden in a light-cart, he was not in haste to return; so it was not long before we all three were snugly seated in the farmer's best room, chatting merrily.

'I'll tell you what, Pitchforth,' said the broker in a somewhat testy tone; 'I have hardly got over the effects of a bad bargain I made the other day; it affects my feelings yet, and will do so, I guess, for a day or two longer.'

'It must be something serious, Barker,' replied our host, 'to affect you so much. I hope it won't drive you into the Insolvency Court.'

'I'm not afraid of its doing that,' said Barker. 'It is not the amount of money I've lost, as the thought that I've been *done*, that troubles me. I thought I was up to every kind of trick that could be played off on me, and so believed that I could not be taken in by the cleverest rogue; hence the fact that I've been swindled does not sit lightly on my mind, I can tell you.'

My host laughed heartily as he good-naturedly

replied: 'And so Jemmy Barker has met his match in craft and cunning!'

'He has indeed,' said Barker with a sigh and a few reconciling nods of his head.

'Come, come, Barker boy, cheer up!' said Pitchforth; 'even you may live and learn. But come; let us hear the tale of Diamond cut Diamond, and I will supplement it by relating a story of sharp dealing in which I was lately concerned.'

Barker, who was smoking his well-seasoned pipe, looked significantly towards the table, where it was pretty clear he had expected to see the usual accompaniments of a well-to-do farmer's sociality; but as they did not meet his gaze, he seemed ill-disposed to comply with our host's request. It was also equally clear that the latter had suffered a temporary lapse of memory; for uttering a good-natured exclamation, he asked me to be kind enough to touch the bell at my elbow. This was enough to put Barker into good-humour and a talking mood; for while the maid who answered the bell was getting the decanter and glasses laid on the table, the broker was refilling his pipe with complacent face. When he had got his pipe well a-going, he spoke as follows:

'I need not tell you, neighbour Pitchforth, that I am not so thin-skinned as many folks respecting what is called cheating the revenue; for if I can buy a bit of contraband on the sly, I scruple not to do so; and as the case in hand is one of that sort, you may be ready to say that I am right served. Well, I am not disposed to argue the point with you, but will just tell you the story as it occurred. It was last market-day morning. I was standing at my door, looking down the street, when a man rushed past me into my shop bearing a small keg or barrel on his shoulder. Lifting it off and placing it on my counter, he said in much haste: "Friend, do me the favour of letting this stop here an hour or so. It is a couple of gallons of brandy which has not done duty to the Queen. I have brought it at the request of a gentleman who promised to meet me here at ten o'clock. I've been all through the market looking for him, but have not found him. Just now, I got a glimpse of the exciseman; and as he has some little knowledge of me that is not good, I became afraid of being seen by him; so if you will let the keg abide here while I look for its purchaser, I will do you a good turn some time."

"You may put the barrel on the floor, and leave it there," I said. "But mind, if the exciseman should come and ask about it, I'll not say that it is mine."

"It will have to take its chance, friend," he replied, and went his way.

About three o'clock in the afternoon he came back. Rubbing his hands as he looked down upon the barrel, he exclaimed: "Good, good! So the receiver of the Queen's revenue has not found you out. So far so good." Then looking me in the face, he said: "I've had my trouble for nothing; my customer has not turned up. What to do with the keg of brandy, I know not." Then after a pause, he asked: "Will you buy it, friend? It is a drop of as good brandy as ever went into anybody's mouth. Come, you shall taste it. Just fetch a glass!"

'Having no objection to his offer, I got a glass.

Taking a small tap out of his pocket, and driving it into the taphole with a piece of wood he saw near him, he soon had drawn a glass, which he handed to me. It was really first-rate brandy.

"Now," said the rascal (I can call him by no better name), "as you have done me a good turn to-day, I'll put a few shillings into your pocket in the way of trade. You shall have this two-gallon keg of brandy for a sovereign."

'The brandy was dirt-cheap at that price. I knew where I could sell it, if I wished; so giving the fellow the money, I took my purchase into the cellar. At night, after I had shut up my shop, I bethought me of the brandy. Thinks I: "I'll keep it for my own use and comfort; and as it is not often we indulge, I'll draw myself and wife a glass; it will make us a good nightcap." So getting a couple of tumblers, I went down into the cellar, and soon drew a glass of brandy. But when I began to draw a second, scarce a drop could I get. "How's this?" I exclaimed, and gave the barrel a shake. It sounded all right. But not another drop would flow. "There's something wrong in the state of Denmark," I exclaimed aloud, and waxed very wroth.'

'That's just like you, Barker,' said my host, who seemed as if he had a license to say to him what he liked.

'Like or not like,' he replied, 'I was resolved to bottom the mystery. So putting the barrel on an end, I knocked off a hoop and took out one of the staves of the lid. I was almost petrified at what I saw. The barrel was nearly full of Adam's ale—clear water. "Where in the world did the brandy come from?" I exclaimed. Pouring out the water not in the best of tempers, the mystery stood explained before me. A tin tube had been fixed, one end in the bung-hole, the other end in the taphole; this had been filled with good liquor—scarcely half a pint. All the rest of the space contained water.'

There was such adroitness combined with novelty in this trick, that both my host and I burst into a loud laugh.

Erelong our host said: 'You are a wiser if not a happier man, friend Barker.'

'I have no doubt you both are saying inwardly: "The biter was bit, and serve him right;" but it has been a nettlesome piece of business to me, I assure you. However, it's among accomplished facts now, and so let it rest there.—But now, Pitchforth, let's have your story. It's dry work talking and smoking, I find,' concluded Barker, emptying and refilling his glass.

'My story,' began Pitchforth, 'is of another order, though it relates to an impostor who would have come over me to the tune of twenty-five pounds if I had not been too sharp for him. The facts are these. I had bred a fine young horse, which I valued at twenty-five pounds. Having no use for him, and needing a little ready cash, I took him to Sheffield fair to sell. I had stood all day without effecting a sale, when just as I was about to leave the fair, a fine good-looking man in top-boots and a velvet coat, with a riding-whip in his hand, stepped up and asked the price of my horse. I replied: "Twenty-five pounds." "I'll give you twenty-three pounds," he said. Thinking that I could not do better, as the fair was near its close, I closed in with his offer. He then took out his pocket-book, and presented me with

an accommodation bill for twenty-five pounds, and asked for the change.

"What is this, friend?" I said, looking at the paper.

"It is a genuine bill of exchange, which any bank will readily discount," was his reply.

"I don't know that," I said; and added: "Besides, the banks are closed for the day, so I can't test your paper. But," I said—a thought striking me—"if you will go with me to my house, where you can stay for the night, and my neighbours approve of the bill, I'll ratify the bargain." To this proposal he readily agreed; and mounting the horse I had offered to sell him, and I my mare, we trotted off from Sheffield. We had eighteen miles to travel; but as the evening was a fine one and our horses were in good fettle, we did very well. On crossing Criggleston Common, however, I felt rather timid, for the thought came—"What is there to hinder your companion making off with the horse he is riding, or, for the matter of that, giving you a knock-down blow, and escaping with both horses?" However, he did neither, and we reached home all right. We had a merry time of it, for he was a capital talker, full of horse-dealing adventure and other kinds of anecdote; and as we both made pretty free with the gin-bottle, we went to bed tolerably happy.

Next morning, I took the bill to such of my neighbours as were likely to advise me concerning it. Some said: "Take it; it is right enough;" others said just the contrary. The dealer in horse-flesh, however, grew impatient at my delay, and at last became cross; so yielding to the weight of advice given me, I closed with the bargain; and away trotted the horse with its new master on his back. He had not been long gone, however, before I began to feel uneasy, especially as my daughter, who was among the dissentients, continued to give me upbraiding looks. At last I got so wretched that I could not rest; so sending a man to saddle my horse, and hastily putting on my riding-suit, I set off after the horse-dealer as fast as my steed could gallop. I met one and another of my acquaintances, who really thought I had either gone mad or was trying to play Johnny Gilpin. But I neither stopped nor wavered until I came in sight of my quarry, who was giving his horse a drink at a roadside trough. I had marked out my course as I had gone along; so, pulling up at his side, I asked him quite calm-like, if he would buy another horse.

"Yes, if you will take another bill," was his reply.

"Then let us talk the matter over in a quiet way," I said.

Presently, seizing the bridle of the horse I had sold to the man, I said: "I rue the bargain we made a while ago; here is your bill; dismount, and give me my change." He was so nettled, that he lifted his hand threateningly.

"There's another that can play at that game, my man," I said.

"I know not what would have been the issue of this burst of passion, had not Mr Turnbull the brewer ridden up at that moment. To him I related the matter in dispute and shewed the bill.

"You can claim this man's presence at a bank while you present the bill," said Mr Turnbull;

"and my advice is, both of you ride on to Sheffield, and have the bill discounted or rejected as it may turn out to be good or bad.—Your friend"—addressing me—"can't reasonably object to this proposal."

The dealer in horse-flesh thought it best to fall in with this suggestion; and so we continued on our way. We had not gone far, however, before he came to a dead-stand, and making some lame excuse for not going on with the agreement, he offered, amid a host of angry expressions, to dissolve the bargain if I would allow something for loss of time. To this I agreed, and so we parted, but not before I had exhorted him to cease living by his wits and work like an honest man.

"I can't say exactly, but I think it was about three months after this that I took the same horse to Rotherham fair. As I was entering the fair-ground, I was astounded by a sight which met my gaze: there was the identical horse-dealer gyved to two policemen! Our eyes met. Drawing up my horse as the procession passed, I said aloud: "Did not I tell you that you would come to this, and advised you to work for your living as an honest man?"

"Too late! too late!" was the wretch's response.

"I watched the newspapers, to see the end of this matter. I found out that the rascal's name was Hunt; that he had been long wanted by the police for frauds of various kinds, and that for them he soon after got seven years' penal servitude."

This recital ended, Mr Barker took his leave, and soon after we went to bed.

I have had no reason to regret my having missed the train at Greenhead Station on that well-remembered night.

SHAM BUTTER.

OLEO-MARGARINE, otherwise 'butterine,' otherwise 'bosh,' really only animal grease in disguise, is the outcome of an ingenious Frenchman's notion that the butter diffused through the milk of the cow is due to the absorption of the animal's fat. Taking some minced beef-suet, a few fresh sheep's stomachs cut into small pieces, carbonate of potash, and water, M. Mège subjected the mixture to a heat of a hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit; and so, by the action of the pepsine in the sheep's stomachs, separated the fat from the other tissues. By hydraulic pressure this fat was again separated into stearine and margarine; and putting ten pounds of the latter into a churn with four pints of milk, three pints of water, and a little arnotto, M. Mège succeeded in turning out a compound sufficiently like butter to pass for that article.

Whether he had produced a deleterious stuff, containing the germs of disease and of all manner of loathsome parasites, as one set of scientific experts pronounced; or something far more wholesome than half the real butter in the market, as another set emphatically declared, was of little moment to the discoverer, so long as the thing was likely to prove profitable. He patented his process; and found no difficulty in selling licenses to work it in France, England, Holland, Germany, and America.

In the last-named country the manufacture of oleo-margarine developed so quickly and so enormously, that our own Board of Trade thought it necessary to request Mr Archibald, the British Consul-general in New York, to furnish all the information he could obtain respecting the manufacture and exportation of mock-butter.

His Report has been printed, and is now before us. From it we learn that the sole right to issue licenses for the making of oleo-margarine by Mège's process lies with the American Dairy Company, which has already granted such licenses to factories in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, New Haven, and New York. One or two outsiders have embarked in the business without troubling themselves about paying for the right to do so; but the bulk of the trade is in the hands of the licensed firms—the Commercial Manufacturing Company, of New York, taking the lead, and being the largest manufacturers of mock-butter in the world.

In his Report, Mr Archibald says: 'The Commercial Manufacturing Company commenced operations in 1876, and their business soon attained considerable proportions, as much as half a million pounds of fat per week having been converted by them into oleo-margarine or oleo-margarine butter, which at the rate of two and a half pounds of fat to one pound of oil, would produce two hundred thousand pounds of oil or butter. This rate of production was maintained up to the middle of 1877, when it fell off, owing to two causes: one being the passage of an Act of the New York state legislature forbidding the sale of "oleo-margarine butter" as butter; and the other, the generally lower prices which have prevailed for butter during the past two years, which at times have rendered the manufacture of oleo-margarine butter unremunerative. For it is stated that when the retail price of genuine butter falls below twenty-three cents a pound, it does not pay to manufacture imitation butter. The average wholesale price procured here for oleo-margarine oil and butter since 1876, has been thirteen cents per pound for the oil, and fifteen cents a pound for the butter.'

'During the past two years, the quantity of fat manufactured into oleo-margarine and oleo-margarine butter by the Commercial Manufacturing Company has been about two hundred thousand pounds per week, yielding eighty thousand pounds of oil and butter. Of this, about seventy-five per cent., or sixty thousand pounds per week, was the oil product "oleo-margarine," all of which was exported in barrels or tierces, for the most part under the name of "oleo-margarine," but sometimes as "butter-fat," or simply as "oil." This would give a yearly exportation by this Company alone of about three million pounds; but it is estimated that nearly an equal quantity is now being made by the outside manufacturers, so that the total quantity of oleo-margarine exported from this port may be stated in round numbers as about six million pounds annually.'

Besides this quantity of oil for making mock-butter, a large quantity of the butter itself is exported, the United Kingdom coming in for the greater portion. Sometimes this is shipped as butter-grease, butter-fat, oleo-margarine, butterine, or possibly as butter itself. Very possibly indeed, we should say, since the article is put

up in half-butts or firkins in precisely the same way as butter; or made up into pound 'pats,' covered by muslin or thin cotton wrappers, stamped as genuine butter is stamped, and packed in boxes. We have seen it in this last shape and in the form of rolls in some London shops, ticketed one shilling a pound; while in others it is retailed under its proper name at tenpence and ninepence.

For the 'oil,' the great bulk finds its way to Germany and Holland, enabling the latter to keep up its reputation as a butter-producing country without troubling to keep up its stock of cows. Rotterdam receives the chief portion of the shipments of the Commercial Manufacturing Company; from thence the oil is sent to a place called Oss. There it is mixed with a certain proportion of milk, to give it a taste of the flavour of real butter, coloured to make the outward resemblance perfect, and then converted by churning into butterine. This butterine the Hollanders re-ship to France and England. Most of it comes here direct, to be sold as Best Dutch Butter; and what does go to France, eventually appears in our market as the product of the dairies of Normandy and Brittany, side by side with tubs of Irish butter, hailing originally from the same American factory.

These facts suggest the propriety of every housewife looking carefully into the nature of the butter she is in the habit of purchasing—her best protection possibly being that of dealing only with tradesmen on whom perfect reliance can be placed.

A SUMMER DAY.

The flowers lay sleeping beneath the dew—
But the Mother had watched the whole night through.

The wild sweet carol of one small bird
Was the sound that the weary watcher heard.

And the Summer dawn grew into the Morn,
But still she sat weeping beside her first-born.

Life was fading from cheek and brow,
And the Mother's heart was hopeless now.

Not one sound in the chamber of death
Was heard—save the Maiden's labouring breath;

No word of murmur the Mother spake;
Silent and calm are the hearts that break.

Morning passed—and the Noon so still
Bathed in warm loveliness wood and hill.

Slumbrous airs from the West went by,
And the Mother watched for her child to die.

Afternoon came—and the Maiden lay
Lifeless and soulless—a mould of clay!

Rain came down as from eyes that wept,
Watching was over—the Maiden slept.

Through the quiet falling of evening rain
The bird's soft carol stole in again!

Then the Mother said—"Tis a message for me,
To tell me, O child, that 'tis well with thee!"

And the Summer day ended, for 'late or long,
Every day weareth to even-song.'

J. H.

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BONAPARTE AND JOSEPHINE.

So much has first and last been written about Bonaparte, that it might seem as if nothing more could be said. Yet, there was something wanting. It was an account of his private habits and character, written from personal knowledge. This information has at length been furnished in the *Memoirs of Madame de Remusat*, a work in the French language, but which has been translated into English by Mrs Cashel Hoey and Mr John Lillie, and is now issued from the press in two octavo volumes. We have had the pleasure of its perusal, and may confidently say that besides being of considerable historical value, it forms an acceptable addition to entertaining biographic literature. The writer, Madame de Remusat, had the best opportunities for observation, and she was a good observer. She occupied the position of Lady-in-Waiting to Josephine, Bonaparte's first wife; while M. de Remusat was Prefect of the Palace, which gave him a general superintendence of the court in its domestic relations.

As a preliminary, it may be advantageous to give some little account of Josephine, on whom interest is very naturally concentrated. She was born 23d June 1763, in Martinique, a French colonial possession in the West Indies, where her father, Tacher de la Pagerie, was captain of the port of St Pierre. Josephine de la Pagerie had only an indifferent colonial education; but her amiability and beauty won universal regard. When about fifteen years of age, she came to France, and soon after was married to Alexandre, Viscount de Beauharnais, of which marriage there were two children, Eugene and Hortense. Beauharnais, her husband, like many of the French aristocracy, was condemned and beheaded during the Reign of Terror, 1794. Josephine nearly suffered the same fate. She was seized, and committed to the Conciergerie, and only escaped death by the fall of Robespierre. Alison in his 'History of Europe' mentions a strange circumstance, which he asserts to be on good authority, concerning Josephine. It is to the

effect that while she was a girl in the West Indies, an old negress prophesied that she should lose her first husband and be extremely unfortunate, but should afterwards be greater than a queen. The recollection of this sustained her hopes while in the Conciergerie; and she told the ladies, her unfortunate companions in captivity, that some day on rising to her good fortune she would name them as her maids of honour. The prophecy of the old negress came true; but of course it was no more than a lucky coincidence.

On occasion of the general disarming of the inhabitants of Paris, the sword of Beauharnais, who had served as a general in the army, was taken from the family. Soon afterwards, Eugene de Beauharnais, a boy of ten years of age, waited on Bonaparte, to request that his father's sword should be restored to him. Bonaparte was so much pleased with his appearance, that he not only returned the sword, but paid a visit to the boy's mother, the Countess Josephine de Beauharnais. Bonaparte was charmed with the Countess and her stories of the court at Versailles, where her husband, one of the handsomest men and best dancer of his age, had frequently had the honour of dancing with Marie Antoinette. This casual acquaintance with Bonaparte ripened into an intimacy. Josephine was so much interested in his history and appearance, that she exerted herself to facilitate his promotion to be the general in command of the Army of Italy, and she was married to him on the 9th March 1796. As Bonaparte's remarkable victories in Italy were the means of getting him appointed First Consul, Josephine's intercessions in his favour laid the foundations of his fortune.

It was shortly after Bonaparte was put at the helm of affairs as First Consul, that Madame de Remusat, at twenty-three years of age, entered court-life and became a confidential companion of Josephine, and further had the advantage of being intimate with Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, also of being placed in constant communication with Napoleon's brothers

and sisters, and of Josephine's daughter, Hortense. From time to time she took notes of what she saw, and these, along with some other records, she retained after the fall of Napoleon in 1814. On his unforeseen return from Elba, she became apprehensive that her house would be searched, and without further reflection threw the manuscripts in the fire. This needless act was bitterly regretted. She could only draw upon her remembrance for the past, and write her recollections, in which she was wonderfully successful, for she possessed a more than usually tenacious memory. At her decease in 1821, her papers were bequeathed to her son, who, not being able to attend to their publication, left them to his son, M. Paul de Remusat, who now edits and brings them forth as a tribute to the memory of his grandmother. Such is briefly the history of these interesting Memoirs, to which we give a glance, with a view to stimulate public interest in the work.

Madame begins by describing Bonaparte as being of a moody contemplative disposition; he was fond of reverie, of twilight, of melancholy music, of the moaning of the sea, of the rhapsodies of Ossian. He was always meditating, planning, thinking. He cared nothing for the ordinary polite rules and manners in society. He went awkwardly out of or into a room. 'With great difficulty, he had acquired the art of shaving himself. M. de Remusat induced him to undertake this task, on seeing that he was uneasy under the hands of a barber.' In ceremonial processions within the palace, he hurried on, to the discomposure of all before and behind; and especially to the ladies, who, to preserve order, required to carry their trains over their arm.

In character, he was above all intensely selfish. His will was to be the universal law. He considered himself entitled to do what he liked, and how he liked. Moral principle was a chimera. 'He did not value sincerity, and he did not hesitate to say that he recognised the superiority of a man by the greater or less dexterity with which he practised the art of lying. "M. de Metternich," he added, "approaches being a statesman—he lies very well." One day he said to Talleyrand: 'There is nothing really noble or base in this world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me.' As he was devoid of principle himself, so he believed every one to be the same. All good actions, so called, were in his opinion tricks to cover some selfish design. In his egotistic monologues, he was fond of being attentively listened to. 'Like an actor who becomes excited by the effect he produces, Bonaparte enjoyed the admiration he watched for closely in the face of his audience.' Having attained power by his military promptitude in suppressing revolutionary excesses, he made no attempt to create durable institutions independently of himself. On the contrary, his sole aim was to exalt his own name, forgetting after all that he was but a perishable being. We learn that 'On starting for his first campaign in Italy, he said to a friend who was editor of a newspaper: "Recollect, in your accounts of our victories, to speak of me, always of me. Do you understand?" This "me" was the ceaseless cry

of purely egotistical ambition. "Quote me, sing, praise, and paint me," he would say to orators, to musicians, to poets, and to painters. "I will buy you at your own price, but you must all be purchased." In other words, he placed his main reliance on being puffed.

Bonaparte, says Madame de Remusat, was simple in his dress, and 'could not endure the wearing of ornaments; the slightest constraint was insupportable to him. He would tear off or break anything that gave him the least annoyance, and the poor valet who had occasioned him a passing inconvenience would receive violent proofs of his anger.' His impatience was conspicuous in the most trifling circumstances. If displeased with any garment, he would burst into a passion, and throw it on the ground or into the fire. He would not even take time to have a fire mended in the usual way. When it burned low, he stamped on it with his feet. This bad habit cost him many pairs of boots and shoes. He could brook no opposition or contradiction in argument. The attempt to shew that he was wrong in anything he had done, threw him into a rage. He closed all remonstrance with *Je le veux* (I will it). That was his favourite phrase. Madame de Remusat says that, 'when the Emperor uttered that irrevocable *Je le veux*, the words echoed through the whole palace.' What he did or said was right, and it would have been at their peril for any one to object. With a temper so imperious, he held all about him in awe. Josephine had serious grounds for complaining of his depravities, but she could only remonstrate with her tears.

Bonaparte's treatment of his wife was indeed truly scandalous. As has been seen, when he was poor and comparatively unknown, she so successfully exerted her interest that he was employed to take the command of the Army of Italy, which was the beginning of his good fortune. As a young and beautiful widow, with two children, and moving in the first circles, she married him. In every point of view, he owed her a debt of gratitude. How mortifying then, to find by conclusive proofs, as narrated by Madame de Remusat, that she had to complain of his misconduct, and to have her remonstrative tears answered with bursts of rage and the eternal *Je le veux*. Had Josephine not been a singularly amiable being, there must have been a domestic explosion, greatly to the discredit of Bonaparte.

Madame de Remusat's description of Josephine and her struggles to endure and hide Bonaparte's indignities is, we think, the most interesting part of the two volumes. Some of the passages are very touching. Bonaparte appears to have had a contempt for women. He viewed them as a kind of inferior animals, not worth reasoning with. Paint, lace, jewellery, and fine dresses would be sufficient to keep them in good-humour. It is to be owned that Josephine's intellect was not of a high order. Madame de Remusat says she was frivolous, and never took up a book or a pen; but 'she was aware of her deficiencies, and never made blunders in conversation. . . . She was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty, rather than by the influence of certain virtues. . . . She feared him, and allowed him to dictate to her in everything.' When Josephine became Empress, her extravagance in dress and

other outlays went beyond all bounds. 'She had a personal allowance of six hundred thousand francs, and every year she was deeply in debt.' She was the ready prey of tradespeople. 'Diamonds, jewellery, shawls, stuffs, and finery of every kind were continually being brought to her; she bought everything, never asking the price, and for the most part forgetting what she had purchased.' Her dress was magnificent. She changed every article three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. . . . She possessed from three to four hundred shawls; she sometimes had them made into gowns, or bed-quilts, or cushions for her dogs. I have known her give eight, ten, or twelve thousand francs for a shawl.' A thousand francs are equal to forty pounds; a twelve thousand franc shawl would therefore cost four hundred and eighty pounds. Though extravagant, she was exceedingly tasteful in all she wore. She studied her appearance to the minutest particular, and so far she was right. Some ladies by thinking only of fashion spoil their figure, and render themselves ridiculous. Bonaparte used to observe that 'Josephine was grace personified.' Madame de Remusat says that her love of dress never passed away. It survived her divorce and retirement from public life. 'She breathed her last sigh attired in pink satin, with ribbons of the same colour.'

Josephine laboured under the misfortune of having no children to Bonaparte. Here was a source of frequent bickering. Dispeace on this score was aggravated by the envy and jealousies of Bonaparte's brothers and sisters, more particularly of his brother Louis, who was married to Hortense, Josephine's daughter, and of Madame Murat, one of his sisters. Having no family of his own, Bonaparte looked upon the infant Napoleon, son of Louis, as his natural heir. He was quite entitled to do so if he thought proper; but Louis complained that he was passed over; and other members of the clan Bonaparte were equally indignant. In fact, as we learn from the present work, Bonaparte was tortured by his brothers and sisters. He had been the making of every one of them. They would never have been heard of but for him. After becoming Emperor, he, in the plenitude of his power, made some of them kings. But nothing satisfied them. They were all squabbling about what should fall to their share. Louis openly threatened that if he was passed over in favour of his son, he would quit France, and push on for himself. One almost pities Bonaparte. He remarked, that if he had to begin over again, he would dismiss his brothers and sisters on some pecuniary allowance, and give himself no further trouble about them. In these views, men who happen to have promoted the fortunes of brothers and their descendants, and got no thanks but rather ill-usage for their pains, will doubtless sympathise.

Disconcerted at having no children, but trustful that a suitable heir would cast up, Bonaparte suggested to his Council of State that he should be asked to be raised from the life Consulship to be hereditary Emperor. This was accomplished in 1804. In his own account of the affair, he left out any reference to the suggestions to the Council. He said: 'I found the crown of France in the dirt, and picked it up with the point of my sword.'

Madame de Remusat describes the magnificent display at the coronation. To this assumption of Imperialism the people at large made no objection. They were so much afraid that the Republic might revert to a state of Anarchy and Terror, that they gladly consented to a Despotism, which, though reducing them to the condition of slaves, at least kept their heads on their shoulders. Anything not to bring back the guillotine! Then, was superadded the pleasure of military glory with a series of conquests which laid nation after nation at the feet of France. There arose intoxicating visions of Paris becoming the metropolis of the whole earth, and of all the Kings, Princes, Electors, and what not coming to bow down before the great Emperor at the Tuileries. Such were the brilliant expectations formed in France from 1806 to 1809.

When the court was at Fontainebleau in 1807, hunting took place on certain fixed days. Each lady who attended was required to wear a peculiar costume, and in making her selection she was assisted by Leroy, the famous costumier. This afforded Josephine a fresh opportunity for exhibiting her taste. She wore a dress of 'amaranth velvet embroidered with gold, with a *toque* also embroidered in gold, and a plume of white feathers. All the ladies-in-waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense (wife of Louis Bonaparte) chose blue and silver; Madame Murat, pink and silver; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or short *redingote*, in velvet, worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress, and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor wore a green coat, with gold or silver lace.' The display on setting out on horseback for the chase through the glades of the forest was picturesque and magnificent. About this time, Bonaparte took a fancy for driving a *calèche*; but he drove badly, being too impetuous. In attempting to drive a four-in-hand, he turned awkwardly through a gateway and upset the vehicle. He escaped with a sprained wrist, and fortunately no other persons were injured.

At the summit of his glory, after the victories of Austerlitz and Jena, Bonaparte, without being aware of the fact, entered on his downward career. His first and most prodigious mistake was issuing Decrees designed to ruin England, by excluding British merchandise from all continental ports. This fatal step, from one thing to another, led to his final overthrow; for it was a quarrel on this point that produced the Russian campaign, after which the descent was marked and disastrous. Another of his errors which produced painful emotions in France was his divorce of Josephine. On this latter subject, Madame de Remusat has a good deal to say. She tells us that for several years the project of a divorce had been talked over at court. Bonaparte, in as delicate a way as possible, had occasionally hinted of such a measure to his wife, always dwelling on the importance of his leaving a direct heir to the throne. With all her weakness of character, Josephine shewed considerable tact in meeting his observations. She did not try to argue with him. In a calm and dignified tone, 'she assured him that she would obey his orders, but that she would never anticipate them.' The meaning of this was, that she might be turned out of doors, but would not go

of her own accord. She was his wife, and had in all cases done her duty.

In private conversations, Madame de Remusat, as her oldest and confidential Lady-in-Waiting, assured the Empress that she would loyally follow her in her exile from court; and she did so. The decree of divorce was issued by the Senate 16th December 1809. M. de Remusat retained his official position at the court. We are not furnished with any particulars of the transaction. No doubt, there were many tears, on quitting the Tuileries, and taking up her residence at Malmaison. For his pushing forward the divorce precisely at this time, Napoleon had a sufficient reason. He had been victorious over the Austrians at Wagram, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, was ready to become Empress. The marriage took place April 1, 1810. We do not hear that Josephine repined in her forced retirement. She corresponded with the Emperor, rejoiced in his successes, mourned his misfortunes, and with a good state allowance, was ever treated as an Empress. When Bonaparte was exiled to Elba in 1814, she, like a faithful and forgiving wife, begged to be allowed to accompany him—his second wife with her infant son having already returned to Vienna. The request was not granted by the allies. Josephine died shortly afterwards, near Evreux, 29th May 1814.

With all his rudeness of manner and coarse habits, Bonaparte is admitted by Madame de Remusat to have been a man of commanding intellect. What he did for France ought not to be forgotten. He stamped out the Revolutionary frenzy, and established social order. He arrested the progress towards barbarism, by reintroducing education and religious worship, and giving encouragement to science and art. He abolished the absurd Revolutionary calendar, and re-instituted the calendar dating from the Christian era. For a chaos of ancient and unintelligible laws, he gave the country the Civil and Criminal Code, which is now in use in some other continental nations besides France. This is considered his greatest work. It has survived the disappearance of his dynasty. His attempt to secure a direct heir to his name and power by the divorcing of Josephine, proved a failure. The son of Marie Louise, who was taken to Austria by his mother, died young. The tomb of this blameless youth, the abortively designate Napoleon II., may be seen in the form of a metal sarcophagus, in the imperial burial-vault at Vienna. How the son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense assumed the government of France as Napoleon III., and how he lost it and died in exile in England, need not be told. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to his son, the unfortunate Prince Imperial, the best, as it seems to us, of his race, and whose sad fate, in being killed by savages, has been universally lamented.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the death of the Prince Imperial did not blot out the lineage of his great-grandmother, Josephine. Her son, Eugene de Beauharnais, an estimable man and brave soldier, who pursued an adventurous career under his step-father, Bonaparte, died in 1824, leaving several daughters, who were married to royal personages, and whose descendants still survive. The amiable and beauteous Josephine is

now represented in blood-relationship in various courts of Europe.

What a romance in real life, and within living memory, was the whole of that strange affair of Bonaparte and Josephine! The wonder is that it has not formed the subject of an historical drama in the manner of Corneille or Shakspeare.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XX.—HISTORY.

'Does dog eat dog in your part of the country?'

A VOICE had sounded in half-conscious ears for such ages of time, that when it broke upon the light slumbers of receding fever, it seemed altogether familiar. Yet the room in which the half-awakened man found himself was strange to him. The walls were whitewashed, and hung with cheap prints of Scripture subjects. From one of the rafters in the low ceiling hung a dried and withered scrap of mistletoe, and bits of dead holly were stuck about the pictures on the wall. It was night-time, and there was a red flicker of fire-light on the walls and roof, on which these objects reeled before his eyes. An eight-day clock ticked with slow remorseless monitory sound behind him. The voice talked on, and the sick man still half-drowsing, listened to it with a dim sense of wonder. Whose was the voice, and where had he heard it before? It had no associations for him. Yes; it asked him to drink long since, and came with the hands that smoothed his pillow, an hour or a year ago—which was it?—calling him 'Poor creature' with a pitiful accent. Another voice broke in, gull and bas-oon-like, and the sick man became broad awake. There were two people seated at the fireside before him, a man and a woman. The man's body was turned to him; but he could see the woman's face. A good face and a kindly, with a widow's cap round it, and smooth bands of gray hair below the white border. She was looking at the fire whilst her companion spoke. The man's accent was quaint, and here and there the listener lost a word, but the meaning was plain enough.

'The poor creature,' said the man, 'might ha' done summat wrong for aught as we knowin'; an' if he's a-runnin' away from the police, it wouldn't be a nice thing for we to gi'e him up, do yo see?'

'I can't help thinkin', Robert,' said the woman, with her eyes upon the fire, 'as we ought to tell 'em as he's here. Becos you see, if his poor mother misses him—think o' that! What should I do, if yo was to goo a-wanderin' about the country, as he's a-doin', poor thing?'

'Yis,' returned the man; 'that's right enough. But s'posin' as I was to goo an' fatch the parson, an' let him see him, now he's gettin' better. Yo see, mother, it cen't our business to gi'e folks up to the police, specially when they've been a-lyin' in our house for three we'ks at a time. It wouldn't seem fair, like.'

'P'raps it'll be better to fatch the parson to him, as yo savin', Robert,' the woman returned. 'An' p'raps it'll be better to wait a day or two till he gits a bit stronger.'

'He een't well yit,' said the man, rising as he spoke and crossing over to the bed. The patient

closed his eyes and feigned sleep. His heart beat wildly. It was impossible that he should submit to the benevolent plot these people were laying for his welfare. But was it possible that he could escape? Could he muster strength enough to walk, before the day or two's respite the woman proposed had expired? For he knew that he was terribly weak, and that he had been a long time ill. The resolve grew up desperately in his heart, and he said within himself that he *would* be strong enough to escape, and that, whether he lived or died, he would take the first chance of flight.

The man bent above him and listened to the breathing of the patient. The patient knowing this, controlled himself, breathing regularly and softly.

'He's havin' a nice sleep,' said the gruff voice. 'Yo go to bed, mother, an' I'll sit up w' him for an hour or two, an' see if he wants anythin.'

The mother kissed her son and bade him good-night. The patient heard her ascend the uncarpeted stair, and listened to her feet as they went to and fro in the room above until silence came again, broken only by the ticking of the clock, the occasional noise of ashes falling from the fire, and the shuffle of the watcher's heavy boots. After a dreary time the clock began a faint and dismal gurgie, indicative of a sleepy desire to strike the hour. This passed away, and came again, and passed away again, and at last the clock wheezed and tinkled eleven. The watcher arose and went out at the door, returning almost immediately with a great lump of coal, which he placed upon the fire. Having banked this all around with ashes, he made fast the door, took off his boots, and went silently up-stairs, pausing on the first stair to look back at his patient, and then closing the stair-door behind him.

The sick man lay in almost breathless silence and listened until the last movement in the house was still. Then with great pain and difficulty, he dragged himself into a sitting posture. Once as he struggled, the bed creaked loudly, and he lay down again, and made shift to pull the clothes about him, fearful lest his attempt should be discovered. He lay there sweating and panting for a while, and the clock behind ticked threats at him. The room was dark, and the shadowy corners held vague terrors. Suddenly a great tongue of flame darted through the bank of ashes, and made those recesses visible. Some of the ashes dropped into the fender, and the sudden noise sent another pang of fear to his heart. The flame broadened, and a ruddy glow played hide-and-seek with the shadows. The glow gathered strength, and the shadows faded until the room was light enough to read in. With painful slowness the sick man wrestled himself out of bed, and walked tottering to where a few rough garments lay thrown across a chair. They were a heavy burden to him as he went back to the bed. One by one, with great difficulty he put on these garments, pausing often to rest meanwhile, and panting heavily. Suddenly he looked at his hands, as if for the first time missing something. Searching the pockets of the rough clothes he had assumed, he found wrapped in paper several rings, which glistened in the firelight. One of these he kissed passionately, whilst tears chased each other down his face. After a pause he put them back again, and drew from another pocket a watch and chain and a purse.

For some time he regarded these thoughtfully, then returning the purse to his pocket, he took out a pocket-book, and wrote in it by the firelight, in a hand as shaky as that of Guy Fawkes after the rack, these words: 'Thank you. Keep this for your trouble.' He tore the leaf from the book, and laying it on the table, placed the watch and chain upon it. As he tottered back towards the bed, the flame which had hitherto lighted him shrank suddenly, and in the darkness he lurched against a chair, which jarred and scraped along the quarried floor. He listened for a full minute in an agony of apprehension; but no other sound following, he went feeling his way with his feet inch by inch along the floor until he found the bed again. All this time bodily pains racked him until he could have cried aloud. The flame rose again, and once more the little room was filled with broad light. He made search for hat and boots, and after some little trouble, found those belonging to himself. Boots in hand he made for the door, carefully and quietly loosed the primitive fastening, and in another moment was out in the night. A distant church clock chimed the half-hour as the first cool breath of the open touched his forehead. He pulled the door close again, fixed the hasp, drew on his boots, and stole cautiously away. Every movement cost him an inexpressible pang; but he went doggedly on, not caring whither, so that the road led him from discovery. The full moon hung pale and watery amongst ragged clouds, and lent a faint light to his steps. All the low-lying sky to east and west and north and south was aglow with the colour of molten metal, and he was belted round with fires that leaped with flickering tongues towards that sullen and lurid heaven. As he dragged his miserable body along, memory was busy with him; though how he had come to the house in which he had found himself but a few hours ago, and who were the people who had nursed him in his illness, he neither knew nor cared. His bodily pains gave his mind no ease, now that memory was once more awakened; but his heart was moved to pity for his father and his lover rather than for himself; for he said, sitting in judgment upon himself, that these things which he endured were for him but a slight penalty. And so, in agony of body and grief of heart and remorse of soul unspeakable, he went his way.

It was an hour after midnight when he paused before a pair of great gates of iron, and glancing through the bars, beheld a scene which looked as though it were translated clean from Pandemonium. In the glow of great fires, beneath low-pitched sheds open on all sides to the night, half-naked men toiled in the swink and sweat of a labour the like of which he had never seen. In the dusky light and half-opaque yet gleaming shadow of the place, the bare bodies shone like red-hot bronze. Out of one of the furnaces was drawn an enormous 'bloom,' which cast an almost insupportable light and heat to where he stood; and this being swung beneath a Nasmyth hammer, the ponderous weight crashed down upon it, and drove myriads of sparkles into the night. 'What a picture!' thought the wanderer outside, 'if one could only paint it;' and for just a minute he went free of sorrow, and thought of nothing but the sight before him. The air was warm, and comforting to his sore limbs. He was weaker than he

knew, and as he stood there he felt his knees fail him, and with his hands upon the bars of the gate he slid helplessly down. A little door in the projecting wall beside the gate opened, and a man came out.

'Hillo, mate!' said the man gruffly; 'what's the matter wi' yo?'

Frank turned his hollow eyes and his pale face upon him. 'Can I go inside and sit down a little?' he asked. 'I am very weak and tired.'

'Yo look it,' the man made answer, not unkindly. 'Why, yo am as cold's death. Here; let me get my arm under thee. Now then; come along.' He helped the wayfarer into a sort of rough office, where a fire blazed brightly upon the hearth, and set him in an arm-chair before it.

'What's the matter, mate?' he asked.

'I have been ill,' Frank made answer; 'and I—I have lost my way.'

'Which way are yo gooin'?' the man asked again.

'To Liverpool,' Frank made answer, faintly.

'All right,' said the man, poking the glowing fire with a rough bar of iron. 'There's one of our boats gooin' on as fur as 'Hampton i' the mornin', an' yo can get a lift on that.' He settled the wanderer in the chair much as he would have handled a child, and added: 'Now, yo go to sleep theer; an' when it's time to start, I'll come an' wake thee.'

Before the kindly forgerman had well gone, Frank was asleep. He slept until the gray light of morning crept through the dingy window of the office; and would have slept on still, but that the forgerman returned and shook him by the shoulder, saying that the boat was ready. He rose and followed his guide, who led him along a path paved with crackling sheet-iron, and lined on one side by furnaces, and on the other by cumbrous machinery. A sudden turn to the right brought them to a canal, where a boat, laden with iron bars, was ready to start upon its journey.

'Here he is, Jim!' shouted the forgerman to a rough-looking fellow on the far side of the canal. 'Jump down,' he added to Frank; 'they'm ready to goo.'

Frank drew a shilling from his pocket and offered it to the forgerman. The man drew back with an offended air.

'Does dog eat dog in your part of the country?' he asked.

'I beg your pardon,' Frank said meekly; 'I am very much obliged to you. Good-day.' He held out his hand without the shilling. The man shook hands with him surlily, watched him as he stumbled awkwardly and painfully into the boat, and turned away. The boatman called to the four sturdy horses, who stood with each his nose buried in a tin of provender suspended from his head-gear. Frank sat upon the roof of the cabin; and the boat glided through the vile water, past wharfs piled high with coal in solid squares—past fleets of boats laden with coal and bricks and timber, and iron in every form, and harmless uncharged shells awaiting the order for the arsenal—past furnaces whose roar made the air tremulous, and huge steam-hammers, the noise of whose falling came with a shock upon the air like the discharge of siege-artillery—then past great spaces of waste land with dismal pools of weedy water festering in them, and here and there

a dejected leafless tree, whose barren branches drooping seemed to mourn their own decay—past long lines of chimney-stacks, whose volleying clouds insulted and obscured the heavens—past the clanking noise and rancid steam of colliery engines; and all the while, as the foul water gurgled at the bows, and slipped greasily along the side of the boat, the watcher saw these things, and did not see them, for his mournful self-accusing thoughts were far away. As he sat thus, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning round, he saw a pleasant-looking brown-faced woman, who proffered him a cup of tea.

'It'll do you good, master,' she said kindly; 'an' I've put a drop o' whisky in it, as'll warm thee up a bit.'

He took it gratefully; and the woman nodding at him with a cheerful smile, went back over the roof of the cabin and into her small house below. The tea was a mere excuse for hot grog, as Frank discovered on tasting it. But it sent warmth through his starven frame and comforted him. He set the cup down after emptying it, and sleep came upon him again. When he awoke, he found himself snug and warm beneath a blanket and a heavy tarpaulin. He heard the rain pattering without upon it, and lay still. 'If these people knew,' he thought, scarcely daring to give his terrible reflection even a mental form, 'that they were harbouring a highway robber and a murderer, how they would shrink from me!'

But my reader will know that these thoughts were always with him in his wanderings, and I will not weaken my story by driving repetition into the region of commonplaces. It is enough to know that such a man had fallen to such a crime. Every instinct in him revolted from himself, and stood there in passionate hatred and detestation of his crime. Every fibre of his soul thrilled with intense desire after an impossible revolution. When the Psalmist cries, 'The pains of hell got hold upon me,' be sure that the pangs which racked him were the bitter fruit of his own remorse. In the one hell which mercy has made possible for the human soul, the criminal lives in companionship with his own crime, and loathes it with an inexpressible loathing.

Wolverhampton was reached at last, and Frank's offer of payment was again rebuffed. He bade those who had entertained him good-bye, and crawled up the wharf into a dirty and narrow street in the rear. Along this he walked feebly, and found by-and-by a strange object at his side keeping pace with him. It was a man apparently about fifty years of age, bent and gnarled and grizzled almost out of human seeming. A black patch obscured his left eye, his hands were yellow and claw-like and dirty, his clothes were a heterogeneous jumble. Half a sack with three holes in it—one for the head and one for each arm—served as a coat. The sleeves had served a broadcloth garment once, and in the breaches of their shaky junction with the sacking shewed the man's bare skin: His feet were shoeless, but wrapped in fold on fold of rags, so that his steps fell noiselessly on the muddy pathway. Torn corduroy trousers much too large for him, and a silk hat which would better have become a dunghill than a human head, completed his attire. A bristly beard and moustache of dirty white stood in uncompromising straightness from lip and cheek.

and chin, a full inch long, without the symptom of a curl.

'On the road, young man?' said this apparition. 'So am I. You don't seem to get along in a very lively way.—No answer? Well, companion, you may be a swell in your own line, and you may be as lofty as you like with me. I'm used to meeting lofty people. I was lofty myself once. Got a bit o' bacca?—No? Then I shall be compelled to use my own. Have a pipe?—No again? Neither civility nor conversation. Perhaps you're a decent working-man, and don't care to be seen walking with a scarecrow. All right. Wait till we come to the end of the road, and I'll relieve you. But I'm fond of society; I always was. Society has been my ruin, I do assure you. I'm a monument erected by Providence to warn the whole human species against the wiles of their brothers and sisters. That's what's the matter with me, I do assure you.'

Frank stopped short. The man's insolent flippancy was intolerable to him.

'Choose your way,' he said with some faint reflection of his old manner, 'and I will choose another.'

'A gentleman!' cried the creature with a grating laugh. 'Buono giorno, eccellenza! A swell, and nothing short of it. Au plaisir, monseigneur. I was a swell myself once, but it's so long ago that I'm almost ashamed of the remembrance. Not quite ashamed, you know, because I'm hardened. Yes, my friend, I'm hardened—quite hardened I do assure you.'

'Oblige me by choosing your way,' Frank answered. The old man leered up at him, laughing, filling his pipe meanwhile. Frank resumed his walk, not looking behind him. He came into a more populous street after a time, and looked about him for some suitable place of refreshment into which he could venture without exciting surprise by his attire. He saw at length a cook-shop which seemed to belong to a rather better class than he had hoped to find in such a neighbourhood, and entering, sat down at an unclothed wooden table. A slipshod slatternly girl appeared before him and asked what he wanted. He ordered food; and she went away, returning by-and-by with a woman, who repeated the girl's inquiry.

'You don't look none of the most respectable,' said the woman, glancing at him scornfully. 'I should like to see the colour o' your money first.'

Frank drew out his purse, thinking he would have to change gold some time, and that he might as well change it here as elsewhere. What was to become of him when his slender store of money was gone, was a question which had not yet occurred to him. He drew a sovereign from his purse, and handed it to the woman, who bit it and rang it on the table, and then handed it to the girl, bidding her go for change. With an altered manner, she proceeded to lay a cloth upon the table, and after a time brought in a mutton chop and a cup of tea. These Frank despatched; and feeling a little stronger, took his change, and went away again. He made no inquiries as to the road, but took that which lay before him. The day cleared as it grew older, and by noon the air felt warm and pleasant. He had often to rest by the wayside, and was so weak that he had not

made more than four miles when night began to fall. The lamps were already alight in the town he came to; and he felt more desolate and alone than ever as he entered the uninviting streets. A grating voice rose from near his elbow, and looking down, he saw the man who had addressed him in the morning.

'Well, my gay companion,' said the intrusive tramp, speaking past a short black pipe which he held between his teeth, 'how do you find yourself now? I can't say you're the best pedestrian I ever met with in my life. It's my belief, sir, that Captain Barclay would have beaten you off your legs. Where are you going to? Don't know the town, I'll bet a tanner. This is the town of Bilston, my eminent stroller; and I am a welcome and a well-known lodger at the best crib in the place. Come along; capital accommodation. The beds are threepence, and clean, for a wonder. Cooking gratis; but you do your own; and they won't keep me waiting for the frying pan. This turning—third door to the right.' Saying this, he took Frank by the sleeve, and led him into a dismal entry, and through an open door into a large quarried kitchen, where two or three people sat talking round a great fire.

'Sit down there,' he said, in an undertone, forcing Frank to a seat on a bench. 'Nobody will notice you.—Hallo, mother! Got a couple of nice beds for two gentlemen-wanderers, eh?'

Frank was too weary and exhausted to resist, and was almost too weak to have a will in the matter at all. Why, he thought, should one place seem worse or better than another, now? After a little space of time, during which the man had bargained with the mistress of the place, and Frank had almost fallen asleep, he felt himself pulled gently by the sleeve. His unwelcome comrade whispered to him: 'I've paid for the beds, companion, and I'm cleaned out. Just lend me a shilling, and I'll get some grub, and make tea for both of us.'

Frank gave the man a shilling, inwardly resolving that he would take train to somewhere next day, and escape this fellow. The tramp went out; and returned with an ounce of tea and two ounces of sugar wrapped in separate screws of paper, a halfpennyworth of milk in a cracked and discoloured half-gallon jug, a loaf, and a rasher of bacon in a scrap of newspaper. Of the banquet prepared from these materials, Frank declined to partake, and the man in the sack made unto himself a plenteous feast. As the evening waned, the society in the kitchen thickened. Had Frank been less miserably circumstanced, the people amongst whom he sat would have been full of picturesque interest for him; but he only felt now the shame of mingling with them, and the deserved wretchedness of his own lot. He drowed often in the course of the evening, and lost his surroundings and himself. He was awakened at last by the mistress of the place, who handed him a diminutive scrap of candle, which adhered by its own grease to a shard which had once been part of a willow-patterned plate. The old man led him up-stairs and pointed to his bed. It was one of a dozen in a large low-roofed barrack-like apartment. The thought of undressing in such a den was repugnant to every nerve in him. He drew off his boots, and lay down in the rough clothes he wore, and fell into the dreamless sleep of pure

fatigue. When he awoke in the morning he was alone; and he left the house without speaking to any one, and took the way once more. Two or three hours later, he discovered that his purse was gone, and that his whole stock of money was represented by twenty-two shillings in silver.

THE VERNE CITADEL.

THE national song which complimentarily tells us that 'Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep—her march is o'er the mountain waves, her home is on the deep,' will require some modification. At this moment there is preparing a formidable bulwark, defiant of everything, on the south coast of England. It is a fortress or citadel of considerable dimensions, crowning the summit of a height in the small island of Portland on the coast of Dorsetshire. The height or hill is known as the Verne. In front of it are a breakwater and harbour, of which the fortress is designed to be the defence. So here, as may be said, are preparations on a considerable scale for any attempted hostility.

A stranger taking a trip westward from the Isle of Wight would be surprised at Verne Citadel, as it is called. Perhaps the most remarkable features of this stronghold are the enormous bomb-proof barracks, which are arranged to accommodate a war garrison of no fewer than ten thousand men. The barracks consist of large arched casemates or rooms, approached from the parade-ground—round two sides of which they stand—by doors, and are lighted by immense fan-lights. Doors also lead into a long corridor running at the back; and as each room is fitted with two fireplaces, by putting up a central partition, two separate and commodious apartments can thus be obtained. The whole range is completely protected from the effect of bomb-shells by roofs of enormous thickness, constructed in the following ingenious manner: The arched roofs immediately covering the barrack-rooms are four feet thick of solid brickwork; above this two feet of concrete, which is again protected by a stratum of one foot of asphalt. Over this is a layer of one foot thick of shingles; and above all a depth of eight feet thick of solid earth, covered with neatly trimmed green turf. The magazines are roofed in the same manner—whilst the walls are of enormous thickness.

These buildings are nowhere visible from the outside, and therefore can only be assailed by vertical fire, from which, as we have shewn, they are completely protected. Damp is guarded against by raising the floors of the chambers several feet above the rocky ground, by which means ample storage-room is obtained; and water is now laid on to almost all parts of the fortress from a spot about two miles to the south of the Verne, where a pumping-engine has been erected, and the water conveyed, by underground pipes, into several immense tanks in the citadel, each said to hold sixty thousand gallons. But besides this, there is

another vast tank cut in the rock beneath the parade-ground, and stated to be eighty feet long by fifty-six feet wide, and eighty feet deep, intended as a reserve, and only to be used in the event of a siege. Smaller tanks are also provided for rain-water; and the whole are shot-proof. Whilst a gymnasium, racket-court, and bowling-alley have been provided for the healthy, the sick have been carefully remembered in the erection of a bomb-proof hospital for five hundred patients, with medical quarters and stores adjoining. In short, almost everything that care and forethought can suggest has been done to render the interior arrangements of this fine citadel as nearly perfect as possible; four of the great necessities of life—namely, light, water, air, and drainage—having been specially cared for.

As the east and north-east faces of the citadel look out over the Roads and Harbour from the top of the perpendicular cliffs, they are to a great extent protected by nature; but on the south-west side the Verne Hill falls abruptly, leaving a kind of long narrow valley, leading direct downwards to the West Bay, just above the village of Fortune's Well. To guard against a landing or assault on this side, a magnificent fort of thirty-six guns has been erected, which completely commands these slopes and the West Bay beyond. Besides this formidable battery, an ingeniously constructed stone parapet-wall runs along the summit of the cliffs, which is loopholed above and below; so that a constant fire of rifles could be kept up in every direction over the sloping ground of the East Weir, immediately below, right on to the decks of any ships within range, whilst the riflemen would be protected from all but vertical fire.

The outside defences of this extensive fortress consist first of an enormous ditch, or artificial ravine, said to be the largest defensive work of the kind ever undertaken, being from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet deep, according to the irregularities of the ground above—for the bottom is one dead level throughout—with an average width of one hundred feet, and perpendicular scarp and counterscarp.

A somewhat curious geological fact may be here stated—namely, that in cutting this great fosse, at regular intervals of about thirty yards, commencing twenty feet below the surface, a series of vertical fissures or 'faults' about two feet wide, were discovered. These are supposed to penetrate to the lowest substrata of the island, and to traverse it completely from north to south. In these curious clefts, human bones, with those of wild-boars and the bones and horns of reindeer, have been found, *not fossilised*. Besides these, the bones of saurians, sharks' teeth, shells now only found in Asia, large ammonites of stone and copper, and even gold coins, British weapons, and Roman pottery, were brought to light. These long gaps have all been carefully filled in with solid masonry, so as to render the walls of the ditch smooth and even throughout.

This great fosse nearly surrounds the citadel, except on its north and east faces, where the inaccessible cliffs before referred to are quite defence enough; but on the south and south-west, towards the land, it protects the fortress, by completely surrounding it on those two sides. Two

small entrances from the floor of the great ditch lead upwards on to the parade-ground, one from the west side, the other from the East Weir outworks. This latter reaches the ditch by a subterranean gallery, directly connecting it with those outworks. In each case the parade-ground is gained by long steep narrow ways cut in the rock, which are loopholed on all sides for rifles. Besides being loopholed for rifles, three small batteries of four or five guns each defend the interior of this mighty fosse, every part of which is thus completely commanded.

On the rocky sloping ground below the cliffs, called the East Weir, outworks, consisting of a series of open batteries, have been erected at different elevations of one hundred feet and upwards on the eastern side facing the Roads, but to the south, or outside the Breakwater. These batteries, five in number, are beautifully constructed of earth and stone, and carry from three to seven rifled guns each, whose long range would cover the approaches to the Breakwater and Harbour from the Channel.

The great Verne Citadel with its outworks—if all proposed are ever built—will constitute the whole of the defences of the harbour of refuge and Breakwater, at least as far as the isle is concerned; but the Breakwater itself is fortified by a small circular battery of five guns on its shorter arm which runs out from the shore; whilst an immense round fort has been reared at the outer termination of its longer arm, on a vast foundation, consisting of a hundred and forty thousand tons of rubble stone, 'dropped' from a staging into the sea, which is here twelve or thirteen fathoms deep. It is expected that the works here will greatly add to the defensive character of the place. The design is that every part of the harbour of refuge, as well as Weymouth Bay itself, would be commanded by guns on all points, and their cross-fire would render the position of hostile vessels inside the Breakwater quite untenable, always supposing the—very questionable—probability of such vessels getting there at all, by managing to run the gantlet of the East Weir batteries, the Verne Citadel, and the Breakwater forts, the fire, in fact, of something like eighty heavy rifled guns at almost point-blank range—a very doubtful possibility indeed.

Portland Isle, from its peculiar situation midway up the English Channel, and nearly opposite to Cherbourg, is becoming in the eyes of military engineers a place of much strategical importance. It is believed that when the whole of the grand works are completed around the great Verne Citadel, and on and off the island, for the defence of the harbour of refuge and the naval dépôt of Portland, we may point to this 'New Gibraltar' as a fortress practically impregnable. Whether eventualities absolutely warrant these elaborate and costly defences, or whether defences anywhere of a fixed nature are desirable, are questions we would rather not go into. We remember the time when enormous sums were lavished in building martello towers along the coast of England and Scotland, which have proved utterly valueless; and this suggests by no means pleasant reflections concerning the stupendous affair at Portland. It strikes us, in a common-sense point of view, that if ever a hostile

invasion is attempted on the coast of Great Britain, it will not be where there are towns, guns, or citadels, but in wholly defenceless situations, where a landing could be effected.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VII.

DURING the two following days I did not move abroad at all; truth to say, I was afraid to do so. I had several conversations with the Major about the advisability of calling in the aid of the local authorities; but he was very strongly opposed to this measure. He had pushed his investigations in the neighbourhood to some purpose, and he only wanted time to bring them to a successful termination. Police interference would spoil all. This view of things brought very little satisfaction to me in my present condition; but he advocated it so stoutly that, though puzzled, I felt compelled to give in.

The Major's habits were very peculiar. During the day, he would move about the place with all the bearing of a distinguished veteran in Her Majesty's service. When night came on, he, as true to the habits of barrack discipline, would retire early to his bedroom, which was situated in a wing of the castle. From his apartment, which was on the ground floor, a means of exit to the grounds was afforded by a private door, opening to a latchkey. The moment he had retired to his bedroom, the character and costume of Major would be laid aside, to be replaced by disguises of different kinds, as seemed most suitable for his purpose. The transformation effected, he would sally forth into the darkness; but whither he went or what he did, I knew not. From certain trampling upon the gravel-walk, which used to awake me from my uneasy slumbers at unconscionable hours, I came to the conclusion that he spent most of the night abroad. But his 'Bohemian' propensities stopped at that; and he always turned up for breakfast at nine o'clock with strict military precision, on the following morning.

The third day at length arrived, and found me still, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner in my own house. I did not neglect the revolver practice, as directed; indeed I had little else to occupy myself with. But much revolver practice is apt to become monotonous to most people; to me, situated as I was, it soon became absolutely disgusting. The fact is, my close confinement was gradually making me ill. I felt that I must venture out of doors, no matter at what risks. After all, it would make little difference whether I were slain on the open field, or met my death by slow degrees submitting to the horrors of a close siege. So, despite the warnings of Mr Carnegie and the gallant Major, I sallied out for a short stroll in the grounds, to breathe the fresh air that I needed so much. I had not forgotten to mount my coat of mail under my ordinary walking apparel; the Colt's revolver I held in my coat-pocket ready for use at a moment's notice; a brace of pistols I put away carefully in my breast-pocket, as a sort of reserve. My route was down a back avenue which ran parallel

to the wall of a kitchen-garden. Turning the corner of this wall, I came face to face with a man half-sitting, half-lying at the foot of a beech-tree. It was the strange tinker whom I had seen lying in O'Reilly's kitchen. The moment he saw me, he leaped to his feet; but I, holding the revolver to his head, told him calmly that if he moved another inch, or uttered a syllable till I gave him permission, I would shoot him like a dog. I feared he might have firearms himself, or armed accomplices not far off; but neither of these appearing, I ventured to cross-question him.

'Who are you?'

'I'm a tinker, sir—only a tinker, sir; that's all I am, sir, at all at all.'

'What's your business here?'

'O sir—I'm' [confusion]—'I'm lookin' fur a job of coorse, sir. The grove was a short-cut, sir; an' wid respect, I med bould to take it, sir. An' I jist sot down awhile at the fut of this here three, to rest meself like; so I did, yer honner.'

'Where do you belong to?'

'Shure sir, I don't belong to no place in partic'lar; but I go about wheriver I can get a job. The likes of me must make a shift to live whatever way we can. Ye see I'm no scholard, like yerself, yer honner, an' I have to rough it.'

'Still, you have managed to learn a new language since I saw you last—in O'Reilly's kitchen three days ago. You could speak nothing but Irish then.'

'Shure, yer honner, that was only business policy of mine. I niver spake Irish barrin' whin English wouldn't shoot; an' I could git twinty jobs in Irish fur the one I could git in English. An' I niver use the English talk barrin' whin I am spakin' to the quality. But Ireland fur the Irish, an' the Irish fur Ireland; an' shure yerself wouldn't spake agin that same.'

'Now, my fine fellow, the law only gives me the power to order you off the grounds this time; though you are here under very suspicious circumstances. But I may as well warn you—and your coadjutors as well—that if you are found within this demesne after this notice, without being able to give a better account of your business than you have just now dofe, I shall prosecute you with the utmost rigour of the law. So now be off; and thank your stars that you are able to do so with a sound carcass.'

'I'm aff this mortal minnit. Good-bye to yer honner; an' I hope that the next time we meet, we'll be able to come to a better undherstandin'.' So saying, the rascal disappeared through the trees. Under the circumstances, I did not feel inclined to continue my walk any farther; so, turning on my heel, I sought the friendly shelter of the castle without delay.

I met the Major at dinner, and mentioned the recent adventure to him. He heard the details of it with provoking coolness; only suggesting to me that such dangers might be avoided by keeping within doors. This would be only for a few days at most; for he flattered himself that he had discovered a clue. But what prevented that I should not be shot meanwhile? Where were the grounds for believing that it would come out all right in the end, when I was not sure that even a good beginning had been made in the business? I began to lose faith in the Major.

Dinner over, the Major retired unusually early,

to resume his masquerading rambles, and I was left alone. The post came in, bringing a number of letters, including one from my wife. The sight of it reminded me that I had not written to her except once since my arrival. But what news had I to give her except bad news? My silence, however, was not the only thing calculated to make her uneasy. Inclosed in the letter, I found a clipping from the *Times* newspaper of the same date, giving a short notice of the recent eviction, the threatening letter, and the hamstringing of the cattle. The letter itself was full of pathetic appeals to me to come back at once before I was massacred by those Westmeath savages. Had I lost my regard for a loving wife, or for her helpless infants? It was not proper for me to peril my life any longer; it was foolhardy; it was positively sinful. I had done my duty faithfully hitherto; and the Earl could not but accept my resignation under the circumstances. As for herself, her life depended upon mine. So the letter ran.

'Bother take those penny-a-liners! Nothing can escape them. What a state they have left that poor woman in, to be sure!' thought I. She had learned facts—hard facts! How was I to gloss them over to her?

I turned to the other letters. Amongst these I found one marked 'Immediate,' 'Most Important.' I opened it, and read as follows:

This is to warn you of your danger in regard of stoping in the countary any longer. I am a family man myself that gives you this Noties, for I hear as how you have a wife and children in England, and do not wish to draw down the curse of the Widow and Orphant on to my head, so wish to give you timely Warning of the same. No use to keep under cover no more, else Cassel Mahon will be Burnt over your Head. You were tryed, and Sentence of Death was brought in against you in a reglar sitting of the Lodge, and know that Eight (8) men was appointed to shoot you and the first man (1) failed in his purpose through his being a Stranger, and shot Mr Carnegie a good man's nephew which grives us all though no business to interfare in what did not concern him. I am Number Two (2) and a Residenter. So no mistake this time, for I am bound to shoot you or to be shot myself. And if I fall there is Six (6) more to follow suit. So make up your mind that you can't escape from me as I am an Old Hand at the Work and have put down a good many landlords in my time. There is spyas all round the house to watch your movements. Fly before it is too late.

(Signed) THE MAN THAT MUST SHOOT YOU.

Reader, put yourself in my place, and consider the proper course for me to pursue. Two threatening letters in succession—my cattle hamstrung—the evicted rascal threatening me to my face—my guest-friend murderously attacked at a few paces from my own door—the whole country impanelled to try me for my life—eight desperadoes bound by the most solemn oaths to take it—ruffians lurking about the house with murderous intent—my health failing—my poor wife and children—Reader, what course was open to me, but to accept the friendly warning, and flee? Before another sun should set, I was resolved to bring matters to a crisis—one way or another.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the following day, I was much more easy in my mind than hitherto, owing perhaps to the prospect of a speedy release from my present misery. Since the hamstringing affair, I had not ventured down to see the cattle; so, without apprising any one of my intentions, I ventured out about noon to inspect them. The time was very suitable, and I considered that there was less risk in the open country than in the castle grounds. I reached Scallan's meadows all right; inspected the bullocks; and was in the act of regaining the road by which I had come, when I heard the sound of loud voices not far off. A little farther along the same road was situated the shebeen or public-house which had been pointed out to me as a favourite resort of the Ribbonmen in general, and of the evicted Scallan in particular. It was from this public-house that the noises in question were issuing, as of persons engaged in angry altercation. It did not seem to be a common drunken brawl. What with the vehemence of angry threats, and the earnestness of pathetic expostulations, it seemed nothing less than an affair of life and death. Pausing in the act of stepping into the road, I stood still and listened.

'Get out of my house, I say. I'll have none of you murderin' work goin' on here. Settle yer scores outside; but I'm not goin' to loss my license for the downin' of a bailiff.'

'Och, for the love of mercy, Mr Connolly darlint, save me from thim. Don't throw me out to be massacred on the hard road. Don't, Mr Connolly, as you hope for hiven; fur they're bint on me life.'

'Among you be it. Whatever you'll get, you can't say but you brought it on yourself, wid your meddlin' ways. Out you go!'

'Merciful hivens, the dure shut in me face! But shure, bhoys, it's not goin' to kill me, yez are. Shure, yez are only goin' to give me a batin'. Isn't that all, bhoys?'

'Sorra a bit of it. We'll make an example of you that'll be heard of all through Ireland—so we will.'

'Oh, murder, murder, bhoys! It's not fair-play, two agin one.'

'Don't touch him, Joss; I'll be able fur the spalpeen meself. May I swing fur it, if I don't settle him—the owdacious evictor of widows and orphans.'

There was not a moment to lose. With revolver in hand, I leaped into the road and ran to the rescue. My bailiff was engaged in a mortal struggle with the rascal Scallan, and apparently getting the worst of it, if I could judge from his earnest appeals for mercy. The irrepressible tinker stood by looking calmly on, whilst his fellow-conspirator was wreaking a cruel vengeance. Nobody else was visible. Mr Connolly the inn-keeper did not care to interfere in political questions. The noise I made by leaping into the road, diverted the attention of Scallan so far as to make him let go hold of his victim. Nor was the latter slow to avail himself of the diversion, but fled towards me, till he got within shelter of the friendly revolver. Then he sank at my feet exhausted. As for Scallan and the tinker, they fell back at their ease, and, entering into the court-yard of the public-house, disappeared from view.

'Donnelly, my poor fellow, what's the meaning of this?' I exclaimed.

'Och sir, the holy saints—sent you, Mr Wharton—this blissed day—to save me life,' answered Donnelly, panting for breath. 'They wor goin', sir—to massacre me—in could blood—on the king's highway! They thought they had med shure of me—this time, so they did—but your revolver scared thim; so it did—the murderers!'

'Let us pursue the rascals. I suppose you have got your pistols, eh?'

'Och, shure, I forgot thim—left thim behind me in the house. An', jist whin I want thim, I haven't thim.'

'Well, here are my own. Be quick, or the fellows will escape.'

'Och, Mr Wharton, fur hiven's sake, don't ax to follow thim till we get help. Shure, you wouldn't be fur puttin' yer hand into the lion's mouth that way? If we dared to go down, we'd be champ'd to pieces, sir; fur the whole place is swarmin' wid Ribbonmin, so it is.'

'Well, let us go down to the police barracks at once; it isn't far off. Let us go down at once, I say, and put them in possession of the facts. It would be a positive crime to let those scoundrels escape.'

'No good, sir; they'll be in hidin' afore this, mebbe. They're ould hands at the work, Mr Wharton.'

'I observed them just now going quite leisurely into the public-house yard. If we let the police know at once, they will have a good chance of catching the rascals.'

'You may thry, sir; but I tell you, it's no use at all at all. As for meself, it's sick sore an' tired of the job I am, so I am. I'll go back home, an' not lave it till I lave it for good, wid respect to you, sir, an' no offince meant. An' shure, ye can't blame me, afther what ye seen wid yer own eyes the day.'

'My life is fully as precious as yours; but I am determined to have these ruffians brought to justice.'

'Let me lave the counthry clane work, Mr Wharton. Shure, three days ago, afore this happened, I was on for it; an' ye worn't for lettin' me, becase there was a chance of things mendin' like.'

'I am just as tired of the whole business as you are; but those fellows I must have; that I am determined upon, at all hazards. If nothing comes of it, I shall resign my post as agent, without subjecting you or myself to any further peril. God knows that I have suffered enough to kill twenty men, since this unfortunate eviction was made.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

FIFTH PAPER.

LEAVING Brighton, my memories transport me to a far-distant and different town, Hanley in the Potteries. While there with the circus, I made the acquaintance of Mr Taylor Ashworth, Chairman of the Board of Guardians; and during our conversation one day, the question of a treat for the paupers was discussed between us. Mr Ashworth was much pleased with my proposition, but

he added: 'Stoke Union is a good three miles away from here, and the great majority of the paupers are either too young or too old to walk that distance. How can you get over that?'

It certainly was a drawback; but after thinking the matter over, I said: 'If I can provide a sufficient number of vehicles to convey them both ways, I presume I have your consent to go on with my arrangement?'

'Certainly,' replied Mr Ashworth. 'And after the performance is over, I will find them all something to eat and drink before they return to Stoke.'

As there were about seven hundred inmates, men, women, and children, to be provided for, I had imposed upon myself no slight task; and it was necessary to set about it at once and briskly too. I commenced my quest with those gentlemen who, I thought, would most readily consent to lend me their vehicles, and once having a good list of promises, I got along famously, the charitable object in view pleading powerfully for me. It was not long, therefore, before I was in possession of promises for an ample supply of broughams, landaus, phaetons, gigs, and open traps of all kinds from all the leading gentry of the district; among others, from Mr Lichfield, Mayor of Newcastle, and Dr Hayes, physician to the Duke of Sutherland. In addition to those thus obtained from private sources, we had omnibuses, cars, and cabs from the various owners of such vehicles. In each case, definite instructions were given as to the precise time at which the driver was to be at the doors of the workhouse.

The day arrived. At the appointed hour, an immense array of vehicles of every description blocked the road for a considerable distance right and left of the entrance; and it caused some trouble to reduce them into starting order. It was arranged that the children should go first, and the adults follow. The rear of the procession was closed by myself, riding in state with an old lady who had never seen the outside of the workhouse for twelve years, and whom the matron had confided specially to my care. Arrived at Hanley, I shall never forget the unexpected reception which greeted our procession. The entire population had turned out to meet us; and the cheers that burst from the dense crowds, as each vehicle passed by with its load of their poorer brethren, were such as it did one good to hear. The old lady who rode with me was particularly moved by the stirring scene; so full indeed was her heart with childlike pleasure and emotion, that, finding no readier way of expressing her gratitude, she must needs insist upon embracing me in the most demonstrative manner, before a delighted multitude of cheering spectators! Each juvenile upon passing into the building was presented with an orange and a bun; each adult received a packet of tobacco or snuff. Respecting the entertainment itself, nothing need be said, except that the delight of the children and the old folks too was more than sufficient reward for all the trouble that had been taken.

After the performance was over, the entire body was marched into the town-hall, hand by hand, which had kindly been placed gratuitously at our disposal for the evening by the Mayor, Colonel Roden. Here the paupers found an abundant spread awaiting them: good rich cake and milk for the youngsters; bread and cheese and beer for

the old people—as much of each as they could eat or drink. For this glorious winding-up of their outing, the feasters were indebted to Mr Taylor Ashworth, who had displayed the greatest liberality and genial kindness of heart throughout. As the medley array of vehicles deposited the poor people once more at the workhouse gates, the day's treat was over. But the pleasant memories arising from it helped to cheer their sad and uneventful lot, and afforded to both young and old an unfailing topic of talk for months afterwards.

While at Hanley, I drove over to Trentham Hall, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, to ask his Lordship if he and the Duchess would honour our circus with a visit. With his usual condescension, the Duke received me very kindly; and in answer to my request informed me that they were expecting the Prince of Wales for a short visit in a few days' time; and not only promised that the Duchess and himself would attend, but stated that I might safely reckon upon the presence of his royal guest as well. This was indeed good news, and I returned elated with the successful result of my journey. Special arrangements were immediately commenced in order to do full honour to our august visitors. The decorations were overhauled, flags and banners placed in readiness, the 'Royal Box' prepared, and some very nice programmes printed in gold and blue and red upon a satin ground. Everything that we could do was done. The eventful day arrived; and in order to clench the undertaking that the Duke had made me, it was arranged that we should follow his Royal Highness to the Hall, and obtain a confirmation of the promise that had been given in his name. A pair of horses were harnessed to an open carriage, in which Mr Newsome and I drove to the station. Arrived there, we found hundreds of vehicles, whose occupants, hearing of the expected arrival of the Prince, had gathered together from the district for miles round, to see and welcome him. Mr Newsome alighted and passed into the station, in order to learn at the earliest possible moment that the Prince had actually arrived; thus enabling us to take our place early in the long file of vehicles which would follow on to the Hall. The train steamed into the station; our expected guest stepped from the saloon carriage in which he had travelled; ringing cheers greeted him, and were heartily acknowledged; and then we all scrambled into line, and followed as well as the crush of carriages would permit. Arrived at the Hall, a card was sent up at the earliest opportunity, and we waited patiently for the response. Should any of my readers consider that we were a little too brisk and pressing in this affair, I would submit that nothing pleases the leading members of our royal family so much as promptness and alacrity in the arrangement or management of all matters in which they are personally concerned. 'Business before pleasure' is with them a guiding maxim; and to find others business-like around them, materially lightens the burden of the large share of public duty they are always so willing to perform. An answer was shortly sent down to us. The Duke was sorry to have to inform us that a telegraphic message, announcing that something of a very painful nature had happened to a member of the royal family, had reached the Hall

shortly before the Prince's arrival, and necessitated his immediate return to town.

We came back to Hanley oppressed with this painful news, though unaware of its nature. But soon the tidings of the catastrophe flashed with lightning speed throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the entire nation heard with an indignant thrill of the dastardly attempt upon the life of our Sailor Prince, the Duke of Edinburgh, during the visit he had made to our fellow-subjects on the distant shores of Australia.

Lord Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, resides, or did reside, at the beautiful estate of Haigh Hall, near Wigan. In the year 1868, when we had been in the town of Wigan some eight or ten weeks, we heard that Ludovic, Lord Lindsay's eldest son, would shortly attain his majority; and the people of the district were in high hopes that the celebration of the event would take place at Haigh Hall. In due time intelligence came to hand that it had been decided to hold the festivities there, and that preparations for the event on an elaborate scale had already been commenced. The details of the arrangements were soon known in the neighbourhood. We learned that the festivities would be held on three successive days—one for the peasantry and poorer tenants, one for farmers and shopkeepers, and the grand day of all for the nobility and gentry who were invited to take part in the proceedings. Jennions, the well-known fashionable caterer of Manchester, were to find everything on the humors of guests, gentle and simple, with the one exception of butcher-meat; and this was forthcoming in unlimited quantities from the estate itself. Games of all kinds were provided; and illuminations, fireworks, and the various attractions and diversions appropriate to an occasion of this nature had been duly arranged.

We were also informed, among other items, that a former Lord Lindsay, a great lover of horse-racing, had constructed a capital racetrack in a part of the Park adjoining the Hall, well adapted for the purpose, and offering excellent positions for a large number of spectators. It at once occurred to me that if we obtained permission to hold an equestrian fête on the racetrack, it would furnish a very notable addition to the attractions already provided. Upon discussing this with Mr Newsome, the question arose, To whom should we apply? Lady Lindsay, we heard, had just arrived at the Hall, and we knew there was nothing like going to headquarters. But then we were fully aware that her Ladyship had given general instructions to the steward, and had left all arrangements in his hands. Now this same steward happened to be a frequent visitor to the *Victoria Hotel*, which being immediately opposite the circus, was a convenient house of call for myself and other members of the company. The steward being a most important man in these parts, and holding himself, as well as his office, in no slight esteem, looked down upon 'those circus people' with undisguised contempt—in other words, he snubbed us. Could we then expect much favour at his hands? We thought not, and decided not to give him the chance of refusing us. Putting a pair of spanking horses to the carriage, Mr Newsome and I started for the Hall, and requested the favour of an interview with Lady Lindsay. This being granted us, we preferred our request in

person, pointing out that we considered ourselves in a very good position to materially add to the attractions of the fête. Her Ladyship thanked us for our offered services; but regretted that, as the superintendence of everything had been left entirely to the steward, who had already made ample provision in the way of amusements, it would not be convenient for her, even if desirable, to interfere in any way with his arrangements. We hastened to assure her Ladyship that we did not presume to question the excellence or completeness of the steward's arrangements as far as they went. But it would be impossible for him to provide an entertainment at all approaching in character to what we could give, without incurring an outlay of two or three thousand pounds; whereas we, being on the spot with our entire company of picked performers and a numerous stud of trained horses, were well prepared to do justice to the occasion at a comparatively small cost. After further consideration, her Ladyship asked us what we could do for five hundred pounds; and together we sketched out a tempting programme, comprising flat races, hurdle-races, Roman-car races, hippodrome performances, and a host of novel equestrian feats. Her Ladyship seemed pleased with the projected entertainment, and ultimately engaged our services for the principal day of the coming festivities.

At the appointed time we repaired with the full strength of our company to Haigh Hall, where we were most kindly received by the hero of the day, the young nobleman who had just attained his majority. Accompanying him were the butler and the head-groom, to take instructions respecting the bestowal of ourselves and our horses, and our bounteous treatment during the day. In effect he said, after Hamlet, 'Will you see the rulers well bestowed?—Do you hear—let them be well used.' And certainly the young Master's injunctions were liberally observed; for while we ourselves were feasted upon the best of everything, our stud was also well stabled and cared for until the time for our departure came.

The day's sports passed off brilliantly—triumphantly, without a breakdown of any kind; and we had the satisfaction of being assured that our part of the proceedings was by no means the least appreciated by either host or guests. The Master owed to the unbounded pleasure he had experienced in witnessing our outdoor sports; and we afterwards received an autograph letter from Lady Lindsay, expressing the great satisfaction our performances had given her.

A curious practice had obtained in Wigan for some years, and its annual recurrence came round during our stay there. It was the custom of the entire population (or close upon it) to make a general holiday of one summer's day; and instead of spending their holiday and their money in their own town, all the good people cleared off by early morning train, lavishing their earnings at a distance, and returning to Wigan late in the evening, too late at all events to come to the circus.

My friend Mr Jonathan Hallam, landlord of *The Three Crowns*, in discussing the approaching festival with me, complained of the loss thus inflicted upon the trades people of the town; indeed it touched his pocket, and his interests and ours were thus identical.

I said to my friend: 'We must not let them go.' 'That's all very fine,' replied Mr Hallam. 'But how are you going to keep them here?'

'We must try what can be done,' I answered; adding after a little reflection: 'I suppose you have various benefit societies in the town—Odd-fellows and the like?'

'O dear, yes; any quantity of them. There are Odd-fellows and Foresters and Shepherds, and trade societies of all sorts. What about them?'

'I'll tell you, Mr Hallam. These societies must take it into their heads to make a grand "walking-day" of the coming holiday; a monster procession must be organised; and Mr Newsome must be asked to allow his company to join the procession with their horses and band; and then the town must be paraded with banners and flags and music; and I'll warrant you won't find many folks leave the town that day.'

Mr Hallam at once approved of the idea; and being a gentleman of considerable influence, and well known in the town, he set to work in the proper quarters to initiate the movement, and to make it public by means of advertisements and placards.

On the appointed day, the streets of Wigan began at an early hour to assume a decided holiday aspect; but it was at first uncertain whether the bulk of the pleasure-seekers were bent upon wandering forth, as in other years, to spend their holiday in other towns, or staying at home to witness the unwonted scene of the grand procession. But as the day wore on, a universal bustle was observable about the streets; men with a coloured rosette in their button-hole, or otherwise 'dressed in a little brief authority,' were hurrying to and fro, full of the importance of the occasion; while the rank and file of the different societies soon commenced to troop steadily from various parts of the town towards the spot at which the procession was to form into line. Then the crowds of holiday people began to throng the streets through which we were to march; and by the time fixed for the start, it was abundantly evident not only that Wigan had stayed at home to a man, but that hundreds, perhaps thousands of visitors had poured into the town from the whole neighbouring district. The procession started, and perambulated the thoroughfares as arranged beforehand, our company in full parade bringing up the rear, while our band enlivened the proceedings with music specially selected for the occasion. The town held high revel all the day; and when evening came, instead of finding ourselves without an audience, as we certainly should have done without this staying of the yearly exodus, our trouble in connection with the procession was amply repaid by a crowded house.

One day while at Wigan, the waitress of the hotel where I was staying came up to tell me that a seedy-looking man was below at the door and wished to speak to me; and upon going down, I found him to be a London actor of the name of Dale, whom I knew to have seen much better times than those that appeared to have then fallen upon him. Having first of all seen to the wants of his inner man, I asked him to explain the causes of the miserable plight in which he found himself. (But first let me state that I knew the man through having seen him act a part in the

favourite play of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, in which he appeared as the English monarch; while another equally tall and finely built man, N. T. Hicks, a well-known actor, took the part of Saladin. Hicks being a 'powerful' player, was a favourite with the gods; and whenever he appeared, he was invariably recognised by those exalted critics, and saluted with cries of 'Bravo, Hicks!' Hence the sobriquet by which he was afterwards known.) To return, however, to my story. It appeared from Dale's statement that he had started a theatrical booth on his own account, and begun to work the neighbouring colliery districts. But times were bad; colliers were on strike and without money, and the state of the theatrical exchequer was anything but flourishing. In this emergency, the most useful members of his little company began to leave him; the venture was irretrievably ruined; and poor Dale, after honourably paying off his debts, found himself absolutely penniless and friendless. In this emergency he wrote to Mrs Theodore Martin—more widely known to the general public as Miss Helen Faucit—and explained his position to her. By return of post a letter of sympathy was received from the kind-hearted actress, and with it a cheque drawn and signed by her husband. Dale judged that now certainly he was out of his difficulty, and should be able to tide over till he found work. But his troubles were not yet over. Dale tried at various shops and other places to change the cheque; but in vain! His woe-begone appearance told against him, and made people suspicious of the genuineness of the document he held, or of his title to it if genuine. Thus the cheque—Theodore Martin's cheque!—went begging all over the town of Wigan; while as for poor Dale, seedy of garb and feeling hunger's pinch, 'amid profusion still he pined;' until at length he chanced to apply personally to my friend Mr Hallam, who at once sent him round to me. I gave Dale the amount of the cheque; and the poor fellow went on his way, rejoicing at this happy termination of his troubles.

[We take this opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to Mr Richard Chapman whose name was mentioned—in a recent instalment of these *Recollections*—in connection with the large barn at Harrow. The inference was that Mr Chapman was an ignorant and unrefined man, who could not speak correct English, whereas we are assured by one who knows him well that he is a gentleman of education and refinement.—ED.]

MAKING AMENDS.

A WRONG confessed is half redressed may be a sound saying from the wrong-doer's point of view; but the wrong-sufferer is likely to think differently, and decline to accept a bare acknowledgment of indebtedness as equivalent to a fifty per cent. dividend. Much depends upon the manner of confession. It is possible to admit a wrong in such a way as to add to the original offence—a method of making amends often adopted by the too ready writers of the press when victims to their inventiveness claim reparation at their hands.

Not long ago, a South London paper amused its readers by informing them that the officials of the

Southwark County Court had, in expectation of a visit from the newly appointed judge, 'put on clean shirts and had easy shaves.' The gentlemen concerned did not appreciate the pleasantry, and let the editor know it; whereupon he announced that 'the officials did not put on clean shirts nor were they shaved on the day in question,' and expressed the hope that everybody would be satisfied. Strangely enough, the officials of the County Court were not.

A French journalist made no attempt at justification when an irate novelist, known to be as clever with the pistol and the sword as he was with the pen, gave him the choice of apologising for a certain satirical sketch, or meeting the subject of it in the field. Not desiring to permanently vacate the editorial chair, the offender took the alternative; and after disclaiming any intention to annoy the romancist, went on: 'Rest assured, sir, that I will not repeat the offence; for I most solemnly promise you, that never by any chance, or under any circumstances, shall your name appear in my journal.' And yet the aggrieved author was not happy.

American editors are not of an apologetic order; but that they can, if necessity compels, make the *amende honorable* let this specimen shew: 'There is a fly in our office, one particular aggressive fly, distinguished from its brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that if properly directed, is enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out, and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr — "an unprincipled demagogue;" we should have said "a high-toned patriot." It was all the fault of that fly. The honourable gentleman's brother came into our office this morning with a new and substantial-looking cane, and reminded us of the misprint.'—If this worthy was liable to having his ingenuity much taxed in this way, he would have done well to have imitated an accommodating brother who gave notice: 'If any subscriber finds a line in his paper that he does not like, and cannot agree with; if he will bring his paper to the office and point out the offending line, the editor will take his scissors and cut it out for him.'

The judge, addressed by an apologising counsel with, 'Your lordship is right, and I am wrong, as your lordship generally is,' might reasonably be uncertain whether the learned gentleman was complimenting or disparaging the court; but Mr Commissioner Kerr could have no doubt respecting the sentiments of a witness who persisted in addressing him as 'my lord' and 'your lordship,' and when told he must not do so—'I am not a lord, and you must not call me so'—replied: 'Then, my lord, if your lordship isn't your lordship, your lordship ought to be!'

'Well, soldier,' said Daniel O'Connell to an

officer he was cross-examining. 'I am no soldier; I am an officer,' exclaimed the indignant man. 'Well,' said O'Connell, 'well, officer who are no soldier,' &c.

Captain Bugbie of the United States army was not only an officer but a soldier, and a good one too; notable as a strict disciplinarian, and as notable for his fondness for creature-comforts—a fondness he found great difficulty in indulging when marching through a wild bit of country. One day the column had just left a small hamlet, when the Captain noticed that one of the drums gave forth no sound. He expressed his anger very emphatically, and ordered a lieutenant to go and rate the delinquent well. By-and-by the subaltern returned, and whispered to his superior that the drummer had got a couple of roasted chickens and two bottles of whisky in his drum—one bottle and one chick being for the captain. 'Why didn't the poor fellow let us know his legs had given out?' cried Bugbie. 'I don't want men to march if they're dead-lame. Put him in the ambulance immediately.' The order was obeyed; and having thus made amends for his injustice to the drummer, the Captain took the earliest opportunity of going to examine more particularly into his condition.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theatre, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently, a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: 'Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!' at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honour and thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the *Gaulois* that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theatre in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: 'Sir—I hope you will excuse me; but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you.—I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant —A PICKPOCKET.'

If the anecdote be true, we should rather attribute the restoration to the pickpocket's appreciation of his victim's genius, than his consideration for his nationality.

Thieves do occasionally make the best of all amends—full restitution. Even an umbrella has come back to its owner because it 'praid' on the purloiner's conscience. A banjo mysteriously disappeared from the door of a dealer in musical instruments at Eastbourne. Some months afterwards, he received the following unique epistle:

NEW CUT, LONDON.

DEAR SUR—I am taking the liburty of riting to you to tel you as i av sent you the gitar as I borred from your chop in easbun wen i was done ther as I mens to be onest for the tim comin i was ard up wen i tok it and my mats didnet give me mi chare so i left em so i hop you think i am onest cos I sent It bak and i ant dun much wi it

since i see it it is a good wun an i fels sorry as I tok it and i ant got no money to pa carrage so i cant an i hops as you send the wod case bak as it cost me a shillin and i hops as I av bin onest as you wud send me a shillin if you ples i am very ard hup hand you wunt mis it I paked it in paper an i dont think as it ul be broke and i knos you wud send me a shillin if you wud ples send it to the post office in Chandy St new Cut London and i can cal fur it i ant hyrt the gitar as it as ben in porn al the tim and il never do it agen i mens to be onest in the tim to cum. I remane Yours truly, M. R. wich i hop youl cal me wen you rite.

The banjo, surely enough, arrived in due time.

A well-educated young Irishman filling the post of cashier in a Liverpool house of repute, decamped one fine day with three thousand pounds of his employers' money. Nothing was heard of him for some years, when the firm received a packet by post from the long missing one, containing an order upon a bank for three thousand pounds, and five per cent. interest on that sum, calculated from the day the sender had decamped. The packet also contained an account of his career since. On reaching America he had obtained a situation in a New York dry-goods store, and remained in it till the outbreak of the Civil War. His 'governor' was an enthusiastic Republican, and offered to advance a large sum of money to any of his clerks who volunteered for the army. The Irishman was the first to close with the offer; saw service at Fredericksburg, Seven Oaks, and other hard-fought fields; was with Sherman, under whom he held a subordinate command, in the famous march to the sea; and wound up by marrying the wealthy young widow of a Northern General who fell at Gettysburg; the last exploit enabling him to make amends for the misdeed of his hot youth.

Not quite so genuine was the repentance of an inventor of a tobacco-stick, whatever that may be, who, the *Raleigh News* tells us, was summoned to appear before the brethren and sisters of his church to answer sundry charges of drunkenness. He pleaded guilty; expressed profound penitence, and implored forgiveness in such pathetic tones, that the deeply moved congregation acceded to his prayer with one accord. Then the pardoned one rose to his feet again, and said: 'Brethren it is seldom I have the opportunity of seeing together so large and intelligent an audience, and I shall take advantage of the occasion to say that my patented tobacco-stick, recently invented by me, is of so superior a model, that everybody is using it; and I would be glad to exhibit a sample one to any brother who wishes to see it in operation.'

Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends, after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfil the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages—five thousand pounds. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he owned that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and

forget. 'My friends,' said he, 'can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have five thousand pounds of your very own.' His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and money were soon his own again. Marriage made amends for all.

THE AUDIPHONE.

IN our review of Science and Arts in the April part of this *Journal*, we gave a short account of an ingenious American invention called the *audiphone*, by which not only persons hard of hearing were enabled to hear distinctly, but even deaf-mutes were made to hear musical sounds. Since then, we have had numerous inquiries made to us for the name of the makers of these instruments; but this we are as yet unable to give. In a recent number of *Nature*, however, we observe that improvements are being made on the original invention, which will have the effect of both cheapening and simplifying its construction. The audiphone of Mr R. G. Rhodes, of Chicago, the original inventor, consisted, as already described, of a thin sheet of caoutchouc, fixed in an elastic frame, about the size and shape of an ordinary palm-leaf fan, and furnished with a handle. Strings attached to the upper edge served to bend it into a curving form, a small clamp fixing the string at the handle. When thus strained into shape, the instrument is pressed against the upper front teeth by the deaf operator, the convex side being turned outwards. The sounds received upon the thin sheet cause it to vibrate, and the vibrations are thus conveyed through the teeth and bones of the skull to the auditory nerves. Its use is therefore confined to the partially deaf, or at least to those in whom the auditory sense is not entirely absent, or the nerve atrophied. The caoutchouc or ebonite rubber of which Mr Rhodes' instrument was made being costly, a French Professor, M. Colladon, had, as mentioned by us in April, discovered a cheap and efficient substitute in the form of a strip of elastic cardboard. Mr Thomas Fletcher, of Warrington, a most ingenious gentleman, has since effected a still further improvement. After a long series of experiments, he has found the best material of which the audiphone can be made is birch wood veneer. If cut in an oval about twelve by eight and a half inches, and steamed and bent to a curve, it does not require the cords of the Rhodes' pattern, and is more convenient for use than Colladon's form. Mr Fletcher states that a disk of half the above size suffices for a musician who may, in consequence of partial deafness, require such aid, and who cannot use a hearing-trumpet on account of the inconvenience of holding it while playing his instrument. The disk of veneer is so light that it may be held between the teeth without effort, and almost without consciousness of its presence. If stained black, it is less visible. We are disposed to think, from the simplicity of Mr Fletcher's instrument and the accessibility of the material used, that those of our readers who may be anxious to test the invention for themselves need have little difficulty in the construction of an audiphone after this pattern.

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PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD AND THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.

THERE have been numerous attempts to ascertain whether there is dry land, open sea, or impenetrable ice at the Pole. Many attempts were made before Parry's remarkable sledge journey, and many others since; but still the ice blocks the way long before the Pole can be reached. The latest was the most noteworthy of all—that of Captain Sir George Nares. His ship the *Albatross* reached a higher northern latitude than had before been attained by any vessel, while his sledges penetrated farther north than any other human beings are known to have reached. Nevertheless there were three or four hundred miles of unknown region between the sledges and the veritable Pole. Sir George has declared his belief that any further attempts will be quite hopeless. The Americans, however, do not give up hope; they believe, from the explorations of Kane, Hall, Hayes, and Morton, in the existence of an Open Polar Sea.

Far more numerous have been the expeditions in search of what is termed a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific round the north coast of the American continent. Almost to this day the search has been kept up, and with considerable geographical success. The gallant, ill-fated Sir John Franklin virtually realised this result, although he died before the fact could be recognised in its fullness; while McClure has in later years discovered another passage between the islands that fringe the northern coast of the New World. But though geographically valuable, these discoveries possess little commercial importance, seeing that ice blocks the way.

The stage is now clear for noticing in a rapid way the third class of Arctic expeditions—namely, those connected with the *North-east Passage*. Here it is that the learned and energetic Swede, Professor Nordenskjöld, achieved a result which will always be associated with his name and fame, and in which his brave and stout steamer the *Vega* will be recorded as the first vessel that

ever circumnavigated the Old World of Europe and Asia.

The vast region of Russia and Siberia has for many generations been believed to be bordered on the north by an ocean bound up in thick ice during the winter and partially thawed during summer; but whether the land is continuous, or is fringed and broken with islands, is an item of knowledge that has had to be groped for. Among many rivers, three of grand dimensions flow through Siberia nearly from south to north, all having their rise in little-known regions of Central Asia, and all emptying their waters into the still less known Arctic Ocean. The Obi, one of them, flows through Tobolsk, the Yenisei through Yeniseisk, and the Lena through Yakoutsk. Siberia, although in element and almost unbearable in winter, has bright skies, warm sunshine, and fertility during the short summer. Corn, hemp, and other crops ripen; forests grow good timber; flocks and herds furnish skins, hides, and tallow; the trees facilitate the making of tar, resin, and turpentine; fur-bearing animals furnish peltry which is much valued in Europe; while the mineral wealth comprises gold, silver, platinum, and other choice metals. The natives gradually placed small vessels on the rivers, and conveyed cargoes to the sea, where sale and barter took place with other traders hailing from other rivers. This was really the groundwork of what is now known as the *North-east Passage*; for the traders cautiously creeping on a little east and anon a little west, discovered small portions of the Arctic coast of the Old World.

Nordenskjöld, a naturalist and scientific man, took part in many minor expeditions to Greenland and Spitzbergen before he turned his attention to the *North-east Passage*. It was during one of these journeys, undertaken mostly for scientific purposes, that he shared in an incident which has so much amused the readers of his animated narratives—that of *four men sleeping in two bags or sacks!* These sleepers, two Swedes and two Greenlanders, had nothing but a waterproof cloth between them or their bags and the snowy ice,

and nothing over them but the heavens; the proverbial 'three in a bed' far from equals the closeness of their packing; and the Professor, though anything but a grumbler, admits that they all four passed a very comfortless night. Nordenskjöld's experience during these minor expeditions led him to a conclusion that, however interesting for the researches of naturalists and scientists, they were not likely to develop a commercial or mercantile route. He therefore began to turn his attention, about the year 1875, to an eastern or north-east route.

The Professor knew what the Russians and Siberians had done, in tracing several of the great Asiatic rivers to their mouths in the Arctic Ocean. He furthermore formed a happy conjecture that these rivers carry a vast body of warmish water to the sea during the summer months, and that this water is diverged into an east current by the diurnal rotation of the earth—offering facilities to vessels sailing or steaming parallel to the coast. This conjecture proves to be correct, and has had much to do with his subsequent success. He formed a scheme for steaming along the whole distance from Norway to Behring's Strait, passing on his way the wide-spreading coasts of Sweden, Finland, Russia, and Siberia, and emerging at the Strait into the Pacific Ocean—thus accomplishing the *North-east Passage* from the Old World to the New.

Being simply a scientific man by profession, he was unable to bear the cost of such an enterprise. The king subscribed to a fund, the Swedish parliament voted a small supply, and a Russian gentleman named Sibiriakoff assisted; but the main prop and stay was M. Oscar Dickson, a large-hearted Swedish merchant, who came forward with the munificent sum of twelve thousand pounds. Thus guaranteed, Nordenskjöld proceeded in 1877 to organise his plan by degrees.

The first thing to do was to provide a vessel; and a fortunate choice was made. The *Vega* is a whaler of about five hundred tons, painted black; it carries a small steam-engine capable of developing, without the aid of sails, a speed of five miles an hour; and bunkers capacious enough to hold coals for the whole distance of four thousand miles that intervene between Norway and Behring's Strait. These coals, however, were not all in the ship at one time; subsidiary vessels went part of the way as tenders or store-ships. Attention was next paid to the provisions, of which enough was taken, wholesome and varied in quality, to last nearly two years in case of need. Ship's stores of every sort were ample, and the *Vega* became gradually filled in every corner.

It was in the summer of 1878 that the expedition started. Many naturalists and cultivators of the physical sciences eagerly took part in it; while Captain Palander was intrusted with the command of the ship and its navigation—Professor Norden-

skjöld being leader or director of the whole. On July 21, the *Vega*, with a crew of about twenty-four men, started from Tromsøe, nearly at the extreme north of Norway. She was accompanied by the small steamer *Lena*, intended to go up the river of the same name to Yakoutsck, and there be employed as a passenger and cargo vessel.

On the 23d of July they passed between Waigatz and the mainland, where they were joined by the *Fraser* and the *Express*, English vessels intended to trade on the Yenisei. August began, and matters went on so steadily that by the 19th the *Vega* had reached and rounded Cape Tchelquiskin—the extreme northernmost point of the Old World, about midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific; they had a warm current of fresh water from the Obi to the Yenisei. On the 27th the *Lena* parted company from the *Vega*, and started for Yakoutsck, taking letters and telegrams from the expedition.

September set in, and with it the troubles of the *Vega*. Low temperature brought snow; and then came the last day of hoisting sail, for the floating ice, increasing daily in quantity, required a very cautious use of steam and paddle to pass safely between the masses. In truth the summer had come to an end earlier than had been anticipated, and much earlier than officers or crew wished. After the middle of the month the temperature was continuously below zero—itself 32 F. below the freezing-point; and the speedy approach of winter was evident to all. Would the *Vega* be able to reach Behring's Strait in time to beat round into the Pacific Ocean, where a warmer temperature might reasonably be expected? This question was anxiously discussed by Nordenskjöld and Palander; but the climate soon settled the matter, for the *Vega* became so hemmed in with ice that she could no longer move. The 28th of September 1878 was a day which neither officers nor crew will ever forget; seeing that it marked the beginning of a detention that was destined to continue no less than ten months. Bitter indeed was the disappointment. Calculations showed that the position was only about one hundred miles from Behring's Strait, a distance that the *Vega* could have steamed in a couple of days had she not been hemmed in immovably by ice. Professor Nordenskjöld is not the man to make the worst of troubles; but he speaks most feelingly of this sudden quenching of sanguine anticipations.

What to do during the rapidly approaching winter, with its dismal darkness and piercing cold, had now to be determined on. The scientific men on board soon decided on a plan so far as they were concerned. Being naturalists, astronomers, meteorologists, magneticians and electricians, geologists and mineralogists, they knew that even the ice-bound Arctic coast of Siberia would yield a harvest for those who sought it sedulously. The proceedings they adopted were as follow: They built an observatory on the coast in a curious

way; the sailors sawed lumps of ice into brick-shaped pieces, made walls of these, and constructed a little house as well as an observatory. A staircase cut in the ice led up from a small anteroom to the observatory, which was only six or seven feet square. From the roof of the place bearing this dignified name hung a never-extinguished lamp. In the middle was a little table, on each side of which was a gutta-percha air-mattress laid on a sack filled with straw. In the angles of the chamber were the magnetic instruments; while near at hand were books, diaries, and various documents. A stove was ready to prepare hot coffee. The whole building was covered with reindeer skins and woollen blankets in the coldest part of the winter. Magnetical and meteorological observations were continued with great regularity. Sometimes the fog was so dense that it would have been very possible to lose one's way on passing to and fro between the ship and the shore; to prevent this a long avenue of a hundred and seventeen ice pillars was formed, and a rope stretched from pillar to pillar to keep the wayfarers in the right track. The worst tribulation to bear was that of the terrible storms of wind, which blew the snow along with furious violence. These were the times to keep housed as comfortably as possible. In quieter weather, officers and scientific men alike indulged in skating and various kinds of ball-play, healthful to the system and invigorating to the spirits. The whole proceedings illustrated the good effects of alternate work and play.

Nor were the crew neglected in the various arrangements for making the winter-quarters as comfortable as possible. The ship was in the ice, about a mile from the shore, to which it was attached by a strong rope. The sides of the *Vega* were composed of two strata of wood, with an intervening lining of felt. At the stern, hot air was made to pass through an open space left between the wood and the felt. By this means the cabins could be maintained at a temperature fifty or sixty degrees higher than the external air. Five stoves were kept constantly heated in different parts of the vessel. Food was good and plentiful, scurvy was 'conspicuous by its absence,' and the general health of all on board was satisfactory. The men had books and simple games, they could sing, and they passed through the long winter cheerfully.

Thus came to an end the year 1878, and thus began the year 1879. The months of October, November, and December gave to the inmates of the *Vega* a taste of Arctic darkness; January, February, and March had the advantage of presenting a gradual renewal of daylight, but with the accompaniment of much more intense cold. April, May, and June ushered in beautiful spring; snow melted and greenery made its welcome appearance on the land, or rather, as Nordenskjöld and Palander tell us, winter burst out into summer without any spring at all. Nevertheless there was the *Vega* still ice-bound, quite immovable.

At length the day of deliverance came. About the middle of July the ice was observed to loosen around the ship. The engine fires were lighted, steam was got up, and on the 18th the paddles set the vessel in motion. Oh, the joy of all on board! Oh, the delight of escaping from the three hundred days of icy imprisonment! To shew how tantalising had been the frustration experienced

in the previous September, it may suffice to say that the *Vega* reached Behring's Strait from the wintering-place in two days, and soon afterwards went round into the great Pacific Ocean, having Asia on one side and America on the other.

During this prolonged detention the *Vega* was seen at some distance by a few men engaged in the whale, seal, and walrus fisheries, and visited by a few native Siberians who found their way to the coast. Letters and telegrams were sent by Nordenskjöld through two or three of these natives to Europe: a handsome reward tempting the messengers. But the distance travelled was so immense, extending over so many thousands of miles, on foot and on sledge, by boat and by posting, that Europe knew nothing of the messages till many months afterwards. When the lapse of time and the statements of natives made it evident that the *Vega* was hemmed in by ice near Behring's Strait, schemes of rescue were planned; but as the ship escaped from her imprisonment unaided, we need not describe them.

Nor is it needful to dwell on the triumphant return of the good ship to Europe. Nordenskjöld was under no necessity to hasten his voyage; he sailed leisurely down the Pacific on the Asiatic side, making stoppages at Kamtchatka, Japan, China, and so on to Singapore. Then came the voyage across the Indian Ocean to Ceylon and Aden, followed by an advance up the Red Sea and through the Suez Canal to the Mediterranean. On reaching European shores quite an ovation was in store for Nordenskjöld and his trusty companions. The second half of 1879 and the first quarter of 1880 were consumed in these proceedings; until at length all the civilised world knew something about the discovery of the North-east Passage.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XXI.—HISTORY.

'It's a very curious case, ladies and gentlemen. Notice two or three things about it.'

For the first time, Frank began to think of the future which lay before him. Despair has no capacity for fear, and the time to come looked blank, but not terrible. There would come a time before long when his last penny would be spent, and after that he would die of starvation. If he were found, an inquest would be held upon him. So then he must destroy the last trace of his identity. As he crawled along the road in the chill sunshine, he took out his pocket-book, and tore from it carefully all the leaves on which any sort of memoranda had been written. These he scattered in fragments at long intervals; and the remnant of the book he dropped into the sluggard waters of a canal. Though he was still in great pain, he was stronger than he had been at starting, and still walking without care as to the direction he took, he came at nightfall to Hockley Hill, and found himself on the outskirts of the great mid-land capital. He had walked nine miles that day, and felt quite broken down with fatigue. He had not penetrated far into the town when he saw the sign of a pawnbroker, and a new idea occurred to him. The rings he had about him would surely serve to identify him. Some of them were valuable, were even costly; and he had an indefinite

sort of fancy that though he had a right to die when his last coin failed him, he had no right to hasten death for his own relief, or to avoid any such open means for prolonging life as the rings afforded. Dim and undefined as this feeling was within him, it was yet the first dawn of a sense of returning duty. He entered the pawnbroker's shop, and proffered the rings—all but one. That was Maud's gift, and he would not part with it until he knew that the end of all was near. Then he resolved that he would bury it in some quiet place in the fields, and lie down near that last relic of his love, and die there. Whilst he thought of these things, and seemed to see in fancy the place where he should lie, the pawnbroker was examining the rings through a glass. He laid them down on the counter and looked at the man who proffered them. He saw a man who, in dress, looked like one of the poorer sort of labourers from the outlying mining districts—a man haggard with a month's beard, pallid with sickness, bent with fatigue and pain, hollow-eyed, unwashed—a melancholy spectacle.

'How did you come by these rings?' he asked, taking in all those mournful characteristics at a glance.

'They are my own property,' Frank answered, and you need not be afraid to take them.'

'H'm!' said the pawnbroker. 'Where do you live?'

'I have no address,' Frank made answer; 'I am going to Liverpool.'

The man looked keenly at the rings and at the owner. 'I'll lend five pounds on 'em,' he said, and drew them towards him.

It was with no care for the money, but only for the dim thought that he had no right to lay down the burden of his punishment before his time, that Frank, taking up one of the rings, responded. 'I gave forty-five pounds for this alone.'

'Daresay,' said the man briefly. 'I don't know that I ought to take 'em in at all, unless you give some account of yourself. I won't give more than five pounds for 'em.'

Frank assented wearily; and the pawnbroker without asking further questions made out, at the cost of a penny, a ticket, and paid four pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence across the counter. The pawnbroker was something of a fictionist, and having given his imagination scope, had invented the name and address of 'Joseph Jones, Summer Lane.' 'If I am discovered,' Frank thought, 'inquiries will be made here.' He tore the ticket stealthily bit by bit in his pocket, and dropped a piece here and there until it was all gone. Then not caring to inquire of any one he met, he wandered down street after street, looking for an advertisement of the rings. He saw many, but avoided them all, for some no reason, until some no-reason drew him into one. The old man who kept the place came forward and demanded his fee; and being satisfied, marshalled his visitor to the fireplace, where in a shadowy recess sat the intrusive tramp of yesterday. There were perhaps a dozen people in the kitchen; and Frank, neither observant nor observed except by his yesterday's acquaintance, took the seat pointed out to him. That one should enter dejected, travel-soiled, and weary, was not a thing to excite attention there, and he was glad to be unnoticed. The men and women about him discussed the

things which interested themselves. They were all professional tramps and cadgers, and though they might be strangers to each other, they had common friends in the trade. Thus the wooden-legged miner had met the one-armed warrior's particular friend at Leicester the week before last, and the one-armed soldier had recently made the acquaintance of the wooden-legged miner's ancient companion and sworn brother at Worcester. The talk drifted hither and thither, until a new-comer, who had walked from Dudley, brought news of a dreadful murder committed there the night before. On this they all seized with avidity. The new-comer was a hero for the time, and told his tale with sickening amplitude of nauseous circumstance. The chief point of the story was that not the slightest clue to the murderer had declared itself; and from this point the talk flowed on in an unbroken stream of reminiscence of undiscovered crime. Frank sat in his shadowed corner with bent head and folded arms, until one began the story of the mysterious murder and robbery in Spaniard's Lane. He listened to the talk like a man in a nightmare. It was not wonderful to know that the history of his crime was public property; but as he sat with closed eyes and eager ears and trembling heart, he seemed to feel a strong and resolute hand approaching him from the darkness, whilst invisible walls narrowed in upon him, and invisible fetters held him from escape. He learned that the two men who had accompanied the dead—the speaker put it in that way every time he made mention of the murdered man—had been arrested and discharged.

A woman broke out with 'Throth, thin, if 'twas meself had done the murder, an' another was he'd for it, I wouldn't be aisy in me grave till I give meself up.'

'Thine for you, Nelly,' said the woman's husband. 'It's bise conduct.'

What human creature's opinion could Frank Farholt afford to despise? He had never until now contemplated the possibility of another being charged with his crime, and the knowledge that these innocent men had been suspected laid an added weight upon him, although he told himself, and that truly, that he was not hiding from Justice for his own sake. He would have welcomed any atonement, however forcible, if the shadow of his sin might fall no more heavily than it had done upon his father and his brother and Maud. When the last madness of his flight was gone he had resolved on sacrifice, and since then his only hope had been that he might die obscurely and be forgotten. He could think more clearly now, not because the might of his trouble was more lightened, but because he was used to its thick darkness, and could see a little further through it. A plan of life grew slowly up within him as he sat in the shadow, and these male and female scoundrels discussed his deeds and speculated on his identity and his whereabouts, and the chances of his detection. He was bound to elude Justice still, if that were possible. It was his clear duty not to denounce himself, and it was just as clearly his duty to live till God should call him, and to make such poor atonement as lay in him to make. As he sat thinking of these things, a voice broke harshly on his ear.

'It's a curious case—a very curious case, ladies and gentlemen. Notice two or three things about

it. The police found the purse, evidently thrown away by the thief. That makes it clear that the man had changed his mind, and repented of the robbery. Next day, a trifle over the amount taken by the thief is sent to the dead man's house, with a message to the effect that the man who borrowed it had sent it back again. That proves two things—first, that the man knew the amount of money in the purse he stole, and next that he didn't believe he had killed the man he stole it from. It proves another thing. It proves that the thief had money. Then you'll ask me, why did he turn footpad? Doesn't it stand to reason that he was pushed for money—that he was afraid he wouldn't get it in time—that he found out somehow that this man had money about him—that he knocked him down, and took it, finding a chance to do it in a lonely place like Spaniard's Lane—that he repented directly he'd done it, and threw the purse away—that he got his own money and some to spare next day, and sent the amount stolen back to the owner, and that he never knew the man was dead till he saw it in the paper, most likely? Doesn't that stand to reason, ladies and gentlemen?

'Faix,' said the Irishwoman, 'it's you for the long head, anyway, darlin'. There was the fine lawyer spoiled when you was made.'

The listener in the shadow caught his breath. Did these things lie so plainly on the surface of the story, that any one who chose might find them there, or did the man who so closely hit the truth know more than he professed?

'The lawyer wasn't spoiled when I was made, my dear,' said the harsh voice, with a chuckling laugh. 'He was spoiled five-and-thirty years later.'

'Then you wor a lawyer?' said the Irish tramp.

'Yes,' said the man in the sack, for it was he who spoke; 'I was a lawyer, and a pretty good lawyer too, till twelve men entered into a conspiracy against me, and blackened my character.'

'What was you tried for?' asked the one-armed soldier, piercing this transparent metaphor.

'Having a short memory,' said the reprobate in the sack. 'But I studied at Botany Bay, ladies and gentlemen, and improved it, and I never forget anything now.'

Was there a threat in that? thought the listener in the shadow. Did the man know anything? *Could* he know anything? He turned slowly round, and looked across the light to where the ugly old reprobate sat sucking his pipe in the opposite corner. Was it only by chance that the old man's eyes were fixed upon him with so keen a look? Frank received the gaze calmly, or with outer calmness, and closing his eyes, sank back into his old attitude. He had been robbed the night before, not improbably by this man, and it might be that the tramp himself feared suspicion, and wished to disarm it by effrontery.

'You don't seem to know me again, companion,' said the harsh voice. 'We chummed together last night at Bilston.' Frank bent his head a little lower, and returned no answer. 'There's a comrade for you!' the tramp went on. 'Won't own his friend because he wears a peculiar coat.'

Nobody took verbal notice of this appeal, but one or two turned lazily and looked in the direc-

tion indicated by the old man's outstretched finger, and then turned lazily back again. When the time came for bed, it fell again to Frank's miserable lot to lie in the same room with this intrusive acquaintance whom he feared. The wretched night wore itself away, and with the first dawn of light the wanderer rose and stole softly from the room. The outer door was fastened by a bolt, which he drew back carefully, yet with now and then a rusty shriek, and the door itself scratched noisily upon the brick floor. He drew it after him, and came upon the street. He heard the voice of the man he had feared to awake, above him. Looking up involuntarily, he saw the silk hat and the tramp's face below it projecting through the window.

'You're leaving early, companion,' said the tramp. 'Wait a bit, and I'll join you.'

Frank turned without an answer and walked on, sickening. But his limbs were weak and stiff, and he travelled so slowly that before he had gone a hundred yards, his aversion came panting up beside him and jogged on grotesquely at his side.

'You can see,' said Frank, 'that I wish to avoid you. Why do you follow me?'

'My dear young friend,' returned the tramp, pantingly, 'I'm one of the tenderest creatures in the world—one of the most impressionable, and I've taken a fancy to you.'

Frank put himself to his best speed; but the other kept pace with him. They walked on until they were clear of the town, and the leader without knowing it struck on the Warwick road. The tramp's pursuit of him strengthened the hapless young artist's fear into certainty; and when they had gone in silence for more than an hour after quitting the town, he turned upon his follower.

'You shall dog my steps no longer,' he exclaimed.

'No?' said the old tramp, leering at him. 'Why not?' His dirty features creased themselves into a laugh. 'Who's to prevent me from going where I please?'

'You have some reason,' said Frank, with a deathly sickness at his heart, 'for dogging me in this way. What is it?'

'I'm pleased with your society,' the tramp answered with a horrible smile. 'It does me good to think that I'm mixing with people of my own rank again.—Well, if that isn't the true reason, shall I try another? Don't be impatient, my dear young friend. Will you walk on again? Then, I'll come with you. Here's the other reason. I'm a sort of modern Autolycus, you must know—a picker-up of unconsidered trifles. Ah! It's quite refreshing to be able to refer to these poetic memories, and to know that you're in the society of one who understands them. Well you know, my young friend, I take an interest in you, and I've picked up a trifle or two about you.'

Frank stopped short again and looked at him. He could not have spoken a word then for life's sake.

'You're rather a heavy sleeper,' the tramp went on, his ugly features creasing themselves into a laugh once more, 'and I'm a light one.' A friend of mine stayed in the same room with us the night before last—a gentleman whose chief mental characteristic is a passionate curiosity. He *will* know things. He won't allow himself to remain

in the dark. Now, that's quite a commendable characteristic, quite a commendable characteristic, my dear young friend.—Where was I? O yes! My curious friend was anxious to know what you had in your pockets. I had mentioned to him—I confess it freely—I had mentioned to him that I had seen you receive change for a sovereign, and he felt quite a burning longing to know what you had in your pockets. So he looked. And I believe, if my memory serves me right, that he found a purse there, and I think—mind, I'm not sure, but I *think* that he forgot to put it back again. He found some things there besides, some trinkets—rings I think they were. And they looked valuable. My friend put *them* back again, and remarked to me—and that's why I remember them so clearly—that they weren't safe things for a poor man to have about him, because they looked suspicious.'

There the rascal paused, and laughed once more. Frank could not have answered for his life, and so stood there, wordless, with a beating heart.

'Now,' the tramp went on, 'when a gentleman with hands like those—I'm sure the rings would have fitted them—is going about the country in your peculiar way, and when he has money enough for decent clothes and decent lodgings, and when he never says a word to the police about being robbed—for that's the word, you know—it seems to stand to reason that he has very particular grounds indeed for keeping quiet, and for not mingling in that gay circle of which he may have been the ornament. I hope I'm putting it pleasantly, and not in a way to wound your feelings. I wouldn't do that for the world, I do assure you.'

'And now,' Frank answered, drawing himself together by a supreme effort. 'What does all this lead to?'

'Lead to?' cried the tramp. 'Why, to this pleasant little explanation, and the formation of a partnership. I'm sure I shouldn't be surprised if you turned out quite generous. I do assure you that I should regard without a shadow of amazement an offer on your part to share the proceeds of those nice rings. I believe you're going to make the offer now?'

'And so, having robbed me already,' Frank answered, striving to speak steadily and to belie his fears, 'you wish to rob me again.'

'I rob?' said the tramp. 'What an erroneous estimate of my character you must have formed, to be sure! Rob you? Nothing of the sort, my dear young friend. I offer silence. Silence is golden, my young companion, and I offer that, in return for a share of the proceeds of those nice rings.'

'Silence about what?' asked Frank, once more breaking the bond of fear which held him like a nightmare.

'You don't know,' said the tramp, with the old repulsive laugh, 'what a knack I have of putting two and two together, and making four of 'em. Perhaps you heard me put two and two together last night about that curious affair in Spaniard's Lane. You may have noticed the compliment the Irish lady was good enough to make me. Well, my young friend, it may be worth your while—I don't say it is, mind—but it may be—to ask me not to put two and two together about you.'

Were there only vague suspicions in the man's

mind, or was the allusion to Spaniard's Lane renewed of set purpose? Frank, fighting down the fears which beset him, tried to face that dreadful question calmly. After what seemed a long pause, he said, looking straight into the tramp's evil eyes: 'I am not the first broken gentleman the world has seen, by many. If there be anything suspicious in my being here, and I suppose there is, I cannot help it, and I do not greatly care to help it. I shall not try to purchase your silence or your complicity, because I know that even if your silence were worth buying, you would only pretend to sell it, and would sell me afterwards if you could. Now, for the last time, choose your road, and let me choose mine.'

'You dream out loud,' said the tramp, with the same unchanging ugly smile. 'And when my friend looked at your pockets—an unwarrantable liberty, no doubt, but prompted by a laudable thirst for knowledge, I do assure you—he found a pocket-book with a name and an address in it. A swell address it was too, my dear. Perhaps they'd pay more there than anybody else would.'

'Take your own course,' said Frank, thinking the bold way the best. 'Suspect what you please. Do what you please; but choose your way now, and let me choose the other.'

'If Maud should know! If Maud should hear of it!'

When the tramp spoke those words, Frank staggered as though a blow had struck him, and a pallor like that of a corpse overspread his face. A second later, moved by a fiery impulse, he advanced upon his torturer, who leaped backwards with more agility than might have been expected of him, and cried out: 'Hands off, or take care of yourself!' Frank stood still, shuddered, sickened, and fell. His hardships, and his illness, and the tempestuous agitation of his mind, had so dragged him down, that he swooned like a girl, and lay there dead white on the miry road. The tramp bent down over him.

'That little quotation from his dreams appears to have hit the young gentleman hard,' said he, plunging a hand into one of Frank's pockets. 'You're as good as an income to me, my dear young friend, I do assure you.'

'Whoa!' shouted a coarse voice, which sounded almost in the ruffian's ear. Behind the hedge came a ploughman with his team. Scattering a few silver coins in his haste upon the ground, the tramp made off as fast as his legs could carry him townwards. When he found that he was not pursued, he paused, and looking at his haul, discovered that he had something less than a pound's worth of silver. Thereupon, he stood still and blamed his luck. Half an hour later, a farm-labourer passed Frank lying on the road, and being a soul with an eye to the main chance, and seeing the scattered silver, he picked it up, and sped with eager feet and fearful heart down the road, leaving the man helpless in his swoon behind him. When this amiable person passed the tramp, that scoundrel was still blaspheming over his small gains. 'I know he pawned 'em,' whined the tramp, 'because he walked into My Uncle's straight under my nose. And just when Providence led him afterwards into the very crib I was staying in, and when I had him in a dead-faint under my fingers, that clumsy idiot of a yokel comes and frightens me away. Well, well, well. The cup and the

lip—the cup and the lip. I never *did* have luck like other people. It was well played, and I frightened him about the address. I wish I'd seen it, but I hadn't time. I wonder what he'd been up to? It might have been the Spaniard's Lane business after all, though he never gave a sign when I mentioned it.'

The next man who passed poor Frank as he lay upon the highway was a gentleman-farmer on horseback, in a hurry to get to town. He acquitted himself of duty's call by riding carefully on one side, and objurgating the senseless man for a drunken scoundrel. Then came a carter, with less brains perhaps, but more heart; and he, taking the helpless figure in his arms, set it in a comfortable posture on the bank at the side of the road, and having twice or thrice sniffed at the patient's breath, took to slapping the slender soft hands with his own horny digits until the fainting man awoke, looked dimly round him, and staggering to his feet, went blindly on.

'Hillyho, mate!' called the carter; 'you hain't fit to walk. Get into my cyart, an' have a lift.' Frank paused. He was yet half-unconscious. The carter helped him into the rough vehicle, and spread sacks for him to lie on, and then taking his seat upon the shaft, jogged on without inquiry or observation. In an hour's time, Frank sat up and looked about him, at the broad white road, and the green fields, and the bare trees and hedges. The carter turned round upon his shaft: 'D'ye feel better, mate?'

'A great deal better, thank you,' Frank replied. 'I will get down here.'

'Why?' asked the carter. 'Where be you goin'?'

He had walked quite blindly for the last two days, and was altogether ignorant of the topography of the country. He could not tell for the moment whether he were going east, west, north, or south, and the question confused him. He could only say again: 'I will get down here, thank you.'

'D'ye belong anywhere about here, mate?' asked the carter. How was he to know that his questions were embarrassing, and that embarrassment meant torture? His passenger was silent; and the carter was a little offended at this, and whipping up his horse, started a droning tune. Wishing to conciliate the man, Frank asked him how far he was going.

'As fur as Warwick,' the carter answered. 'How fur be you goin'?'

'I am going on to Warwick,' Frank answered. He passed now into a condition of sheer vacuity. He was quite purposeless, and in some sort at rest. There was a cloud about him, and he knew that he was miserable, but he had but little bodily or mental pain, and he cared for nothing. The carter had a great tin bottle of cold tea with him, and a plentiful supply of bread and meat. He shared these with his passenger, and the two sat in the cart together eating and drinking as the slow horse plodded on. When the meal was over, the cart stopped before a wayside public-house, and the horse had a feed and the carter a drink, for which Frank paid. Then they plodded on again until they reached Warwick, after nightfall. At the entrance to the town, Frank descended and proffered money to the carter, who at first refused it, and finally took it, and having gravely spat

upon it and pouched it, lumbered off in the darkness. It suited the wayfarer to be lonely, and he wandered heavily about the streets, looking for a house in which to pass the night. He saw no announcement of lodgings anywhere. The night was late, and most of the houses were in darkness; and caring little, he wandered through the town and out of it. The skies were clear, and the moon was nearly at the full. The words came into his mind as if somebody had whispered them—Purposeless, hopeless, lost.

(To be continued.)

SOME SINGULAR CHARACTERS.

EVERY generation has its eccentrics, its curious characters, its mysterious men; exciting the ridicule, wonder, and curiosity of more commonplace people. Here are a few for the entertainment of our readers.

The year 1866 saw the end of René Lartique, a Parisian of more notoriety than reputation; a man of regular habits, who had spent the best part of the last fifteen years of his life in the Palais-Royal. Every morning at ten o'clock, clad in a patched coat, buttonless waistcoat, ragged trousers, and a rusty old hat, he would install himself in his particular corner at Tissat's restaurant; there to remain eating and drinking until three in the afternoon, by which time he would have got through half-a-dozen bottles of wine. He then walked up and down the garden until the clock struck five, when he returned to his seat for another meal, which occupied him until half-past nine, his time of departure. Such a customer might reasonably expect a little favour at the restaurant-keeper's hands. He did not meet with it. One day Lartique craved credit for his dinner; the lady presiding at the *comptoir* demurred to complying with his request; whereupon calling one of the waiters, Lartique went with him into the office, and unbuttoning, took off a broad leather belt, and shewing the astonished garçon two hundred gold pieces of a hundred francs each, tossed one of them into his hand to settle his bill—and Tissat's knew him no more. Thenceforward his patronage was bestowed elsewhere; but he continued to visit the Palais-Royal as regularly as before, and eat and drink in the same fashion, until he fell, as he deserved, a victim to over-indulgence.

The Mysterious Oriental—so dubbed by the Parisians in default of knowing his proper patronymic—did nothing to call forth astonishment or disgust. He was simply a Persian gentleman, to be found wherever lovers of gaiety congregated, of whose antecedents nobody apparently knew anything. Upon his death, however, the mystery which had surrounded him was cleared up by M. Chodzko, Professor of Oriental Languages at the College of France, furnishing *Galignani* with the following account, professedly taken from the official annals of the empire of Persia: 'In the year 1219 of the Hegira (1802 A.D.), the Shah sent an embassy to Bombay; and the envoy, Hadji

Khalil Khan Kazbini, was received with great consideration. Two hundred soldiers of the East India Company's army were given as a guard of honour to the mission, which was lodged in the most splendid palace of the city. Unfortunately, the servants of the ambassador, in seeking to amuse themselves, shot some adjutants—birds held sacred by the Hindus. A disturbance occurred, and words soon led to blows. The ambassador seeing all from his window, tried to interpose; when a bullet, probably unintended for him, killed him on the spot. On receipt of the news, the Governor-general hastened to send a representative to the court of Teheran to declare that he had remained neutral in the affair. The Shah believed that statement; and consented that the matter should be compromised between the Company and the family of the deceased. All was arranged in a friendly manner; and the Indian government undertook to pay a certain sum to the son of the ambassador. This child was no other than Ismail Khan, the Persian who lately died in Paris, and who for so many years had received a pension of a thousand pounds a year from England.

Taking the Professor's account of the Mysterious Oriental to be authentic, its subject had no real cause for keeping his history secret. It was different with the 'Man in Green,' who for many years spent his afternoons parading the Gallery at Brussels, never interchanging a word with man or woman. In 1871, the familiar figure failed to put in an appearance for three successive days, and the police set about inquiring what had become of him. They found him, only to see him carried to his last lodging before the week was out; but not before he had made a confession, unless the story made public regarding him was a pure invention. It was a strange one. Serving under the Russian government in the Caucasian diamond mines, he had in the course of his duties come into possession of a stone of such extraordinary size and beauty, that the temptation to appropriate it proved irresistible. That was easily done. To get away with it was not so easy. Making an incision in his neck large enough to receive the diamond, he waited until the skin had grown over it. Then he asked for a holiday on the score of ill-health, and escaping the vigilance of the searchers, reached Amsterdam with his spoil. There he disposed of it for something like twelve thousand pounds; the diamond eventually passing by purchase into the hands of its proper owner, the Czar; while the thief, keeping his own counsel, lived quietly on the proceeds of his crime in the Belgian capital.

About three years ago, a Frenchwoman calling herself Madame Lambert took a large house in Jersey. She dwelt in it quite alone, and allowed no one to cross its threshold; and all her neighbours knew about her was that she seemed to be a lady of between forty and fifty, that she was rather handsome, and wore a semi-monastic habit. On

New-year's Day 1878, this female recluse was found lying insensible in King Street, Jersey; and she died soon afterwards. Upon searching her residence, it was found she had left behind her a quantity of valuable jewellery, a large sum of money in French notes, and sundry bills of Parisian jewellers, one of which amounted to about fifteen thousand francs. Photographs of the dead woman were forwarded to Paris; and the jewellers recognised them as portraits of Madame Regnier, Madame Gordon, and Madame Bernier; but they all agreed that she was a queer customer, who, whenever she bought anything, paid in notes, taken from the recesses of her under-garments. She was also well known at Nice. But the French police could give no information as to her real name; and there being no identification, a coroner's jury, four months after death, returned a verdict accordingly.

A rare good fellow, a man of infinite mirth, was butcher Wilson, the fattest and funniest man in Romford, albeit he was eccentric alike in his shop-keeping, eating, and worshipping. His bills were written in various colours and divers hands; for he was an admirable penman, and delighted in exhibiting his proficiency that way. Instead of sitting down to dinner like anybody else, Wilson would take a joint in his hand, put a quantity of salt in the bend of one arm, a small loaf under the other, and stroll through the streets until he had eaten all he carried. He was a capital singer, and went early to church on Sundays, to amuse himself and the congregation by singing psalms until the minister took his place in the desk; and one fast-day distinguished himself by remaining in church in the long interval between morning and evening service, going from pew to pew repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing appropriate psalms, until he had performed his devotions in every pew in the church.

Tobin's Rolando would have applauded the young fellow of independent means, who, more than fifty years since, taking apartments over a breeches-maker's shop in New Bond Street, expressly stipulated that no woman was to put foot in the rooms while in his occupation; and to obviate all excuse for feminine entrance, had whatever he required placed outside his door. In other respects, Mr Sturgis was a model lodger, paying liberally, and giving no trouble, going off to his club regularly every day at the same hour, returning only to dress for the evening, which he invariably spent abroad. Time sped on; the breeches-maker died, leaving business and lodger to his son; after some years, he too died; and at Mr Sturgis's urgent request, the widow kept on the house, until the woman-hater's turn came to die, in the lodgings he had occupied for fifty years; leaving behind him a fortune of a hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

Even more afraid of woman's wiles was Anthony Tripp, who, for aught we know to the contrary, still exercises the rights of citizenship in New York state. So unsociable a mortal was Anthony, that he held intercourse with his own sex only when it was inevitable; but if a woman approached his domicile, its door was instantly barred, and the proprietor made for the cellar. This hater of womankind was a man of so little curiosity, that

although he dwelt within a mile and a half of a railroad, he had never set eyes upon it. He might have met a friend to his liking could he have made the acquaintance of a certain resident in Lambeth, London, who boasted that he had never slept in any house but that in which he was born; and that in his fifty years of life he had never seen Buckingham Palace, the British Museum, or the Crystal Palace; never been on the Thames, or entered a railway carriage.

People not infrequently talk as if intemperance were confined to drunkards, instead of its being a vice taking many shapes, all having the characteristic of rendering a victim oblivious of the duties and decencies of life. Magliabechi with all his wondrous knowledge was but a poor creature; and men of lesser note have made themselves worse than ridiculous by their eccentricities connected with books. Mr Ryan, librarian to the Kilkenny Library Society, made books his idols, denying himself every luxury and not a few necessities in order to add to his collection; the well-furnished library of which he was custodian being insufficient to satisfy his literary cravings. He lived in the upper part of the Society's premises, but admitted no one to enter his rooms for any purpose whatever. On his sudden death in 1866, their privacy was perforce invaded. His bedroom, or what passed for such, was found to contain nothing in the way of furniture save an old sofa, which had served him for a bed, upon which lay a pair of old blankets, his sole nightly covering. Piles of books were heaped up promiscuously in every direction. So in his sitting-room there was scarcely space to move for dust-covered volumes, of which the owner had apparently made very little use, contented, like many another collector, with merely having acquired them.

A wealthy eccentric living in a French provincial town was not open to that reproach. He dwelt alone in a secluded house, admitting no one but a charwoman, who prepared his meals; and a news-agent, who brought him thirty or forty journals at a time. One day even they could not obtain admission, and the police were called upon to intervene. Upon entering the solitary bedroom in the house—a room as squalid as it well could be—the recluse was found dead on the bed, which could only be reached by passing through a ravine, the sides of which were composed of thousands of newspapers and novels, whose perusal had been the sole delight and occupation of his wasted life.

THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IX.

No time was to be lost. I went straight to the adjacent country barracks, and put the affair into the hands of the police. Unfortunately, most of the men had been drafted off, to quell some disturbance in Mullingar, the day before; but the three remaining men were put at my disposal. Under my guidance, they marched down to the public-house, effected an entrance without difficulty, and searched the place from top to bottom. Scallan had disappeared; but we found the tinker

calmly smoking a long clay-pipe in the kitchen. The nature of the crime and the vagrant character of the culprit suggested to us the importance of securing him at once in barracks; so, without pushing our investigations any farther for the present, we had one offender safely landed at the barracks, before we went any farther to capture the other. Indeed, as the head-constable informed me, the law required that my bailiff or I should lodge an information before a magistrate with regard to Scallan, and get a warrant out for his body. Previous to that, it would be advisable to have the tinker searched; as something calculated to throw light on the affair might be discovered about his person. I saw at once the importance of this. We had our prisoner brought into an inner room, where we subjected him to a rigorous overhauling from head to foot. Even the budget itself was not forgotten. We were successful far beyond our expectations, and made some very startling discoveries indeed. In one of his inner pockets we found a letter without date, signature, or address; circumstances which in themselves were calculated to excite suspicion. The contents of the letter were as follows:

Meet me in Scallan's meadows on to-morrow (Saturday) night at about half-past eleven, and we'll give the Saxon's bullocks another thinning. This will answer our purpose of chasing him out of Ireland just as well as the shooting at him or his friends would. And it is far less dangerous; for he is getting quite too good at that revolver practice, and too confident from wearing that coat of mail, which I'm told he has on him constantly. The next thing we'll hear is that he has taken to sleeping in it. Remember Scallan's meadows then, at half-past eleven on Saturday night.

So much for the letter. Encouraged by our success, I resolved thereupon to see the matter out. The time had come for action; and with this important document in our hands, it would be idle to dally any longer. It was impossible for the Major any longer to preserve his incognito; so, with the consent of the head-constable of the barracks, I despatched a policeman to request his immediate attendance there on a matter of importance. This having been done, we continued our search. In the pockets of our tinker we found twenty-five shillings in silver; an unusually large sum for an itinerant mender of pots. There was also a crumpled piece of paper, on which something almost illegible was written. It appeared to be a sort of rude programme of Ribbon meetings, from the occurrence of the names of days in the week, followed by the names of certain farmers in the neighbourhood who were suspected of being connected with the Society. The programme for every day in the week except Saturday appeared to be quite full; but, as the head-constable remarked to me, that omission was explained by the letter we had just read. We overhauled the budget last of all. In it we found a map of Castle Mahon house, demesne, and neighbourhood, with certain markings in red ink scattered through it. This I readily divined to be points of vantage, from which I could be attacked

with safety. I shuddered to observe among other spots thus marked out, the very spot where Mr Carnegie had received his bullet, as also the spot where I had surprised the tinker, waiting presumably to catch me off my guard. We found also an old rusty pistol, some gun-wads, and a handful of percussion caps. The pistol was apparently of very little use; for, besides its ancient appearance, it wanted a nipple. However, we discovered two or three such nipples at the bottom of the budget; so we came to the conclusion that the firearm in question was about to undergo repairs at the tinker's hands.

At this point of our investigations, the Major arrived. Leaving the prisoner under guard, the head-constable and I went out and spoke to him, now no longer as a Major in the army, but as a Superintendent of the detective force. He heard all we had to tell him with great attention.

'I have been leading up to this for some time,' said he. 'The crisis has come sooner than I expected, owing to this lucky chance.'

'Well, yes; the detective force has to thank chance for a good share of their boasted successes,' remarked the head-constable, who was rather dissatisfied to find that a detective had been prowling about the district without his knowledge.

'You are very hard on us,' returned the Superintendent.

'Not a bit. Mr Wharton is entitled to all the credit that's to be got out of the affair; he took the short-cut. You detectives are a slow, round-about lot.'

'Wait a while, Mr Head-constable,' answered the Superintendent, with strange self-possession, 'and I'll give you a specimen of what we are able to do. Has the prisoner disclosed anything yet?'

'No; of course not; he has not so much as opened his mouth since we arrested him.'

'Well then, to make a beginning; let me have a private interview with the fellow; I have an idea that I shall be able to squeeze some information out of him.'

'As you please, Mr Detective; but I'm afraid you'll have your pains for your trouble, as the saying is.'

'Oh, as far as the trouble goes, I don't mind. —But what do you say, Mr Wharton? Will you make it worth the fellow's while to confess? Of course, I must be able to answer such questions if he put them to me. The Queen's pardon, for instance, and a respectable sum of money to make him easy for the rest of his life? Something in that way, you know.'

'I think you may safely offer him in the Earl's name,' I replied, 'anything you like up to three hundred pounds. As for the Queen's pardon, I and my friends for me shall leave no stone unturned to obtain it.'

'Enough. After that, I think I sha'n't be long detained with him.' With these words the Major entered into the inner room where the prisoner was in keeping.

After having been closeted with him for about a quarter of an hour, he returned with a triumphant smile upon his face. 'Our prisoner has surrendered,' said he, 'and is now prepared to turn Queen's evidence. I have gleaned from him the facts of the case. These are too numerous to be at present recapitulated. Suffice it to say, that there

is to be an attack upon your cattle to-night at half-past eleven o'clock. We must be in attendance there, and catch the villains *flagrante delicto*, catch them red-handed. Meanwhile we must discharge the prisoner.'

'With what view?' asked the head-constable.

'To avoid suspicion on the part of his former accomplices. They are to suppose that our examination has failed—that, in fact, we could make nothing of him.'

CHAPTER X.

Night came down upon Castle Mahon. All our plans were arranged by the Major in a quiet business-like style which served greatly to allay my excited feelings. Everything about the place went on as usual; a thing which of course was vitally important to the success of our scheme, with so many lynx-eyed Ribbonmen about. On the stroke of ten o'clock the Major, true to his usual habits, retired to his bedroom. Soon after, I followed his example, and having extinguished the light, lay down upon the bed with my clothes on to await the summons for sallying forth. The household had retired for the night, and perfect stillness reigned in the mansion. At eleven the Major tapped gently at my door. I rose and let him in. The time had come for starting. By the light of the moon I could see that he was fully accoutred. The only thing that remained was to complete my own martial preparations. It was a grim enough toilet, supervised by a still grimmer *valet de chambre*. In a few minutes more I was ready. We made our exit from the Castle by the private door which the Major had availed himself of in his nocturnal rambles. *En route* for the scene of action, we were joined by two stalwart policemen and—the tinker. This latter worthy the Major absolutely insisted upon bringing with us; his presence, he said, would be important for the purposes of identification. I had no alternative but to concur, though I was far from satisfied at the position of things. I knew that I was in a strange country, amongst a strange people, whom I had infuriated by certain acts, which they had been taught to look upon with the greatest abhorrence. I knew that there were only five of us at best; and that one among our number might possibly be a traitor, luring us on into the jaws of some hostile ambuscade. Night too, added to the horrors of my situation. What was there to protect us from being riddled by the cross-fire of assassins, lurking behind the hedges along which we passed? What to prevent us from being annihilated by a horde of Westmeath savages, pouring down upon us from all sides? Absolutely nothing. I began heartily to wish myself safe out of the entire business.

But we reached the meadows without harm. Once there, we noiselessly and rapidly took up our positions according to a preconcerted plan of the Major. The particular field which the cattle happened to be occupying was square, and skirted by dense thorn hedges; lying behind which a person might be concealed from view and at the same time be able to observe everything going on about him. It was also hilly and of considerable extent; so that to invest it completely would be a matter of no small difficulty, even for numbers much greater than our own. But in the centre of

the field lay the cattle which were to be attacked ; and the Major wisely distributed us in such a manner that, from our several positions we might have them in full view, and at a given signal be able to surround an attacking party on all sides. His dispositions having been made, the Major came and lay down beside me without any further ado. Pointing out a gap in the hedge opposite to ours, he told me to watch that, as the attacking party would most probably enter by that way. This was the only remark he vouchsafed to make.

And now all around us had resumed its usual appearance. It was almost midnight ; and save the barking of a dog from some distant farmhouse, there was nothing to break the silence. In the centre of the field the devoted cattle lay huddled together, sleeping the sleep of innocence, unconscious of the doom that awaited them. The time passed slowly ; every minute seemed an hour.

At last twelve o'clock boomed stroke after stroke across the intervening valley that separated us from the far-off towers of Castle Mahon. The sounds died away on the midnight air, and all was still once more. Suddenly my heart began to palpitate with nervous excitement ; I began to hear sounds, as of persons approaching from the opposite direction. But I lay close. A few moments more, and I could distinguish in the moonlight the forms of two men entering the field through the gap which the Major had indicated to me. I saw them take a few paces into the field ; then pause for a moment and look all round them, as if to reassure themselves that they were not being watched ; then advance boldly towards the object of their fiendish purpose, the poor helpless cattle. My excited feelings prompted me to rush out from my concealment, and to surprise the wretches ere they accomplished their horrid mission ; but the strong arm of the Major, who divined my thoughts, restrained me. At last I heard a deep groan, almost like that of a human being in an agony of pain. One of the cattle had been stabbed ! Instantaneously, the Major started to his feet, and uttered a shrill prolonged whistle. In answer to this signal, we rose up simultaneously on every side, rushed upon the delinquents, and hemmed them in, so as to preclude the possibility of escape. They, paralysed with guilty fear, seemed as it were rooted to the ground, and made no attempt either to flee or to resist. Coming to close quarters with them, the Major directed the light of a bull's-eye lantern first upon one of the delinquents, and then upon the other.

Reader ! imagine my astonishment at recognising the well-known features, first, of Donnelly, my own devoted bailiff ; and secondly, those of Mr Carnegie, my quondam friend and adviser ! I could hardly believe my eyes ; but such was the fact. My surprise abating, a feeling of righteous indignation succeeded to its place ; for I now saw clearly that I had been hoaxed by two designing knaves. Yes, reader, it was all a gigantic hoax, and one, too, that had almost proved successful in its aim. This was, of course, to frighten me out of Ireland, by imposing upon my ignorance of the country and the people. The terrors with which I had been haunted for the past few weeks—they seemed like years—were all imaginary, all utterly groundless. Yet in my

own defence I must say, that the two rascals played their parts well, and might have succeeded in deceiving far more subtle men than myself. Added to this was the fact, that all the incidental circumstances of the case gave colour to their misrepresentations, and harmonised with them in a manner the most surprising. It seemed like a veritable dream.

But the Major appeared to treat the event as a matter of course—a thing to which he had been leading up all along. In a cool, matter-of-fact way he slipped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of his prisoners, and gave them into the hands of the policemen, to convey them off to barracks. To officers of their intelligence a word was sufficient. Without more ado they marched off the ground with their captives, a glorious spoil ! the tinker, apparently in high glee, following close behind. The Major and I brought up the rear. *En passant* he remarked to me : 'You seem to be somewhat astonished at the result of our campaign, Mr Wharton.'

'Well, yes, Major,' I replied. 'I must confess that I am astonished—in fact was never more so in my life. To think of it ! Carnegie the devoted, who was at my service night and day ! And Donnelly, who wanted me to draw up his will for him ! I declare, it's enough to make one despair of humanity.'

'Clever rascals they were, Mr Wharton ; and concocted a very neat device indeed. I must do them that much credit. But then they played their hands quite too boldly, to succeed against old rookers like us.'

'You speak in the plural number, Major, despite the fact that I am as ignorant of the whole affair as the babe unborn.'

'Oh, I mean myself and that other fellow,' cried the Major, pointing to the tinker ahead of us, who, appropriately enough, had taken to whistling the *Rogue's March*.

'What, that fellow ! the tinker whom we suspected of being a Ribbon delegate !'

'The very same, sir. He is Detective Sergeant Nugent ; alias the Impenetrable, from the fact that his disguise has never yet been seen through in his conduct of a case. He is one of the shrewdest officers in the detective service.'

'Well, well ! But what about that letter which we found in his budget ?'

'Oh, only a note from Carnegie to Donnelly, which he picked up to-day somewhere about the tavern where Scallan had that drunken squabble with your worthy bailiff. You see, Carnegie was afraid that this letter might by some mischance fall into the hands of yourself or of the police, and so wrote it obscurely and without any signature. Of course Donnelly would readily understand this.'

'Just so. And Scallan didn't want to murder my bailiff after all ?'

'Nothing of the kind. There had been a long-standing feud between them, which had been aggravated of late by certain misrepresentations which Donnelly made to you regarding Scallan. The latter of course came to hear of it, and seized the opportunity afforded, to have it out in a fair fight.'

'But how did you come to guess the authorship of the letter ?'

'We guessed it from the resemblance of the

handwriting to that of the threatening letters, which frightened you so much from time to time.'

'Yes; I understand. But what am I to make of his sympathising with Scallan, and his conduct towards me when I came upon him in the demesne? Even when he was being searched in barracks, he was as defiant as the most arrant Ribbonman in the country.'

'Mr Wharton, we knew well that we had to deal with a pair of consummate knaves, who, under the guise of friendship and devotedness, were plotting your ruin. Under the circumstances, we thought it better to leave you in total ignorance of what we were at, and whom we suspected. We knew, of course, that there was no immediate danger to your person.'

'You were quite right, Major. But then there was a great deal of unnecessary humbug about his turning Queen's evidence, and so forth.'

'Well, Mr Wharton, the fact is that that rustic head-constable over there annoyed me a little when he talked about detectives and chance. I wanted to open his eyes a bit.'

'But tell me—what about that attack on Mr Carnegie the other evening? You won't be able to explain away that affair so easily.'

'Has it not occurred to you, Mr Wharton, that the gentleman in question *attacked himself*, so to speak—that he plugged a bullet through his own coat for the express purpose of alarming you? From the moment I saw him, I guessed his little game; and every successive step confirmed me in my suspicions.'

'Well, well, Major; however you may fare with the head-constable, you have opened my eyes at anyrate as to the efficiency of yourself and your assistant. He won't lose his promised fee by changing his character; and, as for yourself, if my influence can do'—

'Pray don't mention it, sir. We are greatly obliged to you for your kind opinion, but must decline your offers with thanks. We have only done our duty.'

So we reached the barracks. Next day the culprits were brought up before the local magistrate; and by him transferred to the county jail. A fortnight afterwards, they were tried at the assizes, in the presence of a crowded court. They were sentenced to penal servitude for four years—a decision which was received with universal satisfaction.

Beyond the temporary surrender of his liberty, Carnegie sustained no loss by the affair. For many years, he had been hopelessly embarrassed in money matters by a course of bad living, and had looked forward to getting the Castle Mahon agency as a *dernier ressort*. And indeed, as I afterwards learned, his chances of success would have been very good, if I had not come in to prevent them. Now, of course, all such hopes were out of the question. Accordingly, upon being liberated from prison, he did not care to return to the scene of his crimes and disgrace; but, giving his numerous creditors the slip, set sail at once for Canada. What have been his fortunes there, I know not; for he has never since been heard of.

With Donnelly, however, the case was different. Under the system of misrule which had been maintained by my predecessor in office, he had fattened upon the spoils wrung from the unfortu-

nate tenants under various pretences; or, what was still worse, obtained from them as bribes, under no pretence at all. No application for a farm was considered safe, unless an understanding had been come to with the all-potent bailiff; and no surrender of land near his place was ever made without his coming in for a corner of it some way or another; so that, from being originally a poor cotter under Mr Carnegie senior, he had risen in time to be one of the most extensive tenant-farmers in the county. By the scheme which he concocted with Carnegie, he had hoped to banish from the agency a man most unsuitable for his purposes. Again, Scallan's meadows were adjacent to his homestead; and he had a promise of them from his fellow-conspirator, as a sort of reward, in case the latter came to be appointed in my place. But fortune, so long favourable, had at last turned. To crown all, was the fact that a number of documents had been brought to light, implicating him in fraudulent acts towards both landlord and tenants. A friendly hint was given to him that an attempt to return to the neighbourhood would lead to his rearrest. He was wise enough to take the hint, and emigrated, as his partner in crime had done, to Canada. Thither his wife and family followed him, after having realised their property; a thing, indeed, which they did with all speed possible. Now that all their ill-gotten power was lost, they were glad to escape from neighbours who regarded them only with feelings of hatred and derision.

On the second day after the arrests, Scallan and his wife left the neighbourhood. The carts had at last come from Tipperary. Previous to their departure, they both came up to Castle Mahon to pay me a sort of farewell visit. As Scallan himself even in his most sober moments was not much of a talker, Mrs Scallan undertook in his name the task of apologising for the bad language he had used to me some time before. To reproduce her own words—she saw the merits of the case as plain as a pikestaff. There was no better man in the world than Scallan; but it stood to sense, that the sweetest-tempered man in the world was apt to lose control over his tongue, when under the influence of a villainous whisky combined with that of a still more villainous bailiff. So she delivered herself, and they took their leave. I have since heard that they are faring much better in their new abode than they ever did before. As for the vacated homestead, it has been allotted by me to one of Mrs Scallan's relatives—a 'daycent' Maginnis.

My wife and children have long since joined me here, to reside *en permanence* in Ireland. By the courtesy of her noble kinsman, we occupy the charming seat of Castle Mahon. Lit up by their presence, it has lost all its former dreary looks, and seems transformed into a perfect Elysium. I have got a brand-new bailiff, who does his work honestly, fearlessly, and, what is of especial importance in the case of sentimental Ireland, *with tact*. The time I do not spend at home, I devote to acquainting myself with the individual concerns of the tenants; and the result I find is, that the relations between them and myself are becoming more and more satisfactory every day. My experience is, that an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of each one on his

estate is nothing more than the duty of a land-agent. Be that as it may, it is certainly the best means of preventing such ludicrous occurrences as attended my first—and last—eviction.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE opening out of the St Gothard Tunnel, the meeting of the two excavating parties within a few inches of the true direction, the behaviour of air-currents in the long alley, with other attendant circumstances, are beginning to lose the charm of novelty, and are passing into the matter-of-course category. A tunnel through Vesuvius or under the Channel would perhaps revive the interest in long subterranean borings; but the projected piercing of the Aarberg, the Simplon, or Mont Blanc will be mere feats of hewing and blasting. Meanwhile the question, How to provide proper ventilation? waits for solution. The air of tunnels is notoriously disagreeable. This objection it is thought may be overcome; and a means for keeping the Gothard Tunnel free from hot stifling fumes and pungent steam is talked about. It is to make use of dynamo-electric machines for the passage through the mountain, instead of the ordinary locomotives. The locomotives would bring the trains to the entrance of the tunnel, and being there detached, the dynamo-electric machine would be hooked on, and haul the train to the opposite entrance, where a locomotive would be waiting to take the train on. Of water-power at each end, to be had for nothing, there is no lack. This would drive the turbines employed in driving the electric machines and producing currents powerful enough for the work required. This seems, therefore, to be a fine opportunity to develop all that is advantageous in the use of dynamo-electric machines on a large scale, and to shew that they do not vitiate the air of a tunnel.

The rapidly moving comet which appeared in the southern hemisphere in February last had a head described as a faint nebulous mass with a slight central condensation, while its tail was a bright streak about twenty-five degrees in length. It was watched by observers in South America, in Australia, and at the Cape of Good Hope. It took astronomers by surprise; and slipped out of sight all too soon to allow of satisfying their curiosity, or enabling them to determine its orbit. The President of the Royal Astronomical Society points out a resemblance between this comet and one which appeared in 1843; and he asks in a letter addressed to the Astronomer-Royal: 'Can it be possible that there is such a comet in the system, almost grazing the sun's surface in perihelion, and revolving in less than thirty-seven years?'

The astronomer at the Liverpool Observatory states in his last Report that more than three thousand chronometers have been tested in such a way as to supply the necessary data for calculating the corrections required by changes of temperature. Among them are the chronometers

of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. 'Each ship,' we are told, 'is furnished with three chronometers, which may be called *a*, *b*, *c*. The rates of these instruments are supplied from the Observatory for every five degrees of temperature from 45° to 95° inclusive. By means of these rates, the Greenwich time for each chronometer is obtained daily by merely adding the rate for the observed temperature to the error of the instrument for the preceding day; *a* is then first compared with *b*, and then with *c*. In this way the differences of Greenwich mean time between *a* and *b* and between *a* and *c* are found daily.' A few minutes suffice for the operation; but the result is important; for the ship which carried the instruments 'crossed the equator twice, and passed twice through the Straits of Magellan, and the error of longitude by the mean of the three chronometers appears scarcely to have exceeded two or three miles at any time during the voyage.'

The Academy of Sciences at Paris have conferred their Lalande prize on Mr Peters of Clinton, United States, who, by his own persevering watchfulness, has discovered forty-three of the now large group of minor planets. When the elderly men of these days were boys, four very small planets were known as occupying a position between Mars and Jupiter. By subsequent observation (in which Mr Peters has borne excellent part) the number has been increased to more than two hundred. The more the number is augmented, the more interesting do these tiny stars become to the astronomer; for they are regarded theoretically as the relics of a large planet, of which they occupy the place, subject to the general laws of our planetary system. Thus it is that the plodding observers prepare the way for the theories of philosophers.

A remarkable fact noted during Nordenskjöld's north-east voyage was that no displays of aurora were seen similar to those which so frequently appear in European latitudes. All that the hardy explorers on board the *Vega* saw was a faint luminous arc, apparently always in the same place in the latitude of the magnetic pole.

At Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Massachusetts, a work of some magnitude, as Mr Pickering the Director states in his annual Report, has been undertaken. It is the determination of the light of all the stars visible to the naked eye in that locality. A catalogue of four thousand stars was formed, and as each one is to be observed three times, that is on three evenings, it is obvious that the observers will have to be patient and persevering. The photometer employed in measuring the light is a horizontal telescope with two objectives. By means of two prisms mounted in front of the telescope, the pole-star is reflected into one object glass, and the star to be measured into the other. The cones of light being made to coincide, both are seen in the same field; and thus the star under examination can be compared with the pole-star, and its quantity of light ascertained to a nicety. By another series of observations, the transparency of the air at different altitudes is to be determined, and thereby it will be possible

to detect progressive changes in the light of the pole-star. It is worthy of mention here that the observatory having become cramped in its operations through want of funds, a number of persons, including ladies, have promised to contribute an annual sum of five thousand dollars during five years, and thus revive the old place into vigorous activity.

A French physicist, after study of the records of earthquakes from the beginning of the last century, finds that the disturbances are most frequent when Jupiter and Saturn are in certain positions; and from this he predicts that the number of earthquakes will be large in 1886, 1891, 1898, 1900, and onwards to 1930, where his calculations stop for the present. In one sense it may be regarded as fortunate that the world must wait six years before the prediction can be verified.

Forestry is a subject much more studied in France than in England. One of the Under Secretaries of State is Director of Forests, with control of a large body of foresters. It has been arranged that these men shall make notes of such natural history phenomena as fall within their observation, to be delivered to the central Meteorological Office at Paris. It has been said of meteorologists by an eminent Frenchman, that they too often neglect observations of animal or vegetable physiology; and he recommends that 'the dates of the arrival and departure of migratory birds, the leafing and flowering of plants, and the ripening of corn, should be noted in each district. And, in the interests of agriculture, there should be careful registration of the date of sowing and harvesting the principal crops, and of cutting the hay near the observatories. This would soon give for each department facts of considerable practical importance; for it would be possible to predict more than a month beforehand, within two or three days, the date of the harvest, and furnish agriculturists with other data of equal utility.' Long series of observations of plants would yield evidence as regards slow changes of climate: an interesting question in pure science. The employment of hundreds of foresters as observers is a good step towards gathering in the results indicated in the foregoing suggestions.

At a meeting of the Essex Institute, held at Salem, Massachusetts, an account was given of the pine-trees, which are the principal forest-trees of that county; and the speaker expressed a hope that America would follow the example of Europe as regards the planting of trees and rearing of woods and forests. He recommends that the important functions performed by forests in relation to the health, wealth, and proper development of a country, should be brought into the common schools of the State as a subject of study. Then, as he remarks, 'in the half of a generation, the young men and women of the land would be prepared to understand the justice and wisdom of State enactments, which now almost all would consider hardships. To educated intelligence, rather than to force of law, should the community look to see the pine-tree respected and valued.'

Mauritius, it appears, is taking pains to introduce trees from other countries and rear plantations. Among the most thriving are the eucalyptus, teak, and mahogany; but it is found

necessary to protect them during their early years from hurricanes by barriers of bush.

Among the plants classed by botanists as Euphorbiaceæ, one variety which grows abundantly in Natal yields a gum which after careful trial is found to protect iron from rust, whether on land or in the water. An iron plate coated with this gum was sunk during two years in one of the docks at Chatham; and was as clean when taken out as when first put in. Judging from this result, an iron ship coated with the euphorbia gum should be safe from corrosion and from foulness; that is, the clinging of barnacles and weeds under water. The gum when laid on and dry, is said to have a glassy appearance; and we are told that when applied to woodwork, it prevents the ravages of the white ants.

At the last annual meeting of the Entomological Society, the Chairman made a few remarks, which are significant when taken in connection with what precedes. The number of members is too few. 'Do we not,' says the Chairman, 'ride our own special hobby-horses a little too hard, and so deter those who are not specialists from joining us? Could we not organise a series of periodical Reports on injurious insects, and so secure the adhesion of agriculturists and horticulturists? Can we not obtain for our *Transactions* more papers of an anatomical or philosophic character, more papers on classification or distribution, on the morphology and development of insects, on the light thrown by entomology on the problems of general biology? Papers like these would be readable by naturalists who are not specially entomologists.'

That Australia is rich in flowering plants and shrubs becomes more and more evident as botanists pursue their researches in that country, and publish the results in the *Proceedings* of the Linnean Society of New South Wales and other journals. In one of their recent numbers, an interesting account is given of the flora of tropical Queensland, with description of certain magnificent aquatic plants, among which are the grand Pythagorean bean—or pink water-lily, as the Australians call it—which in ancient days was so plentiful in Egyptian waters. The appearance of the lagoons when this plant is in bloom is especially beautiful. Of another species, with double white flowers, we are told that its leaves, instead of lying flat on the water and floating wide, stand up above the surface in a close cluster, giving one the idea of their having been blown in a heap by a high wind, presenting a singular effect far as eye can reach.

The Rev. Professor Houghton, of Dublin, has published a second edition of his interesting and instructive work, *Principles of Animal Mechanics*, in which, though it contains nearly five hundred pages, he has not been able to use more than a tenth part of the materials at his disposal. His object is to shew 'the mutual advantages obtainable by anatomists and geometers from a combination of the sciences which they cultivate.' Anatomists will gain by the increased precision which numerical statements must give to their observations, and geometers will find in anatomy a new field of problems opened out to their investigation.

'I have met,' says Professor Houghton, 'in the course of my investigations with numerous instances, in the muscular mechanism of the verte-

brate animals, of the application of the principle of least action in nature; by which I mean that the work to be done is effected by means of the existing arrangement of the muscles, bones, and joints, with a less expenditure of force than would be possible under any other arrangement, so that any alteration would be a positive disadvantage to the animal. If, as I consider probable, this fact should prove to be of much wider occurrence in nature than these instances shew, it may serve to give us some slight glimpse of the mechanism by which the conservation of species in nature is secured.

Sheep-disease is a subject which has been much discussed notwithstanding the turmoil of politics. By naturalists and graziers, one disease produced by a parasite termed distoma, is known as 'flukes;' and the way in which the sheep become infested by this and other parasites is an exceedingly interesting question in natural history. Interesting too as a question of profit and loss; for the saving of our woolly flocks would be enormous if a remedy could be found. Is there no one among the many aspirants for fame and fortune who will set himself earnestly to work, make out the whole history of the case, and find a remedy? He would be in every sense a benefactor.

Another question is water-supply, an important question for Londoners, who are called on to pay heavily for water 'still unfit for dietetic purposes,' being 'excessively polluted with organic matter.' In some quarters it is thought that one central authority would be able to bring in pure water—water absolutely free from the slightest taint of sewage, at one-third of the cost of taking over the property of the water-companies. That which was possible to ancient Rome, ought not to be impossible to modern England; and if our rivers, as appears from official evidence, must be sewage drains, there are springs enough in our northern and western hills and under our southern chalk to supply an endless stream of bright pure water.

It is refreshing to learn that there is at least one uncontaminated river—the Uruguay, which has been found by analysis to be perhaps the purest stream in the world; for the water thereof contains somewhat less than four parts of solid matter in one hundred thousand, even at a distance of five hundred miles from its source. The Parana, on the contrary, which, uniting with the Uruguay, forms the great estuary known as the river Plate, is of very muddy appearance, from the large quantity of clay which it holds in suspension.

In a paper on 'Explosive Agents applied to Industrial Purposes,' read at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a compressed powder was described which has great advantages over granular powder, 'on the score of convenience and comparative safety, as well as of greater efficiency.' A new class of nitro-glycerine explosives, devised by Nobel, was also described. Of these, the so-called blasting gelatine may be taken as the type. It is preferable to dynamite, being more potent, and less liable to danger in actual use.

The advantages of circular saws with movable teeth are more and more appreciated in America, and are thus set forth. The teeth being drop-forged, from bar steel, are regular in size and shape, and of better material than it is possible to use for the whole saw; they pass better and more

smoothly than solid teeth through wet and fibrous wood; the loss of time in filing is obviated, as also the loss in diameter of a solid saw consequent on the filing. If a tooth is lost from a solid saw, the mill must stand still until the saw has been refilled into working order; but the sawyer who has a bag full of little 'bits' (movable teeth) which cost three-halfpence each, is independent of accidents, and can replace a lost tooth without delay. The advantage thus gained in places far away from a saw-factory may be easily seen and understood. There are many such places in our own colonies.

Shell-mounds containing relics of the primeval tribes of Japan have been found at Omori, near Tokio. A full description of the mounds and of the articles collected has been published by the Science Department of the University of Tokio, with ample illustration in eighteen plates, wherein ethnologists may find examples for comparison with the relics discovered in other countries. A kind of wheat which was cultivated in Egypt in the ancient days has been found in the Lake-dwellings of Switzerland, also the seeds of a species of flax; from which the conclusion has been drawn that the Lake-dwellers were of African origin.

Mr Gillman of Detroit, in writing on 'The Ancient Men of the Great Lakes,' makes a few remarks about skulls, which anthropologists generally would do well to remember. 'Cranial capacity,' he says, 'must not be implicitly regarded as of physiological import. Otherwise we should have the anomaly of the civilised, refined Peruvian with a skull the cubic contents of which are nearly identical with those of the Australians and Hottentots, and are largely exceeded by those of the brutal North American Indian. Unless the *quality* of the brain can be represented at the same time as the quantity, brain measurement cannot be assumed as an indication of the intellectual position of races any more than of individuals.'

Beaumontague—a substance which has recently been brought prominently before the notice of the public in connection with the ironwork of the ill-fated Tay Bridge—is a composition of borings, brimstone, pitch, sal-ammoniac, rosin, and beeswax. The borings—that is, the particles of cast-iron cut away in the boring of a cylinder or any other casting—are small and fine. For the preparation of beaumontague, all the above substances, added in equal quantities—save the sal-ammoniac, of which but little should be used—are placed in an open vessel over a fire, and there allowed to remain, with occasional stirrings, until the mixture melts down into a thick viscid body. The vessel is then taken off the fire; and the contents, when somewhat cooled, are poured out, and rolled by hand into small balls about two inches in diameter, while still hot and viscid. These balls rapidly cool and harden, and are then laid aside until required. The method of filling a hole in an iron casting with beaumontague is performed without much difficulty. The balls are broken up into small lumps, and the operator having filled the hole with these lumps, presses them in with a red-hot iron, upon the application of which the beaumontague is rapidly melted by the heat, and speedily fills up the angles and crevices of the hole. When this operation is completed, the surface is filed smooth, a little foundry-sand rubbed over it; and in five minutes the beau-

montague has set hard, and all traces of the former flaw have been removed.

It will be thus seen that Beaumontague is a substance used for disguising defective castings, a fact which ought to demand judicial inquiry.

FLEUSS, THE DIVER.

We lately presented an account of Mr Fleuss's discovery of a method of diving and living under water without recourse to air-tubes. As corroborating what we stated regarding this remarkable person and his discovery, the following appears in the *Times* of April 27.

'Mr Fleuss made his first appearance at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, last night, in the large tank built for the whale and used by the seals. His remarkable performance under water was better seen than it has been elsewhere either during the few months of the exhibition of his apparatus at the Polytechnic or at Brighton. He can stay under water for five hours without an air-tube or any other communication with the surface; and this absence of encumbrance gives him much greater freedom than other divers possess. He can, for instance, lie down and bend his body in any position without fear of being lifted or floated up, and without suffering from the obstruction of the long pipe which usually connects the head of a diver with a boat above. In short, he possesses the principal advantage which distinguishes an animal from a plant; he moves independently instead of being rooted to one spot. Fore-shortened in the water, he presents a curious appearance, with great goggle eyes in his burnished helmet, a strong water-tight dress, and water-boots. The spectators amuse themselves by throwing pence for him to pick up, or by writing messages to him on cardboard, which he reads and answers on cardboard, always under water. He sharpens his pencil under water, gives and receives signals with a cord, and is to experiment on the submarine use of the telephone. At Ryde he walked for a quarter of a mile under the sea; at Brighton he went down in five fathoms by the chain pier in rough weather. If he could eat under water, Mr Fleuss says he could stay for a longer period than the five hours which he gives as the ordinary limit. Yesterday afternoon he remained two hours and seven minutes under water in the Aquarium, and again went down for half an hour in the evening. In a short lecture on his apparatus which Mr Fleuss gave in the evening immediately on returning to the upper air, he stated that his method is no secret, that it is patented, and that the specifications are accordingly published. In every draught of breath we draw we take in a certain amount of oxygen with four times as much nitrogen. A little of the oxygen becomes fixed in the form of carbonic acid, and the air thus deteriorated becomes unfit to breathe. If, however, the place of the missing oxygen is taken by a fresh supply, the mixture becomes again fit for breathing. According to Mr Fleuss, he takes down compressed oxygen to supply the place of that which is breathed: in other words, he has invented a set of anti-lungs, which perform a function precisely the reverse of that of the lungs

proper. This was confessedly a rough, popular, hasty, and generalised explanation. A more scientific account may be expected from the lecture on the subject which Dr B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., who is specially qualified for the investigation by his well-known experiments on ozone, is to deliver at the Society of Arts. It will be remembered that it was to the same Society that Professor Tyndall explained the fireman's respirator, which has since proved in practice so valuable an instrument in straining the bad air at fires before it reaches the lungs, and so enabling the fireman to breathe what air is left among smoke and noxious vapours. Mr Fleuss's method is still more effectual, because he carries his own supply of oxygen with him in a compressed form, and has thus been enabled to breathe in an atmosphere in which there is no appreciable quantity of air at all. He states that he has gone through fire-damp (carburetted hydrogen) and choke-damp (carbonic acid), and could exist in the charged receiver of a gas factory. In the great helmet and in the hollows of his armour there is room for a certain quantity of air, and this is kept fresh and constantly renewed by a stream of oxygen, the pressure of which he regulates by a tap at will. To refresh himself, he increases the flow of oxygen; and when he requires no stimulus, diminishes it. Mr Fleuss is a young and vigorous man, who has served in the steamboats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. His apparatus is certainly very ingenious and effective, and well worthy of attention.'

THE LEAFY TIME OF JUNE.

The leaves are green upon the bough;
The swallow's on the wing;
The cuckoo's note, from yonder wood,
Doth all melodious ring.

It is the time when every bird
His mellowest pipe doth tune:
Of cloudless skies, of summer flowers,
The leafy time of June!

The lilies white, upon the pool
Their golden stamens show;
Their snowy cups bright-mannered in
The silver stream below.

And like a meteor flashing swift
And sudden from the sky,
Darts, arrowy, across the reeds
The jewelled dragon-fly.

The rose's scent and meadow-lay
Perfume the summer air;
The buttercups and cowslip bells
Their yellowest vestments wear.

For 'tis the balmy blossom time,
When Nature doth attune
All hearts her beauties to enjoy—
The leafy time of June!

A. H. B.

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ENCOURAGEMENTS TO UNTHRIFT.

THE public discussions that have lately taken place with a view to promote the cultivation of thrift, would seem to indicate a belief that things have gone a little too far in the way of mis-expenditure of means and want of foresight. Possibly there may be some adventitious object to serve in these oratorical displays; but at all events they are the echo of what we have been endeavouring to inculcate for a long course of years—a reasonable thriftiness in living, along with the pleasant consciousness of self-reliance. Unfortunately, everything that can be said by the press or by public speaking in this direction is largely neutralised by a vast organisation of charitable aid in all great centres of population. Through the well-meaning but heedless operations of philanthropists, the humbler and other sections of the community are systematically depraved by offers of succour under the pressure of such difficulties as happen to overtake them. The persons so operated upon may very fairly say: 'What is the use of being thrifty? When the worst comes to the worst, we have hundreds of charities to fall back upon. For every disease that may afflict ourselves or our families, medicines and medical attendance can be had for nothing. Trying to save would deprive us of our comforts, and be ridiculous. Carry on! It will be all the same a hundred years hence. As the old song goes:

When the house is running round about,
It is time enough to flit;
For, we've aye been provided for,
And so will we yet.'

There, in defiance of Solomon's proverbs, of the apothegms of Franklin, and admonitions without end, lies the whole philosophy of the thriftless. They know they will be provided for somehow, and give themselves no concern about the future.

Among all the public charities that are habitually abused, those dedicated to the alleviation and cure of disease are the most conspicuous. Whether these charities are supported by endowments or

by voluntary contributions, the result is the same. They are shamefully taken advantage of. While beneficently rendering aid to those who from no fault of their own are unable to pay for medical treatment, they offer an encouragement to unthrift and pauperisation. This we pointed out a year or two ago in an article entitled 'Mischievous Philanthropy;' and it is made more abundantly evident in the recently published work on 'Pay Hospitals,' by Mr H. C. Burdett (Churchill, London), in which the facts rest on unchallengeable authority. The matter has become so flagrant, that propositions are being made to set on foot Hospitals and Dispensaries for the benefit of which a reasonable sum is charged. We shall select a few from the many instances of abuse in the free hospital and dispensary system as presented by Mr Burdett.

The first important case is that of the Royal Free Hospital, London, where 'it has been shewn that the out-patient department is abused to the extent of seventy-four per cent., if we include the whole of those patients who are able to pay to a provident dispensary. In other words, out of six hundred and forty-one cases investigated, one hundred and sixty-nine, or twenty-six per cent., were found to be fit objects for the charity.' This was the hospital which George Moore, the philanthropist, so strenuously promoted. What would he have said to the facts just quoted? 'Everywhere,' says Mr Burdett, 'the number of patients applying for free medical relief has increased to the extent of nearly fifty per cent. in our large towns during the last ten years. Thus, in London at the present time, one in four of the whole population receives gratuitous medical relief when ill.' In the space of ten years in Birmingham, the number of patients treated gratuitously rose from sixty-six to a hundred and four thousand. In Liverpool, in 1877, one in two of the population relied on medical charity. 'It thus becomes evident that the present system of medical relief must be remodelled. It injures all classes. It demoralises the patient, deprives the poor of their lawful inheritance, defrauds the

medical profession, and hampers the hospital finances. It is hopeless to expect that people will put aside even a penny a week for medicine and a doctor's attendance when they can get as much for the mere asking. As long, therefore, as the hospitals give their relief so freely and indiscriminately, we must expect that the people will use this stepping-stone to pauperism, and be deprived of that happiest of results, the healthy feeling of self-help and independence, which belongs to those who do their duty in providing for the necessities of life.'

It is curious to observe how some large towns make enormous efforts to increase the size of their free hospitals, and encourage all and sundry to frequent them, as if they were performing a great work of beneficence, when probably a half or a third of all who are received as patients are able to pay for medical attendance. The boast of some hospitals is that no applicant who on examination requires to be medically treated will be turned away. In one sense, it is a noble principle of action; but closely considered, it includes a disregard of how many persons in decent circumstances are pauperised. That people who are tolerably well off are admitted to these free and easy hospitals, is obvious from the newspaper obituaries. As if signifying a break-down in independent principle, families do not seem to think there is anything derogatory in announcing that one of their members died in a hospital supported by charitable contributions. It may be presumed that in such cases the feelings have been so blunted, that medical treatment for nothing is taken not as a charity but as a right.

There is a certain drollery in these misconceptions; but they go beyond a joke. The rearing of huge hospitals to meet the increasing demands of patients forms a heavy though voluntary tax on the community, and not less onerous is the annual expenditure. Lately, a very grand new Hospital, styled the Royal Infirmary, was opened in Edinburgh. It was built, and will be supported, by private contributions. According to a public statement, the buildings have cost three hundred and forty thousand pounds. The number of beds that can be provided for patients is six hundred. Reckoning the interest on the cost at four per cent., and the cost of maintenance, the outlay on each bed will be about seventy-eight pounds per annum. If fewer than six hundred beds are fitted up, the cost of each will be proportionally increased. Any one, therefore, who remains in the Infirmary for a month costs the public at least six pounds; without reference to the value of medical attendance, which in the interests of the medical school is gratuitous so far as patients are concerned. Facts of this kind should lead to some sobering reflections.

With a view to limit the number of applicants for gratuitous board, lodging, and medical attendance, the plan of charging a registration fee of one shilling has been tried at several free hospitals; but it is found to introduce fresh evils. Idlers go about begging for money, under pretence of procuring a shilling to pay the fee. This plan has besides the demerit of excluding the absolutely poor, who ought properly to be the recipients of the charity. Everything considered, it comes to this, that the right thing to do is to set up Pay Hospitals and Pay Dispensaries on the plan of Provident

Societies. That is to say, by paying a small sum per week or month, a family would receive medical succour in the event of any ailment. Any such scheme properly worked would encourage thrift, and be the means of relieving the public from enormous claims now made on them for charitable contributions. It is mentioned that Provident medical schemes, varied according to circumstances, have proved successful in France, Spain, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Austria, America, and the Colonies. Schemes of this kind are in operation in some parts of England, and it would be satisfactory to see them more generally extended.

Other economic plans commend themselves for support. As, for example, attaching Pay-wings to free hospitals. An excellent Pay-wing has been attached to a free hospital at Montreal. Wherever they have been rightly begun, hospitals of this useful description have proved to be of immense use to isolated individuals who have no dwelling-house of their own, and who sensitively shrink from encroaching on a charity. In some quarters, objections may be raised to Pay-wings. It may be urged that they are not sufficiently detached from the charity departments, and would prove a failure. In that case, let Pay Hospitals of moderate dimensions and of different varieties to suit the means and tastes of applicants, be tried. In this species of minor hospitals, under the name of Sanatoria, Paris and its environs offer good specimens, generally, we believe, the property of physicians. They are in fact private boarding-houses for medical treatment; the accommodation and the charges made being adapted to the different classes of persons who take advantage of them. In some cases, the inmates of Pay Hospitals are not excluded from employing their own medical attendant. Mr Burdett's book may be consulted as to experiments of one kind or other that have been made respecting schemes of payment both for hospital treatment and for the dispensing of medicines. To our mind, the subject is involved in no material difficulty. Where there is a will there is a way. The chief obstacle, as we apprehend, to the introduction of any such schemes for lessening dependence on charities, may be expected to come from existing institutions. Over a long course of years, interests and prejudices have grown up, and are tenacious in their vitality. We happen to know a case where an energetic attempt in a large city was made, for the sake of economy in management, to coalesce the public charities into kindred groups. The idea met with general favour; but it also incurred formidable opposition. Interests in charities were viewed as trade interests. The attempt was worse than a failure. It ended only in a fresh organisation.

It would be absurd to affect an ignorance of the progress of thrift, notwithstanding the many powerful influences exerted in an opposite direction. The tokens of improved habits meet us in all directions. The vast sums now deposited in the Savings-banks. The numerous instances of workmen buying and inhabiting neat and salubrious dwellings, a circumstance largely owing to Provident Building Societies. The diffused taste for reading. A higher style of dress among both sexes. The universal culture of the young by means of compulsory education. We would add, the greater leisure to think, and disposition to

inquire. On the bare surface of society, the change for the better is at once manifest in comparison with what we remember two generations back. The human being, so to speak, is of more value. On the whole, things are going on very well, though they might be better. We still observe, especially on the occasion of holidays, a prodigious mass who, delivering themselves up to idle and mischievous habits, seem not to have advanced one iota. They have relatively gone back. In their rough looks and ragged wretchedness, their vacantly staring about with their hands in their pockets, their pouring in streams into public-houses, their fights and brawls, of which we hear enough in the daily newspaper reports—in all this, and in more that could be mentioned, we have the flagrant proof that society is yet a good way from the millennium. In plain terms, in the midst of a higher civilisation there is a conspicuous stratum of barbarism, that as a heavy drag retards everything.

If let alone to experience the consequence of their improvidence, this dark mass might possibly be diminished; but on the contrary, it is pampered and kept alive in all its hideous recklessness by the meddlesomeness of philanthropists, who cherish it as a choice field of operations for their crotchets. Misery is rendered perennial instead of casual. We hold that as long as every species of misexpenditure and bodily ailment is liable to be succoured by charitable associations, there will, of course, be Encouragements to Unthrift.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER X.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It was a conscious smile, which recognised its own charming existence.

WHY do I always think of Wrethedale as I knew it in the summer-time; and why am I quite baffled now that I try to recall it as I first saw it on that dismal winter-night? An old west-country friend of mine, hunting me up the other day, found me inwrapped in fog within two hundred yards of Temple Bar, and his very mention of the place created in these gloomy chambers a sense of sunshine and green fields. You may seek in vain for Wrethedale now. The quaint cross-timbered houses with their thatched eaves and diamonded windows have disappeared, and trim villas line the road. The lilac's bloom and the laburnum's dropping gold no longer overhang the dusty, crooked, little highway. The swinging tavern-sign has at length taken the flight which on gusty days it used to meditate of old, and the tavern has followed it. The big tree on the green—the green itself—they are as clean gone as that by-gone self of mine who knew them. I sometimes feel so regretful over these changes, that I mourn for the little village as though for a friend departed.

The place is opulent and new-fangled. A line of railway with sides of bare earth intersects the lovely landscape, and shapeless bridges offend the eye. The sweet quiet is broken by hoarse screams and pantings. Rural silence has fled from the very heart of its home, and if you would be in

the country, you must leave Wrethedale behind you. I have a right to be aggrieved at all this.

In my Black Country home I had had but little chance of falling in love with Nature, whose countenance was so torn and scarified as to be scarcely lovely. Not even there, of course, could the heart of a child go without some recognition of the brightening of the sky, and the softening of the air in spring-time, some gladness in the languor of the summer afternoon, some welcome for the solemn peace of autumn's skies. But here Nature wore the loveliest of faces always, and most lovingly wooed me.

My schoolmates for the first week or two were just of the average caste, exciting neither special likings nor dislikings. I discovered to my own surprise on one occasion that I could be roused to fight in self-defence; and having fought and conquered, and established my footing, lived in tolerable peace and comfort. The Rev. Charles Davies was a good little man of consumptive tendencies. He was eminently painstaking and pious, and for the rest, commonplace. A good little man who did his work dutifully according to his lights, which were not brilliant. He had a good little wife, who coddled him and us, and spent herself wholly—the good little soul!—in kindly offices for all about her. But they are phantoms here, and have no purpose to fulfil in this story. The good little clergyman's good little wife took a natural interest in my forlorn condition. Sally's first visit was made on a Saturday afternoon, and she was admitted to see me in the schoolroom, at that time deserted by its usual occupants, who were romping and shouting to their hearts' content in the gravelled ground outside. While Sally and I were in the full flow of mutual confidence, Mrs Davies came into the schoolroom, and entered into talk with Sally, and drew from her my little history. This was a subject over which Sally always cried; and Mrs Davies, who was not a strong-minded woman, cried a little with her, and told her she was a good kind soul, and said she should always be welcome to come and see me. I also cried a little, I remember, and was a good deal petted and generally made much of. I missed Sally heavily at first, but grew gradually reconciled, and found a friend in the manageress of our childish affairs. Life glided along smoothly enough for a while in this quiet place and under these happy auspices.

It was the first of May, and we were promised a half-holiday. The Reverend Charles and his two ushers were in the best of earthly humours; and I, with some half-dozen others, was lazily reciting the products of Madagascar, when Mrs Davies entered the little side-class-room in which we sat and summoned her husband from the school. When he returned, as he did in a few minutes, he brought a new boy with him. 'This, young gentlemen,' he said, 'is Master George Gascoigne.—You will learn the names of your companions, Gascoigne, by-and-by.'

The new boy was a slim and pallid youth, with long golden curls and handsome blue eyes and a girlishly beautiful face. He was quite self-possessed, and inclined his head towards us at this introduction. I, remembering my own awkward advent, and the painful shyness which overmastered me when the Reverend Charles delivered

himself of his little set speech on the occasion of my introduction to the school, was almost awed by the pleasant and easy smile of this new-comer. The smile was a genuine bit of sunshine, and gave the face, for the moment that it dwelt there, both warmth and colour. Perhaps I mix my memories here once more, and confuse first and later impressions; but I have often thought since then, that any grown-up creature, looking at that lad's face, should have seen what great things lay within him, and how easy it might be to turn them all to evil. Any grown-up creature with the slightest faculty for observation might have gained some knowledge of the boy's character from his smile, and having gained the knowledge, might have used it for his good. For as I knew afterwards, he was keenly susceptible to all opinions, and as ductile-hearted as a girl. But nobody saw or cared, and he, my best and dearest friend, and my worst enemy and his own, grew up; to fulfil his destiny perhaps.

I have spoken of his smile. Let me try to say what I observed in it then—child as I was—and noticed in it many a time afterwards. It was perfectly frank and spontaneous. But it was a conscious smile, which recognised its own charming existence, and recognised your appreciation of it; and in its pleasure in itself, and in your pleasure at it, lived a little moment longer than it would otherwise have done. It captivated me at once, I know; and that afterlight in the face which seemed to recognise my sensation and to gladden in it, was sweeter than the smile itself. He was five years older than I, and was tall for his age. It was significant of the best and the worst of him that he signalled me out for friendship from the first. It was significant of the best of him, because he was always kindly to the weak, and disposed to cheer such as were alone. It was significant of his worst, because half of all he did was done for the sake of admiration and applause, and because he chose me mainly for my unreasoning worship.

There are men who have forgotten that they were ever children, and who seem to fancy that boyhood is an almost characterless age. In such cases an appeal to memory would be useless. Let them give themselves for an hour to the study of a group of school-boys, and discover to their astonishment that the finer marks of human nature are there developed as well as those broad and simple lines of characterisation, which have alone accredited themselves to their unobservant eyes.

The fashion after which the Reverend Charles Davies treated his pupils to a half-holiday was about as significant of him as the term by which our small diversion was known was significant of it. The pupils were duly marshalled in orderly military fashion, were told off by fours, wheeled into fours, and solemnly marched through some three or four miles of country road, which led nowhere in particular, except that the circuitous windings of our march always landed us at the school-gates. I had already made three of these stiff and monotonous excursions, and looked forward with no great joy to the fourth. Yet, as became the first of May—which is not always so sweetly smiling as in justice to its poetic fame it should be—the fields were thick with flowers, the hedges were already giving sign of that fair bloom which bears the name of the month it owes its life

to, the skies were clear, the wind was fresh and balmy, and things generally were vastly more inviting to the school-boy soul, outside the school than in it. Even in one of those foolish rows of four, it was possible to taste the sweetness of the air. Even if forbidden to dash at large through those floral fields, one could look at them. There was a certain jolly old blackbird who in the course of our last walk had flittered after us, and taunted us with our want of freedom, along a good quarter of a mile of road, keeping himself carefully behind the hedge meanwhile. Surely *his* society was worth something, though one shared it as a close-bound unit in fifteen monotonous rows of four.

We were all marshalled in the playground and arranged in order when the Reverend Charles emerged from the house accompanied by Gascoigne. We stood there in solemn row whilst the meek little clergyman walked along the rank and inspected us front and rear, like a general among troops on a review day. Gascoigne followed him; and when the little man had completed his inspection and had come round to our front again, the new boy slipped his hand into the master's and stood there by his side. The Reverend Charles looked down upon him with an air of rebuke, as I fancied; but Gascoigne met his glance with a smile of such confident affection, that the small man patted him on the shoulder and smiled in return.

'With whom will you walk, Gascoigne?' asked the Reverend Charles. 'You may choose your own companion for to-day.'

It was a little thing perhaps, but it won my heart at once. Gascoigne left the master's side and took his place by me, and touched me lightly on the shoulder. It was a little thing, but I had been busy with fancies concerning him, in my imaginative childish way, and he was so much older and stronger and taller and handsomer than I; and altogether, as I have said, the action won my heart. I looked up at him with a shy gratitude; and he looked back upon me with that splendid aspect of affectionate protection which I learned afterwards to know so well, and to take so much delight in. Our ways are differently ordered now, and wide apart; but if I could undo the past—his past and mine—and stand beside him again with that unquestioning acceptance of his worth, how gladly I would do it!

We were the chief institution of Wrethedale, and the village was proud of us. It is just possible that we robbed here and there a garden now and then, and that we were upon occasion a nuisance. But on these public days of holiday display the village turned out and audibly admired us; and one or two of the oldest of Wrethedale's inhabitants used to bid God bless us as we passed. They were unused to processions in Wrethedale, and a very small show excited the good folk's emotions. So we tramped with fair regularity of step through the winding village street. The smith and the landlord of the *Wrethedale Arms* took off their caps to the Reverend Charles, and old crones courtesied at the cottage doors. The children ran after us and before us and beside us, and turning suddenly round upon us, stared shyly and ran on again. The wagoner, gay in honour of the sweet month's advent, touched his tanned forehead as we filed past him, and drew his ribboned team

aside to let us go by in unbroken order. The road was firm beneath our feet, and neither damp nor dusty. The hedges were green on either side; and now and again, where a gate broke in upon the hedgerow, we had glimpses of the pleasant western country right or left.

I suppose the May weather touched the juvenility which was certainly still vital in him somewhere, for just as we reached Old Bunn's strawberry gardens—a favourite resort of the people of the little country-town hard by—the Reverend Charles halted and addressed us. 'Young gentlemen,' said the Reverend Charles, 'you may now walk out of rank.'

There was a rush and a yell. The mob of young gentlemen went headlong down the lane.

Let me recall the place and the time. Beyond Old Bunn's gardens run three or four cottages, each with its pleasant little plot in front. On the opposite side of the lane, a pond full of tadpoles and young frogs, and strange creatures neither tadpole nor young frog, but in various intermediate conditions. I remember them keenly because of Gascoigne's lecture. Then beyond the pool a gate, over which one mild young heifer pushed an inquiring head, as if to ask what all the noise was about. Beyond that a barn at a corner of the highway, all ivy from base to roof, except for the great oak-doors. Beyond the barn, a dense mass of willows, white in the May-day wind. And over all the May-day sunshine, and the sense of liberty, and the freshness of the spring; and over even these the exultant gladness of the school-boy heart. Round the corner to the left, hidden until now by the thick-blossomed hedges, an old farmhouse—rackety, tumble-down, picturesque. A broken gate opening on a littered fold-yard. To the right that dense mass of willows, white in the May-day wind, feathering off gradually, with glimpses of the country between. And then a sudden swerve, and a brook with a fallen sapling across it, making its silver wavelets brawl a little; and beyond the hay-meadow on the other side such a stretch of country as you may seek in vain elsewhere. And over all the May-day sunshine and the sense of liberty and the freshness of the spring; and over even these the exultant gladness of the school-boy heart.

I write this after midnight, on a cold March night. The sound of London's latest traffic is in my ears. A market-cart goes rumbling towards Covent Garden. Yet a minute ago I was back in those glad fields. The brook rippled and the birds sang again. My old schoolfellows were calling one another round about me. My new friend was by my side. I shall take his hand no more; but, O Gascoigne, before I lay my pen down for the night, let me sit awhile and fancy that you too are back in those old scenes, and that you think of them and of all the broken history which followed them, with such repentance as matches my forgiveness.

I dwell upon that day because it belongs to him and has grown for me to be a part of him. We spent the whole afternoon together, and he charmed me. Even in those early days he charmed everybody, and exercised a subtle influence over all with whom he came in contact. Below the fallen sapling an old wooden baulk ran across the brook, accompanied half-way by a

decrepit hand-rail, which failed just where it might have begun to be of service. At the far end of this baulk rose a magnificent elm, which overshadowed the water, and mixed its boughs with those of the willows on the near side. The Reverend Charles had given up his scholars for the moment, and had resigned himself to the situation. He was peacefully walking along the road which ran by the brook-side. He had his hands folded behind him, and his hat very much at the back of his head, and he was evidently giving up his good little heart to the serene enjoyment of nature. Gascoigne pointed to him laughingly, and fell into so ludicrously accurate an imitation of his gait that I laughed in return. Mimicry I soon discovered was one of Gascoigne's special faculties. We sat down on the baulk together at the water's edge, and fell into conversation. To speak more accurately, Gascoigne cross-examined me and drew me out, and most skilfully and pleasantly manipulated me.

'You and I,' he said, 'are going to be friends. What's your name?'

I told him.

'I shall call you Jack.'

I was really honoured beyond measure. I told him my little story. I described Sally and the little Black Country cottage; and told him of the young carpenter, and of Aunt Bertha and Mr Fairholt and Uncle Will and Polly. There was a feeling of freshness and even a little feeling of daring in making these revelations to a stranger. He had put his arm about my neck with a caressing protection which was natural to him, and as he had said, we were friends. I quite despair of conveying to any reader who may not have a similar remembrance the strength and rapidity with which my affection for him and my admiration of him took root and grew. He listened with such an unaffected pleasure; he questioned with so delicate and natural a tact, and with such a kindly interest, that my story was told quite easily and without embarrassment.

He returned my confidence, and told me all about himself. I gathered as the result of it that his parents were not wealthy, but that he was an only child, and had great expectations from somebody, who meant to send him to college and to make a man of him. He told me that he meant to be a clergyman. Like Mr Davies? I ventured to ask him. No, he answered laughingly; not at all like Mr Davies.

There we left the brook and wandered back a little, and he told me all about the frog and tadpole metamorphosis. We gathered wild-flowers, and he knew the names of all—the scientific names of some. His father, he told me then, was a scientific man, and amazingly clever. He had written books, and knew a great deal more than Mr Davies. This last in answer to my queries. Then he led me on to literature, and listened with a smiling friendly interest while he drew me out on that point. One of his chief charms then and always was that he had in perfection the art of putting an inferior at ease. In after-days, when his wisdom was fulfilled and he took his first curacy, I have seen him exercise that art with farmers and farm-labourers and the dull mechanics of the village. They were all charmed with him; as indeed how could they have been otherwise?

Our talk went on until the Reverend Charles had

gathered his strayed flock together, and was continued as we marched in military order home. He gave me a lift over a rough bit of Valpe's *Latin Grammar*—on whose mazes I had just entered—that evening; the first of many. To my infinite delight he took the spare bed in the room I slept in. Circumstances conspired in favour of our friendship. School-hours parted us of course, for he was far ahead of me, as was only natural. But in the playground we came together again, and in those games in which I was unable to join I had at least the satisfaction of seeing him outshine all our companions. He was an Admirable Crichton, and as good as he was clever and handsome. Some of the meaner spirits envied him; but even Envy was shortly silenced. He took and kept a place among us from the first which seemed to have been either reserved or created for him, and in our young republic he was president. His popularity never weaned him from me. From the promise made on the first afternoon of our acquaintance he never deviated. We were friends.

The holidays came at last, and with the groom came Sally to escort me home. Gascoigne and she had grown to know each other long before this, of course. Sally was in love with him; and he, as much for her own sake as for mine, was quite impressed with Sally. We parted most affectionately, and met again much sooner than we had hoped. For it turned out that Gascoigne's father was an old friend of Mr Fairholt's, and that after having left him unvisited for many years, as old friends will, he came over one day in the first week of the holidays, bringing Gascoigne with him. I was by this time—the first shyness of our reunion having disappeared—reinstalled as *jongleur*, and Polly had again assumed her regal state. A wild legend, into which I had pitchforked Gascoigne as knight-deliverer, and which I regret to say was afterwards imperiously set aside by Polly in favour of The Three Bears, was interrupted by Sally, who ran up to tell me that Gascoigne had arrived. I blush to admit that love and fealty were alike forgotten for the moment, and that I fell precipitately down-stairs to greet my friend, leaving Polly lonely with that weird and incomplete legend.

The house and its inmates alike seemed changed since that misty winter-night on which I had left for school. Mr Fairholt, who never noticed me, now went about in a slow, listless, broken way. Uncle Will was less cheerful than of old; and a settled melancholy had fallen on Aunt Bertha. Even Sally was saddened in some way that I could not understand. When I reached the hall, Mr Fairholt was greeting his guest, and Aunt Bertha was talking to Gascoigne. Uncle Will entered at the same moment, and with a momentary cheerfulness took my companion and myself in charge, and shewed Gascoigne the stables and the dogs. When we returned to the house we found that it had been arranged that the visitors should stay until the following evening, and Gascoigne and I settled down thereupon into talk. In the midst of it I remembered Polly, whom I straightway produced and introduced. He took her up in his arms and kissed her—a proceeding at which she feigned to be displeased. She overlooked Gascoigne's error shortly afterwards, and trotted after him everywhere, with a wondering

admiration of the things he did, and an admiring wonder at him, which satisfied me completely.

In consideration of Gascoigne's presence, I was allowed to sit up a little later than usual. We sat together as it grew dusk in the little room commonly used by Aunt Bertha, and I was relating the story of the first appearance of the face. Gascoigne had his arm about my neck as usual, and I was looking up at him as I spoke, when I noticed that he had ceased to listen, and was peering into the dusk with a somewhat alarmed expression. I stopped; and he pointed through the window, asking in a whisper: 'Jack, what's that?'

I looked out also, and saw the figure of a man, who came silently and with a stealthy crouching run across the lawn. I was just about to cry out in fear when I recognised the crouching figure as that of Uncle Will. But almost before I was assured of this I was again frightened. A hand was laid upon the window-sill, and a head slowly rose above it. The head turned from side to side, as if in suspicious watchfulness.

'A burglar!' whispered Gascoigne.

Uncle Will came nearer, with a slower step and with still greater caution, until he was near enough to lay a sudden hand upon the shoulder of the man who crouched beneath the window. At the touch the man started to his feet, and I fell back from Gascoigne's hold with a shriek. 'The face!' Horrified as I was by this sudden apparition of my phantom, I saw all that happened outside and heard the one word spoken. All that happened was that my phantom, turning round, threw his hands upwards and backwards and recoiled. In a flash of time he recovered himself and fled, and melted like a shadow in the shadows of the night. Uncle Will's first gesture was the same. He also recoiled with his hands thrown back and up, and so for the merest fragment of a second they faced each other. As my phantom turned to fly, the other precipitated himself towards him as if to seize him. He was too late, and lost his footing. Recovering himself, he followed that flying shadow with a cry:

'Frank!'

THE QUEEN'S GUARD.

THERE are many ancient customs still kept up in London which are more ornamental than useful, and amongst them we might class that which provides military guards to certain portions of the metropolis, despite the existence of a police force which is more than sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

In the days when regal splendour was deemed to be part and parcel of the life of a nation, such guards as were placed over the various palaces of the sovereign were really necessary to impart a martial and imposing appearance; but in these times of comparative simplicity in the matter of court ceremonies, and in the midst of loyalty so universal, their real usefulness has in a great measure departed.

Whether the sovereign is in or out of town, however, the visitor to London is absolutely certain of witnessing a military spectacle on any day of the week in the usual 'Guard-mounting' which

takes place at St James's Palace. This, as our readers are aware, is the old palace of the kings and queens of England, and the building in which official receptions, such as 'levees,' 'drawing-rooms,' &c. are frequently held.

As the clocks chime half-past ten in the morning the sound of martial music in the distance warns us that the 'Queen's Guard' is approaching; and presently one can descry the tall bearskin caps of the 'Household Brigade' towering above a motley crowd of onlookers, to many of whom the enlivening strains of the band are as good as a breakfast. Indeed it is averred that amongst the crowd there are persons who have never missed one 'Guard-mounting' for many years past, and who are as conversant with the military customs of London as the most veteran Guardsman.

As the 'Guard' comes nearer, we are able to tell which of England's famous regiments it is whose turn of duty has again brought its members along the 'Mall,' which has been trodden and retrodden by them or their predecessors for more than two hundred years past. In fact, as we gaze upon the present scene we may very easily picture to ourselves another of a similar character, by substituting for 1879 the year of grace 1679, when the 'King's Guard' in its cavalier costume and large standard, marching along surrounded by a crowd of dainty courtiers, presently halts and lowers its colours as the Majesty of England passes by with its accompanying *spaniels*! The Park itself is very much changed since then, and in its present beautiful aspect would scarcely be recognisable to the noble loungers of the Restoration period, though perhaps the sturdy soldiers who are now treading its malls are not one whit different from those who fought at Worcester and Dunbar.

The Queen's Guard consists nowadays of five officers and about one hundred and forty rank and file. This is divided into three portions, or to use a military term, sections—namely, the St James's Palace Guard, or 'Queen's Guard' proper, which numbers three officers, four fifers and drummers, three sergeants, and sixty rank and file. It bears in its charge for twenty-four hours one of the colours or standards of the regiment; the Queen's colour on royal birthdays or if Her Majesty is in town, and the Regimental colour on ordinary days when the Court is absent.

The other sections form the Buckingham Palace Guard, and the Tilt Yard Guard—now called the 'Horse Guards' Parade,' the site of the tournament ground in olden times—each consisting of an officer, a bugler, and about forty rank and file. At one time there was also a number of smaller guards, which used to be posted on the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Duke of York's School, and other places of minor importance. The police have, however, long since been substituted for the military in these places, to the evident relief of the latter, and without detriment to the public welfare. In summer-time, and more especially on the day when Her Majesty's Birthday is kept, an impressive ceremony takes

place on the Horse Guards' Parade previous to the mounting of the guard, which is called 'trooping the colours.' Then the State colour of the regiment whose duty it is to furnish the Queen's Guard that day, is brought out of its hiding-place in the regimental orderly-room, and given over, with much pomp and circumstance, to the custody of the Queen's Guard for the next four-and-twenty hours; after which it is generally cased and returned to its former resting-place by the drum-major, escorted by two duty-sergeants.

At the Birthday parade some members of the royal family are usually present, the Prince and Princess of Wales having been there on nearly every occasion since their marriage; while the Duke of Cambridge, as Commander-in-chief, is always surrounded on this day by a numerous and distinguished suite, including all the foreign military *attachés*. The bands of the three regiments are brigaded together; and as the troops present on the review-ground consist of the picked men of the famous brigade of Foot Guards, together with the Life Guards, and their band in its State dress, the military spectacle is exceedingly imposing.

After the ceremony, the musicians—many of the members of which are celebrated artistes—march with the Queen's Guard as far as St James's Palace, playing all the way; and performing opposite the Prince of Wales's residence, some of the choicest *morceaux* from their musical repertoire, the programme commencing with the performance of the National Anthem. While this is being played, the two guards which are relieving and being relieved, present arms and lower their colours. The regiments take their new clothing into wear on this day; and the drum-majors don their State uniform, the costliness and gorgeous character of which we mentioned in the article on 'Drummers and Fifers,' in our number for 30th September 1876.

The officers of the Queen's Guard consist of a Captain (ranking as Lieutenant-colonel); Lieutenant (ranking as Captain); and a Second Lieutenant. We have already explained in these columns how it is that the officers of the Guards bear a double rank—that is, an officer who would be simply a lieutenant in the line, would be in the Guards a 'lieutenant and captain,' and so on through the other ranks. This strange custom is, under the Warrant of 1871, abolishing the purchase of commissions, to be allowed to die out. It was an anomaly which has frequently caused confusion and jealousy.

In the old days prior to the Crimean War, the Queen's Guard used to 'mount' in the Old Palace Yard of St James's; and when the old guard had marched away, the colour of the new guard was placed in a post in the centre of the yard, where it remained flying till sunset, under the charge of a sentry. It was then removed into the officers' messroom, and brought out again in the morning. The post stands there still, but its 'glory has departed,' as the colour is seldom displayed except at levees. On 'Waterloo Day,' a surviving veteran from Chelsea Hospital used to attend at the Palace and tie a bunch of laurel on the colour with a piece of the Waterloo medal ribbon; but the later battles of Alma and Inkermann having eclipsed the splendour of Waterloo, the custom was discontinued.

On royal birthdays, every member of the

guard under the command of the captain, is allowed a sum of money—to drink the health of the Prince or Princess whose birthday it is—which averages about fourpence per man. The officers receive a guinea each. On Her Majesty's birthday the sum is doubled. Every officer on mounting guard for the first time, and on promotion, is expected to pay his 'footing' in a sum which is distributed among the non-commissioned officers of the guard. This, however, is an old custom, which is now sometimes more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Within the precincts of the old Palace stands the Guard-room, the former discomfort of which has now been partly remedied by certain improvements; and here the rank and file have to make themselves as comfortable as they can under the circumstances, through a long dreary day and night, each man taking his turn every four hours to do two hours' 'sentry-go' on some dull and lonely post in the vicinity of the Palace and Park. On mounting guard the senior sergeant reads aloud the standing orders for the guard, and the orders for the sentinels on the different posts; and this reading is repeated by one of the other sergeants to the first batch of sentries when they have been relieved. Each sentry before being relieved from his post is supposed to repeat to the new sentry *verbatim* the orders of the post; and some amusing incidents often happen in this way, especially when the sentry is a recruit, and being uneducated perhaps, is unable to remember the exact terms in which the order is couched.

Next to the privates' guard-room is that of the officers—or speaking more correctly, the officers' mess. Here the officers of the other sections of the Queen's Guard, and the officers of the Cavalry Guard, which also mounts at the Tilt Yard every morning, come to dine in the evening; the government allowing an annual sum of about two thousand pounds for the purpose of keeping the mess up. The luxurious fittings of this place and the comfortable bedrooms are in strange contrast with the cold passages and dreary walls of the privates' guard-room. The only duty which these officers have to perform is to inspect a batch of sentries once or twice during the day, and to go the 'rounds' once during the night, the remainder of their time being passed in lounging to and fro between the 'Guards' Club' in Pall Mall and the guard-room mess.

The 'rounds' take place at eleven o'clock P.M., and at one and three o'clock A.M.; the officers going in the order of their rank, the captain of the guard (the colonel) being first. The eleven o'clock rounds are called the 'Grand Rounds,' when the colonel is accompanied by a sergeant, a drummer carrying a lighted lantern, and two privates; the sergeant bearing the keys of the Palace gates. The officer certifies the next day in his guard-report that he personally visited the sentries at such an hour and found all well.

Upon their approach, the sentry challenges, either by word of mouth or a stamp of the foot. The sergeant replies in the same manner, and the sentry presenting arms says: 'Advance, grand rounds! All's well!'—the word 'grand' being omitted in the case of the one o'clock and three o'clock rounds.

People were once in the habit of endeavouring to frighten sentries who were posted in a lonely

spot; and not only were these silly jokes practised by civilians, such as domestic servants and others, who imitated the tricks of the notorious 'spring-heeled' Jack, but by some of the officers themselves, who should have known better. The conviction of an officer for an unmanly offence of this kind, put an end to all such foolish proceedings.

One of the most curious 'guards' in London is that which is termed the 'Bank Piquet,' and which proceeds to take up its nightly quarters inside the Bank of England every evening at seven o'clock all the year round, remaining there until seven the next morning. It is an officer's guard, and consists besides of a drummer, two sergeants, and over thirty men. Each man receives a shilling from the Bank authorities immediately on his arrival, the sergeant's share being two shillings. The officer is allowed a dinner, laid for two, with three bottles of wine, and is permitted to invite a friend. The guard or piquet is comfortably housed, each man being 'served out' with a watch-coat and a blanket; and sentries are posted during the night at the bullion vaults and the counting-house parlour.

In the Opera season, a small sergeant's guard is posted at Covent Garden, for which duty the men also receive a shilling each, although they are there not more than four hours. At the magazine in Hyde Park there is also a sergeant's guard, where the sentry 'paces his lonely round,' prepared for anybody who molests him at his post or attempts to injure the building.

With the exception of the Opera guards, which are more for ornament than anything else, these military guards are the relics of turbulent times; though none can deny that the 'Queen's Guard' is to a certain extent useful as well as ornamental; for it gives amusement to the country visitor, and a free musical entertainment to the idlers of the Parks; while the sentries themselves impart a certain liveliness to the many gorgeous though empty palaces which adorn the busiest city in the world.

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

'You will remain my friend, Val; won't you; and if anything should turn up, you will let me know, old fellow?'

'Of course, Jack. You may rely upon me. But is it really necessary for you to go? Can't we patch up a peace somehow, old boy?'

Jack Quartermain shook his head sorrowfully. Things had gone too far for an honourable compromise. Mr Verschoyle had openly said, in the presence of all the clerks, that he considered Mr John Quartermain culpably negligent, if not actually guilty of the loss of several valuable deeds and papers from the inner office of Verschoyle and Saunders. These papers all related to the property of Jessie Hamilton, Mr Verschoyle's niece and ward. And what made it hardest of all on poor Jack was that he and Jessie had quarrelled a short time before; they had had hot angry words about Val Saunders, Jack's 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' and fellow-clerk.

Jack Quartermain was Mr Verschoyle's nephew,

his only sister's only son. A poor, friendless, delicate, orphan baby, he had been left with the wealthy solicitor, and brought up by him as his own child; and Jack repaid the care and kindness he had received, with the warmest gratitude and esteem. Love, where Harry Verschoyle was concerned, seemed out of the question. Even Jessie Hamilton, with all her sweet winning ways and tenderesses, could awaken no stronger feeling than tolerant affection in the grim, stern old man whom she called uncle, and who was her sole guardian.

Lawyer Verschoyle's life was an unusually sad one. In his young days he had loved and married like other men, and his wife was the very idol of his existence. A sweet, gentle, timid, home-loving little woman was Ella Verschoyle; a woman who found all her happiness in her husband, her children, and her home, and had no thoughts, hopes, or ambitions beyond. One great nervous horror of Mrs Verschoyle's life was water; she could not bear either to go on it or walk by it. She had been born at sea in the midst of a raging tempest; and a deep-rooted aversion to ocean and river seemed a part of her very nature. Harry Verschoyle thought it would be a famous thing to cure his sweet little wife of her childish nervousness. They lived at Putney, in one of those pretty houses overlooking the river; and in the long pleasant summer evenings, Harry and his fellow-clerk and chum, Tom Saunders, used to thoroughly enjoy a pull up the river to Richmond, or down to Battersea. Sometimes Ada Leslie—an aquatic young lady from Hammersmith, who not only loved the river, but could handle an oar dexterously, and who was engaged to Tom—joined them; and it used to be a real grief to Harry to leave his young wife standing on the shore looking wistfully after him.

'Ella, I'm positively ashamed of you,' he said one evening as Tom Saunders and Miss Leslie pulled past. 'How jolly it would be if you could handle an oar like Ada. Do, darling, come for a little row with me, just as far as Hammersmith.'

'Do you really wish me to, Harry?' Ella asked with a nervous little shiver. 'I have such an unconquerable horror of the water!'

'Yes; and it's so childish, dearie. I'm on it evening after evening, and nothing happens. And look at Ada Leslie and lots of other girls. You don't think I would willingly take you into danger, Ella?'

'No, Harry; but I feel so frightened at the river.'

'Then you must try and be a little braver, for my sake, little woman. Let's follow Tom up the river; he'll be so surprised!'

'Very well, darling, since you wish it,' Ella replied. 'But may I take the children, Harry? I shall feel braver if Madgie and Bob are with me.'

'Certainly. They'll enjoy it immensely. Madgie will put you to shame, I'm sure; and Bob is a regular young duck. But wrap up well; for though the evening is so fine, it's rather chilly. Put a thick shawl over your head, darling; and

tie something round Madgie's neck, while I get out the boat.'

In a few moments Mrs Verschoyle and Madgie—a sturdy, sunburnt little body of four—and Bob, a daring mischievous lad of six, took their seats; and Mr Harry Verschoyle was pulling vigorously up the Thames. It was a glorious evening, late in September, with a clear purple sky, dotted with a few faint silver stars, and a great yellow moon climbing lazily up the dusky arch. The boat glided along smoothly, for Harry was an accomplished oarsman; and little Madgie fairly screamed with glee as she leaned over the side and held her tiny hand in the clear cold water.

Before they had been on the water half an hour, a fog began to rise, and in a few minutes everything was obscured by one of those thin floating gray mists that come and go so capriciously on the Thames. Harry turned back at once—he knew the river thoroughly, and was not in the least nervous; but his timid little wife fairly trembled with terror, and folded little Madgie close in her arms. Bob, in the bow of the boat, was singing in careless childish unconcern the refrain of a song he had often heard his father and Mr Saunders sing; and occasionally Mr Verschoyle himself would join in Bobbie's chorus of:

Row, brothers, row; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

About half the return journey was accomplished in safety, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the boat came into violent collision with another boat and—capsized; and in an instant Harry Verschoyle, his wife and children, were struggling in the dark cold water. After the first moment of panic, Harry recovered himself, and struck out in search of his wife, calling her and his children by name, but without receiving any reply. At last, through the gloom—for the fog had grown denser—he thought he saw his wife's form rise to the surface; and seizing her in one arm, he struck out boldly for the nearest shore. By the time he reached it, he was too faint and exhausted to perceive that the woman he had saved was not his wife, but Ada Leslie. Ella, Madgie, and her brother were at the bottom of the river; and Tom Saunders, whose boat had run into Harry Verschoyle's, was picked up lower down more dead than alive.

Verschoyle never quite recovered that tragic occurrence. For many months he was so ill that his friends despaired of his recovery; and when his physical health began to improve, his reason seemed to be seriously impaired. Time, however, that does all things well, brought physical and mental strength; but even that great healer failed to bring back the sunshine and joyousness to the prematurely aged, broken-down, remorseful man. At seven-and-twenty he was gray and grim and hard, a cold, stern, almost repulsive man of business. His pleasant house by the river-side was sold, and he went to live over the office, in which he became junior partner, in a great dark silent house, in a gloomy street near Westminster Abbey. Ten solitary weary years passed away, and he became senior partner, head of the firm where his father had worked for thirty years; and Tom Saunders, his old chum, was first his head-clerk, and then his junior partner. They had a steady, intensely respectable business; and

Harry was unremitting in his attention to it, and made the names of Verschoyle and Saunders a synonym for honour and integrity.

After ten years' utter isolation, spent in toil and care and loneliness, Mr Verschoyle received into his house the only surviving sister of his wife, and her little daughter Jessie; but for nearly two years Mrs Hamilton failed to effect any change in the stern, austere life of her brother-in-law. He kept to his own apartments, and took no part in the domestic concerns of the little household. Then his late sister's husband, Lieutenant Quartermain, lost his life while with his regiment in India; and his little boy Jack, now an orphan, was left to the guardianship of his uncle and the motherly care of Mrs Hamilton.

For a few years things were brighter; the ring of childish laughter echoed through the house. Jack's unblushing face would greet Uncle Harry at the hall-door every evening, and his hands drag him into the drawing-room. Jessie, demure and modest, would slyly smile approval and encouragement through her thick auburn curls, or from behind her sampler, and almost unknown to herself. Lawyer Verschoyle was becoming domesticated, and almost affectionate; when, to his renewed grief, Mrs Hamilton was smitten with a fever, which carried her to her grave; after which the lawyer relapsed into his stony solitude. The children went to school, and only at vacation-time did they visit the office at Westminster, and not always even then, for both Jack and Jessie made personal friends amongst their schoolmates, whom Uncle Verschoyle always gladly gave them permission to visit, though he sternly forbade their ever inviting any one home.

And so the years passed away till Jessie was seventeen and declared 'finished;' and Jack Quartermain sixteen, and thinking seriously of a profession. Then Mr Verschoyle offered him a stool in the old established office, a home in the house, and a partnership in perspective; a post which Jack accepted gratefully. The routine of the lawyer's office was not at all distasteful to him. He had a good deal of application and a fair capacity for business, and gave very general satisfaction to his employers.

The years that had passed since Mrs Hamilton's death had confirmed Uncle Harry in his grimness and taciturnity. It was almost impossible to draw him from his dingy study and unceasing labours. The cheerful sound of Jessie's piano and Jack's well-cultivated baritone only caused him to lock his door impatiently, and drove his thoughts back to Madgie and Bob and his never-forgotten wife. He allowed his niece and nephew to amuse themselves pretty much as they liked—a liberty which had resulted in a closer tie than mere friendship between the two young people—and in the long winter evenings Val Saunders was a frequent visitor. He was the younger son of the other partner of the firm, and had a post, not of great trust or pecuniary value, in the outer office. Val did not love the law, or anything else which required work or thought. He would have made a capital butterfly; for the only thing he seemed fit for was to flit joyously and brightly through existence, sipping every sweet as he went—lingering over every pleasure, and skipping over every disagreeable with the most enviable ease and unconcern. A frank, happy disposition, a hand-

some face, a manner in which merry, boyish audacity and frank, eager confidence were happily blended, made Valentine Saunders a favourite wherever he went. His laugh was musical, his smile pleasanter still, his voice soft and sweet like a woman's, and he had a way of looking up at you when he spoke which was altogether charming. Nothing could exceed his good-humour except his good spirits; and his stock of both seemed unailing.

Jack and Val were close friends in spite of the fact that the latter's thoughtless magnanimity and generosity not unfrequently got the former into pecuniary difficulties; but Jessie Hamilton, who was the repository for all Cousin Jack's secrets and troubles, didn't quite believe in Val. It was not altogether clear to her lesser intelligence why Jack should do the greater part of Val's work, and Val spend, or rather squander the greater part of Jack's money. Besides, Val's behaviour to herself was not at all satisfactory. He knew that she and Jack were long since pledged to each other; still he paid her the most ridiculous compliments, wrote sentimental verses in her scrap-book, and sent her valentines, which she put in the fire; and otherwise made himself objectionable, in spite of his handsome face and fascinating manner. Once Jessie ventured to question the prudence of Jack in having such an expensive, inconsiderate friend; and he flew into a fine temper, as a young man sometimes will when the young lady of his heart presumes to see a fault in the friend of his youth.

Jessie, he reasoned, was like all the rest of her sex, jealous, suspicious, and unreasonable! She hated his friends, and was intolerant and overbearing; and Val Saunders was the best, the dearest, the jolliest fellow on the face of the earth; and forsooth, it was rather soon for Jessie to begin to find fault with his friends yet! This, and much more to the same purpose, Jack blurted out in the heat of his wrath; and then he rushed off and told Val all about it; and that young gentleman innocently let Miss Hamilton know, and then was dreadfully sorry for having done so. Jessie was angry, of course—angry with herself, with Jack, with Valentine Saunders; and though incapable of sulks in a general way, she was certainly very cold and haughty, and a little scornful in her treatment of Mr John Quartermain for a few days. At the end of the week the climax of poor Jack's troubles was reached. Mr Verschoyle missed some papers from his office relating to the very modest fortune of Miss Hamilton. No one had access to the safe in which they were kept but Jack and the junior partner, Mr Saunders. But as the latter denied all knowledge of them, Mr Quartermain alone was held accountable.

'Perhaps Jack has hidden them for a lark,' Val said to Mr Verschoyle when he heard of the loss. 'He and Jessie have had a rumpus, and he may have done it to tease her.'

Mr Verschoyle puckered up his eyebrows into a very ominous frown. Val's suggestion formed itself into a certainty in his mind; and before he even questioned his nephew about the missing deeds, he felt quite convinced that he had abstracted them, for fun or for malice, as the case might be. Jack indignantly denied having

done any such thing. He was a man of business, and never carried practical jokes into the office. He knew nothing whatever of Miss Hamilton's papers; and as his uncle seemed to mistrust his words, and accused him of culpable negligence before the whole office, he then and there resigned his situation.

Jessie did not believe him guilty. She was very sweet and tender and sympathetic; and wept copiously when Jack spoke of going abroad; but after a little she saw that it was really the best thing he could do. Mr Verschoyle accepted his nephew's resignation in grim silence. It was in his opinion another proof of his guilt. He made no attempt at reconciliation, offered no advice or assistance; in short, simply ignored John Quartermain's existence from the day he left the office till the day he started by the *Scotia* for New York en route for California, where he was going to make his fortune and come back for Jessie.

Miss Hamilton was not a very demonstrative young lady; she did not make frantic vows of eternal constancy, or promise impossibilities in the way of correspondence; but there was a quiet earnestness about her that was reassuring. She said she would surely let Jack know if the deeds were discovered or if Uncle Harry relented. She bade him be of good courage, faithful, loyal, honest, and persevering, and he would command success. For herself, she could wait. Besides, she could not think of leaving Uncle Harry for years and years.

Jack went away more hopefully and cheerfully than might have been expected. Poor in purse and character—for many of those who had known him all his life more than half suspected him of having abstracted the deeds—friendless, and almost aimless, his prospects were not very bright; still he started hopefully, resolved to conquer the most adverse circumstances, strong in the consciousness of his innocence, and fully satisfied that he left behind him the truest love and the truest friend ever man had. With Jessie and Val to watch over his interests at home, he had nothing to fear; and so he set off one dismal November evening, with the unalterable resolution of returning to London a rich man, or never returning at all.

'Good-bye, old fellow. I'll write every mail and tell you everything,' Val said, dashing away the tears that kept brimming up in his eyes. 'Whoever fails, you may rely on me, Jack!'

'Good-bye, old fellow. God bless you!' returned Jack huskily. 'I never had a brother, Val; but if I had, I couldn't care more about him than I do about you. Take care of yourself—and of Jessie. And don't forget me in my exile, Val. And mark my words—the deeds will turn up all right yet.' And then they had a final hand-squeeze, and then the train which was to convey Jack to Liverpool, writhed slowly out of the station, and was gone.

Valentine Saunders gave himself a shake, buttoned up his ulster, thrust his hands into his pockets, and walked away from Euston Station. But presently the mud underfoot and the fog overhead became too much for him, and hailing a hansom, he jumped in, and desired the man to drive to Westminster. 'Poor Jack! What a wretched night for travelling,' he mused. 'He'll be half-dead, super-ultra frostified before he reaches

Liverpool. I'll miss him. But after all, he's better away. And now to tell Jessie.'

But to Mr Val Saunders's intense amazement, Miss Jessie Hamilton refused to see him.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF INSECTS.

AFTER many centuries passed in observations, the words of the poet Ovid are confirmed by modern science: 'Our bodies are transformed; what we were yesterday, what we are to-day, we shall not be to-morrow.' Living beings only exist under the conditions of perpetual change. Put an animal or plant into the scale, and carefully determine its weight; very shortly after, the equilibrium alters, the body becomes lighter as the result of life and living, and until new matter in the shape of food be received, the original condition of matters cannot be reproduced. From the time when the egg is broken, the functions and forms of the young creature are ever varying. In the marvellous edifices which we call organised beings, that rush of life-giving principle which animates nature is perpetually demolishing and reconstructing.

Among new-born insects there are two distinct groups—those which resemble their parents, and those which differ materially from them. The first have only to grow; the second are to be changed in almost every respect, and to submit to some very curious transformations. These have been watched with the most patient care by well-known naturalists; and we propose giving a few instances among familiar insects, such as the Coleoptera or beetles; the Libellulæ or Ephemera, dragonflies and dayflies; ants, &c.; the Hymenoptera, bees and wasps; the Lepidoptera or butterflies. The eggs of these, as a general rule, pass through three metamorphoses—the state of the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the perfect insect; but in some the changes are much more marked than in others.

Let us take one of the species which, thanks to the extreme apparent brevity of their lives, seem to exist but one day, and are therefore called Ephemera or Dayflies. On the banks of rivers, just above the level of the water, small round holes may be noticed, generally grouped two together. They are the entrance and exit to winding galleries, which are inhabited by the larvæ or caterpillars of the *Ephemer albipennis*. Two very large eyes, a pair of strong mandibles with which to dig, and jaws fit for grasping the smaller fry which serve them apparently for food, are Nature's provision. The abdomen is terminated by three long leaflike organs, bristling with hair, and covered with wide fringed layers, which the little creature agitates with great velocity. They are the organs of aquatic respiration leading to the tracheæ or air-tubes which extract oxygen from the water and carry through the body the air necessary for the life of the insect. For a lengthened period, varying in duration, the ephemeron thus lives as a larva; then passing to the state of the chrysalis or nymph, it inhabits the same home, and differs only from the larva in the appearance of rudimentary wings. But every year at the same epoch, unless the variation of temperature exercise a very marked influence, from the eighth to the eighteenth of August the ephemera undergo their great meta-

metamorphosis. Between eight and half-past eight in the evening some nymphs leave their galleries; as soon as they are on dry land the skin breaks in two, and the perfect insect throws off its envelope as rapidly as we do a dress. In a moment it flies away, leaving its organs of aquatic respiration attached to its skin, to be replaced by others of a different kind. Soon joined by myriads of its companions, the air is filled with them; from nine to half-past they form great clouds, surround the passer-by, and fall over the earth and water like a deep snow. At ten o'clock, scarcely any are to be seen; for in one hour these insects, which had been grovelling in mud for many months, have been changed into sportive flies provided with four wings of fine network, have laid masses of from seven to eight hundred eggs, and then died; fit emblem of the life of man, to which they have often been compared.

We have all seen the white cabbage butterfly, yellow beneath and spotted with black, on some fine August day flying with its mate, waltzing, pursuing, and careering together. The dance lasts but half an hour, which counts for much in a butterfly's life. When it is ended, the female chooses a leaf, upon which she lays many hundred eggs, and then dies. The eggs are artistically arranged beside each other, carefully glued at the base, and left to a thousand chances. The greater number perish; but some always do well, and are in due course hatched into small green caterpillars.

The egg is like a very small seed; and the young caterpillar when hatched is of a proportionate size; but the rapidity of its growth is really enormous, and does not seem to be gradual, like that of other insects. It eats with voracity; but after a few days its appetite is gone; it languishes; the colour fades and dries, and it seeks a shelter. Watch it in its retreat, and it may be seen pinning its feet to the ground, contracting and swelling its body for hours together. After these fatiguing exertions, the skin breaks about the fourth ring; the caterpillar first pushes out its head, then emerges the rest of the body, and the being finally appears in a new and bright-coloured dress. At the same time the size is greatly increased, and it would be an impossibility to return into the envelope just cast aside. This phenomenon of the change of skin is repeated many times, until the caterpillar has reached its full size, which is about October or November.

Then is the time to prepare for its first metamorphosis. The voracious caterpillar ceases its operations upon the gardener's cabbages, and seeks the hollow of a tree or a hole in a wall, where the place seems to be suitable to begin its preparations. There is apparently no necessity for it to spin a cocoon like the silkworm, but it lays a platform of fine strong silky threads, crossed in every direction, upon which its feet can fasten. Then bending its head and body to the middle of the back, like an acrobat, it attaches a thread to one of the sides, spins it out to the opposite one, and continues this work until it has formed a kind of girth composed of fifty strands. That ended, the skin is cast for the last time, and what a change ensues! The creature that now emerges is no longer a caterpillar, but a chrysalis, which, supported by the hooks of the tail and the silken girth, is suspended horizontally in its retreat,

very much as fishes and reptiles are hung in museums.

Who would believe that under this form we could trace the butterfly? The skin is quickly dried; it is like a horny coating, of an ash colour, spotted with yellow and black; and though it has gained in thickness, it is shortened by one-third. Yet knowing what this inert mass will eventually become, it is possible, as development proceeds, to distinguish under the covering the traces of organs such as the wings, antennæ, and proboscis; just as the form of the mummy may be perceived in its swathing bands. The final metamorphosis begins about the middle of spring; then the covering cracks down the centre; the imago or perfect form emerges, and the butterfly in its beauty appears. Yet in the first moments of the new life the soft feet can scarcely bear the light weight; the wings, folded in microscopic zigzags, refuse to act; and the trunk extends in a straight line. But soon, under the vivifying action of the air, the superabundant moisture evaporates, the legs grow strong, the wings spread; and the insect, once an egg, then creeping as a caterpillar, then immovable as the pendent chrysalis, flies to the nearest flower, to enjoy its first honeyed repast.

To the Hymenoptera belong the family of the Ichneumons, which render the most important services every year to our gardens, fields, and forests, by feeding on their most redoubtable enemies and destroying other insects and their larvæ in myriads. Among these little creatures we will choose one because its history is so closely allied to that of the butterfly whose metamorphoses we have been describing. The *Microgaster glomeratus* resembles a small fly, with four wings, a black body, yellow feet, hairy round the eyes, and antennæ or horns which move without ceasing. Every female is also provided with an apparatus, formed of three pieces, the use of which will be soon apparent. When one of these flies wishes to lay her eggs, she starts in quest of a caterpillar belonging to the tribe of the cabbage-butterfly. As soon as it is found, she darts down upon it, fastens herself firmly to the back, pierces the skin with her ovipositor (egg-layer), burying the instrument deeply in the flesh, the jointed pieces forming a kind of canal. An egg is then detached from the ovary, and gliding down the tube, is laid safely in the tissues of the caterpillar. The ovipositor is then withdrawn, the insect advances a few steps, and continues the operation.

Vainly does the poor caterpillar try to free itself from its ruthless enemy by twisting the body in every direction; the fly calmly pursues her work of egg-laying until all is finished, and from forty to fifty eggs have been placed in safety. That done she flies away, and her life is soon closed. After her departure, the caterpillar betrays no sign of suffering; the wounds heal, the skin is changed at the usual time, and the first metamorphosis takes place as if nothing had occurred. But her life is never prolonged to the second change, for there issue from the chrysalis not a butterfly, but as many small larvæ as the ichneumon laid eggs. Prior to this, and with wonderful instinct, these larvæ have fed upon the caterpillar, avoiding the essential organs at first with great care, and only attacking the fat which envelops them. Then

becoming stronger and more voracious, when their unwilling nurse has reached her full growth and is transformed, they soon devour the whole, after which they emerge from the now empty chrysalis case, and spin for themselves little cocoons. In these homes they pass the winter without change of form, becoming in spring so many nymphs; reappearing after a few days as winged ichneumons. About half are females, who soon set about to sacrifice as many caterpillars for the sake of their future brood. Réaumur calculates that at least nine-tenths of the cabbage-butterfly thus perish; and in some years, of two hundred watched by M. Blanchard, three only arrived at the butterfly stage; the other hundred and ninety-seven having been eaten by the terrible fly. Gardeners owe an immense debt of gratitude to this little insect, which saves their plots of vegetables from the destructive jaws of the butterfly-larvæ.

Among the Coleoptera, the cockchafer will afford a good specimen of the various changes passed through. About the end of April, just after sunset, the female flies in search of a plot of light ground, sown and well manured, a piece of market-garden being preferred, in which she digs a hole, lays about thirty eggs, and dies. In a month there issues from every egg a little white maggot, armed with a powerful apparatus for mastication; the soft oblong body divided into twelve rings, and eighteen very apparent stigmata or breathing apertures. At first they live as one family. The dead vegetables buried in the ground, and the roots of plants that are growing, suffice for the requirements of the young brood during the first season. Nor does the cold separate them; they dig down still deeper, where a spacious apartment shields them securely from the frost; and thus they pass the winter. Spring finds them, like all larvæ, stronger and more voracious; so that when they cannot get support in one place, they separate, and each hollowing its own special gallery, approaches nearer to the surface of the soil towards the young roots.

It is now that they become the terror of gardeners, ravaging their grounds as well as fields of wheat, and even killing shrubs by injuring the roots; an invisible enemy, but none the less dangerous when the results appear. Happily, England is free from great numbers of them, but France and Germany suffer severely. As soon as the cold weather returns, they bury themselves again, to recommence the following year a life that is prolonged for three years or more. Having at length reached their final growth, each larva hollows for itself a last gallery, deeper than the preceding ones, constructs an oval space plastered with earth, well worked by a viscous substance; and in this nest it is transformed into a nymph or chrysalis.

For five or six months the cockchafer rests benumbed in its new form. Towards the end of February, it awakens in its lair, but not yet ready to meet the perils it may encounter outside; for still soft and colourless, it remains in the earth until its integuments are strong, and ventures—a perfect insect—into daylight only in the middle of April. It immediately flies to the nearest tree; and now that it has become a perfect insect, it begins to eat leaves just as voraciously as it did roots when a larva. Hundredweights of these pests are in some places gathered into sacks by

women and children, and burned in immense fires.

The order of Diptera or flies forms a kind of transition between those insects which we have noticed as going through a complete metamorphosis and some which shew an incomplete one. Take one of the flies upon whose history Réaumur spent so much study, the *Stratiomys chameleon*. It is a beautiful insect, a little longer and larger than a bee, of a yellow colour, the abdomen brown spotted with white. The fleshy proboscis which serves to draw honeyed nectar from the flowers, is hidden when at rest in a cavity in the brow. Such is its perfect state. Let us look at the larva, which we shall perceive is a kind of flat worm, brown in colour, divided into twelve rings, without any trace of feet, and a rough pimpled skin, which strongly resembles wet parchment. Roaming previously through the air, its home is now in stagnant pools, where it moves about much like the leech; but obliged to breathe the free air, it is provided with a curious piece of mechanism. The last ring of the body, much lengthened, ends in a tuft of silky hair like feathers. These surround an orifice communicating with the two large breathing tubes extending from one end of the body to the other. The insect usually keeps this orifice closed and the hairs well together; but when it wishes to breathe, it mounts to the surface, spreads out its bouquet of feathers, and supported by it, remains suspended head downwards, whilst the air freely enters, penetrates into the trachea, and spreads through the whole body.

About the beginning of summer, some of these worms have become immovable and stiff. If they are cautiously opened, the fully formed nymph will be found. At the moment of metamorphosis the *Stratiomys* has burst its skin like other insects; but instead of emerging from it, it remains within, thus sparing itself the trouble of hollowing a nest or spinning a cocoon. The skin is in fact a very large habitation, which is far from being fully occupied; for in changing its state, the body has shrunk, until it scarcely occupies the space corresponding to five of its rings. On the other hand, the proboscis, the eyes, feet, and wings have pushed to the outside; and not less considerable changes have taken place in the interior. Thus lightened, the skin of the larva serving as a shell, it floats on the surface of the water. In about five or six days the awakening nymph stretches herself in her coffer, bursts open the upper part, and disengaging her limbs one by one from the enveloping crust, issues from the floating cradle. More fortunate than many aquatic larvæ, it fears no shipwreck; and walking on the water as on dry land, it frees its body from the last folds that imprison it.

The Orthoptera—which include locusts, crickets, and grasshoppers—undergo a series of imperfect metamorphoses, since on leaving the egg they already possess most of the distinctive characters of the perfect state. The larva of the locust leaps, and eats grass like its parents; the organs of locomotion and digestion have their definitive forms and proportions; the future female has a kind of two-edged sword at the extremity of the body, which is nothing but a dibble, destined to dig a hole in the earth where her eggs are to be buried and safely sheltered. Nothing is wanting for the

perfect insect but greater size and wings. At each casting of the skin it increases in bulk, and the organs of flight soon shew themselves under the form of rudimentary folds. Even when it assumes the state of the nymph, nothing changes in its way of life; development goes on, and when the last coat is shed, the wings have reached their full size.

There is one remark which may be made in conclusion as to the increase of weight and size, which goes on in the earlier stages with such extreme rapidity, gradually lessening as the insect reaches the final type. In twenty-four hours, as Redi tells us, the larva of the flesh-fly (*Mysca carnaria*) becomes from a hundred and forty to two hundred times heavier. Lyonnet, drawing his conclusions partly from direct experience and partly from calculation, says that the willow caterpillar (*Cossus ligniperda*), when ready to assume the chrysalis form, weighs no less than seventy-two thousand times more than when it issues from the egg. On reaching the imago or perfect stage, insects in general cease from growing, and are often smaller than the larvæ. But the larva of an insect before changing into the chrysalis has laid up all the materials necessary for growth; an abundant fatty tissue surrounds the organs, of which no trace remains in the perfect state. It has all been used in the rearrangement of the various parts; and when the crisis is passed, the worthless remains are cast out. In some butterflies this matter is coloured red; and when issuing from the cocoon, the spots it leaves on walls, stones, or branches are so numerous as to make the observer fancy that there has been a shower of blood.

As a last reflection on the meaning of these curious changes in development, we may add, that one sees in such phases a clear proof of that uniformity of structure, and probably of origin also, which connects all the jointed animals or *articulates*, from the worm upwards to the lobster, in one great type or series. Such uniformity is a fact of nature, and it seems nowhere more clearly shewn us than in the fact that an aerial insect begins its existence as a crawling worm inseparable from the lower orders of the great group of animals just mentioned.

AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

THE war I refer to was not one of those which we have lately had upon our own hands, but that which a few years ago raged so long, so fiercely, between the Northern and the Southern States of America. It was my fortune to serve on the medical staff with a portion of the Northern army during most of that terrible struggle; and it is needless to say that many personal incidents came under my notice, which will never leave my memory. Not one of them, however, made so painful an impression upon me as that which I am about to describe.

Towards noon on the day after one of the fiercest of all the war, a young soldier was brought in from the battle-field, where by some mischance he had been overlooked and abandoned, while comrades of his far less grievously wounded than he, had been sheltered and tended before

nightfall. The poor fellow had lain all night and during the long scorching hours of the morning, amid heaps of dead, both men and horses, suffering from the loss of an arm, and other wounds. An army surgeon is not as a rule a man prone to undue sentiment or to feminine softness at the sight of physical suffering; and I am not conscious of any weakness that makes me an exception in this particular. There was, however, in this youth's expression of countenance something which struck me irresistibly, and with the strong glance of his large bright eye, fixed my attention and awakened my eager interest. He was a slender youth, tall, yet gracefully made, with a head which, as the novelists phrase it, would bring ecstasy to the soul of a sculptor; and every feature moulded to the true type of manly beauty. A single glance gave me this summary outline of my patient before I had time to ascertain the nature or extent of his injuries. A very brief examination soon told me that the life which for hours had been ebbing so painfully away, was well nigh spent; and he must have read the awful truth in my face, for he whispered to me faintly and sadly as I rose: 'Is there, then, no hope?'

Alas! there was no hope; but I had not speech to tell him so; for something was rising into my throat and choking me, and a moisture in my eyes was blinding me; and the only reply I could give him was a shake of my head. The brave spirit which had nerved him through the fight had kept him up till now; but now, when the dismal truth had broken upon him, there passed over his pallid face a look of mingled disappointment and resignation which it was painful beyond expression to witness. I lost no time in giving him such surgical aid as his desperate condition called for and his waning strength could bear. I had hardly done so when an unexpected voice addressed him: 'My own dear boy! my brave heroic boy!' The tone was of cheery encouragement, yet feebly disguising the woe of a breaking heart; for it was his mother's voice that spoke, and her lips that kissed his fevered brow. Gently she turned back his disordered and blood-stained locks, dissembling with evident effort the mother's anguish, lest she should add another sorrow to the pangs of his dying hour.

'My mother!' he cried, with almost frantic delight. 'Is it you, my mother? How came you here? Is it you, or am I dreaming?'—and as he spoke he threw his only remaining arm around her neck, and kissed her with all the rapture of a child. 'Thank God!' he continued in snatches, as his failing strength allowed him—'thank God for this blessed joy, that I see your face once more, my mother. All last night, as I lay amid the dreadful sights around me, I prayed one prayer in all my pain, and only one. I prayed that I might look once more upon your face, my sweetest mother, once more hear your voice. I seemed to pray in vain, yet still I prayed.'

'My poor, poor boy,' she said; 'a curse upon the hand that has brought you to this!' and her tears at length broke from her control.

To the amazement of all, there appeared to be something in this exclamation of his mother that

stimulated the dying youth to a final effort of speech and motion. He half raised himself from his bed, and with that unaccountable energy which sometimes marks the closing moments of life, he said: 'No, no! don't say that. Don't say accurst. You know not the words you are speaking. Oh!' he cried after a moment's pause, 'how shall I tell her the horrible tale? How can I smite her down with such a blow, at such an hour?' and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. The effort had been too much for him, and for some moments we doubted if the spirit had not fled. It was only a passing weakness, however, and before long he rallied again. Again he spoke, but with a kind of dreamy half-consciousness; at one moment gazing into his mother's eyes, at another seemingly forgetful of her presence.

'Truly it was a bloody field,' he said. 'I had been in several hard-fought fights before, but they were all children's pastime compared with that of yesterday. No sooner had we come in sight of the enemy, than the ringing voice of the General was heard: "At them, my boys, and do your duty!" What happened after that I know not. "Know not," do I say? Oh, would it were true that I knew not! Begrimed with dust, each man was confronted with his own individual foe; and if there be fighting among fiends, then surely did our fighting resemble theirs. I was myself wounded, when a fair-haired man bore down upon me from the opposing line, if line it could then be called, and I received his headlong onset with a terrific bayonet-thrust, and as he fell I thought of Cain, and of that deed which has made the name of Cain a name of malediction for ever. I know not why, but I felt myself compelled to halt in the midst of the *mêlée*, to kneel beside that fair-haired man and look at him. I turned him over, and looked upon his face—his dear dead face. Ah! mother, it was—it was my brother's face, and my own arm had slain him!'

The scene at that moment it would not be easy to describe. In an instant the weeping mother's tears were dry and her face became passionless as marble. My own emotion, which I have already acknowledged, I took no pains to conceal. Rough, hard favoured soldiers standing by listened with bated breath to this more than tragic narrative, while big tear-drops welled from their eyes unchecked and undisguised.

'Yes,' he continued, soliloquising, 'my own arm had slain him. Dear darling brother Fred! I laid my face upon his, and it was cold—that face which in our boyhood seemed but the mirror of my own; ever near me—at home, at school, at meat, at play—which laughed when I was glad, and wept when I was sorrowful. Oh, would we both had died in those fresh bright days of innocence. I kissed his pallid lips; I looked into his eyes, but in them was no responsive glance. He was dead. I had slain him! The very thought was a burning madness in my brain. I heeded not the carnage around me. I thought not of my own wounds. I even knew not when my arm was gone. Oh, the arm that had done such a deed deserved to perish. Forgive me, O my brother! How gladly would I give my life to bring back thine again!—Stay, friends; do not shut out the blessed light. Let in the light. I cannot see my

mother.—Fred, sweet brother, put up your sword, and let us play with flowers once more upon this pleasant grass.'

And so he passed away—to join his brother, let us hope, in a land where bloom the flowers that never fade, where strifes and wars are unknown, and where the mysteries and misunderstandings of our present state are dispelled by the light that never dies.

Reverence for the childless mother's grief, as well as the many-voiced call of duty, prevented my making at the moment the inquiries which thronged my mind both as to the history of this strangely sorrow-smitten family, and the means by which the poor mother had come to know of her son's condition and whereabouts. I have often since tried to trace her; but the search has always been fruitless. They certainly belonged to the better class of society; and I think it likewise certain that they were Southerners. The younger brother—which I took him to be—whose sad narrative is here given, had probably resided for some time in the North, and becoming imbued with the sentiments and opinions which charged the atmosphere around him, found himself eventually in the ranks. In a word, I look upon the whole episode as one of those awful coincidences of fate which are generally thought to take place only in the pages of romance, but which a pretty wide experience has taught me to believe are by no means infrequent among the unrecorded realities of life.

STRONG JAMIE, THE CENTENARIAN STUART.

IN an article under the title of 'Centenarianism,' we gave an account of the remarkable tests which experienced men have recently applied to the well-known stories of persons who have lived not only to a hundred years, but to a much more advanced age. We wish to add a brief supplement or appendix relating to a man who unquestionably survived to an exceptionally great age, and was withal a very notable character.

There have more than once been claims put forward for certain persons, each as having been 'The last of the Stuarts.' These claims, however, are not of much value, unless taken simply in reference to the *direct* line of descent; seeing that those in the *indirect* line must of course be more numerous and less interesting.

One of the statements or reports of this kind is under date 1844, when the Scottish borderers spoke of the 'Last of the Stuarts' as having just died. The man was in every way remarkable, let him have had blue blood or not in his veins. James Stuart, according to the account which he was accustomed to give of himself, was born in 1728. His father was General John Stuart, reputed to be a near relation to the elder Pretender, son of James II.; his mother was a daughter of Lady Airlie. The parents having gone to America, the child was born at Charleston in South Carolina. The father dying in 1733, the child was brought by his mother to her native Scotland. Landed in the old world, James Stuart commenced his chequered career. He received his education at Aberdeen. According to his own story, told in later life, he recollected

having been present at the battle of Prestonpans in the year 1745; witnessed the death of Colonel Gardiner, and the flight of that Johnny Cope who has been so unmercifully quizzed in Scottish song; been a spectator of the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh; and seen if not joined in the battle of Culloden. In 1748 he enlisted in the 42d Highlanders, and went to Canada, where he fought at the battle of Quebec, and witnessed the death of General Wolfe. His good conduct earned for him an ensign's commission; but when he returned to England a few years afterwards, he sold out.

We next hear of James Stuart as a seaman, perhaps a petty or warrant officer, under Admiral Rodney. Next he became a sailor in the merchant service; then a midshipman. At last, about the age of sixty, he left off warlike adventures by land and sea, and became a wandering fiddler, which he continued to be for the remaining fifty or sixty years of his life, picking up a living in the country districts of the south-east of Scotland, but making Tweedmouth his general home. He and all admitted that he was a wretched fiddler, a mere scraper; but as he was honest and truthful, never begged, and never got tipsy, he was everywhere welcome. When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Sir John Sinclair fitted out James Stuart (at that time aged ninety-four) with a new uniform, in which to be presented to the king as a real veteran—possibly also as the 'The last of the Stuarts.' Stuart was far from being a Malthusian; he married in succession five wives, and had twenty-seven children, of whom as many as ten sons were killed in battle by land or sea.

The Berwickshire journals in 1844 gave much information concerning this remarkable man. Though short of stature, he possessed prodigious strength, which earned for him the familiar cognomen of 'Jamie Strang' or 'Strong Jamie.' A writer in the *Berwick Advertiser* said: 'We have heard him state that the greatest weight he ever lifted from the ground was one hundred and five stone, and that he had lifted eighty-five stone with one hand. When the Forfarshire militia was encamped at Eyemouth, he went to see an acquaintance among them. While there, a dancing-master was boasting much of his strength; whereupon one of the soldiers, knowing Stuart, engaged to provide a drummer who would lift more than the boaster could. Stuart, dressed as a drummer, was brought in. A piece of ordnance was lying before them, which the dancing-master raised to the perpendicular, and then allowed to fall. He asked the drummer whether he could do that? Stuart pretended that he was not very sure that he could; but placing his arms round the cannon, he raised it entirely from the ground, and carried it to some distance. At another time, when at Velvet Hall, near Berwick, some countrymen were labouring to get a cart laden with hay out of a miry hole into which by some accident it had stuck fast. Stuart was appealed to for assistance. He desired them all to stand aside, and going underneath the cart, removed it with its load to the opposite side of the road.'

This extraordinary man (it is averred in many quarters) actually went fiddling about the country till nearly one hundred and fourteen years old. A small sum was then collected for him, towards which the Queen and the late Sir Robert Peel con-

tributed. Stuart declared that he 'hadna been sae weel aff this hunder year.' At length his career closed. He died at Tweedmouth on the 11th of April 1844, and was buried on the 14th in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The *Berwick Advertiser* a few days afterwards contained an advertisement relating to statuettes of the veteran.

Probably none of the critical investigators of centenarianism would absolutely deny the truth of the assertion that James Stuart lived to the advanced age of one hundred and fourteen; they would simply suspend their belief until corroborative testimony had been brought forward—testimony supporting the verbal statements of the old man.

WHERE SHALL WE ROAM?

WHERE shall we roam, O maiden mine?
To North, to South, to East or West?
Raise but thine eyes, and give the sign;
Where shall we roam!—which way is best?

See! to the North the clear, cold star
Would lead us, where the icebergs rise;
Where Silence reigns, and from afar
The snow-flakes falling shroud the skies.

No, no; the North is bleak and bare:
Too cold the wind, too chill the sea;
The sun itself is icy there.
The North is not the land for me.

Then seek the South, where skies are bright,
Where flowerets kiss the wand'rer's feet,
Where whisp'ring zephyrs woo the night,
And but to live and love is sweet.

Or turn thee to the dawn of day,
Land of Romance and sacred tale;
Fair is the scene, nor far the way.
Thither, O loved one! let us sail.

Nor South, nor East! Then turn thee last
Where evening star-girt doth appear—
Ah no! the evening fades too fast;
The night beyond is dark and drear.

Then, maiden mine, we will remain,
We two alone; no need to roam,
Nor ever wander forth again
Afar, if Love but stay at home.

R. C. LEHMANN.

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ITS RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS.

By JOHN BATHGATE,

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JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

JUDGE BATHGATE, to whose Experiences of New Zealand we referred a few months ago, has since been lecturing on the subject in different parts of the country, and now issues from the press a cheap and handy compendium of information concerning 'NEW ZEALAND; ITS RESOURCES AND PROSPECTS,' which will go a great way towards satisfying the wishes of intending emigrants. The interest which is felt in New Zealand has, it seems, been exemplified in the number of letters of inquiry addressed to Mr Bathgate in consequence of our articles. He informs us that he has received and answered as many as six hundred letters, from different parts of the United Kingdom and from foreign countries—a fact to which he adverts as affording a striking proof 'that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL penetrates everywhere.' In accepting the compliment, we are happy to think that, through our means in the first place, Mr Bathgate has been able to address such a widely scattered audience, and is therefore likely to realise an important object of his mission, namely, that of making New Zealand as thoroughly known as it deserves to be.

As the book, which may be called the sum and substance of Mr Bathgate's Lectures, is accessible for a trifle in every bookseller's shop, we do not need to do more than point out a few of his more emphatic remarks. In all cases, as we understand, he has declined to recommend any one to emigrate to any part of New Zealand. His duty has consisted in giving all needful details, and leaving every one to judge for himself. This is exactly the policy we should have expected from a man of his prudence and sagacity. People must think for themselves. Among those who think of emigrating with a strict regard to farming operations, there will probably be some hesitation in making a choice between Minnesota and Manitoba in Western America and New Zealand. To the

agriculturist with capital, either Minnesota or Manitoba offers a wide scope for enterprise. But the misfortune of these extensive western domains is that the climate is in extremes. Cold in winter far below zero, which one shivers to think of, and a degree of heat in summer that is equally intolerable, for with the heat comes the plague of insect life, of which it is difficult to form a just estimate. There is something more than professional success to be thought of in this world. We have to think of bodily comfort. What signifies immensity of crops, when everything about you is covered with swarms of black flies that do not give you a moment's peace? Matters of this kind may seem trivial at a distance, but they are not to be neglected in weighing the pros and cons when making a choice of a new home for life. As shewn by Mr Bathgate's explanations, the climate of New Zealand is mild and equable, with nothing in the form of insects or reptiles to give us personal uneasiness. For an enjoyable life all the year round, we should certainly prefer New Zealand, selecting more particularly the northern part of the South Island, which in point of temperature resembles the south of France.

That New Zealand is a comparatively small country, is quite undeniable. It must soon be filled up. By-and-by, it will be well populated, and then its land rising in value will be tenaciously held in property as in old countries. These are circumstances, however, that do not concern the proposing emigrant, further than as regards the future increased value of land. No man, we suppose, emigrates to the United States because of the vastness of that country. As far as regards personal considerations, a small country may be as good as a large one to go to. We should think rather better, for the less would be the chance of being swamped by numbers, or tormented by political factions.

Mr Bathgate holds out no hope of successful emigration to barristers or any of the learned professions; and he says that the ordinary shop-keeping classes are already well represented in

the colony. He proceeds to say: 'Any young man without means, and who has not been trained to some special employment, must therefore be prepared to undertake the ordinary duties of a farm-labourer, and expect to be treated as such. If he be fit for honest labour of this kind, he will be well remunerated, wages being a pound a week and board. From this he may, by industry and sobriety, save in the course of a few years several hundred pounds, with which he may start farming on his own account. There is no road to success for such youths but by dint of sheer hard work in the humblest capacity. There is no "getting on to a farm," or being employed "on a run," and becoming a manager, or riding about as overseer. In early days, when hands were scarce, young men were often taken on a run, and a few of these obtained situations of trust. But as a general rule, the majority did not succeed in becoming masters. At present, settlers and run-holders are chary of employing strangers who have not been thoroughly trained for their work, and who are not prepared to take their place among the ordinary hands working on the farm or station. It is next to impracticable for a youth to get on to a farm or station for the purpose of learning his business, unless it be in some places where a high premium is charged. It should never be forgotten that, even when a youngster has learned his business, there is little hope of his advancement afterwards unless he has capital to purchase and stock land on his own account. Two classes only in general do well—those who have sufficient capital to enable them to occupy land advantageously; and the hard-working labourer who is frugal, sober, and industrious. We wish to impress on youthful aspirants after colonial life that, unless they are physically and morally fit for the work of a labourer in this country, they are not fit for similar work anywhere else. Division of labour is fully carried out in the colony, and every man is expected to be fully qualified for the special duties he undertakes to perform. As we previously stated, working-men in the colony work harder than their fellows at home. The advantages on the colonial side are, that they are generally better treated, better paid, and better fed, and the working time is limited to eight hours a day.'

Ladies with a limited income have asked him what might be their prospects. 'A lady by birth, education, and position, speaking French fluently, musical, cheerful, domesticated, and skilled in housekeeping, has expressed her willingness to take a situation as "governess-housekeeper," or any place of trust. Several equally accomplished have made similar inquiries. In our opinion the colony is scarcely sufficiently advanced to offer many openings of this kind. Ladies who have had boarding-schools in England find their success affected by the new educational system. The same difficulty exists in the colony. In several instances, ladies' boarding-schools have been very successful; but now that there are numerous

public and some private schools in the colony, at which the highest education for young ladies can be obtained, we fear much that the success of any new adventures would be somewhat doubtful. For female domestic servants there is an unlimited demand. Young women who are able to use their hands in house-work, or have a moderate skill in cookery, need never fear of obtaining a good place where they will be well paid, well cared for, and much respected. Many an educated girl in Britain who finds it hard to make headway here might with advantage enter into service in the colony. After a short experience, she will be able to secure a situation where she will be comfortable and feel herself on a higher platform than if she were to go into service here. The demand in New Zealand is continually increasing, along with increasing settlement; and the ranks are also constantly being thinned by marriages.'

Mr Bathgate can offer no encouragement to incorrigible ne'er-do-weels. 'A word of caution must be added to parents and guardians in reference to young men who, owing to some fault of behaviour, imperfect education, or mental weakness, are unable to make their way in this country. Such youths are often sent to the colony to get rid of them, or in the hope that by some unknown process they will succeed better there. In general, these unfortunates sink to a lower depth than they would have done at home, where friends operate as a check to a certain extent. Many fall to the lowest position, and not a few become inmates of our jails. The career of one may be described. An ex-officer of dragoons came out in the same ship with a friend of ours. Of good family, having a university education, and of fair ability, he might have risen in the army; but he was poor, and had not the moral courage to resist rivalling his more wealthy comrades in their expenditure. His debts were paid twice over, and at last he had to sell out. His relatives paid his passage to New Zealand, hoping he would find something to do there. Our friend recommended him to study book-keeping on the voyage, to qualify himself for the situation of a clerk. He thought the idea a good one, and resolved to do so. One month, two months passed away, and the rollicking and card-playing amongst the other young men on board were too strong for him. Our friend was vexed to see the precious time slipping away unimproved, and said to Mr Sabreur: "You have only a month left. Don't you think you should be seeing to your book-keeping?" "Book-keeping!" was the reply; "what's the good of it?" He was left to his fate, and when last seen, the accomplished militaire filled the situation of billiard-marker in a colonial public-house, his highest enjoyment smoking a short pipe.'

So rapid has been the progress of New Zealand as an attractive place of settlement, that already

within the space of forty years it begins to assume the character of an old country, and to hold out temptations to others than those who are pushing about in search of a livelihood. It has towns with elegant mansions in the environs, where capitalists may settle down in as much comfort as in the neighbourhood of London. There are roads as well adapted for carriage-driving as any one has been accustomed to. Well-appointed steam-vessels carry passengers with precision from one point of the coast to another. Railways are now widely ramified and extending. For travellers and tourists, excellent hotels offer every desirable accommodation. Mr Bathgate pictures a run to New Zealand and back again as a pleasant variety in the life of those who are at ease in their circumstances, or who desire to benefit by change of air and scene.

The traveller, he says, 'may rusticate at Waiwera hot springs, where his rheumatism, and many other ills which flesh is heir to, will bid him farewell. He may turn aside to witness the industry of the Thames gold-field. He may be pulled along in a Maori canoe to see the wonders of the pink and white siliceous terraces at Rotomahana, and revel in the luxury of a bath in the tepid waters of the lake. He may spend a day or two at each of our chief cities with advantage, and judge for himself of the manners of the inhabitants, as well as experience their hospitality. Everywhere he will find comfortable hotels with an excellent *cuisine*. If he has a friend to introduce him to the clubs, he will be sure to be well entertained, and to make agreeable acquaintances. He may ramble through the South Island, and relax himself in the dreamy gardens of Nelson, be refreshed by the cheeriness of the truly English city of Christchurch, and be stirred up by the commercial activity of Dunedin. He may explore the grandeur of the glaciers of Mount Cook, towering untouched as yet by the alpen-stock of rambling Club-men, fourteen thousand feet high. The river and forest scenery of both islands is in many places of exquisite and unusual beauty. The umbrageous tree-ferns, the tall and graceful fronds of the nikau palm, the towering pines, the delicately foliaged mapau, and the glossy-leaved broad-leaf, will reveal to him new features of silvern loveliness. He can get by rail to Lake Wakatipu, and take a seat on board its steamer, to be arrested with the view of the majestic and rugged peaks which environ its dark waters. The glorious landscape at the head of the lake, with its wooded islands, its romantic hills, and the dazzling snow-clad summit of Mount Earnslaw in the background, will imprint itself as a brilliant mental photograph never to be obliterated. He can finish his explorations with a summer trip to the fiords or sounds on the west coast, and be wonder-struck at the precipitous grandeur of the Mitre, ascending sheer from the sea to an altitude of several thousand feet, and descending to an unfathomable depth. These and many other objects of surpassing interest will be a source of permanent gratification, in the pleasing recollection of them, to the traveller, who will carry home with him lively ideas of the impressiveness of the scenery he has visited, and of the kindness and intelligence of the frank and vigorous people among whom he has made his short sojourn.'

We conclude by quoting from Mr Bathgate's

last paragraph. 'With a climate which renders life positively enjoyable, with a fertile and grateful soil to cultivate, with a country having all the elements necessary to build up a free, a prosperous, and a happy nation, the labours of the colonist are a pleasure to him. There is no vista before him shrouded with the dark shadows of an overgrown, under-fed population. There are no political animosities rending friendships asunder. On every side he perceives manifold signs of the rapid development of the varied resources of his adopted country, and he is nerved for greater exertions by the knowledge that the fortunes of himself and his children must advance with its increasing progress. There is no strife, no crowding out, from the multitude of competitors in the struggle for existence. There is room for all comers of the right sort for many generations. He rejoices in his independence, and in feelings previously unknown to him. Much as we love the land of our birth and manhood, numerous as are the kind friends there to whom we are attached, prickly as some of the thorns in colonial life we have had to encounter have been, we candidly declare we have never regretted for a single instant the choice of New Zealand as a new home.'

We understand that Mr Bathgate designs to return to his duties as District Judge at Dunedin in the course of the approaching summer. It will be unnecessary for any one to write further to him letters of inquiry. His book, as we have said, gives all requisite information on New Zealand that can be sought for, along with a number of practical hints regarding the best methods and cost of transit.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XI.—HISTORY.

A good safe vengeance in the way of business.

MR TASKER, seated at his table in his own private room in Acre Buildings, communed with himself. No great amount of Mr Tasker's energies were at any time absorbed by the actual transaction of business. The spider's little affair with the fly is rather a matter of pleasure than of business—to the spider. It is in the spinning of his web that that wary creature expends his powers. So it was with Mr Tasker. At this time he was spinning most warily, and he did his work with a relish also. It was a pleasant summer afternoon. Acre Buildings were so far back from the main thoroughfare that the hum of traffic came soothingly and pleasantly upon the ear. The sparrows chattered about the roof and in the trees and on the pavement. Things had a rural look and sound and scent thereabouts. There was a long box of mignonette on the ledge of Mr Tasker's window. That window was open, and the exquisite perfume of the flower filled the apartment. The sunlight fell in broken flecks upon the floor and danced on the roof, reflected thither by a carafe of water which Mr Tasker had just laid down. A glass of brandy-and-water stood at his elbow. He held a big Havana between his finger and thumb, and lost in reverie, forgot to light it.

'We shall see,' said Mr Tasker with his pleasant smile. He roused himself, lit his cigar, placed his feet upon the table, and with the tumbler in his hand, lolled there, a picture of careless ease. Yet

the brain of Mr Tasker was busy, and its theme was vengeance. Not vengeance after any tragic fashion, for to such height Tasker was too prudent to rise, having a soul to save and a neck to take care of; but vengeance in a good safe usurious profitable way, and in the way of business. And his thought was: 'Can I get Mr Frank Fairholt in my hands again, and grind him down, and make him ask for time, and flout him and expose him to his friends?' The answer just then to this amiable inquiry was 'Yes;' and Mr Tasker evolved his plans, and enjoyed his victory in anticipation. Those outspoken allusions to Shylock and his pound of flesh rankled in Mr Tasker's mind. They were displeasing allusions, apart from their personal application, because they bespoke a good game played in vain—a checkmate to a compatriot. Tasker, half enveloped in smoke, looked through the window into the thick-leaved branches of the nearest tree with half-closed eyes, and sipped his liquor relishingly. A note lay upon the table, and Tasker dug at it with his heel as he leaned back there. 'You shall help me,' said he with a chuckle. 'And I will throw you both into the same boat, and you shall both sink or swim together.' He lay back again and chuckled enjoyingly over his own reflections; then sipped again and resumed his cigar. 'He is little better than a fool,' he continued, following out his own train of thought—'he is little better than a fool, that Hastings. I shall use him as I like when he comes here. We shall see—we shall see.'

At this moment Tasker's boy knocked at the door and announced a visitor. Tasker took his feet from the table, and turned round to welcome, with a nod of the head and a left hand outstretched sideways, Mr Hastings. That young gentleman sauntered in languidly, and put a little finger into the proffered hand. 'And how is Egypt, my chosen Israelite?' he asked, seating himself on the table.

'Egypt is fat and well and flourishing,' responded Mr Tasker with a gay good-humour.

'Is Israel well and fat and flourishing?' asked Hastings.

'Pretty well—pretty well,' answered Tasker, in the best of tempers and the most charming of good spirits.

'Pretty well is very well,' the other responded, with a solemn languor of manner. 'I'll take a weed, Tasker. Yours are always good, I know.—Thank you.'

'You have come,' said Mr Tasker, smilingly holding forth his cigar-case, and speaking with that little effort to be clear and sharp about his Cs and Ss, which shewed him most keenly watchful of himself—'you have come most punctually. You are here to time, Mr Hastings, like a clock.'

'I am here punctually, as you observe,' returned Hastings, lighting his cigar and speaking leisurely as he does so. 'I am, I regret to say, less like a clock than a clock-case—empty.'

Tasker was in admirable spirits. 'You will have your little choke, Mr Hastings.'

'I deserve my little choke,' said Hastings, accepting Tasker phonetically, 'for coming here at all.'

Tasker did not understand. But Hastings had said so many things which Tasker did not understand, that one more or less made little difference.

He knew that this flippant and careless and impudent young man used him and despised him. But he knew also that he used and despised the flippant and impudent young man. There was a little balance of hatred on Tasker's side, though he scarcely cared to shew it. A man who will one day have twenty thousand a year, was not to be insulted lightly, though he had something less than nothing now. Tasker knew that the allowance of the young gentleman before him was eaten up for the next three years; but he knew also that a single quarter's income from the paternal estate was just equivalent to these responsibilities, and that Hastings senior was old and frail. It was Tasker's cue to be astonished at the fact that his client was unable to take up a bill which fell due next day. In order that his astonishment might come with natural force, he took it for granted that business would go smoothly.

'If all my clients was so punctual,' said Tasker, 'my business relations would be quite pleasant.'

'Say "relatives," Tasker. Your business relations are always pleasant. Pleasantry is the badge of all your tribe.'

'I forget at this moment,' said Tasker, with a lifting of his arched and heavy eyebrows, 'what it is that you have got to pay.'

Hastings answered lazily: 'I am not about to remind you too rudely of the amount, by any payment of the money.'

'Goot heavens, Mr Hastings! I hope you are not in serious earnest?'

'Set your mind at rest. I never *am* in serious earnest.'

'I do not comprehend,' said Mr Tasker, rising. 'I hope you do not mean to say that you cannot pay me?'

'Unto that end, most valiant, am I come,' Hastings answered, thrumming lightly on the table, and regarding his companion with a look of solemn gravity. 'By the way,' he questioned with a passing gleam of interest, 'was that a quotation or an inspiration?'

'It was a bill at four months,' groaned Tasker.

'He is like the dyer's hand,' said the other, in abstracted soliloquy, 'subdued to what he works in.'

'You must not dalk in this way,' exclaimed Tasker with energy. 'I have debended upon you. I have engagements.'

'You remind me,' replied Hastings, taking out his watch, 'I also have engagements. Let us get our business over.'

'I have had too much of this,' said Tasker, with well-simulated wrath. 'I have ztood it too long. I will not ztand it any longer. I must be paid, Mr Hastings—I must be paid.'

'When the irresistible encounters the impregnable, what happens?' asked Hastings with an air of peaceful calm. 'It is an unfortunate conjunction of circumstances—unfortunate, but interesting—deeply interesting. Allow me to ask you to notice the situation. You must be paid. That is an absolute necessity? Very good. I cannot pay you. That is an absolute fact. Positive need on the one hand. Positive incapacity on the other.'

'Do you mean to zwindle me, Mr Hastings?' asked Tasker with an aspect of increasing anger.

'I am not accustomed to analyse my motives; but at a rough guess, I should be inclined to

answer "Yes." But I am so perfectly convinced that in the end you will swindle me, that my intentions are of little moment.'

It was a little curious that Tasker in simulating anger grew really angry. The gibes of his flippant client scarcely touched him, but his own presentment of wrath awakened wrath within him. Like a good actor, he threw himself into his part with thoroughness, and became that he seemed. It took him trouble to calm himself and bring himself down to the mere acting condition again. It would have been so pleasant to rend somebody, that it was dangerous to his interests even to play at doing it in this case, lest he should yield to the temptation to do it in good earnest.

'I do not want to quarrel with you; I do not want to take extreme measures, Mr Hastings,' Tasker resumed, having succeeded in mastering himself. 'There now!' He threw himself into his chair again, and relighted his cigar. Then with his glass in his hand, he leaned back and set his feet upon the table. 'I will be calm and quiet; I will listen to reason.'

'Your resolve is laudable,' returned the other, with the same imperturbable face and voice. 'When you say that you will listen to reason, you mean that you will listen to me. I accept the implied compliment. I think I may venture to assert that I am prepared to converse with equal ease and elegance upon any topic which may be introduced.'

'Aha!' laughed Tasker, the corners of his mouth a little tigerish—'it is all your good-humour. It is all your English fun. Now we will talk about this bill. I am tied up for money. You are tied up for money. Now what shall we do?'

'Let us toss up for it.'

'Dors up for what? Dors up for nothing?' asked Tasker, resolutely good-humoured. 'Now, what can we do? Can you pay me in a week? In two weeks? In three weeks?'

In answer to each of these inquiries, Hastings shook his head. 'Renew for three months.'

'Impossible!' returned Tasker, still smiling through his cloud of smoke. 'I tell you I do not know where to turn. Yet I am not a poor man. I have money enough, but it is all out. And now I am galled upon to pay away money to-morrow, and I have not got it. It is all out. Gentlemen will not pay. They all come here and say "Renew," as if I was *Græsus*.'

'Now listen and perpend,' replied Hastings. 'Three months from date I pledge you my honour either to pay or—to renew again.'

'I should like to keep my demper, Mr Hastings,' returned Tasker, 'if you will be so good.'

'I don't know what value you may set upon your time,' the other answered, 'but mine is valuable. Will you come to a conclusion?'

Tasker haggled for a while, and then came down with the proposition for which he had paved the way by all this manœuvring. 'It is in your power, Mr Hastings, to do me a favour. It is a favour very easy for you. A gentleman in the country, who is my very good friend, employs me to buy his bigturs. He has heard of a bigture which is to be great. He wishes to buy it. He instructs me. But my hands are tied. I cannot disoblige my very good friend in the country. But I cannot buy the bigture myself because the artist will not

do business with me. We are not on derms with each other. Will you go and see the work and make an offer for it? Will you so far oblige me, my dear sir, if I renew the little bill?'

'I don't mind,' answered Hastings. 'Who shall I say wants the picture?'

'Ah!' said Mr Tasker, smiling once more, 'my good friend in the country is vond of mystery. He does not wish it to be known that he is bur-chasing this work until it is his. Then he will say: "You have come too late, you people. The work is sold. I have been before you, and the work of the year is mine for a zong."'

'Does it occur to you, most ridiculous Tasker, that an artist might decline to sell to me for an unknown patron?'

'That is once more your fun,' Tasker responded, still smiling. 'You will go to your friend and say: "You are zending this work to the Winter Exhibition? Very goot. Will you sell it for four hundred guineas? Very goot. The money will be paid one week after the bigture has been hung. Very goot again." That is all to do.'

'Who is the artist?'

'The artist is Mr Fairholt of Montague Gardens.'

'I will execute your commission, my Tasker, with joy.'

'My name must not appear, you know,' said Tasker, with his tigerish smile in full play. 'He has quarrelled with me, and will not have anything more to do. We had a great zhindy—as you call it—in this very room. He was angry, and we quarrelled. I must have the bigture, Mr Hastings, for my friend in the country.'

'Your friend in the country shall not be disappointed, Tasker.'

Mr Tasker, smiling, renewed the bill; and Hastings went his way to mystify Frank. The usurer left alone once more, threw himself back into his chair; and again setting his heels upon the table, held inward communion. Mr Tasker thought in German, but his thoughts translated ran thus: 'Mr Benjamin Hartley intrusts me with this commission. I accept it, as in duty bound; and I accept it gladly, because it opens up a way to a sly and mean vengeance after my own heart. I will plague this impertinent artist by this means. I know how he was able to pay me last time; and I think he has pumped that well dry for a little while. If I could only get him into my hands again! If I could get him for a bill he could not meet, and could hold back the price of the picture, and plague his proud heart for a week or two. If I could have him here begging for time, and knowing all the while that he was independent of me if he only knew it, and knowing that he did not know it. I could keep Hastings from speaking. I could have out half-a-dozen writs against him, and send him over to Boulogne for quiet. Fairholt should not guess where he had got to. He should not know the purchaser of his picture. He should be waiting for money, and hoping for it every day; and he should tremble under my hand. He should beg my pardon. He should pay me such interest as was never paid before. He should cringe and sue to me; and then I would apply to his father for payment, and then I would send him Mr Benjamin Hartley's cheque. He should be humiliated, and exposed, and tortured with hope, and his hope should drop into

his hands an hour too late.' Thus thought Tasker, until his own pleasant imaginings became too tantalising for him. 'Himmel!' said Tasker with a sigh, 'it is too goot to be drue.' He rises and paces up and down the room. 'But it zhall not vail because I do not try it. I zhould like to ruin him, to break him down and bring him into beggary. "My pound of vlesh." I can try for it at least.'

Dr Johnson liked a good hater, but he would have been enamoured of Mr Tasker, who was a decent hater as times go.

TONTINES.

TONTINES are a species of lotteries, now generally exploded. They take their name from their inventor, Tonti, an Italian, who arrived in Paris early in the reign of Louis XIV., and was countenanced in his scheme of raising money for the state at a time when the finances of France were in a considerably depressed condition. Tonti proposed that a fund of twenty-five million livres should be raised by subscriptions of three hundred livres. The subscribers were to be divided into ten classes according to age. To each class a certain fixed annual amount of interest was to be assigned, which should each year be equally divided among the members of the class who were alive. In this way, while every member should at first get a fair annuity for the capital he invested, the profit that would come to the survivors as years went on would gradually grow larger, until at last the sole survivor would receive the whole annual rent of his class.

It was a scheme appealing to the confidence most men have in their own length of life, and one of which the advantages appear much greater than they really are; yet probably owing to the great unpopularity of Mazarin, the proposal could not be carried out. The Cardinal warmly adopted his countryman's idea; but the parliament refused to register the edict establishing the tontine, and the matter had to be laid aside for a time. Tonti had got a pension of six thousand livres in 1648, which he told Colbert he drew till 1660; during this time he appears to have spent the life of an active 'promoter' both of tontines and of such projects as a new East India Company, a national association for rearing silkworms, &c. He got the young king Louis to sanction a tontine in 1656, which he called the Banque Royale, to raise capital for a bridge across the Seine; and another shortly afterwards for a fund to pay the debts of the clergy; but so unpopular did Mazarin make everything Italian, that the French would have nothing to do with any of the schemes of Tonti's fertile brain. At length he got into disfavour at court, and was consigned to the Bastille, where for some years he was allowed to correspond with his friends; but suddenly the curtain dropped upon his life, and nothing is known of its end.

Fifteen years after Tonti's last appeal from the Bastille, Louis XIV. grievously in want of money, bethought him of the Italian's plan, and by royal

patent in 1689 established the first tontine which ever had a practical result, though only a part of the fourteen millions he wished to get was subscribed. The remainder of this sum, however, he got a year or two afterwards from another tontine, which like the first was to exist for forty years. In 1726, Charlotte Bonnemay Barbier, widow of Louis Barbier, a Parisian doctor, was sole survivor of a class in each tontine, and was, at the age of ninety-six, drawing an annuity of seventy-three thousand five hundred livres; an excellent return for an original payment of three hundred livres to each tontine.

Though Louis XIV. was the first to set a tontine in working order, he was very nearly anticipated by Dr John Houghton, F.R.S., a contemporary of Evelyn and Pepys, who record their high opinion of him. In 1683 Dr Houghton proposed to raise a large sum on a 'Subscription on Lives,' on the same principles of survivorship as Tonti's. In this proposal, addressed to the City of London, Houghton brings forward many curious reasons why all sections of mankind with five pounds to spare should put it into his tontine. Ill-treated wives would find themselves objects of tender care to their husbands as they went on towards the goal of sole survivorship; old people would be made much of; poor relations kindly looked after; for the longer they lived the more they would have. Landed gentlemen would find it a perfect provision for younger children; 'for if they die quickly, the estate will be free to the heirs; if not, it will be a considerable provision, and the estate shall not need to be clogged for maintenance.'

Houghton's reasons were not sufficient to float his tontine. Indeed such schemes never have been so popular in Britain as on the continent. However, several tontines were established both in England and Ireland during the eighteenth century, of which the most notable was that established in 1789 by the government. It was for a million, in shares of one hundred pounds each. The subscribers were divided into ten classes, according to age, and it was stipulated that the payment to each person should not exceed a thousand pounds a year, however few the survivors should be. Little more than half the shares were taken up. In *Notes and Queries* for 1872 it was stated that a life had dropped in August of that year at the age of ninety-three, whose last year's dividend had been two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and it was estimated that there were about eighty survivors of the tontine.

In 1799 Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster wrote a pamphlet advocating the formation of a joint-stock company with a tontine capital of sixty thousand pounds to establish experimental farms in different parts of the country; but no practical result followed his suggestion.

About the same time, and in the early years of the present century, a number of tontines were set on foot, chiefly for the purpose of building hotels where they seem to have been required, and where no individual capitalist was inclined or able to go into such ventures. We have some personal recollection of one of these tontines having been

set on foot in Peebles in 1807 to build a hotel, since known as the Tontine Hotel. The number of shares subscribed was a hundred and forty-four, the price of each share being twenty-five pounds. The principle acted on was that each subscriber was at liberty to name an individual on whose life he risked his share in the concern. The individuals so named were called the nominees, and had no interest in the affair, so far as nomination was concerned. Some, with a fancy that they had prospects of longevity, named themselves. Some named the Princess Charlotte, not only on account of her youth, eleven years of age, but that her life would be well cared for. As the Princess died in 1817, these shares were at once lost. The greater number staked on the lives of young children within their knowledge. It was thought to be a great day for Peebles when the foundation-stone of the proposed hotel was laid with all solemnity, and received the benediction of Dr Dalglish, the town minister, a reverend divine of the old school, with cocked-hat, powdered wig, buckles at his knees and his shoes, and frills at his wrists. As a little boy, the present writer was permitted to be close beside him on the occasion.

After a space of seventy-three years, it is interesting to inquire how the project succeeded, and what is its present position. The hotel throughout has been fairly managed by a succession of tenants, who have paid rent to a factor for those who claim an interest in the concern. As regards nominees, the original number of one hundred and forty-four had diminished to seventy-four in 1855. That is to say, about one-half had died out in forty-eight years. In 1864 the number had sunk to fifty-three. Now, at the beginning of 1880, all that remain are eleven. Each of these must of course be at least seventy-three years of age; and it might be assumed that the question of who is to be the last survivor cannot remain long undetermined. Looking, however, to the circumstance that individuals now occasionally live to a hundred, or at least to be upwards of ninety, it should not excite surprise if two or three of the eleven nominees keep up the game till the twentieth century.

From these explanations it is obvious that the holding of property on the tontine principle is to the last degree unsatisfactory. The parties concerned and their heirs cease to feel any interest in the result. The property staked for becomes a bad investment. It cannot be dealt with as a marketable commodity. If a hotel, it falls behind the requirements of the age; and as no one has any particular interest in it, fresh capital cannot be employed to enlarge or materially improve it. After reckoning cost of repairs and other expenses, it yields but an insignificant sum for division per annum. For these and other reasons the tontine system of holding property is about the worst ever invented. The idea of sinking money in a purely hazardous result some eighty or ninety years hence, almost goes beyond the wildest dreams of folly. In some instances, when only two nominees are left, a compromise takes place, and the affair is wound up. Of late years, attempts have been made in London to get up tontines on the principle of speculating on lives of persons not less than sixty years of age, or of dividing the property among survivors at not a very dis-

tant date. As far as we have heard, none of these projects has succeeded. Like everything in the form of a lottery, they do not commend themselves to public approbation.

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.—NEBRASKA.

'DAN, DAN! Wake up, old man, quick! I say, Dan!'

Dan rolled himself over lazily, raised himself on one elbow, and glanced round the apartment; then sunk back leisurely on his pillow with a long deep sigh of gratitude.

'I say, you everlasting sleeper, will you rouse up!'

'Too soon, Jack—hours too soon; not near mornin'. All right, old fellow; I'll turn out presently,' murmured Dan drowsily.

Jack Quartermain jumped up from the rude couch he had been sharing with Dan Kennedy, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the fire, which still smouldered on the hearth; then he piled on more logs, and throwing himself on a rug, looked steadily at the blaze, which leaped and danced and flickered as the fierce wind swept down the wide chimney. For fully an hour Jack mused by the fire; then he gave a long loving look round the rude Nebraskan cabin he shared with his chum, glanced at his tattered, battered, travel-stained leather portmanteau, which had been for nearly six years his faithful travelling companion, and calculated its capacity for yet another voyage; gave a passing look of regret and complacency at Dan's gorged, unwieldy, calf-skin trunk which contained their united savings; and then he heaved a deep sigh as his glance fell on the stalwart form of Dan himself sleeping peacefully on his hard bed.

Another half-hour was passed in study of the glowing logs, and then Jack produced from an old rosewood desk, which stood on a ledge in one corner of the log-hut, a little packet of letters, and read them over carefully by the light of the fire. Two of them were from Jessie Hamilton; tender, loving, womanly letters, full of trust, affection, and encouragement. They were written during the first few months after his departure, and were the only ones he had ever received. The others were from Val Saunders, cheery, chatty epistles, full of vows of world-without-end friendship, and gossip about their mutual friends and the doings at the office. The last of these was dated just a year after Jack Quartermain had sailed for New York, and contained the startling intelligence—told with evident reluctance and much sympathy—that Jessie was false. She had given her exiled lover up, and was engaged to be married to his successor at Verschoyle and Saunders's. This intelligence, coupled with Jessie's long silence, in spite of his earnest entreaties for a single line, convinced Jack that something really was wrong. So he had written one more letter, freeing his cousin from her engagement with him, and asking for the return of his letters, his carte, and other trifling mementos of their unfortunate affection. But even that brought no reply. And Val, to whom he had also written and poured out all his despair and

misery, was silent too. They would not even write and tell him if the deeds had been found, or if his uncle were alive and well.

Six months of utter misery and suspense followed; and then in a fit of sheer desperation, Jack had joined a band of daring adventurers bound for Nevada, and went in for gold-digging. He had been, from the time he had landed in the United States, a clerk in a great store in Jersey City, and was working his way into the esteem and confidence of his employers, when the gold-fever seized him, or rather the fever of discontent, and he rushed off to the West without a moment's consideration in search of wealth he did not want, and of peace he was certain not to find. A week of the wild lawless life at the Diggings was quite enough for Jack. A week was enough for another of the party also. These two, by a sort of natural selection, made friends with each other; and one night they left the camp without 'beat of drum' or saying farewell to anybody.

Dan Kennedy led the way in the retreat from gold-land. He proposed a sheep-walk in Australia, and peace and solitude, instead of the bowie-knives and braggadocio of 'the Roaring Camp' at Nevada; and so they sailed from San Francisco to Sydney, and were soon lost in the Australian Bush. For three years they had lived a not unhappy or uneventful life. They were not growing enviably rich, nor thinking of retiring from their labours. On the contrary, they worked hard late and early, and put what they could in the calf-skin trunk. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, these two men lived together in their cabin, their chief occupation their sheep; their amusement a skirmish with a band of natives or a few bushrangers; their intellectual food a Bible, a Shakspeare, and a copy of Burns, which Dan Kennedy always carried in his pocket. Then a sudden whim seized Jack; he wanted to go back to America; he was sick of Bush-life, and sheep were an abomination to him. Dan—the most complacent of men—counted the hoard in the trunk, and thought that they might manage it. Then he disposed of the farm and stock; and once more they crossed the sea and set out on their rambles.

After roving from state to state, and from city to city till their finances were almost exhausted, Dan resolved to settle in the territory of Nebraska; obtained a grant of land, built a log-hut, and declared that he had settled down for life. He was happy at last. Bound in by forests; out of the track of settlers; far from civilisation; a magnificent country, which supplied game in abundance; a noble river, teeming with fish; fruit and flowers in profusion. Surely 'Kennedy's Clearing' was an earthly paradise; at least so it seemed in the summer, when the trees were laden with fruit, the air with melody and fragrance. But in the autumn, when the rainy season set in, it was not quite so like a paradise; and in the winter the cold was intense. For a little while Jack was contented in Nebraska; but suddenly he was seized with the spirit of unrest again. He wanted to go somewhere he had never been, to do something he had never done—in short, he wanted a change. But Dan was deaf to his insinuations and hints, and turned a most unsympathetic ear to his murmurs. He was settled for life, he said, with his Bible, his Burns, his calf-

skin trunk, and his Shakspeare. He had taken 'Kennedy's Clearing' for better or worse; and he meant to stick to his bargain.

'Yes, my boy; I'm planted here, and took root I have,' said Dan, upon a certain cold December night. 'It's no use your putting out feelers. I ain't a-goin' to go off half-cocked again. So long as the clearing sticks to me, so long I stick to the clearing. You can move on if you like!'

'Why, you Turk!' Jack cried reproachfully, throwing more pine-logs on the fire, 'do you think I'm going to leave you here all by yourself, like Robinson Crusoe? No; old fellow; I'll stick by the clearing too; only, it's a melancholy consolation to grumble a little now and again—a Briton's privilege, you know!'

'Bad practice,' Dan remarked. 'Does no manner of good, any way.—I say, Jack, do you know what night this is?'

'Yes; Thursday. Why?'

'It's New-year's Eve, lad, and I've made provision for a jollification,' Dan replied. 'I gave one of my best axes and a pair of woollen stockings in exchange for five cigars and a bottle of Schiedam. What do you think of that, my son?'

'I think it was recklessly extravagant of you, old man. But as the temptations to that vice are so few, I think you may be pardoned. We'll smoke the old year out, and drink the new year in; and better luck to all of us!'

'Better luck! What better luck do we want?' exclaimed Dan. 'Ain't we as happy as kings here? Plenty of work; plenty of fun; enough to eat, drink, and wear. No master to serve; no servants to scold; not too many visitors to bore us; and besides, we're making money!'

'Yes; all that's very well. But a fellow is apt to get tired of his own inestimable society sometimes, you know,' grumbled Jack.

'I never do!' and Dan gave a tremendous stretch. 'I make it a point of always being on friendly terms with myself; there's nothing like it, lad. Jack, my boy, I wish you were married. Go down east, and bring back a missis for the clearing, and I'll play second-fiddle *di-rectly*!'

Jack shrugged his shoulders, knitted his brows, and bit his somewhat ragged moustache, as he invariably did when matrimony was mentioned. But he made no retort. It never entered his head to ask Dan why he didn't bring a 'missis' to the clearing himself, though Kennedy was the most thoroughly bachelor squatter in the territory, though the sturdiest, healthiest, handsomest young fellow, within a hundred miles. Dan had a dead-and-gone love affair, and he told Jack Quartermain all about it in the early days of their friendship; spoke tenderly, reverently, of his lost love, just as he might speak of his dead mother. Just once he gave his chum a peep into his heart, let him see below the surface for a moment; and Jack's honest eyes filled with sympathetic tears as he saw what a deep, raw, aching wound his friend so bravely carried and concealed. Once, and once only, did he attempt a little rough commonplace consolation; and he never forgot the look of agony which swept across Dan's face, never forgot the mute appeal of his eyes, and how he raised his strong right arm, as if to ward off a blow. Ever after that, Jack spoke many a time of his own love-affairs; but neither in jest nor in earnest

did he ever allude to Dan's—it was the one solitary forbidden subject between them.

It was, as we have said, New-year's Eve—the fifth since Jack Quartermain had left home and love and friends, and gone forth to seek his fortune, resting under the shadow of unmerited suspicion. For more than four years he had not heard a single word from England—not a line from his uncle, from Jessie, or from his old friend Val Saunders!

'I can't make it out, Dan,' he said, from the midst of a cloud of fragrant smoke—all that was left of two of the five cigars. 'I can't understand it, old fellow. Val must be dead, or he would have answered my letters. I'm not so surprised at Jessie—all women are false and deceitful; it's their nature. But Val was such a good-hearted, good-natured sort of fellow! He must be dead.'

Dan growled out something which might be taken for an assent, or might not.

'What do you mean by that?' exclaimed Jack a little impatiently. 'Do you think he's dead, or do you think he isn't, Dan?'

'Well—really I have no pleasure in conjecturing,' replied Dan slowly, as he puffed away at the last cigar, for which they had drawn lots. 'Mr Val Saunders ain't any particular friend of mine, you know; but it's my private opinion that if he is dead, it's a good riddance of bad value!'

'You're as bad as Jessie; just as jealous and unreasonable,' Jack retorted crossly. It did seem very hard that the only two people in the world he really cared about should each have an unreasonable prejudice against the person he liked next best.

Dan, however, replied good-humouredly to his fretful grumbling, laughed at the idea of his being jealous of an individual he had never seen; and then after drinking farewell to the departing year, and a merry greeting to the new one, which was ushered in by a lusty north wind, which promised plenty of snow, the two men stood for a few minutes looking into the glowing embers on the hearth, wrung each other's hands with a hearty grip, and laid themselves down to rest with a none the less fervent because voiceless prayer.

Jack was the first to fall asleep. The unusual dissipation of Schiedam and cigars, added to the fatigue of a hard day's work and the genial drowsy warmth of the cabin, sent him off into a heavy slumber, from which he awoke with a sudden start, to find himself bathed in cold perspiration, and great drops of moisture standing on his forehead. His first impulse was to rouse up Dan; but that was very much easier proposed than done. He was a sound sleeper at all times; and his answers to Jack's repeated calls came dreamily and irrelevantly. Then, as was narrated at the beginning of this chapter, Jack got up, dressed himself, sat by the fire, read over his old letters, and then studied the fire again; and when Dan did open his eyes with the first gray dawn of the morning, he saw his chum staring steadily at the dull red embers. 'You up first, old fellow!' he exclaimed in amazement. 'Why, what on earth is the matter?'

'Oh, nothing,' Jack said, starting like a man who had been roused from an unpleasant dream. 'Nothing the matter, Dan; only I'm going back to England!'

'Back to England, Jack! When? Why?'

'When—to-day. Why—because, because I have

seen a vision, Dan. Don't ask me anything more about it, old boy, for I can't tell you; only I must go home at once!'

'Why, goodness bless my soul, Jack! have you seen a ghost?'

'Worse than that—ever so much worse than that. What I saw was a reality, Dan. I'm sorry to leave you, old fellow; but it will be only for a time. I'll come back to the clearing, if I live long enough; but I cannot put off my departure for a single day.'

'Look sharp, then, and rout up Abram, and tell him to get out the buggy. We'll have a sharp drive of it; and there's every promise of a heavy snow-fall!'

'But you're not coming, Dan?'

'But I am, though. You don't suppose I'm going to let you start on such a journey by yourself? If you will go to England, I'll go with you. But I think, you know'—

'Gently, old fellow. Don't offer an opinion till you know the circumstances,' said Jack gravely. 'It's awfully good of you, Dan, to offer to accompany me; but I cannot consent to your doing it. I know you love this place, and don't want to leave it.'

'No more do I. But I don't want to leave you either, or rather let you leave me. We can find another clearing, old boy; but there's only one Jack Quartermain—that Dan Kennedy knows of, and he has no intention of losing sight of him. —Drag out the old calf-skin, lad; he and I'll cross the herring-pond once more. So say no more about it. I'm not naturally superstitious; and dreams and visions and such-like I set down to simple indigestion; but I do feel the most extraordinary sensation in my head this morning, just as if Bow Bells were whispering: "Go back to England, Dan! Go back to England!"'

CAVIARE.

'THE noble sturgeon from a distant sea,' which is occasionally caught in British waters, and sometimes exhibited by our fish-merchants as a curious monster of the deep, is a Russian fish, and used to be taken in the various seas and estuaries in that country in almost fabulous numbers. Caviare—the name given to the roe of the sturgeon after it has been prepared for the market as an article of commerce—is, as many of our readers doubtless know, frequently offered, especially in the absence of oysters, as a whet before dinner; on which occasions it is eaten raw, spread upon toasted bread, and seasoned with oil, vinegar, or lemon-juice, according to taste. Caviare is profusely used in all the hotels and public eating-places of Russia and Germany, as well as in private houses. In his celebrated *Ride to Khiva*, Captain Burnaby mentions that, a little pressed or fresh caviare, and a glass or so of Russian vodki, taken before sitting down to dinner, give a wonderful stimulus to the appetite, and are a strong provocative of thirst. The Captain says of the sturgeon itself that, when served in cold slices with jelly and horse-radish sauce, it is by no means to be despised. Some centuries ago, when a sturgeon was caught in British waters it was claimed by the Crown, and made into a pie, or otherwise dressed to grace the royal dinner-table.

The flesh of this fish deserves the good char-

acter given to it by Captain Burnaby. It is highly susceptible to the arts of the cook, and may be prepared in a hundred ways; moreover, it is both nutritious and digestible. A celebrated Venetian chef once told Soyer that with a large sturgeon at his command he required neither flesh-meat nor fowls. He could purvey a dinner from the fish alone; he could obtain his veal from the upper portion of the fish, and his pork from the under; whilst a fowl could be cut with the greatest ease from any part of the body; and a few pieces of the flesh were all that was necessary for the preparation of a delicious soup. When well stewed and eaten with shrimps pounded in anchovy sauce, the fried flesh of the sturgeon is excellent; whilst the fresh roes eaten with apple-sauce—this on the authority of M. Soyer—form a rare dish.

In the northern basin of the Caspian Sea the sturgeon is thought by the fishermen to be inexhaustible. More than one hundred thousand nets and fifteen million hooks are employed in its capture, these being worked from thousands of fishing-boats. The weight and value of the various kinds of sturgeon captured in the Caspian Sea have been roughly estimated at thirty-five million pounds, worth a million sterling; whilst the total annual income from the fisheries of every description carried on in the Caspian Sea has been set down at two and a quarter million pounds sterling.

On the banks of the Volga may be seen many excellent examples of the *votaga* or fishing establishment of that part of Russia. A *votaga* comprises within itself all the people who are necessary for the carrying on of a large business, as well as the various requisites for the capture and cure of the fish; such as a dwelling-house for the proprietor, cottages for the various inspectors and labourers employed, likewise covered sheds and warehouses for the storage of such fishing-gear as is not in immediate use. There are also in the *votaga* ice and salt stores, and ranges of buildings devoted to the dressing and salting of the various kinds of fish and to the preparing of caviare and isinglass. These erections stand partially over the water, being built upon piles; a mode of construction which renders it easier for the unloading of the fishing-boats, some of the very large fish being hauled into the warehouses by machinery. On the shore, all about may be seen boats of various sizes, as well as great breadths of netting, rows of fishing-lines, and other apparatus of capture. A *votaga* is a busy place; there is life, motion, industry within its boundaries. There is a perpetual round of work, the industry of the fishery being so distributed as to last all the year round. The proprietor is ubiquitous—has a keen eye to the main chance, and having a considerable amount of capital at stake, is naturally anxious to obtain a good return for his money. The duty of the inspector at a *votaga* is to receive, count, measure, and register the fish which are taken, and for the capture of which the fishermen are paid according to size on a given scale of prices, which is nearly the same on all the *votagas* of the Astrakhan district.

The money arrangements of some of the fisheries are not unlike those of the Scottish herring-fishery, the actual fishermen being paid according to the number of fish which they capture, receiving also earnest-money in advance, and

likewise loans to equip their boats. Many of the journeymen fishermen of the Russian *votagas* are 'well to do'; generally speaking, they are the owners of their own houses, and sometimes of a horse and cow, as well as a boat, or part of a boat, and its fishing-gear.

The round of work at a Russian fishery is not a little laborious, but is rendered as light as possible by the division of labour. As soon as a fish is received, it is measured and recorded; quickly cut open and disembowelled by labourers with a skill and rapidity beyond the belief of persons who have not witnessed the process. The large sturgeons are rapidly decapitated, as also deprived of their tails, a portion of the abdomen being likewise removed; the roe, swimming-bladder, and dorsal cord being carefully laid aside for further manipulation. The fish are then salted and hung up, by women, who are employed in large numbers—it being not an uncommon day's work for one woman to pass as many as two thousand small fish through her hands.

Sturgeons, of which there are several kinds, are measured from the middle of the eye to the beginning of the tail. The larger are often seven feet in length, and the smaller ones two feet four inches, there being various intermediate sizes. It is on record that in the year 1769 a specimen was caught not far from the mouth of the Ural which weighed two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds, and contained nine hundred pounds of roe; and it has been assumed by many writers in consequence, that a female sturgeon will yield roe to the extent of a third of her weight. But another very heavy sturgeon which weighed two thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds, contained only three hundred and seventy-six pounds of roe; so that the ova in the first specimen must have been developed to an abnormal extent.

With reference to the different kinds and qualities of caviare, it may be stated that the roe of one species, the *belouga*, is the most highly esteemed, because the berries are larger and finer looking than those of the common sturgeon or of the *sévriouga*. The best of all caviars, however, is made from the roe of the *sterliad*, but it is generally kept for private use. It does not at any rate form an article of commerce. This particular kind of caviare is used by the royal family of Russia; and quantities of it are likewise sent to various royal and noble personages, by order of the Emperor, as a high compliment or especial mark of regard. The condition of the roe which is contained in the sturgeon varies from time to time. All roes are not alike well formed or fat, the summer-caught fish generally containing the fattest roe. The caviare of commerce is brought to market in two forms—the one fresh or grained caviare, the other pressed or hard in cakes or lumps. There is another kind of very inferior quality, which is formed from soft or spoiled roe. In preparing the superior kinds, the eggs of the fish are thrown upon a very fine and tightly stretched net fixed on a wooden frame, through which the grains are lightly pressed. The grains—which are usually black or very dark brown in colour—fall into a wooden receptacle placed below the net or sieve, and are at once liberally sprinkled with very fine salt, being at the same time carefully stirred with a many-pronged fork. The caviare is known

to be ready for packing when, upon begin stirred, the grains begin to jingle or to emit a slight metallic or glassy sound, which never occurs till the whole mass has been sufficiently impregnated with salt. In preparing the pressed caviare, the grains are squeezed through the net or sieve into a tub of brine of a greater or lesser strength, according to the season. The whole mass is constantly stirred with a wooden fork, always turning the same way till the roe is thoroughly and evenly impregnated with the brine, after which the stuff is taken out with fine sieves, from which the brine is allowed to drip.

The next part of the process is that known as bagging the roe, which consists in putting it up in rough sacks made from the linden-tree bark, each large enough to contain one hundred and eight pounds. These bags, when well filled, are placed under a press, in order that all the brine may be thoroughly squeezed out and the roe crushed into a solid mass. The caviare is now ready for packing, and is taken from the sacks and placed in large casks containing thirty *pouds*, which is equal in British weight to ten hundred and eighty pounds. The reason why this kind of caviare is called *caviar à la serviette* is because of the casks being lined with fine linen. *Caviar à sac* is composed of the finest of the pressed stuff. It is packed for the market in long linen bags of a cylindrical shape. Some kinds of caviare are also made up in tin boxes, which are hermetically closed. Large quantities of the best caviare are annually contracted for by dealers, who send it to Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, where it is much used. In some years half a million of pounds-weight will be so disposed of.

The price paid to the dealers in caviare at Astrakhan is from four to five pounds sterling per *poud* (thirty-six pounds) for fresh, and three pounds sterling for the same quantity of pressed stuff. At all the votagas the desire is to prepare grained caviare, which is done with less trouble, and pays better than the making of the pressed kind.

Other portions of the sturgeon are also carefully utilised for food-uses. Indeed, the whole body of the fish is used for some purpose or other; capital isinglass being made from the bladder, while the sinews are converted into whips or goads to urge on the oxen which are kept at every votaga. As an article of food, the sturgeon, being still plentiful, is of course very valuable, seeing that no part of it need be wasted, and that the fish is of great size, some specimens weighing as much as two thousand pounds!

LA SERENISSIMA.

A TALE OF VENICE.

How much has been written and said about Venice—how many authors have tried to describe it; and yet how little can the richest word-painting convey to the reader a correct idea of this wonderful city! It is so unlike any other; the conditions under which its inhabitants live now, and have lived since its foundation, are so different from all others, that they have given to its pleasures and to its troubles, to its past history

and to its future hopes, a special colouring of its own.

Whilst all other capitals have gradually increased, and are increasing every day in every direction, Venice, surrounded by its inland sea, attained several centuries ago its present size and shape. The Piazza San Marco has been since then its Forum; successive generations have daily repaired to it in quest of news, of sunshine, or of friends; and will continue to walk under its arcades, to cross it and recross it in every direction, as long as the Duomo and the Procuratie wall it round, as long as the golden angel on St Mark's Tower shines far above the silent city. Its glory and its power have disappeared; the Queen of the Seas is now only a small provincial town. But however fallen from a diplomatic or commercial point of view, Venice has still and will always have a peculiar thrilling interest for all whose souls rise above the commonplace events of our daily life. The mysterious silence that constitutes the most striking feature of this 'Italian Dream,' as Dickens so happily called it, seems specially apt to foster and preserve the innumerable legends of its past history, and they accordingly abound. Every stone has its own legacy of romance; every dark gate is haunted by its familiar ghost; every recess, every cranny, whispers its old weird story.

The official annals of the Most Serene Venetian Republic contain innumerable instances of secret arrests, secret trials, followed almost always by still more secret executions; but besides these, many a terrible drama has taken place within the stone walls of the state prisons. Conveniently situated under the Ducal Palace, and with their floors slightly under high-water mark, these 'wells'—as they were called on account of their dampness—very seldom gave up a victim except as a corpse. Silent and dark as the grave, they were a fit instrument for a stern and mysterious tribunal. The severity of the Council of Ten, the swiftness with which it reached both high and low, the secrecy of its nocturnal sittings and of its sentences, created a universal feeling of awe, that has not yet completely disappeared.

Amongst the poorer classes there are many who still believe in the existence of the Secret Council, and who expect it to reappear some day; they abstain therefore from any direct allusion to it, mentioning it, only when absolutely necessary, by the vague term of La Serenissima. We may smile at this childish fear; but it proves very clearly the terror it must have inspired. The following legend, that was whispered to me a short time ago by an old gondolier, will shew by what means this result was obtained. Though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of every detail, there is no doubt in my mind as to its general truth, because the grandfather of my informant lived at the time it occurred, and would not have dared to repeat any tale against the Serenissima unless he was sure of it. With this proviso, I will now relate the legend as I heard it whilst I was quietly lolling in a Venetian gondola.

It was towards the end of 1760, when one night an English king's messenger reached Mestre, wanting to cross over to Venice. Sir John Hawser

—such was his name—was young, brave, and very highly connected, and as such perhaps, he had been chosen by the ministry to convey some trifling message to King George III.'s representative in that town. After a delay that would seem enormous to our modern express-train travellers, a gondola was manned, his luggage loaded in it, and at last it began to glide towards the city. He reached Venice just before dawn; and after a hurried toilet and a still more hurried breakfast, Sir John delivered his packet, and began exploring the lanes and alleys of this incomprehensible town. Being tolerably proficient in the language, he soon found his way to the Piazza San Marco, and was duly astonished by its peculiar aspect. Then, as now, the Piazza was the heart of the city; laws and edicts were promulgated in it; sentences were pronounced from the Balcony of the Ducal Palace; whilst beggars, singers, and others of a similar caste gave it a strange animation.

Thoroughly enjoying the freedom of walking after his long journey by coach and gondola, Sir John indulged his rambling propensities to the full extent. Whilst he was doing so a crowd collected in front of the Ducal Palace. Naturally curious, and having nothing else to do, he hastened to the spot, and elbowed his way to the centre. By the red pillar of the Balcony an usher was reading out the sentence of some unknown felon, with all the pompous circumlocutions so much in favour in those days. The wretched prisoner, just brought out of some dark cell, seemed scarcely to realise the scene, as his eyes, unused now to the light of the sun, gazed vacantly on the excited mob that surrounded the low scaffold on which he was standing. The sentence having been read, the prisoner was taken away to the jail where he was to undergo the term of imprisonment to which he had just been condemned; and the crowd, the sight being over, gradually dispersed.

This incident was in itself very trifling, and Sir John would probably have forgotten it within a week had it not been for its strange consequences. Whilst pushing and elbowing his way in the crowd it seems that some clever pick-pocket had robbed him of his lace handkerchief. It is certainly very unpleasant to be robbed even of a valueless article; but in this case the thief had obtained a valuable prize; and besides, there was for Sir John Hawser the additional sting of having been robbed by an Italian. He would have been less angry if it had happened in London; the pickpockets there were so clever that there was no shame in being their victim; but to have been plundered by a clumsy Venetian was too much for his equanimity, and he burst out in a torrent of abuse. Speaking mostly in Italian, but mixing a few English anathemas in his speech, he related his loss to a few by-standers, and was advised by them to complain to the police, or rather to those officials who under the Serenissima fulfilled the present duties of the police. Though without great faith in this plan, he followed it, and gave notice to the authorities. He was assured by a very stately official that he need have no fear, and that his property would soon be found and restored to him. Forced to be content with this vague consolation, he went home to his supper and bed.

For three or four days afterwards he continued visiting the principal monuments and churches, but without receiving any further information about his lace handkerchief. I have said that Sir John was young and brave; as a consequence, he was impetuous and fiery; whilst being born and bred in a free-thinking, free-speaking country, he was apt to express his thoughts as they came to his mind without reflection and without fear. It is not surprising therefore that one night, under the arcades of the Procuratie, while relating his loss to a few friends, he should have said what he thought of the vaunted secret police of Venice. They were, he said, a lot of stupid fools, very pompous and very stately, trying to hide their ignorance and incapacity under very high-sounding phrases; but the meanest London detective was worth the whole lot of them. As to the Secret Council, he did not believe it existed at all; or if it did, it was no better than the rest.

Ah, Sir John! if you needs must speak so irreverently of the Serenissima, why did you not use your own language? Why did you express your rash thoughts in Italian? Did you not know that walls have ears, and that every stone of Venice is a spy?

His friends astonished by this sudden outburst, attributed it at first to those last glasses of *vino santo* they had been drinking together; but knowing full well the jealous care the Serenissima had of its reputation, they instinctively shrank from him, as from a dangerous man. Availing themselves of favourable opportunities, they disappeared round dark corners, down side alleys; and very soon Sir John found himself alone.

Alone! At least so he thought; but a silent figure had been following him for some time, and was now eagerly and stealthily dogging him. So carefully it walked, so noiselessly it stepped, that for a long time Sir John did not notice this unwelcome shadow, and even when he did, he attached no importance to it. But at last he began to feel some doubts about this follower. Nothing could be guessed from his appearance. Completely wrapped up in a dark cloak, and with a wide hat shading and concealing the upper part of his face, the man would not have been recognised by his own brother. It was only the peculiar way in which he followed, and the ability with which he availed himself of every nook and corner, that implied a danger.

Fearless still, but somewhat annoyed, Sir John pursued his way through the maze of alleys that led from the Piazza to his temporary home. Determined to try to throw off his masked companion, he quickened at first his step; but at the next turning, a glance back shewed that it was no use. Having by this time reached the Ponte San Moise—one of the innumerable bridges that cross the minor canals of Venice—he stopped on its steps to see what his shadow would do. Astonished at first by this new ruse, the man hesitated a second, but a second only, and then disappeared in the shadow of the church. Our hero vainly strained his eyes in trying to find out whether he had really gone, or whether he was only hiding behind the columns and watching. He certainly began to feel an intense interest in this new chase, in which he seemed to be the game hunted down. Then, convinced that he had seen the last of his

silent friend, he decided on continuing his way home; and was just going to move, when a cloak was thrown over his head and chest, completely gagging him, whilst several strong arms entwined themselves round his body and effectually pinioned him. Before he could recover his senses, a voice whispered in Italian, in his ear: 'You are a prisoner of the Serenissima; resistance is of no use.'

Even after these words, the import of which he dimly guessed, Sir John would have tried to strike one blow at least for his life or for his liberty; but the cloak in which he had been wrapped up was so artistically and so securely fastened that he could not move a muscle nor utter a cry. There was no help for it, and he doggedly awaited his fate. The voices round him seemed to hold a short conference, and then they lifted him from the ground, and carrying him a short distance, deposited him in what he felt to be a gondola. The journey was not long, though to him it seemed an age, and very soon the rocking motion ceased. They evidently had reached their destination. A few seconds more and he was landed in the same unceremonious manner.

After depriving him of his sword and securing his hands, his captors released him from the folds of the mantle in which he had been almost choked. He found himself in a very small passage, dimly lighted, and intensely damp. The low ceiling, the strong stone walls, the massive iron doors that lined it, reminded him at once of all he had heard and read about the state prisons of Venice, and his heart sank within him. Without, however, giving him much time for reflection, or asking him any questions, his captors opened one of the cells, thrust him in, and bolted the door. Left alone in the most absolute darkness, our friend groped about as well as his tied hands would allow him until he found a stone bench, on which he dropped, completely unmanned by the novelty and the horror of his position. He had heard of prisoners being kept in these state prisons for months, even for years without light, with just enough of the coarsest food to keep them alive, and without the shadow of a judgment. Others had been tried and executed within these dark walls, and their friends outside had never known their fate. Was he too going to disappear without a struggle from this world? Was his body going to be dropped into the 'Canal grande?' Or was he to linger in his cell until his youth, his strength, and perhaps his mind were gone, to be released only a wreck of his former self, as a warning to others? There were many in Venice, poor shattered beings, heart-broken, half-crazed, shunned by everybody, who had once been the leaders of fashion, of science, of politics, until an anonymous note dropped into the Lion's mouth had caused their arrest, and their trialless detention in the underground—or rather under-water—prisons of the Serenissima.

But then, who could have denounced him? Who could have an interest in destroying him in this cowardly fashion? All the people he knew were above suspicion; and yet even the Serenissima would not have arrested an Englishman, a king's messenger, without some good reason. In that dreadful silence, broken only by the quiet plashing of the water on the stone walls in which he was imprisoned, his memory was particularly vivid, and recalled to his mind all the incidents of

his stay. At last he remembered those few hot foolish words he had used that very night; they, and they alone could be the cause of his present condition. This, however, brought no relief; it aggravated only his fears and his despondency, since he well knew what awful punishments were inflicted on those who, to use the Venetian phrase, 'blasphemed the government.'

Having settled the cause of his arrest, he gradually fell into a dull, drowsy state of half-unconsciousness, staring blindly in the darkness, listening vacantly in the vain hope of catching some sound, however faint, of that outside world he had so recently left. The silence was as complete as the darkness that surrounded him, and hours passed without bringing any change. Now and then a muffled sound reached his ears. Was it a footstep in the passage? Was it a wave a little higher than the others? Was it only the plaintive cry of the seamew? Or was it the dying gasp of a fellow-prisoner? He could not tell. After a very long time, of which he could not even guess the length, he distinctly heard a noise as of bolts and keys at his prison-door; suddenly it opened, and a flood of light illuminated every corner of his dismal cell. Dazzled at first by the glare of the torches, he could not see the men by whom they were carried; but gradually, as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, he saw they were all armed, all masked, and all dressed in black. In the meantime his hands had been released of their fetters, and his guards had quietly surrounded him. Without a word, without a sound, they led him on in their midst. Through dark halls and narrow staircases, through crooked passages and low beetling doors they marched as noiselessly as a group of ghosts surrounding a mortal man. At last their goal is reached; a door is flung open, and Sir John is ushered into a spacious room. At one end, on a raised platform sit ten judges, all masked, all draped in large black cloaks. By their side, but a little lower down, are the scribes of this silent tribunal. Judges and scribes as motionless as if they had been statues, and not human beings. The first glimpses of dawn struggling through the painted windows, powerless as yet to supersede the wax candles, gave to the whole scene the most weird aspect. Outside, all was sleeping; and no sound reached the inmates of this hall to remind them that a powerful city, a numerous population, surrounded their silent abode.

As soon as the several actors in this strange scene had reached their proper places, a man still masked, and dressed in the same dark hue, began in a monotonous slow tone to give his evidence. Though muffled by the folds of his mask, his voice was peculiarly distinct and clear, and Sir John at once knew it as being the same he had heard when he was arrested. Cold and pitiless as steel, without a tremor and without a pause, the voice repeated all the words used by the culprit when, in his rash burst of passion, he had derided and mocked the knowledge and the power of the Serenissima. Slowly and regularly the words followed each other as the links of a lengthened chain, as steadily as the drops of rain on a winter's day. The pens of the scribes, creaking as they hurried over the paper, made a fit accompaniment to this recital. Except for them, all was as motionless, as still as if no human hearts were beating under those black silk mantles. It ended

at last; and with a sense of relief Sir John strained his senses to see, to hear what would follow.

After a short pause, the judge who sat at the centre of the table stood up and addressed him in these terms: 'You have heard the evidence against you; now follow us and hear your sentence.'

No cross-examination, no defence was allowed by the laws of this Council. Rising together as if moved by a single mind, the funeral procession followed its leader, and left the hall by the door through which Sir John had entered it. Again through the same winding passages, again down the same narrow steps, silently and noiselessly they glided like ghosts returning to their graves. Surrounded by his guards, Sir John followed immediately after the last of the judges, wondering all the time what was to be his fate. When they had reached the lowest floor of the building, and were nearing again the loathsome cell from which he had so lately been taken, the cortege divided, and Sir John was brought face to face with the senior judge.

'You have insulted the Serenissima; you have denied its power of punishing crime, because you had been robbed of a paltry handkerchief, and it had not been immediately found and given back to you. Now look!' As he said these last words, the masked judge stepped on one side and directed Sir John's gaze to a darker corner of the dark passage. There, hanging against the wall, the rope that encircled his neck disappearing through the stone, was the corpse of a man.

Entranced by this sight, and thinking that perhaps he also was going to be hanged in the same manner by an unseen hand, Sir John felt rooted to the spot.

After a short silence, the judge continued: 'This man was the thief; in his right hand you will find your handkerchief. Take it. As for you, we ought not perhaps to be so lenient; but in consideration of your youth and of the high position you hold in your country, we will overlook your fault. You are forgiven. Outside this gate a gondola waits for you; it will take you to Mestre, and thence you will be conveyed to the frontier. Go! But remember always what you have seen to-night.'

Seizing with a trembling hand the lace handkerchief that had been the cause of so much trouble, Sir John wanted to speak, wanted to thank his unknown judge; but before he could recover his voice, the phantoms had disappeared, and two jailers only were by his side. Without a word, and apparently without an effort, these two men opened a secret door leading to the canal, and helped the now liberated man into a gondola that was moored to the steps, and in the forepart of which lay his luggage. No word was said, no order was given; the two gondoliers seemed to know their duty, and they silently paddled away from the palace in which Sir John had spent that dreadful night. At Mestre a coach was waiting for him. In a few hours the frontier was crossed. Then only did he begin to breathe freely. But for a long time afterwards he avoided any allusion to his Venetian adventure; and for many years he could not bear to speak of it.

Now the Serenissima is gone, the cells have been sacked by an infuriated mob, and innumerable tourists visit the hall where the Secret

Council held its nightly sittings; but even now I cannot help feeling relieved when I have left behind me Venice, its dark canals, and the darker memories that cling to them.

TAKEN AT THEIR WORD.

To be taken at one's word frequently leads to droll and unexpected results, as the following instances will shew. Once upon a time a young man wooed and won a fair damsel. The trousseau was provided, the ring bought, the preparations for the wedding completed. But a little while before it should have come off at Liverpool, the bridegroom-expectant was called to Ireland on important business. There he was detained by uncontrollable circumstances, and the intended marriage morn found him still in Cork. He telegraphed that the wedding must be put off for a day or two; the unwelcome message reaching his lady-love as she was donning her bridal gear, nothing doubting he would come up to time. As mortified as Petruchio's Kate 'to wait the bridegroom when the priest attends,' the angry girl wired back: 'The marriage must take place now or never!'—her unreasonable ultimatum being put into the laggard's hand as he was stepping on board the steamer for England.

Seeing something was wrong with him, the kindly captain inquired the cause of his moody looks, and was quickly enlightened. To cheer him up, he introduced him to a lady occupying the state cabin. After a little chat, she challenged him to a game of chess, and over the board he told his sad story a second time. His fair opponent did her best to console the disconsolate swain; and being young, pretty, and every way charming, consoled him so effectually, that before the English coast was sighted he had proposed and been accepted. On landing at Liverpool he was greeted by the friend who was to have acted as best-man with the information that the bride was anxiously awaiting him. Great was that gentleman's surprise on being told he was mistaken—that 'the bride' was the lady on his friend's arm; and if he had any doubts, they were dispelled by the speedy marriage of the pair by special license.

When a man is liable to be cross-questioned, it behoves him to think twice ere speaking once, if he would not trip over stumbling-blocks of his own creating. A gentleman giving evidence before a Parliamentary Committee, said that in some districts the number of crows upon a farm would average at least fifty; that the birds were of great service in destroying wire-worms; and where they did not exist, the farmer was obliged to hire boys to do the work of the crow, paying them at the rate of three-halfpence per hundred worms. Mr Bright inquired how much a boy could earn worm-killing, and was told ninepence; but when asked, if a boy made ninepence a day at the rate of three-halfpence a hundred wire-worms, how many of these noxious creatures he destroyed in a day, the witness, turning restive, replied that he did not come there to answer arithmetical questions. Mr Bright, however, was not to be put off in that way. He asked if a boy did the work as well as a crow. 'A

crow is worth fifty boys!' was the rash reply. Then quoth Mr Bright: 'If a boy is worth ninepence a day, and a crow worth fifty boys, how much is the crow worth to the farmer in money?' Not unnaturally, the gentleman lost his temper; but in vain. Paper, pen, and ink were handed to him; and after battling with the figures awhile, he announced that a crow was worth just thirty-seven shillings and sixpence a day to the farmer. He was then asked to inform the Committee what, at that rate, was the yearly value of the bird; and of course could not make it less than six hundred and eighty-four pounds seven shillings and sixpence. His persecutor next reminded the badgered man that he had given fifty as the average number of crows on a farm, and desired him to find the aggregate annual value to the farmer of his proper quota of these useful aids; thereby eliciting the startling information, that the farmer must be a gainer of over thirty-four thousand pounds per annum by his half-hundred crows! Thus was the gentleman taken at his word, with a vengeance!

Makers of seemingly absurd assertions do not always get the worst of the deal. Two urchins sitting on a doorstep with their slates in their laps, were heard by a passer-by saying: 'Two from one, and one remains.' He at once challenged them with: 'I'll give you a sixpence if you can prove that, my boys.' They took him at his word and into a kitchen where their mother sat nursing twins. In a moment each boy had a baby in his arms, and was pointing at the wondering matron as a proof that their novel arithmetical proposition was correct. They had taken two from one, and one remained; and honestly won the reward.

Midshipman Marryat, a veritable chip of the old block, serving in a ship off Singapore, got into disgrace with his captain, and consequently found himself left out in the cold when his brother-middies were revelling in the delights of a ball on board ship. The next day, all the glass and crockery hired for the occasion was packed for re-conveyance on shore, and the young scapegrace told off to command the boat. He came to his duty so slowly that the angry commander shouted: 'Run sir; jump!' 'Ay, ay sir!' responded the middy; and then jump he did over the ship's side right into the midst of the fragile freight, much to its damage and Marryat's pretended dismay.

As wickedly anxious to obey orders to the letter was a Mexican taking the stand in a New York police court as a witness in an assault case. Having informed the judge that he spoke English, he was told to state what he knew of the affair in question. Thereupon the prosecuting attorney, an Irishman by birth, quite unnecessarily intervened with: 'Ye onderstand, sor, that ye are to go on, and state to the coort what ye know about this case in yer own language.' 'You want me to tell the story in my own language?' asked the witness. 'Yes sor, I do,' replied the lawyer. The Mexican began: 'Este mujer venia a mi casa'— 'What is that ye're saying?' exclaimed the attorney. 'I am speaking in my own language, as you requested me to do,' was the reply. 'I didn't mane for ye to spake yer own language when I said for ye to spake yer own language,' explained the legal gentleman. 'Can't ye spake to me as I am spakin' to ye?' 'I can try, sir,' said the Mexican;

and he went on with his story thus: 'Well thin, yer Honor, this man and this woman kem to my house, and sez the man to the woman, sez he: "I want to spake wid ye," sez he.' Here the indignant examiner broke in with: 'What do ye mane, sor, by spakin' in that way?' 'Shure sor, responded the witness, 'ye axed me to spake in the language ye use yerself, an' shure I'm after thryin' to oblige ye.' Then the judge thought it time to interfere, and bade the Mexican to talk English. 'With pleasure, your Honour,' said he. 'I should have done so at first; but the learned gentleman seemed rather particular in regard to the language in which he wished me to give my evidence.'

It now and again happens that the ire of the Bench is excited by the obtuseness and perversity of the gentlemen of the jury. Such a thing came to pass upon a certain occasion at Westminster, when, singularly enough, the judge himself brought about the delivery of a verdict not at all consonant with his idea of justice. The action arose out of a dispute between a Water Company and some of its customers, and the evidence in favour of the defendants was so irresistible that the judge expressed his wonder that the jury should want to retire to consider their verdict. Retire they did nevertheless; and upon returning after a long absence, the foreman announced that they had all agreed, with one exception. The judge was surprised and indignant, and made some very unflattering remarks on the intellectual capacity of the minority of one. He, however, upon the jury again retiring, was proof against criticism, and obstinately holding to his own opinion, the jury had to be discharged. Then it came out that the obstinate man had taken the same view of the evidence as the judge himself, while the eleven refused to adopt what the Bench thought to be the only reasonable conclusion to be drawn from the facts. When his Lordship was made aware of the state of the case, he very considerably altered his tone.

A speaker whose auditors 'take suggestion as a cat laps milk,' may well be proud of his power of arguing; yet Mr Stenson was not altogether happy when, upon sitting down after strenuously urging upon his fellow-councillors of Derby the necessity of immediately appointing a town-crier, one of them rose and gravely moved that the vacant office be conferred upon Mr Stenson himself; the motion being seconded, put, and carried, and the crier's cloak and bell presented to the newly made official almost before he could realise the situation.—In the same predicament of being hoist by his own petard was a certain worthy high-sheriff who, presiding at the opening of a fancy fair, counselled the ladies to be active and energetic in pressing their wares upon those who had money, but who had had neither brains nor time to make anything worth exhibiting. He had hardly ceased speaking before one of the fair stall-keepers dandled a little doll before his eyes, and insisted upon his giving her half a guinea for it. He was rather taken aback at his advice being so promptly acted upon; but the lady was so pressing and so energetic that he saw there was no help for it but to take the doll and part with his half-guinea.

Both of these victims to their own eloquence gave their advice with honourable intentions,

believing it to be good. As much could not be said for Dr Mason, a Californian mine superintendent, who, when a ragged fellow asked: 'Kin ye tell whar there's a good place to prospect?' after looking him well over, responded: 'You look like a lively industrious man. You see that oak-tree on the hill-side. Well, under that tree will be a good place to prospect; besides, it's nice and shady, and you can lie down and rest comfortably when you are tired.' The stranger went to work with pick and shovel at the spot indicated by the practical joker, replying to the 'chaff' of the miners that he guessed the superintendent knew what he was about; but nobody was more astonished than the Doctor when, at the end of a week, the confiding man was able to shew fifteen hundred dollars' worth of gold as the result of his labour,—an upshot undreamt of in his philosophy.

The heroine of a comical Circassian legend had more faith in her own prescience, and with very good reason. The story runs thus. A man was walking along one road, and a woman along another. The roads finally united into one, and reaching the point of junction at the same time, they walked on together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held the legs of a live chicken; in the other, a cane; and he was leading a goat. They neared a dark ravine. Said the woman: 'I am afraid to go through that ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force.' Said the man: 'How can I possibly overpower you and kiss you by force, when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand, a live chicken in the other, and am leading this goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot.' 'Yes,' replied the woman. 'But if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom-side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance.' 'Success to thy ingenuity, O woman!' said the rejoicing man to himself. 'I should never have thought of this or similar expedient.' And when they came to the ravine, he stuck his cane into the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: 'Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat;' and then—so runs the legend—lowering the kettle from his shoulders, he put the fowl under it, and wickedly kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

BIRD on the bough,
Why singest thou?
O wherefore that redundant song?
Dost long to pour,
As heretofore,
Thy flute-like music from the leafless tree,
And herald Spring (ere storms have ceased to be)
With silver tongue?

Upon mine ear
Fall loud and clear
The sweet notes of thy minstrelsy.
Blow wind! Beat rain
Upon the pane!

Yon bird of mellow throat and dusky feather
Warbles, unmindful of the wintry weather,
Now chilling me.

O joyous bird!
My heart is stirred—
My weary heart is comforted.
Thy vesper hymn
I' the twilight dim,
When earth is tristful, and when skies are sobbing,
Has quelled the pain that sent my pulses throbbing
With anxious dread.

Bird on the bough!
Say, mindest thou
The day when all the world was white?
When from my sill
Thy yellow bill
With sweets I ravished? When 'mid frost ferns peering
I watched thee, joyed with thy presumptuous nearing,
Nor scared to flight?

Say, is the song
That floats along
From airy regions to my heart,
For sooth'd sense
A recompense?
Dost wish to chase my grief by rapturous singing?
To teach me how to live—by lofty winging
The clouds to part?

Or dost forget
Thy paltry debt,
And ring out liquid notes for joy?
Ere yet the earth
Has given birth
To nascent buds that blossom into flowers—
Ere yet the spring-tide raineth genial showers
Of sunlight coy?

O sweet! O rare!
Beyond compare!
Dost dream of rose-flushed apple-tree?
Of the coming day
When laughing May,
Will shake her magic bells to give thee pleasure,
And spread her balsamed leaves to guard thy treasure
And shelter thee?

Bird on the bough!
Enough, that thou
In thy glad pean to the skies,
Hast lifted me
From apathy—
Hast bid me vanquish pain, be brave and cheery,
Even in unblissful hours, when days are dreary,
And doubts arise.

S. E. T.

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CONVICT LIFE.

PERSONS who are not very old can remember the time when crimes such as highway robbery, burglary, and forgery were punishable by death on the scaffold; and when crimes of a less aggravated kind were visited by transportation to penal colonies for life. The punishments were severe, but in a sense they were effectual. Society got rid of its torments. With milder views came the present system, which aims at the moral and intellectual improvement of offenders through the agency of penal discipline for longer or shorter periods. Without wishing to go back to the old merciless practices, one feels that the new and humane methods of punishment are far from satisfactory. In some cases, they may fulfil the desired reclamation; but it is too clear that for the most part the criminal class is not lessened, if it be not increased, in numbers. The penalties fail in deterrent influence. Obviously, large masses of people prefer a life of habitual crime, interspersed though it be with imprisonment. In short, a prison is viewed as a pleasant place of retirement, instead of being the terror it ought to be. Society would need to think over the whole subject. The present state of things cannot with decency go on much longer.

That our penal system signally fails in the manner we have summarised, is the accusation made in a volume before us—the personal experiences of a convict (*Convict Life*, by a Ticket-of-Leave Man. London: Wyman & Sons, 1879). The writer is a man of education, and his work bears frequent evidence to his discernment and judgment. He narrates his story perspicuously, and with an unaffected sincerity of tone that carries conviction with it.

After reaching middle life in the character of a gentleman, and with the reputation of an honourable man, our author confesses that he was weak enough to enter upon a course of dissipation at the advent of a terrible domestic calamity. On this supervened crime; and one who had never

before darkened the doors of a police court, was sent 'to herd with professional thieves in penal servitude for seven years.' In these words on the first page of the book is struck the keynote of the book. It is a protest by a criminal it is true, but yet for the most part a law-observing member of Society, against the system which levels to one common standard of degradation him who has once lapsed and him who is a declared and persevering marauder upon Society. He has no sympathy with the criminal class, nor with those who pity the thieves on account of the hideous dress they wear, or because their hair is cropped, or their beds hard, or their beef tough. He is quite right. Judging from the minute personal reminiscences, the physical comfort of criminals is far greater than most seamen enjoy; they are more daintily treated than the miners of Lancashire and Wales; their food is more nourishing and their bedding more luxurious than of the ordinary agricultural hind in English rural districts. Poor honesty has therefore every reason to complain that murderers and felons have more than their deserts of this world's enjoyments given them out of honesty's hardly paid taxes.

The free criminal population in England is a vast army, usually estimated at about one hundred thousand in number! These men are wholly destructive consumers; they live on the fruits of other men's labour; and their misdirected skill in filching is an art which each thief is eager to teach to any one who will listen. The Long Firm is an association of the most tenacious vitality; and amongst the main sources of its strength is the association of thieves in convict prisons, with free opportunity for elaborate schemes of predatory enterprise. The prisons are good cages, but bad reformatories; and outside, the police system is an excellent detector of crime committed, but the worst of preventives. Consequently, nefarious practices are neither prevented nor repressed. To sustain a charge, not to prevent a crime, seems to be the main object of the police-officer. A case in point occurs to mind. A policeman at the Liverpool Docks saw a suspicious character prowling

about. Ensconcing himself close at hand, Policeman X waited and afforded the thief full opportunity to declare his intentions. At length he did so by making off with, we think, a quantity of cotton, large quantities of which find their way to the dishonest receivers at that great entrepôt. Now, if Policeman X had wished to reach the fountain-head of crime, he would have followed the stolen goods to their destination, and bagged two birds with one stone. With such an object in view, his connivance—for it was nought else—in the theft would have been explicable. As a matter of fact he arrested the thief as soon as he had left the Dock Estate; and we suppose the 'clever capture' was lauded in the local press, and gained for him the approbation of his chiefs.

Comparatively few instances can be pointed to by the police, of the prevention of crime. Hundreds of examples they can adduce of captures more or less clever; but even this detection of crime is far from being satisfactorily performed. And it is a sad subject for reflection that the government prisons are perfect schools of crime, in which laziness is encouraged, leisure for conversation and conspiracy afforded, and a merely perfunctory course of education and of religious teaching all that there is of pretended reformatory effort.

Ingenious methods of depredation have not infrequently been disclosed in these columns, to interest and, if possible, safeguard our readers. Some of the tricks exposed by our author are extremely clever devices of the enemy. Officers of Excise, for example, might profitably turn their attention to such public-houses as make a practice of receiving leather portmanteaus, these seemingly innocent articles of baggage being often skilfully constructed bottles, containing up to two gallons of new spirits from illicit distilleries. Nor are these places always in poor or suspected neighbourhoods. The clever criminal knows a better trick. He takes a respectable villa, and under cover of this irreproachable exterior, pursues his nefarious craft. The only real difficulty—and it is but a slight one after all—is the procuring of the raw material. Another rascal was in the habit of 'earning' a good living by the sale of sapphire rings. These are set in gold, with eight real brilliants, easily recognisable as genuine. But the centre stone is but two pieces of colourless topaz, joined with Venice turpentine, and with a bit of blue glass sandwiched between. The topaz resists the file, the diamonds are genuine, and the pawnbroker is thus easily victimised.

One fellow served an eight years' 'lagging' on pretty easy terms. In thieves' language, 'he did it on his head.' His sentence was on account of a notorious diamond robbery in the now well-known style. Fashionable lodgings in Mayfair, horse and brougham, West-end jeweller, wife desirous of inspecting four thousand pounds-worth of jewellery, assistant chloroformed, escape of the thief—these were the elements of the adventure. His wife was watched, and the thief trapped when he returned to England to take her off to America; but the money was gone. And after a lenient and utterly incommensurate punishment, this rascal was discharged to continue his practices. He said that he had perfected a scheme to defy detection,

and by which he intended to make a fortune out of New York bankers.

Another phase of convict life quite as pernicious as the facilities offered for conspiracy and instruction in the thieves' art, is the never-ending lesson of laziness inculcated there. Indoor labour is of the lightest description, and the work of the outdoor gangs is by no means comparable in severity with the ordinary work of coal-miners or agricultural labourers. The dock porters who in our sea-port towns earn their four shillings a day, labour much more strenuously than the hardest-worked convict. And here we must insist upon the fact that the honest artisan and labourer in England is condemned by the very nature of his position to hard labour for life. The death-rate in the open world ranges up to forty per thousand in some towns. In convict prisons, despite the fact that the criminal classes are abandoned wretches, given to the commission of the most disgusting crimes, and that they bring with them into prison constitutions sapped by excess and debauchery, the rate of mortality, we are told, is only thirteen per thousand. Hence the grim joke of one of the comic papers which depicted a doctor and his patient, to whom the former ordered the novel prescription of a month's sojourn in jail as a cure for the effects of overwork. For the convict there is almost complete immunity from risk. Outside, the sailor risks his life for two pounds a month; and the miner dares the perils of the earth for wages not very much more liberal. But light as is the labour required from criminals, they use all kinds of artifices to shirk it. 'The most earnest prayer,' says our author, 'of the professional thief might be thus translated: "From the sacredness of work, and from all other sacredness, good Lord, deliver me."' The first object in life to this end is to 'fetch the farm'—that is, to get into the infirmary. Concerning the means employed to this end, the thieves compare notes, and evolve the most complex systems from their perverted imaginations by which to 'best the croker,' in other words, cheat the doctor. In the infirmary, a prisoner gets a good bed, and the close association of many other thieves in a large warm dormitory. 'He gets nice food, and he gets what every thief in England adores above everything else except drink—I mean entire laziness. He can lie on his back, eat, chat with his neighbour, and plot future villainy. The infirmary is the convicted thief's paradise.'

Other methods are also successfully employed by those old hands at crime who wish 'to do their lagging on their head,' that is, with as little discomfort as possible to themselves. Old thieves in for a second or third term are particularly adept in making themselves easy. They are treated almost like comrades by the warders, and curry favour with them by keeping watch for the advent of superior officers, or by assisting them in detecting minor infractions of the rules by novices, ever the scapegoats of others' delinquencies. Moreover, though the possession of tobacco is a heinous offence, severely punishable, and though only through the warders tobacco can enter a prison, yet the old hands frequently obtain this luxury. It is alleged, we cannot tell with what truth, that warders receive black-mail from the friends of convicts. These are matters which will doubtless be inquired into.

There is an utterly fallacious idea abroad that convict labour must not be allowed to compete with free labour. Against this we merely say, that if it be just that the honest man should labour for his bread, it is no less just that the criminal also should labour for his livelihood. If any man will not work neither shall he eat, is even yet a good principle to teach those who presume to live by depredations and not by work. Provided always that the products of convict labour are only sold at the market price, no injustice whatever is done to free men working in the same kind. We cannot force criminals to earn their bread when at large; we can at least punish them for getting it dishonestly; and common-sense teaches that whilst in confinement, they should be habituated to the hard, really hard labour of the average working-man, and not be allowed to make a mere play of working, as is stated to be often the case.

Out of doors the evil is even worse. Not the most ignorant hind would find fault with convict labour applied to the reclamation of bog and waste land. But although this is the theoretical aim of the outdoor labour, nothing has as yet been done worthy of notice. The men have similar freedom for plotting villainy, for degrading talk, and for proselytism in crime, as in the shops. And one general lesson is taught indiscriminately to all, taught not orally and weakly by precept, but forcibly and permanently in practice and example. That general lesson is 'the doctrine, that time and labour are of no value.'

What is most urgently needed in our penal system is a short sharp system of dealing with the casual offender, and entire separation of him from the contaminations of the other class. The habitual offenders should have their deserts—severe labour. What they have voluntarily shirked when free, should be forced upon them when confined. And if brave men risk their lives—say in the mines—surely we need be under no compunction in condemning the criminal to that kind of labour. We shall be glad to hear that the subject in all its bearings is carefully reconsidered. Present arrangements, the outcome of heedless philanthropists and crotcheteers, are little better than a scandal. A remedy must be found somehow.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XL—CONTINUED.

HASTINGS pursued his leisurely way to Montague Gardens, untroubled and light of heart. He beguiled the way by self-satisfied reflection. Yet he was in his way a philosopher, and valued himself pretty accurately at times. 'There is a little demon inside you, my friend,' he told himself, 'who overmasters you upon occasion, and clouds your finer faculties.' Having nobody else to chaff at this juncture, he chaffed himself, laughing at his own incongruities of character and of speech, and looking on at himself like a quite disinterested spectator, and enjoying the spectacle. Life had been so far an uninterrupted series of passages of light comedy. He was leading comedian and audience in one. He looked on at himself, admiring his own *sang-froid* and

impudence and jollity. He talked as much to himself as to others, and in the same strain. He was sufficient audience to himself, and perpetually aired himself behind the comedy footlights for his own delectation. He admired himself beyond measure, and thought himself at bottom one of the humblest men in the world.

Arriving at Frank's rooms, he found the artist hard at work, and jovial. At the sight of the picture, now nearly completed, Hastings stood still in genuine admiration. The artist had struggled after a very difficult and subtle effect, and had all but perfectly succeeded in catching it. An autumn corn-field, with shocks of corn here and there. A level country melts gradually into the distance. The late sunlight is so faint and dim that only the faintest shadows lie upon the ground. They are made the fainter by a pallid gleam of moonlight, which struggles for supremacy with the light of the fading sun, and will gain it before long. It is this delicate blending of light which makes the beauty of the picture. Perhaps the *technique* of the work is not altogether perfect. Over that let the critics quarrel if they will. But the poetry of the work is pure and strong. Its grouping is beyond all cavil. The ideal at which it aims is high, and only missed by the merest trifle. Only missed by that mere trifle because the painter has not yet arrived at the complete artistic mastery of himself. You feel somehow a suspicion of juvenility in the worker. You may see the picture now if you choose—at any time when the family is in town or abroad—by a journey to Chesterwood Castle. It is one of the gems of my lord's almost unrivalled collection. It has taken its place, and is pointed out now as the work of one who was the most promising artist of his time. The housekeeper will make a vague shot or two at the mystery which this story for the first time clears. She will tell you, if you care to listen, that she knew the young gentleman who painted it, and will describe him to you, and will relate further that a niece of hers was upper housemaid in the household of the artist's father. She will dwell on the respectability of that old county family, and on the melancholy enigma of the handsome and gifted young artist's fate.

'Fairholt,' said Hastings, laying a hand upon his friend's shoulder, 'this is noble; this is great; this is worthy of you.'

'It will sell, anyhow,' returned Frank, taking his friend's enthusiasm for badinage.

'My dear Fairholt,' said Hastings, 'I mean it, every word. It is my fate to be believed when I desire to be discredited, and doubted when I would be believed. This is a great work, Fairholt.'

'Be serious for once, and tell me what you really think of it.'

'I am about to give you practical proof of what I think of it. I am here on business. Wait until I have finished, and then tell me I am incredible. I am commissioned to buy this work; I am commissioned to offer you four hundred guineas for it. Now, I advise you—put another hundred on it. I advise you as a friend. Put another hundred on it. Do now—to oblige me.'

'You look serious,' said Frank, standing before him pipe in mouth.

'The Rhadamanthine gloom which veils my

brow,' returned Hastings, with an airy cheerfulness of explanation, 'is but an earnest of the soul within.'

'Do you really mean that you have a commission to buy this picture?' Frank asked, pointing at it with his maul-stick.

'I am painfully reminded of the statement of Dr Watts, where, with a profound philosophy which was a real credit to him, he remarks: "A liar we can never trust, though he should speak the thing that's true."'

'I don't think you would have the execrable taste to do this in jest.'

'You do me honour,' replied Hastings.

'Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the earth doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt

that I have a commission to purchase this work of art for the sum of four hundred guineas.'

'Then I have done work for the day. Come out, Hastings, and dine somewhere. Who's the purchaser?'

'There, I regret to say, I am forbidden to speak. The purchaser folds himself in mystery.'

'This is too absurd,' said Frank, a little angrily.

'My dear boy,' answered Hastings, 'but that I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house, I would a tale unfold. Don't get angry, Fairholt. Now am I serious. The fact of the case is this, I am deputed by a gentleman who does not wish his name to appear, to offer you four hundred guineas for this picture. If you accept, the money will be paid within one week of the opening of the Winter Exhibition. If you refuse, the envoy retires discomfited.'

'Refuse! I have no intention that way, I assure you. Come. Is it your father, Hastings?'

'It is not my father, nor any relative of mine, or friend of mine. I am simply the agent. Am I to say you accept?'

'Yes. By Jove, sir, this is a fortunate hit! Do you know, Hastings, that I sold yon daub at the Academy last week? Got two hundred for it. I am like that jolly old fellow the village blacksmith, and can look the whole world in the face, for I owe not any man. Paid all my debts. Deposited coin to meet the bill which dear old Will backed for me only a week or two ago. Free of all responsibilities. Five-and-forty pound to the good. Four hundred in prospective, and a quarterly allowance due in a fortnight.'

'I believe you dropped a hint just now about dining somewhere?'

'Which I did,' responded Frank. 'Which I will demean myself by standing treat to the commercial party wot negotiates.'

With a laugh, Frank flung himself out of the studio, and in a few minutes returned radiant in his pet artistic costume. Booted and gloved as delicately as a lady, his air was elate and sprightly. The well-browned meerschaum—Bohemian emblem—sent forth clouds. Removing the pipe from his lips, he roared forth scraps of the *Marseillaise*, and made tragic passes at Hastings with his walking-cane. Next seizing that impassive young gentleman by the arm, he sallied forth into the street with such a beaming pleasure in his handsome face, that people positively turned to

look after him. His spirits were at fever-heat, and he chattered incessantly. The streets were growing cool after the heat of the day; and when a man is happy, even the streets of London may be pleasant to him. The shadows were growing longer; there was a soft, hazy languor in the air. In these prosperous quarters, the window-gardens looked charming. The variegated blinds did something towards destroying the monotony of the streets. The very 'cooee' of the milkman was pleasant. Who cannot remember such times? I remember that London has been beautiful to me. But it was years ago.

If you are travelling from Montague Gardens to Pall-Mall, your pleasantest way is through St James's Park, though when hurried you may find a shorter route. Frank and Hastings were not hurried, but the contrary. Is there any beauty in a manly face like that given by unaffected gaiety? I think not. The young artist looked like a veritable sunbeam—so bright, so jovial. Nursemaids turned round and looked upon him with undisguised admiration, and their charges brightened at his merry, noisy laughter. Youth and high spirits sparkled in him like champagne, and flushed his face, and gave light to his eyes. His laugh rose like a bubbling fountain of wine. He and Hastings strolled through the park, and out of its sunlight and freshness into the shadows of Pall-Mall; dusty despite the one ribbon-like streak of moisture which the recent watering-cart had left behind.

Entering Pall-Mall, and taking the first turn to the left, you may find the site of the club at which these two dined that day. The club has vanished. Its members are distributed through the four quarters of the globe. Some are dead and buried long ago. They were all young fellows then—mostly followers of the arts. Very gay, very noisy, very untrammelled, very happy they were. The club system was a younger and a fresher thing then than now, and all the more enjoyment was therefore to be extracted from it. There are no clubs like it nowadays. The piano in the smoke-room—the nightly songs and speeches, and discussions—the select section, a club within a club, which called itself the Claret Conclave, and whose members drank that wine alone within the club confines—the chorus wherein all men then present nightly joined—the moustached and olive-complexioned gentlemen of the Royal Opera, who came down late at night and sometimes stayed until early in the morning, making the walls sweetly vocal—the eminent old tragedian who spouted there, 'mouthing his hollow oes and aes' in sonorous dissertations upon *Hamlet*—the eminent old comedian who told his droll stories with so droll an air—where be all these things and people now? They are dead and gone, lady—they are dead and gone. Let the turf be green and light above them, and the stone of remembrance not unkindly graven.

The culinary resources of this establishment, though not at that pitch of perfection which satisfies Young England now, were not to be despised. Over the mysteries of the *cuisine* no Parisian *maitre d'hôtel* presided; but was not old Nicholas trained in the very citadel of cookery, and was there his equal in any of the statelier clubs hard by? The club bragged of Nicholas, not without justification. At Frank's special command,

Nicholas went beyond himself. It was another charm of this old club, that when you went to dine there, you held a special consultation with the cook, and arranged your dinner with as much deliberation and care and forethought as you chose to exercise. Nicholas took his clients—let me call them by no meaner name, for his sake—into his confidence. Sure of his resources, and eager and proud to please, he yet advised and persuaded, offering with a humility the more charming for the greatness of him who displayed it, gentle and suasive counsel, not often rejected. Would they give Nicholas but half an hour? Would they not? And at the end of it came such an atonement for delay as few men find in this unsatisfactory world.

All enjoyments come to an end. 'Ethereal, flushed,' these young gentlemen left the table and adjourned to the smoking-room. They were hailed boisterously. It was Music-night, and every man who entered these precincts must sing if the assembled members willed that he should sing. No plea of inability to sing—no excuse of hoarseness would avail. So long as the Gigantic Native sat at the piano, no lapsus of memory could serve as a loophole for escape. For the Gigantic Native knew by heart every song of Europe, or thereabouts, and would roar you the words, line by line, whilst those enormous but facile hands of his went flying over the keys. Now Frank was the swell vocalist of the club, and Hastings was its special singer of comic songs. With what a tragic fury the latter warbled the many-tuned ditties of Sam Cowell. In what a tremendous bass he declaimed 'Behold me! You told me,' and the rest of it. In what *debonair* fashion he related that Alonzo he was handsome and Alonzo he was young. How exquisitely and in what a soft and tender falsetto he trilled forth the protestations of the young lady. And could the Great Sam himself approach him in that exquisite fidelity to the Cockney style and accent which was one of the special features of his presentment of the story of Young Susan and the Ship's Carpen-ter? The varying emphasis of that charming chorus:

Singin' doddle, doddle, doddle, chip, chum, chow,
choora, li, la,

now given with martial fire, and now with melting feeling, and now with scathing sarcasm, who—if not the Great Sam himself—should presume to strive to equal?

And was not Frank poet as well as singer—and had not Herr Broekenyack set his last to music, and was not the fame thereof bruited abroad? Herr Professor was absent; but the Gigantic Native was there with a blotted manuscript, undecipherable by any man save himself and the Professor, and with it he seated himself at the piano; and after preliminary settlings of his coat and arrangings of his wristbands, as though preparing to tear the instrument in sunder, instead thereof, kissed its keys most delicately with his finger-tips, and tripped through the dainty prelude. Frank stood at the piano, flushed, confident, handsome—a tender sentiment in his heart; for the words were of Maud, and reminded him of her. He closed his eyes for a second, and was back at the gate in the gardens again, and the evening sunlight was tranquil on the tranquil

fields. But the note of preparation sounded, and he sang this song:

Her spirit dwells about me like a thought;
I know her far, yet feel her near the while;
For me all rapture of delight is caught
In her remembered smile.
And London's wintry evening, mirk and gray,
Is fair as summer's fairest, when the skies
Fade into one pure azure, and the day,
Worn out with pleasure, dies!

Great applause followed; for they were generous and genial young people all, and proud of their comrades and of their achievements, and they had a sublime belief in each other, and were bound in the bonds of an enduring brotherhood. So, with rattling of glasses and rapping of tables, and hearty *bravos* and *vivas* in his ears, Frank resumed his seat. We affected whisky-punch here, observe you, we who were not of that cold Claret Conclave. 'Whisky-punch, sir? Yessir.' The very waiter was proud to wait on Frank. Hastings had disseminated the story of the sold pictures. The Academy success of the year was already assured. Frank was the hero of the place and the hour. Hastings had of course told each man privately, and in confidence; and by the time each man felt disposed to impart the confidence to some one else, almost everybody knew. But they all came—to the number of five-and-twenty perhaps—and congratulated Frank in private, and shook hands with him gladly, and told him how pleased they were at his successes.

'Fairholt,' said Hastings, 'this is growing dull and noisy. Dullness is unpleasant, and noise is unpleasant. Combined they are unbearable. Come away.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Frank gaily. 'I'll give you your revenge. On one condition—that you never ask me to touch a card again. But I won heavily from you last time, old fellow, and I can afford to play to-night, eh?'

'Your star is in the ascendant to-night,' Hastings answered. 'But I like to go where the fight is hottest. Come along. Not here. Let us get away where we can be quiet.'

The time is an hour after midnight, the place the card-room of the club in which you first met Hastings. There are four men playing at *vingt-et-un*. Two of them we know; the other two you would probably not care to know.

'Cleaned out?' says Hastings, looking up at Frank.

'Cleaned out,' responds Frank with an idiotic laugh, and a lurch forward at a tumbler.

'Wait here a moment,' Hastings answers, and rising somewhat unsteadily, leaves the room.

There is an exultant light in Mr Tasker's eyes as he enters, with Hastings, a minute or two afterwards. A smile flickers at the corners of his mouth.

Frank comes to meet them.

'No, Hastings,' he says with an air of stern determination, 'I have no more to do with this fellow.'

'Why, Mr Vairhold,' says Mr Tasker cheerfully, 'you cannot surely bear malice for a hasty word. I am very sorry. I apologise with all my heart.'

Frank locks upon him for a moment, and relaxes. 'You're a good fellow, Tasker. I'm afraid I have been very unpolite. Excuse me.'

They shake hands, and the foolish young fellow laughs again. They retire to a table at the far end of the room.

'In your name, Mr Vairhold?' asks Tasker, sitting there with a pen in his hand.

'Of course,' Frank answers. 'Be quiet, Hastings.—Hastings is hard-up, you know,' he tells Tasker with another idiotic laugh.

'It is lucky,' says Tasker in a low voice, 'that I have gash about me. It is all a jance. I have seventy-five. Will that do?'

'That's enough,' says Frank lurching at the notes.

'Zhall I zay at three months?' asks Mr Tasker. 'I will not zay a hundred. I do not like level figures. Zay ninety-eight pounds ten; for value received. Thank you.' Mr Tasker puts the promissory-note into his pocket-book, shakes hands, and goes. Frank calls him back.

'You'll forget all about that, you know, old fellow. You're a good fellow.'

'O yes!' says Mr Tasker with genial good-humour. 'I am a good vellow. We are all good vellows.' As he goes down-stairs he rubs his hands gleefully. 'What a sdroke of luck!' He pauses beneath the lamp-light at the foot of the stairs, and looks at the note again. 'At three months—Ninety-eight pounds ten.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

THIRD PAPER.

I HAVE already spoken at some length of our stay at Cardiff in the winter of 1860-61, and related a few of the incidents connected with our performances there. At the close of the season we started on a tenting tour through South Wales, at about the time when the fresh, warm, cheering days of early spring were making us forget the rigours of the past winter months. At such a time, and passing through scenery so romantic as that of Wales, a journey of this description has many attractions; and in spite of the really arduous work of the constantly recurring performances, the members of the company have a very pleasant time of it. This is more especially true in any well-appointed concern under efficient management and well established in the popular favour. But with some of the small strolling companies that traverse the kingdom in every direction and at all seasons of the year, the life they lead is, to say the least, anything but romantic. Having used the words 'tenting tour,' it occurs to me that my readers may perhaps be desirous to know more fully the meaning of the expression. I therefore propose to describe briefly the manner in which these undertakings are conducted, and the kind of life a travelling company of recognised standing leads.

It may be well to explain that there are two distinct kinds of circuses—firstly, those that perform in permanent buildings only; secondly, those that 'tent' in the spring and summer, and occupy buildings in the winter. Of the first kind there are at the time of writing (1879) five companies in the United Kingdom—namely, Newsome's, Hengler's, Cooke's, Adams', and Keith's. These never perform in tents. Of the other class, there

are eight recognised circuses; their proprietors being Messrs Sanger, Myers, Pinders, Batty, Powell and Clarke, F. Ginnett, G. Ginnett, and Swallow. These are the 'tenting' companies, giving their performances for the greater portion of the year in the tent which they carry about from town to town. Besides the names given, there are a few other small companies; but these are carried on by speculators only, who as a rule last but a few months, or even less than that. It is a well-known fact that none but those who are trained to the work from their youth, can ever properly manage a company or insure its financial success.

A matter of the first importance in projecting a tour is to prepare beforehand a plentiful supply of novelties, to be produced at the various performances, in order to serve as an additional attraction to those who perhaps would not favour us with their patronage, did they think that we were always grinding away, like a musical box, at the same old themes. There must be something new and good. Some unusually graceful or daring rider; some clever conjurer or mirth-provoking clown; some rare equine specimen, beautifully marked and wonderfully trained—all or some of these; and added to them, a variety of entirely new pieces for the company in general must be secured, brought together, and worked up into an attractive programme; proper steps being taken to let the public know in good time what treats there are in store for them. In order thoroughly to attain this latter point and to make other timely arrangements, each company sends forward an 'agent in advance' along the identical route to be followed by the circus, and arriving in each selected town some days, or even weeks before the date fixed for the performances. This agent's duties are multifarious and of a responsible nature; and indeed upon his shrewdness and experience not a little of the success of the tour depends. His first duty is to make prompt arrangements for thoroughly 'billing' the town—that is, displaying the large coloured pictorial and printed announcements on all the available hoardings, dead-walls, bridges, and other conspicuous places in the town and immediate neighbourhood. Then a suitable site has to be chosen on which to erect the tent with its adjuncts. Lodgings for the principals must be secured; and what is of no less importance, good stabling for the stud of valuable horses. All conveniences in fact in any way necessary for the comfort of the company are arranged beforehand, and are ready for them when they arrive. The agent in advance is to a travelling circus what scouts are to an invading army; with this difference, that he is the herald of a peaceful host which seeks no triumphs but those of Art, and strives to secure its conquests by leaving behind it in each town a strong garrison of pleasurable recollections.

To complete his round of duties, the agent sends back by post to the proprietor, copies of all contracts made by him, particulars of the lodgings secured for the company, full information for the stud-groom as to which are the best stables for the more valuable horses, descriptions of the road to be traversed; and in short, places the proprietor on the same footing as though the latter had himself visited the town and made all the arrangements. It is easy to perceive that by following out this methodical system, all chance of confusion when

the company arrives is entirely avoided. The agent having thus fulfilled his task, passes on to the next town, and leaves us at liberty to turn our attention to the coming guests.

I will suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a performance has been given in the town of A., and that it is intended to repeat the performance the next day at the town of B., say fifteen miles distant. Before the company separates for the evening, the hour of departure on the following morning is fixed and announced, and other necessary arrangements made. When long distances have to be traversed, the circus is often on the road as early as four in the morning. But for the distance above stated, the vans would start about six o'clock, and reach their destination, under average circumstances, at or a little after nine. Upon their arrival in the town, all sections of the company have their duties to perform, and not a moment to lose in setting about them. The vans having been driven straight to the chosen ground, and left there until required for 'parade,' the stud-groom sees that the horses are taken to their stables to be thoroughly groomed and fed. The principal members of the company seek out their lodgings and take a slight repast; while the tent-master and his assistants, having unloaded from each van its share of the tent, commence at once to erect that ephemeral structure, and to arrange within it the boxes, pit, and gallery for the spectators, and the ring for the performers. By noon the tent is complete—the tent-master being liable to a fine if not then ready—and the company begin to assemble in time to dress for parade. All the horses but a chosen few are gaily trapped in what is called their 'dress harness,' and are attached to the different caravans that are now relieved of their loads. Some of the company are mounted upon the choice horses of the stud—magnificent, proud-spirited, high-stepping creatures these animals are—while others, representing various allegorical characters, such as Britannia, Victory, Peace, Plenty, &c. are prominently enthroned on the vehicles. At last all is ready; the signal for the start is given, and the band going first, strikes up a lively air: the drummer having a lively faith in the power of his instrument to attract a crowd, plies his sticks vigorously—Plenty and not Peace being the goddess of his choice—crowds of ragged urchins and well-dressed children, and grown-up people no less plentiful, appear as if by magic on the scene, and elbow each other about in their endeavour to obtain a good position to see the 'cavalcade' go by. Thus the principal thoroughfares of the town and suburbs are paraded until towards 2 p.m., at which time the pay office is opened for the morning performance, and the audience begin to take their places in the tent.

At 2.30 the performance commences; the clown comes tumbling into the ring, and having brought himself somehow to a momentary stand-still, opens the proceedings with the original remark, at which every one laughs for the thousandth time, 'Here we are again!' after which he goes on with his tumbling, or carries on a wordy passage-of-arms with the polite and forbearing ring-master, until the equestrian business begins. The performance is usually over about 4 p.m.; and soon after this the company partake of their principal meal—their dinner. A word or two on the all-important

subject of dining will furnish a natural close to the day's proceedings and to this short description of them. The company forms itself into what are called 'catering parties,' usually consisting of six or seven persons, one member of each party—who is called the 'caterer'—being appointed to superintend the commissariat department. It is his duty, whether the stay in a town be long or short, to arrange terms for his party or 'mess' at some hotel or other establishment, and to see that the catering is good in quality and style. These messes usually have nicknames given them, according to the status of the members, or their character for lavishness or economy. Thus perhaps in a single company you may find such names as the 'Royal,' the 'Champagne,' the 'Quisby' mess—Quisby being a synonym for 'cheap,' and a word that has got into use in other quarters besides the ring and the stage. The mention of these two institutions together reminds me of another nickname common to both. The proprietor of a circus or lessee of a theatre, instead of being spoken of familiarly as the 'master' or 'governor' or 'gaffer,' frequently goes by the euphonious title of 'the Rumcull.'

I will now return to the individual tour of which I had commenced to write. After completing our pilgrimage through South Wales, we found upon entering the Midlands again, that our American rivals, Messrs Howes and Cushing, were playing sad havoc among the English proprietors by the wholesale manner in which they had gone into the business. Their company had been so greatly increased in strength, that it had been divided, first into two distinct companies, then into three; and ultimately there were four American companies belonging to this single proprietary, competing keenly against us for popular support. As it is quite useless for two circuses to perform in the same town at or near the same time, this multiplication of rival establishments had the direct effect of limiting our field of operations, or rather, I should say, of compelling us to extend our operations into fresh fields and pastures new. For this reason, then, we 'took the fairs' at the various towns on our route; so that by offering special attractions, we received, in spite of the not very good state of trade in the district through which we passed, a fair share of support, and had no cause to complain of the pecuniary results. A few incidents connected with the remainder of our tour may be worth relating here.

A laughable but to me unpleasant incident happened at Eccleshall, in the following manner. I was staying at the *Royal Oak*, the landlord of which had formerly been a commercial traveller in those parts, had 'used the house,' had seen and loved the widowed landlady thereof, and finally had become her husband and landlord of the snug little inn. As a guest at the house, his welcome had invariably been cordial; as a suitor for the hand of the disconsolate widow, he had found little cause for complaint at the manner of his reception; but after the nuptial knot had been tied—Well, I will relate the incident; merely remarking that the goodman was always loath to lose a cheerful guest, and to have to fall back upon the resources of the family circle for good company. I had arrived on Saturday, had completed my business, had spent Sunday with mine

host and his spouse, the hour for my departure on the following morning had arrived, and my groom had driven round to the door with my dog Lion, a fine Newfoundland, at his heels. 'That's a fine dog of yours,' quoth the host, who had already shaken hands with me.

'Yes,' I replied; 'he's a handsome creature; and what's more, he's as clever as he's handsome.'

'Is he indeed now? Well, I know of a most extraordinary dog close by; didn't think of it before; you must see it before you go—won't take five minutes.'

Though pressed for time, I felt obliged to humour the man, and accordingly accompanied him down the street until he stopped at a high pair of gates leading into the yard of a large tannery. Being intimate with the proprietor, my host passed through the small door and bade me follow. The yard was full of pits used for the various processes of preparing and tanning the hides; the edges of these holes were level with the ground, without any protection, and each pit was full of hide in pickle; the liquid in which they were immersed having acquired a most vile and fetid smell of decomposing animal matter. Now for the dog.

'Look yonder,' said my guide; 'there's the dog. Isn't he a fine creature?'

I looked. A hideous monster met my gaze—a great bull-dog of the famous Spanish breed, with a head big enough for three, and the most formidable pair of jaws that one could wish to behold. I shrank back instinctively.

'Don't be frightened,' said my companion in reassuring tones; 'he's as quiet as a lamb when he knows you.'

'Very possibly,' I rejoined; 'and until he *does* know me, I prefer keeping at a safe distance;' saying which, I retreated another step or two backwards, and fell plump into a tan-pit! How I managed with my friend's assistance to scramble out again, is more than I can tell. The smell from my soaking garments was atrocious and well-nigh unbearable. However, there was nothing to be done but hurry back to the hotel and make the best of a bad business. Arrived at the door, I told my man to follow me up to my room with a complete change of clothes, which I always carried with me, and then I entered the house. Drip, drip, drip! Every step I took along the well-cleaned floor and up the neatly carpeted stairs into my room, a little stream of the horrible stuff ran freely down, spoiling everything where I went. As for the landlady, at first she witnessed all in silent horror; but after she had 'got the scent,' she 'gave tongue' with a vengeance! I stripped and washed from head to foot, put on my clean clothes, had the others stuffed into an empty corn-bag to be washed at the next town, and was soon on my way. But unpleasant as my adventure had proved, it must have been far preferable to the pickle in which my poor friend the landlord would find himself when the guest had quitted the scene!

As just explained, it was the presence of my dog and the landlord's admiration of him that led indirectly to my unsavoury adventure. But I am unwilling to dismiss my noble Lion from these pages without putting it on record that he

was capable of better deeds than getting others into trouble through his good looks.

We had been performing at Allston, a solitary little town surrounded by the Cumberland moors, where human habitations are few and far between, and where, in the winter, travellers have lost their way and perished in the snow. When we started across Allston Moor on our road to Keswick, the ground was covered deeply with snow, which was still falling; thus adding an element of difficulty and even of danger to our journey, considering the scant and imperfect character of the roads, which in some parts had no existence whatever, the direction being indicated by poles placed at long distances apart. When we arrived at Keswick, the tent-master, not having noticed my dog during the morning, came to ask if he was with me. I had not seen him, but felt no anxiety on the matter, as the dog would often roam about and find his way to us again. Presently the property-man came to me to say that he could not find the pulley-blocks and rope—specially constructed for hoisting and straining the tight-rope, a clever performance upon which, by two sisters of the name of Bourne, had been announced beforehand, and would form an important feature in our entertainment. A further search was made, but still the missing articles could not be found. As without these appliances it would be impossible to give the tight-rope performance, I had horses put to a light carriage and drove as rapidly as possible back towards Allston. Arrived near the town, a man informed me that a large dog, which he believed belonged to our company, was sitting in the field a little farther on, where our tent had lately stood. I soon reached the spot, and there sure enough was Lion standing breast-deep in the snow, in the middle of the field. I called to him; but he only wagged his tail and gave a little bark of satisfaction at seeing me, but would not stir from the spot. Jumping out of my vehicle, I crossed the field to where he stood; and beheld, half buried in the snow, the missing blocks and rope! The intelligent and faithful creature knew that the articles had been wrongly left behind, and I do not think it too much to say that he knew or hoped that some one would come back for them, and thus find them and him together! If any one should think I am claiming too much power of thought or insight for my dog, let him study the following incident, for the exact truth of which I vouch, and in corroboration, give the names of the persons and places concerned.

I was driving from Redhill in Surrey to the village of Mersham, about three miles away. When I had proceeded some distance on the road, it began to rain rather fast, and I discovered that I was without my umbrella. The last call I had made in Redhill was at the shop of Mr Kain the chemist, and I felt sure that I had left my umbrella there, standing against the front of the counter. Pulling up under a tree for shelter, I began to consider what I should do, and at the same moment Lion came suddenly round to the front of the trap, as though to learn what we were stopping for. The thought struck me that I might perhaps make Lion my messenger in the matter. If I could only get him to go back to the shop, Mr Kain would probably understand why he had been sent, and would put the umbrella in the

dog's mouth to carry to me. Having engaged Lion's attention, I waved my hand with an onward sweep along the road towards Redhill. The dog's eyes followed my hand readily enough, and then he looked in my face with a puzzled air. Again and again I repeated my gestures, the poor animal looking more perplexed each time, and thinking perhaps that his master was making a ridiculous exhibition of himself. However, I persevered with my efforts; and as I made one vigorous and expressive sweep of the hand, the dog pricked up his ears, the puzzled look vanished from his face, and then, with a little toss of his nose towards me, as though he would have said: 'All right, governor!—I know what you've been driving at,' he started off towards Redhill at the top of his speed, and was soon out of sight round a distant bend of the road. After this intelligent interpretation of my meaning, my readers will scarcely be surprised to hear that before long—in an incredibly short time, I thought—Lion reappeared round the curve carrying in his mouth my missing umbrella, which he delivered up to me with all the demonstrations of satisfaction and pleasure of which a dog is capable.

But the best has yet to come. Up to that moment all I knew, or could know, was that my dog had brought the umbrella for which I sent him. When I returned to Redhill in the evening, I called upon Mr Kain, and thanked him for his trouble; adding, before he had time to speak: 'You managed to understand him, then?'

'Managed to understand him!' he replied, with a curious look on his face. 'O yes; he didn't leave me in doubt very long. Confound the dog! And I've got a nice little bill against you for damages he has done.'

'Why, how's that?' said I in amazement.

'Well, I was standing near the door when your dog came bounding in at the top of his speed, nearly knocking me over. He began sniffing about; and then it struck me that you were returning for your umbrella, which I had found and put behind the counter, and that the dog had got here first. I was just going round to get the umbrella, so as to have it ready for you, when the great animal, after standing up against the counter and sniffing over it, made a spring off to the top, and was down at the back before I could get near him, breaking a lot of bottles and measures and upsetting others in his course. He took your umbrella in his mouth, and tried to jump on to the counter again. But the umbrella kept catching, first one end and then the other; and the space was so narrow that he could not make the leap. As soon as I dared, I took hold of the umbrella, to take it off him; but he held on tight, and would not let me have it; so partly by coaxing and partly by dragging, I got him round to the trap-door, and pulled him through. Then without stopping even to say "Thank you," he bolted through the door, and was off down the street like a shot out of a gun.'

Before quitting the subject of dogs, I will relate the following amusing anecdote. While our circus was at Brighton, a person whom I will call Mr Spill, paid frequent visits to our performances, and soon made himself at home behind the scenes. This gentleman had earned a name for curing numberless disorders that affect dogs and cats,

more especially dogs; and among these again, most especially lapdogs and other petted species so highly treasured by elderly single ladies. One day said Spill to me: 'Mr Montague, I should like you to come and see my infirmary.' (It must be understood that his cures were effected upon his own premises, and that he had adopted the high-sounding title of 'Dog and Cat Infirmary' for his far-famed establishment.) I accepted his invitation with pleasure, thinking that it would prove interesting to inspect the internal arrangements of his peculiar hospital. Arrived at the house—I beg pardon, the infirmary—I expected to see some signs or hear some sounds of Mr Spill's canine patients. Failing to do so, however, I asked my host if he kept his infirmary upstairs. 'O dear no,' he replied. 'Come this way, and I'll soon shew you all about it.' I followed him out into the garden; and there, ranged around the stump of an old tree, I beheld a number of broad shallow tubs, bottom upwards, and pierced with holes for ventilation. Under each of these tubs was a dog, the collection of tubs constituting the 'infirmary!' But how about the medicine, the dietary, &c.? Mr Spill's answer to my string of questions was so characteristic, that I will give it in his own words.

You see, said he, I suit the treatment to the disorder. Well-nigh every dog I am sent for to look at is suffering from the same thing—too much to eat and too little to do. They're pampered and messed with and overfed; and when they get here, I just give them a opposite treatment. Only yesterday, I took a little King Charles home to Lady G—. Well, her case is just about like the lot; at least in the main it is. When she first sent for me, I was ushered into her Ladyship's presence, and there was the dog lying in a basket that was stuffed with a feather pillow, and stuck right in front of a blazing fire.

'Ah,' sighed her Ladyship, 'I'm so glad you've come. My little dog seems much worse; he can hardly breathe, poor little darling!'

Well, I hoisted the poor little darling out of the basket—very carefully, you know, and put him on my knees. Dogs never snap at me; we understand each other.

'His nose is very warm, marm,' I said.

'Is it indeed?' said she.

'His eyes aren't at all bright, marm,' I said.

'O no, my good man; they're not like they used to be,' said she.

'And your Ladyship,' I said, just a bit sad, 'his little 'art beats very irregular.'

'Dear me!' said she.

'I assoom,' said I, 'that he is suffering from general nervous debility.'

'You don't say so!' said she.

'There's no doubt about it, marm,' I said; 'though most people as profess to understand dogs would think he'd got the distemper, and would a'most kill him in trying to cure him. But I know just what treatment he wants, marm; for he ain't no worse than the Duchess of B—'s dog, and I cured it.'

'O did you really?' said she. 'Well now, are you obliged to take dear, dear little Floss quite away? Couldn't you pay him daily visits and give him his medicine?'

'O no marm,' I said. 'This case is far too serious for that; he wants constant treatment. I

can do him more good in a week in the infirmary than in a month out.'

'Well, my good man, if he must go he must. But be sure and take very great care of him.' And then she gave me a long list of things I was to give him to eat, things for breakfast and things for dinner and things for tea and supper. And said she: 'The dear little creature is that poorly, he will scarcely touch the daintiest morsels.'

'Yes marm; most probable,' I said. 'But when I bring him back to you, his 'ealth will be so restored and his happitite so satisfactory that he'll eat dry bread with a relish.'

Well sir, she agreed to pay me a very liberal sum for curing him; and I brought the dog home here and clapped him under one o' them tubs, and left him there all night with nothing to eat, but plenty of clean water. Next morning I threw a lump of bread in; and when I went the next day, he hadn't touched a crumb of it. But the next morning it was mopped clean up; and I gave him a fresh supply—but only dry bread, mind you, and clean water every day. Well sir, in a week the dog had cured hisself, and could breathe freely once more, as they say. But I kept him another week, just to earn my money, you know. Her Ladyship had told me to call now and then; so I did, and told her how he was going on. But I didn't tell her he was living under that tub fed on bread and water, because though it sooted the dog admirable, it wouldn't 'a sooted her Ladyship to know it. When I took him home, I kept him under my arm until her Ladyship came into the room and then I set him down.

'Floss!' she cried out, 'why Floss! it's never you! O you dear little pet!' And the dog frisked and bounced about like a india-rubber ball, and barked and wagged his tail as brisk as anything. Then I took a piece of bread from my pocket and threw it on the floor; I'd given him nothing that morning, you know.

'Now you watch him, if you please, marm,' I said just as I threw the piece down; 'see how he'll relish this bit of bread.' And the little span'l bolted it eagerly and asked for more.

Well, her Ladyship was so pleased that she gave me a five-pound note over and above my charges; and I said thank you very much and good morning. I was just going out through the door when she called me back. 'O Mr Spill, I forgot to ask you. Are you quite sure the dear little pet has been well washed?'

I couldn't help smiling a bit, sir, as I answered her: 'O yes marm; I warrant you he's been well tubbed!'

JACK QUARTERMAIN'S VISION.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.—HOME.

It was the first of February—a raw, gray, foggy, miserable morning. The streets were damp and sticky, as only the London streets during or after a fog can be, and the east wind was keen and cutting. A four-wheeled cab stood outside a gloomy house in Westminster; and the driver, who stood on the pavement, clapping his benumbed hands and stamping his half-frozen feet, grumbled audibly at being kept waiting. Presently another cab drove up; and two gentlemen alighted—rough-

looking, weather-stained, weary travellers, but gentlemen still, in spite of their strange garments and shaggy beards.

'Here's the house, old fellow,' exclaimed Jack Quartermain—for it was he—running up the steps. 'It don't look a scrap changed. I wonder if Burnet the old butler is here still?'

Old Burnet was; and in answer to Jack's loud knock he opened the door with his usual stately solemnity, and surveyed the two strange-looking visitors critically.

'Mr Verschoyle in?' inquired Jack hurriedly. 'Can I see him?'

'No sir,' replied Burnet, straightening himself up, and looking peculiarly solemn. 'He's not in, sir. In fact, Mr Verschoyle is dead, sir!'

'Dead! Burnet? Uncle Harry dead! When did he die?' stammered Jack, growing very white and shaking like a leaf.—'Is it possible that you don't remember me, Burnet—Jack Quartermain!'

'No sir—yes sir—of course, Mr John. Come in sir—come in. Oh, why didn't you come back sooner? Why did you ever go, Mr John? Things have gone wrong entirely ever since the day you left,' said Burnet, leading the way to the dining-room, where Mr Valentine Saunders was having his breakfast. For a moment he looked startled, then advanced to greet his old friend with outstretched arms. But Jack waved him back, and looking him steadily in the face, demanded to know what had befallen his uncle Mr Verschoyle.

'Alas, I grieve to tell you, Jack, that dear Mr Verschoyle is no more. He died on the first of January from'—

'From an overdose of opium, administered to him by—a friend. I know all about it, Mr Saunders. Will you be good enough to tell me how you come to be here in my uncle's house?'

'Your uncle was kind enough to remember me in his will, and bequeath me not only this house, but the remainder of his property, on condition that I agreed to marry his ward Miss Hamilton. And though the lady does not choose to agree to the conditions of the will, the house, nevertheless, becomes mine.—And now, may I ask what your business is here, Mr Quartermain?' continued Valentine, with an attempt at ease and hauteur which his pale face and trembling voice belied. 'I should have thought London, and above all the office of Verschoyle and Saunders—or Saunders and Saunders, as the firm now is—would be about the last place in the world you would care to shew your face in, considering the circumstances under which you left our employment!'

'You'll know my business soon enough,' quoth Quartermain sternly. 'At present I demand to know what has become of Miss Hamilton?'

'That you must find out for yourself. I decline to give you any information whatever. If you had come here in a proper spirit'—

'Take care,' said the other with a threatening look—'Take care of what you say, Valentine Saunders, or even my old friendship for you won't save you. I should like to see a copy of my uncle's will!'

'Certainly, by all means. You can see it at Doctors' Commons!'

'Yes; I know that. But I can see it without going there, and I mean to. You can tell me where there is a copy—a rough copy, to be found.'

'What do you mean?' cried Val, growing hot and confused before the stern steady glance of Jack. 'You talk in riddles, Mr Quartermain!'

'Yes; but you've got the key. Mr Saunders, you know there's a day of squaring up for everybody, if not in this world, in the next. The day for squaring accounts between you and me has come. Now, once and for all, will you produce that will, or shall I have to find it myself?'

Mr Saunders's answer was a violent ring, which was speedily answered by Burnet. 'Shew these persons out,' he exclaimed excitedly—'shew them out instantly!'

'What has become of Miss Jessie, Burnet?' inquired Jack, turning to the old servant, and quite ignoring Mr Saunders's words. 'Has she been turned out too?'

'Pretty nearly, sir—at least she's going. There's her box in the hall, and the cab waiting at the door. But Sister Agnes says she's not fit to leave the house such a morning as this!'

'But why is she going?'

Burnet elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and gave an expressive glance at his master, who was standing silent with rage and amazement.

'Why is Miss Hamilton leaving this house?' repeated Quartermain sternly.

'Here she's down, Mr John; she'd best answer for herself,' cried Burnet, throwing open the dining-room door.—'Miss Jessie—Miss Jessie, here's Mr Quartermain come back again!'

For a moment Miss Hamilton stood in the door-way, white, scared, trembling; then she staggered forward with a low cry between a sob and a moan: 'Jack! O Jack! Why did you not come before?'

'My child, this will never do; you must not excite yourself so,' interrupted Sister Agnes gently.—'She is weak and ill, sir; she cannot stand much fatigue.'

But Jack waved her away, and held Jessie close in his arms. 'My darling!' he whispered, 'are you really mine still?'

'Now, as always, Jack. But you—they told me—you were married; that you had given me up. But I never quite believed it.'

'It was a falsehood, darling, for which I mean to have rare satisfaction,' quoth Jack reassuringly, with a dangerous look at Mr Saunders. 'Sit down, my own, and do not attempt to leave the house.—This lady, is she a friend of yours?'

'Yes, Jack; such a dear friend! I think I should have died long ago had it not been for Sister Agnes. 'Oh, I have suffered—I have suffered so much!'

'It's all at an end now, Jessie; and I've come back to square up with my dear, loyal, old friend Val. I've brought another old friend with me—just to see fair-play, you know.—Don't look so scared, Dan; Val was always fonder of fair words than blows.'

Dan Kennedy meanwhile was gazing in stupefied wonder at the lady who was addressed as Sister Agnes—a pale, dark-eyed, sad-looking woman, with a sweet tremulous voice, who sat beside Jessie, and held one of her hands, and never raised her eyes from the carpet. There was but one woman in the world with such a face, and her name was Agnes too. A strange coincidence, but nothing more. The Agnes of

his dreams was rich, honoured, happy, safe from all sorrow and care, surrounded by every luxury. The Agnes, who sat beside Jessie Hamilton looked a weary, stricken woman, who had found peace after many fierce sorrows. Still Dan gazed, longing for her to raise her eyes, that he might look into them, and learn if she was indeed the Agnes of his dreams.

'Well sir, what other liberties do you mean to take in my house?' queried Saunders, after a few minutes' silence. 'I am getting weary of this farce.'

'So am I—and I mean to end it,' retorted Jack sternly. 'First of all, I want to know why you never replied to my letters?'

'I suppose I was at liberty to please myself on that point,' was the sullen answer.

'Certainly; but not at liberty to intercept my letters to Miss Hamilton, or her replies to me; not at liberty to keep back my uncle's letters by any manner of means, Mr Saunders; not at liberty to tell him all sorts of falsehoods about me; not at liberty to work upon his weakness to make you his heir.—You look surprised, Jessie, and no wonder; but there's worse still to be told. Valentine Saunders stole the deeds from Uncle Harry's office; Valentine Saunders stole all my letters to you, and yours to me; Valentine Saunders stole my uncle's last will, and forged one in its stead; and if you will all do me the favour to follow me up-stairs to his room—the room that was mine long ago, and from which his falsehood and treachery banished me—I will shew you the proof of what I say.—Come, Jessie; come, Dan; and you, Madam; and Burnet, you had better come too.' Quartermain pronounced the foregoing accusations calmly, and like a man who was repeating a task he had learned by rote; and then led the way up-stairs into Mr Saunders's room. Opposite to the fireplace, there stood a tall, old-fashioned, ebony bureau, inlaid and mounted with brass. It was a quaint ungainly piece of furniture, full of little odd drawers and unsuspected cavities. One of these, at the back of the bottom drawer, opened with a spring, and there securely reposed the stolen deeds, the intercepted letters, and Mr Verschoyle's will.

'Why, Jack, how did you know? Who told you of this?' exclaimed Jessie in amazement. 'Look! Here are all my letters to you, which I am quite sure I put in the bag myself. How did they get here, Jack?'

'In the same manner that mine got here. There has been some rare clever villainy at work, and Val Saunders is at the bottom of it!'

'If you mean that loafer down-stairs, you had better look after him,' remarked Dan. 'He seems a slippery sort of customer, and I should not wonder if he thought discretion the better part of valour and retired. He looked a little "slopy" as we left the room.'

'Run down, Burnet, and see if Mr Saunders is still below,' Jack said. He was not inclined to be very hard on his old friend, villain and traitor though he was; and if he chose to make his escape and keep out of the way, so much the better.

Presently Burnet returned with a very long face. 'He's gone, sir; cut and run like a rabbit, as he is. He left in the cab that was waitin' for Miss Jessie!'

'Well, let him go. As you once observed, Dan, he's a good riddance of very questionable value!'

'Yes sir,' remarked Burnet gravely. 'But if he's not looked after, he may take some very good value with him. How do you know he's not gone straight to the Bank to draw out a lot of money—thousands maybe? I'd just drive round to the Westminster and County, Mr John, if I was you, and stop his little game!'

'That's a happy thought of yours, Burnet.—You stay here, Dan. By the way, I have not introduced you yet.—Jessie, this is my friend and fellow-campaigner, the best fellow in the world—Dan Kennedy.'

Jessie held out her hand with a smile of welcome; and Sister Agnes, who stood beside her, started, raised her dark eyes in wonder, and looked steadily at the tall 'campaigner,' who regarded her with equal astonishment. 'I think I had the honour of knowing Mrs Lawson once,' he said with evident confusion.

'Not Mrs Lawson, Mr Kennedy—Agnes Oxenford still,' faltered the lady. 'It is indeed a fortunate meeting this, Mr Kennedy. I have so much to tell you, so much to explain, so much to—'

'Forgive, if indeed you *can* forgive me,' Dan whispered; and then Jessie and Jack left the room together; and when the former returned, she found that Mr Kennedy and Miss Agnes Oxenford were on remarkably friendly terms.

'Dan and I are old old friends, Jessie,' exclaimed Agnes, with a glad light in her eyes, which seemed to illuminate her whole face. 'We were parted years ago, by circumstances, and misunderstandings have kept us separate; but—'

'But they are all explained now,' interrupted Dan, throwing back his head proudly. 'And if anything could add to the happiness of finding Agnes, it would be that of finding her your friend, Miss Hamilton!'

That was a pretty compliment for a rough backwoodsman, and all very well in its way; but Jessie was somewhat taken aback at the proprietary and lover-like air assumed by Mr Kennedy. 'Agnes is a Sister of Mercy,' she explained in the tone of a person in a very serious difficulty; she could not quite reconcile love-making with the solemn black draperies and hideous bonnet of Sister Agnes.

'Yes, yes; I know,' replied Dan with a little shrug; 'and I hope she will continue one, Miss Hamilton; only she must limit her ministrations to one unworthy individual, who is sorely in need of mercy and charity and all other Christian offices. She tells me duty is always her first and dearest consideration, and I'm quite satisfied it's her duty to look after me, or I'll come to grief most certainly!'

'Besides, Jessie, remember I'm only a probationer,' interposed Agnes sweetly; and so Miss Oxenford's mission of mercy became considerably curtailed.

Presently Jack Quartermain returned. Mr Saunders had not been to the bank, nor called at the office. All valuable bonds and papers were there quite safe; and Jack had locked them all up in the great safe, and taken away the key, to the horror and amazement of old Mr Saunders. Then Dan and Jack examined the will, which was dated nearly five years before, and in which, to his dear

and only nephew, John Henry Quartermain, was Mr Verschoyle's wealth bequeathed, with the exception of a five thousand pound legacy to Jessie Hamilton, and a wish that his heir might make good the full amount, principal and interest, endangered by the disappearance of Miss Hamilton's bonds. Landed property, money in the funds, and three-fourths of the large business profits of Verschoyle and Saunders, came to Jack; but there was no mention whatever made about Valentine Saunders, or any conditions attached to either Miss Hamilton's legacy or her own fortune.

'Now then, Jessie, can you explain to me how Uncle Harry came to alter his mind and leave all his money to Val Saunders? There must have been some undue influence!'

'Yes indeed, Jack. About four years ago, Val came to live here; and from that time Uncle Harry was a different being. He would scarcely ever see me, refused to hear your name mentioned, and consulted Val about everything. Then he fell into ill health, and for a long time Mr Saunders was his only nurse. At last the doctor insisted on his having some one else, and sent us dear Sister Agnes. Uncle soon recovered then, and seemed in much better health and spirits. He even spoke about you, and wondered why you never wrote, and told me that he had made his will long ago—and you and I were provided for. Then Val told me that you were married to a wealthy American lady, and had actually the audacity to ask me to become his wife. Of course I refused him indignantly; and from that day forth he set himself to be my enemy. I was completely cut off from my uncle, and the only friend I had was dear Sister Agnes. It was very wretched here, Jack. I don't know whether Mr Saunders's persecution or affection was the most intolerable; but both together drove me distracted. Then in December poor Uncle grew worse. Several doctors were called in, and they all declared that he was sinking fast. Val was ever by his bedside, a most watchful if not very tender nurse. On New-year's Eve, about twelve o'clock, Uncle seemed to rouse up from a stupor he had been in for days, and called for me. I was resting on a couch in my own room, when Sister Agnes came to fetch me—'

'Let me tell you the rest,' Jack interrupted. 'You ran down-stairs; and as you entered Uncle Harry's dressing-room, Val was pouring out his medicine. He handed you the glass, to give him the draught, when you went in; and his hand trembled so that some of it was spilled over the white shawl you had wrapped round your shoulders. When you entered the room, Uncle sat up in bed, and said in a loud clear voice: "Jessie, I have provided for you and Jack. My will lies in the old cabinet in Val's room. Tell Jack, if ever you see him, that I fear I wronged him, and am sorry." Then he held out his hand for the medicine, drank it off, and lay back on his pillow. In a few moments he started up and called me, clearly and distinctly: "Jack—Jack Quartermain, come here!" then he closed his eyes and fell asleep. In the morning they told you he was dead!'

'Ay, that is precisely what happened. Who on earth could have told you?'

'No one told me,' replied John Quartermain

calmly. 'I saw it all, just as clearly as I see you now; and I saw Val take Uncle's will out of the cabinet, and put another in its stead. I saw him distinctly open the secret drawer, throw the true will in with a grim smile, and heard him mutter: "That may go to oblivion with the rest." I saw it all, Jessie, plainly and visibly; and the proof of the matter is here;' pointing to the will and the letters. 'I told Dan about it on New-year's Day—told him as we drove through the blinding snow, and across the solitary plains of Nebraska, that my uncle was lying dead in the gloomy old house in Westminster. He smiled incredulously, and endeavoured to reason me out of my fears; but he knew in his heart that what I said was true.—Didn't you, Dan?'

'Yes; I think I did, Jack,' said Dan solemnly.

'But I cannot understand it,' cried Jessie, staring in hopeless bewilderment. 'I don't believe in dreams and visions and things!'

'Well, I don't believe in them either in general. But in a case like this, you must either believe or be a fool.' Certain things were revealed to me on New-year's Eve. I come home to England, and find them perfectly true. But I can no more pretend to explain the why or the wherefore of it than you can. I am willing to take the matter as it stands, and be grateful for the beneficial results.'

'But Jack dear, if you make a practice of second-sight, I shall be afraid of you.'

'Nonsense, Jessie. Why should you be? Besides, I do not think such revelations ever happen twice in a lifetime,' replied Jack earnestly. 'And now, I really think the best thing we can do is to say no more about it, for it is one of those mysterious coincidences that no amount of discussion can elucidate. Tell me, Jessie, why were you going away this morning, and where were you going to?'

'I was going, because I could never consent to become Val Saunders's wife; and in the will read after the funeral that was an expressed condition. I was to have half my uncle's fortune if I married him; if not, I was to be penniless. I infinitely preferred poverty to such a union. So I was going to learn to be a nurse, like Sister Agnes!'

'Then it appears to me that we only arrived just in time. The discovery of this will saves all that painful necessity; but of course we must prove that the one by which Val claimed the property is a forgery. It may be somewhat difficult to do; but his flight is strong circumstantial evidence. Have you any idea where this precious document is, Jessie?'

'In the study probably; or at least a copy of it, if the document itself is gone to Doctors' Commons.'

'True. I remember Val said it was there; but somehow I don't believe it. Come down to the study, and let us have a look round.'

They had not to look very long. A fire was burning on the hearth, and on it and inside the fender were fragments of half-burned paper. 'That's it!' Jessie cried out. 'I know it was written on blue foolscap. I'm sure this is the will!'

'Or all that remains of it. And here's proof positive,' Jack added, taking up a scrap of paper on which some words were hastily scrawled: 'The Last Will of Mr Verschoyle is in the ebony cabinet in my room. I leave the country to-day; it will

be useless to try to follow or discover me. I am sorry for all that has occurred.—V. S.'

'This simplifies matters considerably; doesn't it, Dan? I really find it in my heart to be almost sorry for him.'

'I think he was punished, Jack. I think he lived in constant terror of discovery. During the last month, his life seemed a sad burden to him. Surely the way of the transgressor is hard!'

'Heaven help him, the poor wretch! I at all events forgive him, and hope he may live to amend his ways,' said Jack, to Jessie's sighed 'Amen!'

Two months after, there was a very quiet wedding in St Margaret's, Westminster. Jack and Jessie were united at last, after all their weary years of doubts and fears and hopes deferred; and they still live in the quiet gloomy old house in George Street. The firm is now Quartermain and Saunders; for Jack kept on the old man, who was hardly accountable for his son's misdeeds. There is serious talk of making the firm Quartermain, Saunders, and Kennedy; for Dan has not yet returned to 'Kennedy's Clearing'; and whenever he talks of doing so, his words are drowned in a chorus of reproachful negatives. He and Agnes are married, and live tolerably happily in Sloan Square; though Dan often longs for the freedom of the forest, and the rough and ready luxury of the log-cabin at Nebraska. If Agnes would only consent to accompany him, he would once more pack the calf-skin trunk, and start thither without delay. But every other year brings a fresh fetter to bind Agnes to her English home, and Kennedy's Clearing recedes farther and farther into the dim distance of the past. Even Dan himself is beginning to feel that he is chained by sundry clinging tiny arms, and persuaded to remain at home, as Paterfamilias should, by soft lisping voices.

Jack and Jessie love the old house in George Street, and are superlatively happy there. Nothing could induce them to change it for a gayer or more suburban residence. It is such a famous house to be cosy and comfortable, and even romantic in, nestling as it does under the shadow of the dear old Abbey, and possessing out-of-the-way nooks and corners innumerable. Often on the long cold winter evenings, when Dan with his great pipe is comfortably settled in one corner, and Jack in the other, and Jessie and Agnes with their knitting or embroidery seated on low chairs before the great fire, Jack relates how he and Dan first chummed together, and recounts some of the adventures and dangers which Dan and he shared in the Far West and in Australia; and scarcely ever a New-year's Eve passes by that Dan does not solemnly allude to Jack Quartermain's Vision, and its happy results.

P.S.—From the day Val Saunders left the old house in George Street to this, he has never been heard of. Year after year, Jack and Jessie and his poor feeble old father expect him to return—poor and penitent; or poor, without being penitent; or penitent, without being poor. Year after year Jack wonders what has become of him, and sometimes thinks he must be dead. In all probability he is. He had not the qualifications necessary for a magnificent sinner. Failure would be worse than death to a man of his temperament;

and the overthrow of all his plans was complete. But time alone can discover what has become of him; and his friends—or rather those who had been his friends—earnestly hope that he has repented of his wickedness and ingratitude; and learned that honesty is still the best policy.

A MYSTERIOUS PIANIST.

ABOUT a year ago, I observed in the columns of this *Journal* an article in explanation of certain aural phenomena which are frequently ascribed to supernatural agency. Many similar events must frequently occur which are not recorded, and whose causes, owing to superstition or fear, remain undiscovered. An investigation of all such seeming mysteries at the time and in the place where they occur, might save many a one an infinity of discomposing thoughts, which not seldom end in the reception of a most absurd belief. If the veracity of the following narrative be questioned, names and places can afford no proof. I can therefore only assure the reader that the narrative is true to the minutest particular, and was jotted down while the circumstances were fresh in my memory.

On the last day of 1879 I left home to pay my annual visit to my widowed mother and deliver my new-year greetings in person. On my arrival, I found a number of old friends assembled to exchange good wishes and usher in the dawn of the new year. As the company was dispersing, some one suggested a song; and as I was credited with some ability in that direction, I was at once appealed to. I consented; and we adjourned to another room, where my sister's piano had stood untouched since her lamented death, which had happened two years before. It was an old instrument, of six and a half octaves, of the Cottage shape, with nothing remarkable about it save that solid substantial look which is so foreign to many articles of modern furniture. I sat down and rattled off a few rollicking ditties suited to the occasion, winding up with the ever-new *Auld Lang Syne* as our guests departed. I noticed while playing that the instrument was much out of tune, and that several of the levers were disordered or displaced. I specially noted that one wire of the C in the fifth octave was much flatter than the other, which gave the note a peculiar and easily recognisable sound.

As I was to sleep in the apartment, I sat down by the fire to smoke a pipe and muse on the changes time had wrought on the little world of my boyhood. The key-board of the instrument glistening in the firelight insensibly led my thoughts to that vanished hand that had, so often nimbly and skilfully pressed it. Only two short years ago she had sat there singing my favourite airs with the rich mellow voice that was hers alone. As wave after wave of memory surged over my heart, I became so abstracted that I fancied I heard the cadence of her beautiful voice like the distant echo in a dream.

I remembered too that the last song I heard her sing was that touching melody wedded to the words of Burns's weird song, *Open the Door to me, Oh*. With my mind's ear I heard the pathetic wail with which the melody concludes, and was just on the point of awaking from my day-dream, when the piano at my side slowly and distinctly repeated the last simple bar of the music, with the faulty C for key-note. I was not startled; the mysterious accompaniment was so in unison with my reverie, that it was some minutes before I realised what had occurred. My first idea was that, by long disuse, some of the hammers had become relaxed and had fallen forward on the strings. But on trying the notes, I found they responded readily to the touch. For some time I tried to solve the enigma; but at length coming to the conclusion that I had been duped by my own ears, I shut down the keyboard, and jumped into bed, where I was soon unconscious of mortal and spirit alike.

I had slumbered for some time, when I suddenly awoke with that stinging sensation over the whole body which, with me, always betokens nervous excitement; and lo! the piano was sounding. I sat bolt upright; tried to shake off the hallucination, and listened again. There was no denying the fact. Some invisible power was touching both the bass and treble notes. I struggled against an eerie feeling that began to creep over me, and tried to reason. Judging from a former experience, I thought it might be some animal traversing the wires; but then I reflected that that was impossible in their perpendicular position; neither could any animal agitate both treble and bass at the same time, as my ear informed me was being done. Mustering courage, I jumped out of bed, and approached quietly, when the performance suddenly ceased. I opened the key-board and the top lid, peered into every nook and cranny, examined the floor and wall; but could discover nothing. I stirred up the fire, and sat down with my face towards the instrument. In this position I distinctly saw several of the keys move with a gentle undulating motion; but no sound followed. While I sat, this was repeated more than once, and the peculiarity was, that when the keys moved there was no sound, and when the sounds were produced there was no perceptible motion of the keys. I felt the eerie feeling steal over me again, but still sat and watched for a repetition of the music.

My patience was all but exhausted, when all at once the mystical performer resumed his playing, at first in an undecided hesitating manner, gradually merging into plaintive irregular kind of notes, of which the faulty C was again the key. When the sounds first struck the ear, they seemed to be weak and faint, but gradually increased in volume. The treble movement was now and then accompanied by a chromatic movement on the bass notes, which though not in accordance with

the rules of harmony, was not unpleasant to the ear. At times too, the treble made a rapid run to the highest possible note; then after a pause, the irregular notes were resumed. Seizing a moment when the mysterious performer seemed much engrossed with his task, I darted to the instrument, when the sounds again ceased, without affording a single clue to their origin. I endeavoured to open the front; but it resisted my efforts; and as I did not wish to alarm the household, I drew the piano forward from the wall, gave it a parting shake, and once more curled myself up in the bed-clothes, not without a fervent prayer that the player might transfer his musical entertainment to a more appreciative audience. All, however, was unavailing; for he shortly began again as brisk as ever; so bowing to the inevitable, I endeavoured to convert the disturbing performance into a well-intentioned lullaby. As I thus lay in a half-sleeping half-waking state, no longer interested in the cause of the phenomenon, I was conscious of a curious result. The strains seemed to adapt themselves to snatches—mere snatches, of familiar airs, curiously blended and interwoven. As soon as an interval occurred that reminded me of another jingle, it was immediately taken up only to give place to another. The range of the treble seemed to be confined to the third below the faulty note and the fourth above, which of course accounted for the plaintive character of the music. I cannot say how long this curious phase lasted. I have, however, a hazy consciousness of dropping off to sleep, lulled by these unaccountable note-ramblings.

In the morning I learned that none of the inmates had heard anything unusual during the night. Being, however, determined to solve the puzzle, I lost no time in returning to the room armed with a screw-driver. When I had laid bare the front of the instrument, I observed that the wires of the note adjacent to the faulty one had snapped, and its perpendicular lever had been disjoined from the hammer and fallen forward on the strings, thus forming an opening between the back and front, and establishing a communication between the wires and the lower or horizontal levers to which the ivories are attached. Still no key to the riddle presented itself. I then proceeded to remove the levers one by one, and had partially accomplished the task, when the Gordian knot of the mystery was severed in a rather prosaic manner. I pushed the instrument back to its original position, when out scampered—not one mouse—but two, by the slit in the back which serves for a handle. They ran along the wainscoting, which happened to be on the same level, and disappeared in a press in the corner of the room. It was plain that my mystic performer had resolved himself into the commonplace of a couple of mice, whose performances had been prolonged by the cutting off of their retreat. Still I comforted myself with the thought that, if I kept my own counsel, there was material enough to prove me a first-class spiritualistic medium!

An examination of their *modus operandi* explained in a very simple manner the awe-inspiring phenomena of the previous night. Mouse

No. 1, on popping through the opening in the perpendicular levers, climbed the broken one that lay handy, perched upon the end in contact with the wires, and in his efforts to ascend farther, or in the mere pleasure of the sound, produced the melody before referred to. Mouse No. 2, meanwhile condemned to play second-fiddle, amused himself by creeping through between the snapped wires and scampering up and down inside, where there was barely room for him to pass, and thus contributed the rumbling bass and the occasional sharp runs on the higher notes. A cross-bar for strengthening the front gave him foothold; and vestiges of his fur on the larger wires rendered the explanation more than a probability. The motion of the keys without the corresponding sounds, must have been occasioned by their pattering on the extreme ends of the horizontal levers, the majority of which I found to be somewhat worn and loose in their sockets. The contingent phenomena I believe to have been merely the unconscious promptings of my own mind, or of what may be termed my musical imagination.

On recounting the adventure at the breakfast-table, I discovered that the mysterious sounds had been heard by another member of the family on a quiet Sabbath afternoon some weeks previous: she, however, had been deterred from mentioning the circumstance from fear of the ridicule she supposed would have followed her recital. I may mention that the press in the room contained a goodly store of things seductive to the stomachs of mice in general. That they disregarded the tempting viands and betook themselves to the unproductive waste of the interior of a piano, must help to prove that the love of music often ascribed to this little quadruped is a fact of natural history resting on a more solid foundation than exceptional eccentricity.

[Though at first sight the foregoing tale—the truth of which is vouched for by our contributor—may appear somewhat weird, we gladly place it before our readers as offering additional testimony to the fact that ‘unaccountable sounds’ are in every case capable of being relegated to natural causes. A little trouble bestowed upon their calm investigation would, as our writer says, ‘save many a one an infinity of discomposing thoughts.’—ED.]

FEET-DISTORTION IN CHINA.

OF all the abominations in female fashions, the Chinese practice of cramping and deforming the feet is the most iniquitous. The following are the latest particulars regarding this old and very odious custom.

It appears that the foot-binding of female infants in China is determined by locality rather than by the rank and wealth of the people who practise it. In the department of Tie-Chiu, province of Canton, it would be general but for the Hakkas, who settle there, and are strongly opposed to it. When they come in any numbers from their own country—which is contiguous—and take up their abode in Tie-Chiu villages, they use their influence and example against it pretty successfully. Of the women who attend the missionary schools in Swatow, at present about six in every ten have their feet bound; and the

Hakka influence is apparent in the fact that it is not an uncommon thing now for young women to bind their feet loosely just for a short time before marriage, and then unbind them afterwards. But occasionally they wear the bandage too long, in which case the foot remains crooked. The old women too have a way of dressing their feet so as to make them look extremely small on grand occasions, while they remain conveniently large for use when they have to travel or work.

The binding of a child's feet is not begun until she has learned to walk and do certain things for herself, as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to teach her afterwards. The rich bind their children's feet from the sixth or seventh year; but the poor do not begin until they are twelve, or even older. Parents who have been forced by poverty to sell a daughter as a slave when she was a child, will bring her back afterwards if they can; and then, no matter how old she is, they bind up her feet and marry her as a lady. But the pain of binding a full-grown foot is said to be most intense. Strong white bandages two inches wide are manufactured for the purpose. Those worn the first year are two yards long, and about five feet is the length worn afterwards. The following, according to Miss Fielde, is the method adopted: 'The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, then carried over the top of the toes and under the foot, drawing the four toes with it down upon the sole; thence it is passed over the foot and around the heel; and by this stretch the toes and the heel are drawn together, leaving a bulge on the instep and a deep indentation in the sole, under the instep. This course is gone over in successive layers of bandage, until the strip of cloth is all used, and the final end is sown tight down.' To please a Chinawoman, the 'indentation' must measure about an inch and a half from the part of the foot which rests on the ground up to the instep. The toes are then completely drawn over the sole, and the foot is so squeezed upwards, that in walking, only the ball of the great toe touches the ground.

Large quantities of powdered alum are used when the feet are first bound, and always afterwards, to prevent ulceration and lessen the offensive odour. The bandage is taken off only once a month. At the end of the first month the foot is put in hot water, and after it has been allowed to soak some time, the bandage is carefully unwound; 'the dead cuticle, of which there is much, being abraded during the process of unbinding. When the foot is entirely unbound, it is not unusual to find ulcers and other abominations. Frequently too, we are told, 'a large piece of flesh sloughs off the sole, and it sometimes happens that one or two toes drop off.' When this happens, the patient considers herself amply repaid for the additional suffering by having smaller and more delicate feet than her neighbours! Indeed the desire to have small feet is so intense that girls will slily tighten their own bandages in spite of the pain!

Each time the bandage is taken off 'the foot is kneaded, to make the joints flexible, and is then bound up again as quickly as possible with a fresh bandage; and the foot is drawn more tightly together each time.' During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing. When

she goes out, she has to be carried. Indoors, she moves about by kneeling on two stools. At night, she lies on her back across her bed, 'allowing the edge of the board bedstead to come under the knee and press on the cords in such a way as to benumb the lower limbs.' For about two years the foot aches continually, the pain being 'most severe in the ankle-bone, joints, and instep.' The aching is varied or accompanied by another pain like the pricking of 'sharp needles piercing the flesh.' If the binding is kept up rigorously, in two years 'the foot is dead and ceases to ache. But by this time the whole leg from the knee downwards has become shrunken; being little more than skin and bone.' The Chinese lady may then boast of her 'golden lilies,' and decorate them with tiny embroidered slippers, half an inch wide and three inches long in the sole. The Tie-Chiu women fasten the slipper 'to a band of blue cloth, which passes around the heel and is attached to a gaily painted wooden heel, on which the whole weight of the body falls in walking; the toe being elevated an inch or more above the ground. A very narrow "pantalet" of cotton or silk covers half of the wooden heel and all the instep, so that little more than an inch of the pointed toe of the shoe is visible.'*

When once formed, a 'golden lily' can never resume its original shape; and when uncovered, it is so unsightly that women object to taking off their bandages even before members of their own family. The writer has seen long strings of small-footed women walking with their hands on each other's shoulders down the narrow streets of Canton. Many of them were blind, and the Chinese themselves declare that foot-binding causes blindness. But their obstinate adherence to this painful and barbarous custom, in spite of the many objections, which they themselves acknowledge to be just, is marvellous. Whatever is 'old fashion' is good, they say; and were it not for the persevering efforts of the English and American missionaries, which are now beginning to take effect, they would probably continue to make, and to rejoice in their 'golden lilies' for ever.

* The quotations are taken from a Report on 'Foot-binding,' written by Miss Norwood, a lady in the American mission at Swatow.

EVENFALL.

WRATHFULLY in the ruddy West away,
The sun goes down beyond yon upland field,
As though he angry were that one more day
Unto another night is forced to yield.
Anon the West is broken into bars
Of orange, amber, gray, and dusky gold;
And darkness, stealing on, draws out the stars,
Their nightly vigil—long and lone—to hold.
Within yon wood, the last bird-warble fails,
And all the air, emptied of every sound,
Inviolat stillness holds. Above, around,
The calm repose procured of peace prevails—
The calm, the sweet; and now complete o'er all
Hath gloomed the dim, the dusky evenfall.

JAMES DAWSON.

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FLEUSS'S METHOD OF BREATHING UNDER WATER.

HITHERTO, as is well known, when a professional diver went under the water to search for any object, or to assist in other operations, he wore a particular kind of dress, and was supplied with air by a tube connected with a pumping apparatus. All this is now to be given up. A process has been invented of breathing under the water without any of the ordinary appliances. The invention is due to the perseverance and skill of Mr Fleuss, an officer of the mercantile marine, who at sixteen years of age went to sea as an apprentice, and afterwards served in several ships. On passing the examination for second-mate, he joined the Peninsular and Oriental service, and visited most parts of the world. The promotion being somewhat slow, Mr Fleuss subsequently attached himself to the British India Company, and speedily attained the position of second-officer. This life gave him many opportunities of recognising the importance of an improved method of diving; and as he was fond of mechanics and scientific studies, he speedily made himself master of the subject. He is still a young man, of twenty-eight years of age. His invention offers a gratifying instance of what may be effected by study, determined perseverance, and independent exertion; and we feel assured that when it becomes fully known, it will be employed for many important purposes. After maturing his invention, and personally demonstrating its validity by going under water at public exhibitions in London, Mr Fleuss patented the process in England and other countries. What we have therefore to say on the subject is from ascertained facts, and however extraordinary, is beyond the reach of cavil.

By Mr Fleuss's process any person with sufficient nerve, and who is accustomed to diving, can exist for hours beneath the water without connection with the surface. A special dress with a helmet inclosing the head requires, however, to be employed. The dress has much the outward

appearance of that hitherto used. The helmet is entirely closed, for there is no pipe to the air above water, as is customary with ordinary divers. The power of breathing depends on means within the sphere of the helmet and dress. To understand this, we must consider the composition of the air.

As is generally known, the atmosphere we breathe consists one-fifth of oxygen, and the remaining four-fifths of another gas called nitrogen. The mixture of these two gases is a strictly mechanical one; they have not entered into any chemical combination. The oxygen is the supporter of life; the nitrogen merely diluting it, so to speak, to a proper degree, for the purposes of our lungs. In breathing, the oxygen is partially lost by absorption into the system, and the exhaled air contains a large proportion of carbonic acid or—to call it by its more modern name—carbon dioxide, a gas which is a poison to animal life. According to Mr Fleuss's process, a continuous supply of oxygen is procured from the helmet, where it is stowed in a compressed state, the supply being regulated by a valve under the control of the diver. The original nitrogen in the lungs remains unaltered, and can be breathed over again along with a due admixture of the oxygen. The strange thing is the disposal of the deadly carbonic acid gas. What becomes of it? Is it bubbled up through the water? No, for the oxygen and nitrogen would go with it. A well-known chemical action is taken advantage of by causing the carbonic acid which is given off, to be absorbed by caustic soda; the result being the formation of carbonate of soda. The caustic soda is contained in a small tin or ebonite case placed in the body of the dress. It is in solution, and confined in the pores of spongy india-rubber, which is perhaps the only soft material impervious to its corrosive action. A proper arrangement of tubing causes the whole of the exhaled air to pass through this case, which requires emptying and recharging about once a week—supposing that the apparatus is in daily use. To sum up the means by which Mr Fleuss breathes in a dress

hermetically sealed from external air: He takes down a supply of compressed oxygen gas, dilutes it with the nitrogen—which is naturally present in his lungs and in the diving dress when he puts it on, and which remaining unaltered, he can, as we have already shewn, breathe over and over again; and by bringing the exhaled carbonic acid in contact with caustic soda, transforms the deadly gas into harmless carbonate of soda. Such is Mr Fleuss's invention or discovery, which will no doubt astonish every one with its beautiful simplicity, and call forth the usual amount of surprise in such cases, 'that nobody thought of it before.' Possibly many may have thought of it before. But it requires an unusual combination of perseverance, energy, chemical knowledge, and mechanical skill, to carry such thoughts to practical trial and ultimate success. Mr Fleuss not only studied chemistry to carry out his pet idea, but he made his apparatus almost entirely with his own hands. Moreover, he donned his dress, fitted with this home-made apparatus, and descended—the first time he had been under water in his life—in public, and remained under more than one hour. So to the qualities already mentioned, we must certainly add that of indomitable courage.

The advantages of Mr Fleuss's apparatus over that which it is most certainly destined to supersede, are numerous. There is no doubt too that its use will not be confined to subaqueous work. It might well form a most valuable addition to our fire-escape stations, for it would enable the wearer to enter into the densest smoke without any risk of suffocation. Its use in the rescue of unfortunate miners would also be possible without any fear from the deadly choke-damp. Wells and vats, where the heavy carbonic acid forms a layer beneath which no human being can go without almost instant suffocation, will also be penetrable by the wearer of Fleuss's apparatus; and in these several ways the apparatus will probably help in the saving of many lives. The advantages of the new diving system are mainly these. The diver requires but one attendant, to whom he can signal in case of need. The absence of an air-pipe relieves him of many anxieties as to his safety. He is free to move in every direction; and can creep under wreckage in a manner that the ordinary diver would consider hazardous, if not impossible.

By experiments and tests as to temperature and pulse after immersion for more than an hour, it has been conclusively proved that Mr Fleuss's system of breathing under water is attended by no inconveniences. Last, and by no means least, the expense of the outfit is estimated at one-half that required by the older method. The absence of pumps and gearing will at once account for the reduction.

In a manner suitable for a popular journal, we have now described this remarkable invention, which, had it been available a few months earlier,

might have led to the speedy recovery of the bodies of those who suffered in the Tay Bridge disaster, of whom, up till the time we write, only about one half have been found. What a triumph in art, and what a solacement to the feelings it would be, if by Mr Fleuss's process a great proportion of the still missing bodies were recovered for burial by friends and relatives!

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XII.—HISTORY.

The broken windows winked and leered with patches.

DR BRAND sat in an easy-chair and smoked a quiet cigar after the fatigues of the day. You must recognise him, though you have spent so small a time in his society. Dr Brand was not a man to be easily forgotten, having been once encountered. In the first place, he had the advantage of physical size wherewith to impress you. In the second place, his aquiline nose and his square jaw, his keen and somewhat too imperious eyes, his big broad head and wavy mass of grizzled hair, were each memorable. A great loose-limbed, masterful-looking man, with kindnesses in him, and coarsenesses. A man who was alive to the very ends of his hair, and who rejoiced in life. An old Viking sort of man, who ate and drank hugely, worked inordinately, laughed out of all form and fashion, had gigantic rages, and strange fits of tenderness—altogether, a remarkable man.

Seated opposite was the Doctor's wife, who was just such a contrast to him as such a man might delight in—a pretty little creature who, though thirty, looked no more than twenty. The kind of woman who seems to be made for the express purpose of idolising the Dr Brand kind of man. You might almost guess how much she idolised him, by the satisfied expression of her eyes as they rested upon him in placid watchfulness of all his loose and careless movements.

'Ma mie,' quoth the Doctor, 'my practice increases enormously.'

'Indeed, James?'

'I shall shortly have to retire in self-defence. I have a whole mob of people who are trying to absorb my time. They live in a court off Oxford Street, and are not worth one penny per annum.'

'I suppose not.'

'I might,' said the Doctor, rolling himself round in his chair to look at her—'I might say, "Let the parish doctor see to 'em." But he can't see to 'em. I don't know him; but if that man does his duty, he will work himself to death. Six of him would be worked to death.'

'Is there so much sickness?'

'The wonder isn't that there's so much sickness, as that there is so little. You'd say so if you saw the hole they live in. I thought I knew the London slums, but God bless my soul,' said the Doctor, rolling round again, 'I couldn't have believed it.'

'What made you go there?' asked his wife.

'Do you remember Penkridge?' asked the Doctor, in return.

'Penkridge? Do you mean the odd little man

who kept the stationer's shop in Camberwell. O yes; I remember how I used to laugh at him, he was so comically civil.'

The Doctor set his feet upon a chair before him and lolled there broadcast. He smoked for a while, and answered: 'You wouldn't laugh at him now, *ma mie*. Such a ragged, drunken, helpless, hopeless scoundrel—such a lost, tearful, lachrymose, whining villain. A dog of such ill odour, spiritually and physically.'

'I think I remember to have heard,' said Mrs Brand, 'that he got into the hands of some dreadful person, who ruined him.'

'Bah!' roared the Doctor with sudden energy. 'That kind of man always gets into the hands of people who ruin him. The miserable fool of a fly invites the spider to live in his neighbourhood; he makes a chum of him, and helps him to spin his web. I do protest,' continued the Doctor, struggling up to say it, and sitting with a hand upon each elbow of his chair—'I do protest that I have no atom of sympathy with that sort of creature. I can get up no pity for him.'

'Now, I am sure, James,' said the Doctor's wife, 'that you have been helping him.'

'Helping him!' growled the Doctor behind his cigar like an angry bassoon. 'I know I've been helping him. But I have the grace to be ashamed of myself. What is it that favourite of yours says—the she-poet—Whatsheername? "I feel as if I had a man in me despising such a woman." To help a man of that sort is a waste of good material. There is only so much medical talent in the world. Not half enough to supply the world's wants—not half enough, I mean to supply that part of the world which deserves to have its wants supplied. Nine-tenths of the ridiculous world we live in is so hopelessly rotten, that a man tinkers at it to no purpose. It can't be mended—it can't be restored. The wisest and kindest thing to do would be to poison ninety per cent. of the people of this planet, and start afresh with the healthy remainder.'

'I have heard that dreadful theory before,' said the Doctor's wife. 'But how are you going to decide who is to live? Suppose some dreadful person wished to poison me?'

'I'd knock his head off,' said the Doctor promptly. 'Let me demonstrate your right to exist. I am a man of unusual abilities; I am profoundly versed in the noblest of all human arts; I have energies which are absolutely unwearable, and I get through the work of ten ordinary men daily.'

'I have heard all this before,' responded Mrs Brand, laughing; 'and used to believe it until I got married and disillusionised. But we are not concerned with *you* at present. What is my right to exist?'

'What a lovely sex it is!' said the Doctor; 'always waits to hear an argument out before it dreams of speaking. Your right to exist, my dear, is that I desire you to exist. If I am useful for ten, I may claim life for two.'

'Suppose your desire should cease, you mountain of egotism?'

'Your right would vanish, you atom of charms!'

'James—you're a monster.'

'Jennie—you're an angel!'

'A highly satisfactory termination,' quoth the Doctor's wife, 'to a most unsatisfactory debate.'

At this the Doctor rose, picked up his wife's chair with his wife in it, kissed the little lady, set her down again, burst into a great roar of laughter, and dropped back into his arm-chair. Mrs Brand accepted this as though she were quite used to it, and regarded the laughing giant with the same look of calm and watchful affection as before. 'What were you saying about Penkridge, James?' she asked after a little pause.

'It was his wife I was thinking of. She died last night.'

'What did she die of?'

'She died chiefly of Penkridge, I should say. But the shameless waste and sinful luxury of this big London helped her. In plain English, she died of hunger.'

'James!' exclaimed the Doctor's wife; 'you don't mean that?'

'Yes; I mean that. She died of actual hunger, Jennie; and that tearful villain her husband was half-drunk. Think what that means.'

'How dreadful!'

'Do you see?' said the Doctor, sitting up again. 'He had money enough to drink with somehow. She died of starvation.'

'Perhaps some one gave him drink who would not give him money.'

'I hope so.' The Doctor subsided again. 'Jennie,' he went on, 'these things hurt me. If a man could do anything in such a case—I could have dropped Penkridge, for instance, from the garret window. That man's squalor and degradation,' continued the Doctor keenly, 'are not a misery to him. He finds a compensation in idleness and an occasional burst of drinking, and more than all, in his wailings about his having been ruined and so forth. There are some men to whom it's a positive comfort to have an injury done to them; they find a luxurious joy in the ability to complain that they have been damaged.'

'Do you know, James,' said the Doctor's wife, coming nearer, and sitting on an ottoman beside him, with a hand upon his arm—'do you know that I feel myself very idle and very useless? I daresay it's very foolish in me, but I feel almost sorrier for people who won't help themselves than I do for those who can't. I mean that when people won't help themselves, and don't even want to try, it seems to imply such a dreadful inward want somewhere. You know what I mean, don't you?'

'Perfectly.'

'James, I have been thinking seriously, and this talk reminds me again. I must do something; I must justify my claim to exist, dear.'

'*Ma mie*,' said the Doctor, throwing away his cigar, and taking one of her hands in both his, 'your clear mission is to give heart and hope to me. If it weren't for you, my energies would be wasted. I should have turned myself into a hermit, and have gone to live in the cave of speculative science, long ago, if I hadn't had you beside me.'

Mrs Brand looked at him smilingly, and shook her head. 'I must do something,' she reiterated. 'Now, shall I tell you what I have been thinking?'

'Wait a moment. Let me compose myself to listen. Give me a glass of claret, whilst I light another cigar.—Thank you. I am ready now.'

He set his slippered feet upon the chair before him, and composed his huge figure comfortably. His eyes had lost that too imperious glance. He stroked the little hand that rested upon the elbow of his chair.

'I have been thinking, James,' said Mrs Brand seriously, 'that I can see a clear way of doing good, and I want to ask your advice about it. It seems to me that a great many benevolent enterprises fail, dear, because the people who start them are anxious to do too much, and to do it in an unnatural way. Lady-visitors, for instance.'—The Doctor nodded, to signify attention.—'Now a lady goes into one of the places you were speaking of just now, and says a few kind words, and does a few kind things to a great many people. I hope it does good. I don't think it can fail to do some good. But wouldn't it be better, dear, to single out some one hopeful case—the case of a girl perhaps—and confine one's self to that case, not carrying it away from the place, but leaving it there, as a sort of wholesome centre, out of which something might possibly grow? I want to try some such experiment, James; and I want to get one or two other people to do the same. It seems to me that one clean room and one tidy figure in such a place as Bolter's Rents must be, might be of great service. And one clean heart and well-ordered mind might do incalculable good.'

'Have you thought at all of the counteracting influences?' asked the Doctor.

'Yes. I am really not too sanguine. I am only thinking of what might happen. But isn't there likelihood enough to make it worth while to try?'

'Put yourself for a moment,' said the Doctor, 'in the place of your imaginary girl. You have of course a surety against her gross temptations, which she couldn't have. Think how anybody not so vile as themselves would grow to loathe the people who live there. The place is a moral nightmare. You would grow sick at physical and spiritual filth, and would do one of three things: sink down to it—go mad over it—or run away from it.'

'You forget,' persisted the little lady, arguing her case more warmly. 'I am squeamish by training, as no girl brought up as any girl would have to be in such a case, could possibly be. I don't want to make a lady. I want to help to rear a decent Christian woman, who shall be clean and neat and sober, and know the ways of the people, and be able to do more for them than anybody from the outside. And I think that's possible.'

'Did you ever see Bolter's Rents?' asked the Doctor grimly.

'No,' answered the Doctor's wife.

'Come and see it now,' said the Doctor, rising.

'Ah! I was afraid you would not be particularly eager.'

'I am quite ready to go, James.'

'Then, put on your plainest bonnet and your quietest shawl. It's a fine moonlight night, and Bolter's Rents is not far from Wimpole Street.'

Mrs Brand left the room. If the truth must be told, her spirits faltered somewhat at the thought of a visit by night to such a place, and her enthusiasm cooled a little. But remembering her husband's familiarity with the place and people,

and recalling her confidence in him, she attired herself as plainly as she could, and rejoined the Doctor, who was already drawing on his gloves in the hall. They went out together arm-in-arm, through quiet ways, until they emerged on the long-drawn glare and bustle of Oxford Street.

'Have you your vinaigrette?' queried the Doctor.

'No, dear,' responded Mrs Brand.

Dr Brand turned into a chemist's shop and purchased a bottle of smelling-salts. 'Put that in your pocket,' said he; adding with an almost tragic solemnity: 'You may possibly want it. The scents are tremendous.'

Walking on the right-hand side of the street and facing towards Holborn, they turned abruptly into a narrow and low-browed passage, which yawned like a black mouth on brilliant Oxford Street. The passage was too narrow to allow of their walking abreast; and with a brief injunction to follow and a reassuring tap upon his wife's shoulder, the Doctor led the way. Looking past his ponderous figure, Mrs Brand saw before her a long dim vista of murky building, with one solitary light gleaming at the far end of it. The way underneath her feet grew moist and spongy; a faint and sickly odour greeted her nostrils. She laid her hand upon the bottle of smelling-salts, but resisted the inclination, determining to shew no sign of annoyance so soon. Entering on the court which lay beyond the passage, the two went side by side once more. One or two women, unutterably coarse and frowsy, stood in a little patch of moonlight with their hands under their aprons, and their hair in wild disorder. They lolled against the wall, or stood uprightly vacant, or shambled loosely from side to side, but said nothing, and were without occupation. There were one or two hulking lads engaged in coarse horse-play under the shadow of the houses on the other side of the court. The broken windows winked and leered with patches. If by chance a whole window was anywhere left, it stared out on the moonlight, vacant, blank, and blind. A house is always more or less human. The houses in Bolter's Rents were like humanity in vile decay. A door hanging stiffly from one useless hinge suggested lockjaw. This wall, which bowed inward until it seemed a wonder that it stood, had in it a reminder of the looks and bearing of a broken-down old debauchee. There was a mere hole where the garret window should have been, which looked in its dark blankness like the black patch over an eye. A great beam of timber which propped up the building, looked like the stick upon which that bankrupt old blackguard leaned. Rusty bars of iron passed from this ruin to the buildings on either side of it, as though the hoary rascal were chained to the companions whom he had by bad example led hither. They leaned upon him from either side, stupid and hopeless, and rapidly coming to his own sad case. Everywhere dilapidation and decay. Everywhere an air of shameful ruin, and an air of shame, as though the very walls and windows were conscious of their wretched plight, and had hidden away here from the gay and brilliant street outside. The end of the court was deserted, and the solitary lamp shewed nothing but an open doorway gaping darkly underneath it. Mrs Brand felt an almost unconquerable inclination to seize her

husband's arm and beg him to come away. Nothing but a feeling of shame restrained her.

The Doctor paused there, and said: 'This is the house I visited last night. You are not afraid to go in?'

'No,' answered his wife, belying her own quaking heart.

'You are quite safe with me, dear,' said he, taking her hand in his, and speaking in a cheerful tone. 'The steps of this establishment are eccentric. Step carefully after me, and let me keep your hand.'

They went up in the darkness until they came to the top of the third flight of steps, where the Doctor tapped at a door.

'You're mighty polite, whoever y'are,' said a voice inside with a tone of sarcasm. 'But we're not that private here that ye mayn't walk in.'

Dr Brand pushed open the door and entered, relinquishing his companion's hand.

'Is it you, Docthor?' exclaimed the owner of the voice—an Irishwoman, not uncomely in aspect, nor yet dreadfully unclean.—'But who's that with ye?' she asked sharply and suspiciously.—'Oh, a lady.—I beg your pardon, ma'am.—But they're afther Mike, sor, I'm afraid, an' it makes me that nervous. Will ye look at the choild?'

Mrs Brand looked round the room, and saw the old tea-chests which did duty for chairs, the larger chest which did duty as a table, the bed ofacking, the tattered hanging which parted off one corner of the chamber. Nothing else.

'The little gyurl's up-stairs with the choild,' said Mrs Closky; adding with a face and voice so significant that it struck the attention of Mrs Brand at once: 'She's watchin'.' With that she left the room; and Mrs Brand turned to her husband.

He read her glance, and answered: 'The body of that poor woman lies above. The rats here are as hungry as she was before she died.'

'James, James!' cried Mrs Brand, clinging to him. 'Oh, why did I dare to come into this dreadful place!'

'Hush!' said the Doctor, almost sternly. 'Let me think better of you than this, Jennie.—Come, come,' he added in a softer tone; 'take courage. This is but a little part of that pandemonium in which you fancy you could minister. There is nothing here but misery. This house is the most orderly, and decent in the court.' He ceased there; but turning round to the window, cried inwardly, in a silent rage of pity and emotion: 'O God! would it be a crime to give a sleeping-draught to every soul within it, and burn this hideous rookery down!'

He turned and took his wife's hand again, and found her trembling. He put his arm about her and drew her to his breast. Thought is swift; and as he held her there for a moment, he thought of all the placid quiet of her lot, the purity of her gentle life, the comfort and security which reigned about her. He thought too of his own chances in life, so favourably ordered, so smoothly progressive from good to better. He thanked God for these things; but a moment after, half-recalled the thanksgiving; for it seemed to him almost blasphemous in its selfishness that he should be thankful for that which gained a poignant bliss from such an awful contrast.

His wife withdrew herself from his embrace.

'I am stronger now, James,' she said, speaking with a self-possession which astonished herself. 'I think I am the more resolved for coming; indeed I am. I had read of things like this,' she continued, her eyes greatening as she spoke; 'but I never realised them before.'

'What you have seen and heard so far, *ma mie*, is nothing,' the Doctor answered. 'This squalor'—pointing round the room—'is nothing. The ugly fear up-stairs is common to places such as this. Vice is the seed from which the real horror of these places springs. Of that you have seen nothing—shall see nothing, if I can advise you.'

His wife returned no answer; and in another moment they heard a footstep and a weakly wailing voice upon the stairs; and Mrs Closky entered with the child. By the Doctor's orders, she took off such miserable clothing as it wore, and was about to lay it on the larger chest with a shawl underneath it, when Mrs Brand whipped off her own shawl, and deftly folding it, laid it on the chest beneath the other, to make the temporary couch a little softer. Mrs Closky looked at her and at the rich dress which now stood revealed, but said nothing.

The Doctor stooped to examine the child: 'Has the parish doctor been here, Mrs Closky?' he asked.

'Yes sor. He kem an' lift the death-paper, sor, an' looked at the choild. An' he says her inwards isn't damaged, but her back's twisted for loife; an' he lift a liniment.'

'Let me see it,' said the Doctor, still bending over the child. 'Is this it? H'm. No harm—and no good.' Then after a pause: 'I am afraid he is right about the child. Yes; he is right.'

Mrs Brand bent above the child also. Its feeble wail troubled her, as it might trouble any woman. 'Can I send it anything from the house, James?' she asked her husband.

He waved his hand in answer, as if asking for silence, and turned to Mrs Closky. 'Can you bring the child to my house to-night?'

'O yes sor,' answered Mrs Closky readily.

'Then do so—in an hour.—Now, *ma mie*, let us go.'

Mrs Closky lifted up the baby and the shawl. Mrs Brand looked at her own shawl lying on the chest, and then at the woman's bare shoulders; for Mrs Closky was innocent of what I believe the women call 'a body,' and had bestowed upon the baby the only covering her shoulders had. The Doctor saw the glance and read its meaning, but settled matters by taking up the shawl and wrapping Mrs Brand carefully up in it. They went carefully down the dark and creaking steps, and emerged from the court; and in another minute were back in Oxford Street, with its brilliant gas-lights and its hurrying crowds.

'I might have left it with her, James,' said the Doctor's wife, after a pause, during which they had reached one of the quieter streets.

'It would have been pawned in the morning,' the Doctor answered. 'Give the woman something cheap, unpawnable, and fragmentary, and you do her a charity. Give her anything pawnable, and her husband, on returning home, will knock her down to rob her of it, and will get drunk on the proceeds.'

Mrs Brand made no reply, but mused on these

things sorrowfully, hoping within herself that the evil was not quite so evil as her husband painted it. As they walked quietly along together and came near to the end of the street, a man suddenly darted round the corner, planted himself with his back against the wall, and stood there in shadow. The Doctor directed a glance at him in passing, and recognised Michael Closky. Knowing what he knew, it was not unnatural that the Doctor should suspect mischief of some sort. It was not his business to help the police, if Michael had upset one of the force, or in a playful ebullition of feeling had taken a cast in pewter from the face of a pot-boy, but he felt a momentary curiosity. Turning into the street from which Closky had so suddenly emerged, he found it quiet and deserted. There was no sign of pursuit. There was not a human being on the causeway. Half-way up the street there was an open door, at which two men stood smoking. As the Doctor and his wife went by, these two bade each other a friendly good-night, and one, closing the door, remained inside, whilst the other, gaily swinging his cane, tripped down the steps, humming a muffled fragment of an air behind his cigar. Dr Brand recognised in him a German Jew who once upon a time was a patient of his. This German Jew was something in the City, the Doctor remembered in an absent sort of way—an agent or something of that kind, whose name was Tasker. He gave no second thought to the gay foreigner, but passed on. And Tasker, unwitting of the darker shadow which nestled in the shadows round the corner, went merrily towards it, humming a muffled fragment of an air behind his cigar.

(To be continued.)

STORY OF THE PRESSGANG.

I WELL remember when a boy being frequently sent for a week to stay with an old uncle during some part of my holidays, and the pleasure I experienced in inducing him to relate some of the adventures of his past life, which had for the most part been spent at sea. In his young days the navy was equipped for the most part by boys, and men who were pressed into the service whether they liked it or not. Pressgangs were therefore held in no little dread by peaceable shore-going folks. My uncle was a good-humoured, kindly old gentleman, with a thick fringe of gray hair, and a clean shaven face, who delighted to teach me the mysteries of tying knots and splicing ropes or any other bit of sea-craft, which he said might be useful to me some day. The only singularity about him that I remember was, he never partook of tea, but had his pipe and a jug of ale in the evening instead. He was always ready at such times to tell me about his sea-life—to spin a yarn, he called it.

Well, my boy, said he upon one occasion, you want to know if I was ever pressed into His Majesty's service. Yes; I was once, and a good many times I have had a sharp run for it, to escape. I had just come home from a voyage in an Indiaman, and was glad to get a spell on shore, though it was dangerous work at that time, as there were so many crimps and pressgangs about in every sea-port town. I was staying with my mother in London, and was,

as I thought, well disguised; but there is something about a seafaring man that betrays his calling, however much he may try to hide it. Well, I was strolling down Tower-Hill way, just to see how things were going, when as I turned into Trinity Square, my heart leaped into my mouth as a strong hand was laid on my shoulder, and I heard the words: 'Ah! my fine fellow, you seem just the boy for us. Where do you hail from? His Majesty wants you to come and have a glass of grog at his expense.' I was surrounded by half-a-dozen strapping fellows; and I knew that I was caught, and that resistance was useless. I was walked off, in the king's name, to the Tower stairs, and put on board the tender lying off the Tower. The next morning I was brought up before the naval officer in command to give an account of myself. My denials and protestations of being innocent of the sea were scouted with derision. I was cut short by being asked if I would go as a volunteer or as a pressed man. We sailors knew that pressed men were looked upon with suspicion, and not trusted, never allowed to go on shore, and stood no chance of promotion. It was a common saying, 'One volunteer is worth ten pressed men;' so I perforce volunteered. I liked the merchant service best, for somehow the navy had got a bad name; but I was young, and did not care much. I thought if I did my duty it would be all right.

In a day or two I was sent, with about a hundred and twenty others, to the Downs, where the fleet was lying. Being a smart young fellow and a volunteer, I was drafted on board the flagship of Admiral Duncan, and after a while was made captain of a gun. The fleet consisted of sixteen sail of the line, and our cruising-ground was off the coast of Holland, the object being to watch the Dutch fleet, commanded by Admiral Van Winter, then lying in the Texel. I was fortunate in being drafted into the Admiral's ship, as we had a very fair crew. The other ships were not so well off; there was but a small sprinkling of real blue-jackets among their crews, which were made up for the most part of pressed men, who were always more or less sulky and discontented. The remainder were some of the worst characters to be found in sea-port towns. The 'cat' was going every day on board some ship of our fleet. Officers were tyrannous; the discipline harsh; provisions bad; and for the slightest fault a man's grog was stopped, which does not add to the sweetness of a fellow's temper at any time. One morning at daybreak, the Admiral was signalled that a rebellion had broken out on board one of the ships. It spread to others, and a mutiny prevailed on board nearly all the ships, which placed the Admiral in a very critical position; for if the Dutch had known it, and had come out to fight us at that time, they might have taken nearly all our ships without any resistance. By judicious management, however, the rebellion was quelled; a few of the ringleaders were hanged at the yard-arms of their ships, and some were sent home to be dealt with by the authorities at Portsmouth.

The Dutch wanted to get out of the Texel, and join the French fleet at Brest; but we kept the blockade so closely that they had no chance without fighting us, which was what we wanted. We had nasty weather at the beginning of October;

and during a storm, when our ships were scattered, they stole out in the night, and had made some way over towards the French coast before they were discovered. Our signal-guns, however, soon brought our ships together and cut off their escape; some long shots were exchanged, and a good deal of fine seamanship was shewn on both sides—for the Dutch are very good sailors, though slow—before we got well into action. I had been laid up for a week with the rheumatic fever. I was so bad I could not turn in my hammock; but when the shot began to crash into the ship, I got so excited that all the fever left me, and I tumbled out, went on deck, and took charge of my gun, a sixty-four pounder. There are usually from eight to ten men for the working of a gun. The first man I lost was assisting to run on the gun, after loading, by prising the hind-wheel of the gun-carriage with his rammer, when a shot came in, passed across his back harmlessly, but caught his projecting elbow, carrying the joint clean away, and leaving his arm hanging by a strip of skin. We were fighting with a ship larger than our own, broadside on, when a small ten-gun brig drew up astern and commenced raking us. Of course the shot swept the whole length of the deck, and did more mischief than our big antagonist.

The confusion caused by this raking fire was something unlooked for; but the remedy was at hand. The guns on the other side were shotted and all ready for action, when the order was passed along from the quarter-deck to man the starboard guns. By forging ahead we escaped being raked by our larger antagonist; and swinging half round, before the little wasp was aware of our manœuvre and could draw off, we poured into her a broadside that did not need repeating. Her spars came crashing on deck; she gave a lurch or two like a thing in pain, and went down stern foremost; for our guns were depressed, and had riddled her through from deck to keel. We got into position again with our enemy, which was no easy matter, for she tried to get her broadside into us, end on, to sweep us as we worked round; but we were too quick for her, and came round on the other side, which was well for us, for our larboard guns were getting hot, and two or three had come to grief. We had lost a great many men. Three had been carried below from my gun, and I was just taking sight for my next shot, when a large splinter struck me on the shin, and brought me down. These splinters do much mischief; as the shot comes through, it splits off the wood from the inner side and sends the pieces flying in all directions. My leg was not broken, but the bone was badly splintered. I crawled down into the cockpit, where the surgeons were hard at work, and the assistants were ready to put a tourniquet on the bleeding stump of leg or arm, directly a man was brought down, to prevent his bleeding to death before he could be attended to; for each had to wait his turn, which might be an hour or more in coming. When it did come, there was no time for any sentiment or sympathy; the work had to be done, and that quickly. The groans and cries were heart-rending, and the call for water incessant. The best was done, no doubt; under the circumstances. However kind-hearted a naval surgeon may be, there is no time in the heat of action to condole with his patients. He

needs a strong nerve, cool judgment, and steady hand to do the best he can at the moment for the sufferers; and all this has to be done with the roar of cannon and the crash of shot going on overhead. It was an awful time and scene; and if I could have crawled out of that cockpit again, I should have done it; but I could not move my leg, as it had become quite numbed. My turn came at last. I was lifted on to the table heart-sick, least I should hear the sentence I had heard so often pronounced upon others: 'Can't be saved; off with it!' The head-surgeon examined my leg quickly and carefully, but not over-tenderly; clapped me on the shoulder, and said: 'All right, my man; you'll do: we shan't have to remove it this time;' and turning to an assistant, said: 'Bandage it tightly; I'll see to him to-morrow.'

By this time the fighting was nearly over; our antagonist had struck; and altogether we had taken eight sail of the Dutch fleet and some smaller vessels. It was considered a brilliant victory, the Dutch admiral Van Winter being taken prisoner. Our Admiral was afterwards rewarded with a pension of two thousand a year. Two days after the battle, my fever all came back again, and I had a bad time of it. The fleet, with the prizes in tow, made the best of its way to Portsmouth, where all the sick and wounded were landed. I was sent on shore with the others; but my leg was very troublesome, and I was sixteen weeks in hospital before I got about again. I was not then fit for active service; but as soon as I got my discharge from hospital, I made my way to London; and it was full two months longer before my leg got quite strong.

I had received my pay at Portsmouth; and there was some prize-money coming to me; but I was afraid to apply for it lest they should claim me again. So I sacrificed that, and tried to find a berth on board a merchantman; but it had to be done very cautiously, for the sharks, as we called the pressgang, were about everywhere. Men were wanted badly for the king's ships; and bounty-money was offered to induce sailors to join a ship-of-war. But as I said before, the navy had a bad name, and ten pounds bounty would not induce men to volunteer. To the disgrace of the naval authorities of that time, any one who could betray or kidnap a sailor into boarding a king's ship was entitled to the bounty-money. This gave rise to a class of men called crimps, who would pretend to be the sailor's friend, and with great secrecy would board and lodge him at a moderate price. When he had got a few sailors together, he would ply them with liquor, and bring the pressgang down upon them. Another set of rogues would pretend to be private shipping agents, offering every inducement for men to apply to them, and conducting everything with the greatest apparent caution, lulling their victims into confidence, until they could draw by appointment eight or ten together at some secret rendezvous, under pretence of meeting some captain in want of men; when, to the consternation of the sailors, they would find themselves in the hands of the king's officers. This was not always quietly accomplished; a desperate resistance would be made as often as not; but the king's men were prepared for the worst; and the poor fellows would be forced, bleeding and for the time disabled, on

board the tenders in the river waiting to receive them.

Where St Katharine's Dock now stands was at that time covered with streets and houses, mostly inhabited by persons in some way connected with waterside business, and much frequented by sailors and captains of merchantmen in want of hands. Every one there was ready to earn a pound or two from a captain or a sailor, by secretly bringing the two together. This was of course known or suspected, and a sharp look-out was kept by the king's men; while on the other side, a careful watch was kept for them, for they were not regarded with any special favour in that quarter. The people were mostly poor; but they could be trusted. They hated crimps and pressgangs; a quiet resistance and a general desire to thwart all pressgangs was the prevailing feeling, and men felt pretty safe in that neighbourhood. If a man was in danger, the first open door he could find would be a sure refuge. It would be closed upon his pursuers, who could demand but not force an entrance until the demand was refused; but in the meantime the fugitive would be passed over backyard walls, or along the roofs into another house, where he would be safe; for the search, according to law, could only extend to the premises the man had been seen to enter. In one case, a shop-seller who did a good stroke of business secretly between merchant captains and sailors, had a room on his second floor where a hole was cut through the wall into the next house just wide enough to admit a man to pass, and neatly papered over, so as not to shew. If the pressmen entered his shop unexpectedly, Jack would fly to the stairs and mount to his room. If he gained it, he was safe, though his pursuers entered with him. It was furnished as Jack's bedroom; and all he had to do was make a show of resignation to his unlucky fate, humbly request a moment to change his jacket or pack his chest, which—the man being apparently secured—would be readily granted. Jack then, watching his opportunity, would spring through the wall into a dark cavity, having an outlet into the next house; and before his astonished friends could realise the situation, and grope their way into the dark chasm, Jack had locked the outlet behind him, and was safe away.

One day I had been down Shadwell way to meet the captain of a merchantman and settle with him for a voyage to China as mate. Everything was arranged, and I had agreed to go on board the next day. The ship had hauled out of dock, and was moored in the river. I was pleased at the prospect of getting away again, and was making my way back to my lodgings in the neighbourhood of the Minorities. I had got into Ratcliff Highway, at that time a busy and important thoroughfare of shops, doing business in every description of marine stores from a sail-needle to a best bower anchor. I was quietly threading my way through the throng of people, when I was brought up short by the sound of a boatswain's whistle just before me. I knew what it meant, and caught sight of the leader of a gang skulking in a doorway and whistling his men together. I guessed I was in for it, but determined to do my best to get clear. I knew the neighbourhood well, and made off, at my best pace, through the narrow lanes and by-ways leading to the

water-side, the whole gang after me in full chase. I knew if I could reach the locality of Wapping I should have a chance of shoving off in a waterman's boat, and of getting on board some ship, or finding a hiding-place somewhere. I was nearly spent, and could not have kept up much longer, when I rushed into a hemp wharf. Bales of that material were stacked in every available space, with openings between each stack, forming a labyrinth of passages from one part of the wharf to the other, and affording some dark nooks where a man might hide. But I knew my pursuers were too sharp to be baffled by any hiding-place I could find there. The semi-darkness caused by the bales of hemp piled up to the roof, and the noise of men at work, aided for a few minutes to confuse my followers, who had every obstruction thrown in their way; for instinctively every one guessed the nature of this sudden rush of men into the scene of their labour. It was not the first time that such an inroad had been made into their premises, despite the notice at the entrance—'No admission except on business.'

There was no other outlet from the wharf except that by which I had entered. I concluded I had bolted into a trap, when I caught sight of a double plank gangway leading from the wharf to the barges unloading alongside. In desperation, I rushed down it, and the thought flashed into me to pull the planking away from the wharf, so that I could not be followed. How I did it, I cannot tell, for it was beyond any one man's ordinary strength; but despair, I suppose, gave me for the moment superhuman power, for I managed to trip out the bottom sufficiently for the top to clear the edge of the wharf, when it slid and crashed down into the mud. As it fell, my pursuers reached the spot I had left, and perceiving the trick I had played them, in their rage hurled loud threats of vengeance after me, as they saw me springing from barge to barge along the wharfsides. Pursuit being hopelessly cut off in that direction, they could only go round and scatter themselves through the wharfs, where it was thought likely I should make an attempt to hide or gain the street again.

I knew my pursuers were in hot anger in being thus checked when they had so nearly run down their game, and would exercise all their ingenuity and strain every nerve to secure my capture. From some of the wharfs along the quay-side they would soon find a way down on to the barges; but while they had to go round to the front entrances, I had a clear field at the back. I had but a faint hope of escape. If a boat had been moored to any of the barges, I should have jumped into it, and taken my chance of getting across the river before they could find means to follow me; for no one would willingly have lent them a boat; and any waterman—if one could be found—had too much sympathy for poor Jack to engage in the chase. But no such chance of escape presented itself. There was nothing left for me but to land somewhere and trust to chance. Moments were precious; for as I looked backward I saw my pursuers appear in ones and twos at the edges of the different wharfs I had passed. I noticed in passing one wharf that a fixed perpendicular iron ladder faced it, up which I might have gone; but I should only have been running into the arms of

my foes to have ascended it; for in a few minutes they would reach that wharf, and make use of it to descend. As luck would have it, a lighter laden with barrel-staves was unloading, by means of a crane, at nearly the end of the line of barges I was upon. I reached it just as the word was given to hoist; and seizing the chain, I sprang upon the ascending load of wood, and was hoisted up with it. My pursuers had reached the wharf with the iron ladder, and were descending, when they caught sight of the load of wood and me on it, swinging in the air. It was mortal aggravating to them, I admit; for they were laughed and jeered at by the bargemen; and I knew I should get a rough handling if I fell into their hands. They raved horribly as they saw I had escaped for the second time at the moment they thought they had made sure of me. Nor was it of any use for them to try to follow that way, for there was no means of ascending but by the crane; and that they well knew would not be let down for the accommodation of hoisting them up. One fellow tried it, and they let him quietly mount the next load; but half way up the men above stopped working the crane, and left him swinging there until he was released by his companions, when they found him some time afterwards fuming with rage.

When the crane swung round with the load upon which I came up, I sprang off, and found it was a cooper's wharf. Men were busy all about at their work; loose heaps of staves and piles of hoops stood about in all directions. It seemed the worst place that could have landed me at, for concealment; but seeing a stack of large wooden hoops, seven or eight feet high, standing in the middle of the place, I scrambled to the top, and dropped down inside, where I lay curled up at the bottom thoroughly exhausted and worn out, feeling that I must abandon myself to my fate. I had been there barely a minute, when some of my pursuers rushed in, panting and blowing; others followed, running all over the place, searching every corner, and turning up half-finished barrels and casks upon which men were at work, expecting to find me under some of them. I could see through the chinks of my hiding-place all that was going on; but I lay still as a mouse, scarcely daring to breathe. I had been seen, of course, by the coopers. They had guessed in a moment the horrid game that was on foot, and though they might not resist the search, they pretended to shew ill temper at having their work interrupted in that way. Some bad words were exchanged, and a general row seemed imminent; when the foreman called out: 'Go on with your work, men, and let them search where they like.' At the same time, by way of shewing that he meant it, he trundled a barrel to the side of the hoop-stack where I lay concealed, and mounting on it, called a man to help him down with some of the hoops, which he commenced to leisurely take off the top. It was just the presence of mind on his part that suited the occasion; it threw dust in the eyes of the searchers, who presently abandoned the wharf as a place where I could not have found refuge, and proceeded to seek elsewhere. 'All right, my boy; lie still,' was whispered through to me; 'they are done this time.'

I sat up and breathed more freely, thankful for my escape so far. A sound of increased activity

and hammering went on through the wharf, and I was left alone, feeling pretty secure for the present. But how to get clear away was the difficulty that haunted me; for I knew my enemies were far too exasperated to give up the game as hopeless. They knew I must be in hiding somewhere along the wharfs; and though I could not be traced, a sharp watch would be kept outside, to prevent my getting away; for the gang were wild and savage at being thus balked of their prey. Some two hours had passed since I had dropped into my hiding-place, and it was time for knocking off work and closing the wharf. Some of the men had been out and in, helping to load carts, and with half an eye, as the saying is, could see that the coast was not clear; but the kind-hearted fellows were at no loss what to do. A few went out at a time, some going one way, some another. When they had nearly all gone—and the going was purposely spread over a much longer time than usual—the night-watchman came, and having received his instructions, the gates were closed. Then coming up to my hiding-place, he said: 'Now's your time, my man; here's a boat alongside waiting for you.'

I was glad enough to get out, for I was cramped and stiff. Two of the men who had gone out first, when they got clear of the locality, had obtained a boat, and had come round. It was a planned thing by the foreman. They rowed me up stream, and put me on shore over the water, and with a hearty shake of the hand, bid me God-speed. So I got clear off that time; but it was a narrow escape.

A LEAF FROM A CEYLON NOTE-BOOK.

SOME years ago, while quartered in the island of Ceylon, I left Kandy one fine morning at gun-fire, in company with some brother-officers who were desirous of witnessing a sight, which we were assured would amply repay us for the fatigue of a very rough thirty-mile ride through dense jungle in a tropical climate. The sport to be witnessed was that of elephant-decoying. The kraal into which the animals are decoyed, and which I shall describe presently, was situated not far from the banks of the fine river that flows by Kandy; it was in the midst of a dense forest, far away from any human habitations, and as some of us afterwards found out to our cost, in a very hotbed of malaria and jungle-fever. We despatched our horses to a ferry some twelve miles on, where the road dwindled to a mere jungle-path, impassable for a carriage, and even difficult for equestrians. I had barely time to snatch a mouthful of breakfast when the palanquin-carriage was announced, and off we started, I consoling myself with the prospect of catching up a coolie with provisions and beer, whom I had sent on. I never saw him again. The temptation was too great. He and some boon-companions demolished my prog, made free with the liquor, and absconded.

The road—if road it could be called—was a mere mountain-path, at times hardly distinguishable; and so covered with stones and thorny bushes which pierced the flesh at every step, that had I known of it, I should have preferred walking; but my gallant steed, hired for the nonce from some Arab dealers, would not lead

a step. We jogged on merrily enough in other respects for some way, as the trees were very lofty, and so thick overhead that the blazing rays of the sun could not penetrate through the dense foliage. The forest scenery was simply magnificent. Imagine a wilderness of the most splendid trees in the world, running up for seventy or eighty feet without a branch, and then spreading out in a glorious green canopy overhead, which both tempered the fierce rays of the noontide sun, and also moderated the glare so distressing to European eyes. One tree in particular filled me with admiration; it was a lofty forest tree of the largest size, with but few branches until near the top, and at the season I refer to without leaves; but ample amends were made for their absence by a display of most magnificent scarlet blossoms, which completely covered it. They were apparently full of honey, as the air was alive with hosts of bright-coloured birds, busily employed in catching the insects attracted by the sweet food. Green parrots, the yellow and white mango-bird, and many others that I was unacquainted with, formed a *tout-ensemble* of the most gorgeous description. Swarms of monkeys, and now and then a sulky old boar or a timid deer, varied the scene.

When about seven miles from our journey's end we lost the path amongst a lot of rice-fields. However, after a long search, one of our party, who had been out shooting in that district, remembered that if we kept to the left we were certain of hitting off the river before long, where we might meet some one to guide us. As luck would have it, we soon caught sight of an inquisitive, shining black face staring at us from a cocoa-nut tope. Never did I greet a nigger with so much delight before. Matters did not seem much improved though. As the river was very wide and rocky, full of treacherous holes and, as the natives told us, abounding with alligators, the predicament was not a pleasant one. But our horses were knocked up with the heat, and our friends, our kraal, and last, though in my case certainly not least, all our provisions were on the other side. The ferry was some miles up the river—far too distant for us to think of. So at it we went. Some natives crossed to assist us. Each black man took a white one in tow, who in his turn led his horse after him. Some of the scenes were most ridiculous. Sometimes the pony slipped, and pulled his owner in, who pulled the native after him, or the nigger pulled his master in, who naturally gave his steed the benefit of the bath, as it would never have done to let go the bridle. One of our party was roaring with laughter at another who had just had a glorious upset, nigger, horse, and all, when suddenly his mirth was checked by a similar mischance happening to himself.

However, barring the wetting, we got safe across, and I thought I would enjoy a bathe, so I left my party to proceed without me, intending to join them when lunch was ready. My clothes being wet through during the passage of the river, and making tolerably certain of meeting no one in that remote part of the country, I mounted my pony in veritable light marching order—namely, straw-hat, shirt, and boots; and very pleasant and cool was the aforesaid costume, and one that you would gladly have adopted, O my reader, under similar circumstances, and under such a sweltering sky. I had about three miles to go, and rattled

along, both horse and rider being thoroughly refreshed by this time; when all of a sudden my attention was attracted by a low but energetic whisper apparently coming from the clouds: 'Mahatmia, Mahatmia, Allia—Allia!' (Master, Master, elephants!) On looking up, I saw some twenty natives perched up high above me, making earnest signs for me to come up to them, and pointing along the path ahead of me and repeating the word 'Allia,' thereby giving me to understand that the animals were close at hand. I lost no time, but rode to a tree where a large jungle-rope—a species of giant creeper common in Ceylon—was hanging from a bough. Up I went like a lamplighter, leaving Master Pony to take care of himself, and utterly regardless in my haste of my attire, or rather want of it. And lucky it was that I did so. Hardly had I got well up and seated myself upon one of the branches, when round the corner came first one huge elephant, followed by another, then a third. Eleven more succeeded, and passed close under the tree where I was seated without, however, taking more notice of me than by tossing their trunks in the air, and emitting that peculiarly sharp scream commonly called 'trumpeting.' I soon got down, caught my pony, and set off as hard as I could for the kraal, not a little afraid that some more of the monsters might be in my way, from whom I might find escape more difficult. I got in, however, without any further danger or alarm, but half-dead with hunger and thirst.

The kraal was an inclosed space of some two hundred yards each way. The fence was composed of large trunks of trees, sunk into the ground, and of about sixteen feet in height. At one end was the entrance, about twenty yards across; at each gate-post were large trunks of trees, supported in an upright position by strong ropes attached to the surrounding trees. When the elephants enter, these ropes are cut, and down come the huge trees across the passage, effectually barring all retreat. We encamped in one of a row of huts hastily run up on the leeward side of the kraal, and at some distance from it, as the power of scent is particularly keen in an elephant, and if once a panic is raised, they would all rush madly away, and be never seen again in that locality. In the immediate vicinity of the kraal, and commanding a good view of the whole proceedings, were most extraordinary nests, constructed high up amongst the branches, and of sufficient dimensions to accommodate most of the party. They were thus made: a number of good stout poles were laid from the branches of one tree to another, some sixty feet from the ground, and carefully made fast; others were then placed across them, and side railings four feet high were added for security. These last were interwoven with leafy branches, which effectually concealed the occupants; a ladder of long bamboos completed the thing; and thus were constructed veritable crows' nests, admirably adapted for a good view of the proceedings combined with perfect security. The kraal was a government one; and about two thousand natives had been employed for more than a fortnight in driving the adjacent country; by day they had white wands, and at night torches. The elephant is a timid animal when not provoked or wounded, and the above simple means were amply sufficient to prevent the animals from 'hearking back.' On

this occasion, by good management a large body of elephants had been driven slowly into the neighbourhood of the kraal. The excitement was getting intense; every crash of a falling branch or the chattering of the large monkey common to these woods, made one start, and gaze expectantly in the direction of the elephants.

At last, when our patience was well-nigh exhausted, a fine herd was seen in the distance slowly approaching, under the guidance of three or four decoy elephants, who were employing every soothing art to induce the leaders to accompany them into the kraal. Strange to say, the elephant in its captive state seems to take absolute pleasure in decoying its wild congeners into the kraals, and in subsequently aiding in making them captive also. About forty had entered, when the rear-guard were seized with a panic and bolted through the line of beaters. The entrance was thereupon immediately barred, and those that were within made safe. Then came the fun of the thing. A decoy elephant cautiously approached the nearest wild one, its mahout (driver) walking on the off-side, and timing his movements so as to be always concealed by the fore-leg of his animal. With admirable tact, after many attempts the decoy persuaded the captive to raise one of its hind-legs, which was mainly brought about by the former tickling the wild elephant with its trunk, and so causing it to lift its leg. A noose was immediately slipped round it by the adroit attendant, and the other end was made fast to a neighbouring tree, after which the poor animal was left to its fate; and its insidious visitors proceeded to another, whom they served in the same manner; and so by degrees all the best elephants were secured. The remainder were subsequently shot by the sportsmen who were there.

Almost the entire breaking-in of the wild elephant is starvation. When once his spirit is broken, he becomes almost as amenable to discipline as one that has been captive all his life. After some days of total abstinence from food and water, they are led out to drink between two tame elephants, and if any sign of obstreperousness is shewn, the unhappy beast is beaten most unmercifully by its conductors, who use their trunks in a most punishing manner. In a few days they are set to work, harnessed alongside of a steady tame elephant; and in an incredibly short time they fall into their routine of duty, and perform their work as well as their docile friends.

The Ceylon elephant enjoys a good name not only in Ceylon but on the coast for docility and intelligence. However, they are not always to be trusted, and at certain seasons they lose all command over themselves, and are extremely dangerous. I remember an incident which took place at a kraal at Kornegal, between Colombo and Kandy. Amongst the decoy elephants was a splendid fellow, belonging to the temple of Buddha at Kandy. He was one of the finest I have ever seen, measuring upwards of eleven feet in height, with a pair of tusks that would have made Gordon Cumming go crazy about. He was always rather queer-tempered, perhaps from being made so much of as a temple elephant; and fears were entertained that his behaviour might be bad, and that the sight of so many old companions in a wild state might injuriously affect him. The result may be anticipated. In the middle of the day, and in

the height of the excitement, when many elephants had been secured, a wild trumpeting was heard, and presently all eyes were turned downwards from the crows' nests to witness the spectacle of the temple elephant in full chase of his driver, who had given him some cause for provocation. The man held his own gallantly for a time only, just out of reach of the elephant's trunk; still there appeared hopes that he would gain the jungle and set his pursuer at defiance. All of a sudden he was seen to fall, having stumbled over the projecting root of a tree. In an instant the elephant, mad with rage, had gone on his knees, and to all appearance had impaled the unfortunate man. A shriek burst from all present, who were sickened at a sight which so miserably marred the otherwise successful issue of the day. But what was our joy when the man was seen to wriggle himself out from between the tusks of the beast, regain his feet, and before his adversary could extricate his tusks from the ground, again continue his flight! He was, however, pressed closely, but managed to reach a deep, narrow, and dry water-course, covered with thorns and briers, into which he immediately threw himself. The elephant kept hunting him by scent from above in a most clever manner; but ultimately we had the pleasure of seeing the poor fellow emerge a hundred yards below his pursuer and gain a place of safety. The elephant eventually had to be destroyed, as the day's proceedings had made him irreclaimably savage and dangerous.

Little did we anticipate how dearly we should pay for our sport. In a few days, numbers were prostrated with jungle-fever, two or three planters died, and an officer of the Ceylon Rifles barely escaped with his life; nor were the fairer sex spared; and there were sad complaints about the horrid doctors, who had made such guys of them by cutting off their luxuriant tresses, and in some cases by close shaving their heads. So you see even such grand sport as the above may occasionally be too dearly purchased.

THE OLD POT.

A STORY REFURBISHED FOR MODERN READERS.

FORTY years ago there was not in England a man more respected than my uncle, Farmer Bloomfield of Stanley Court. Strange to say, however, he did not always occupy so high a position in the estimation of those around him; for it was not until his sun had passed the meridian and the shadows were lengthening that the tide of his popularity set in. In early life he had been left an orphan, and was placed under the care of a maiden aunt, whose idiosyncrasy was not without its effect in moulding my uncle's character. Reserved in his manner and eccentric in the extreme, he often became the object of ridicule. There was little in his personal appearance to call for remark beyond a most unusual development of the nasal organ, and this not unfrequently became the subject of rude jests. The presiding genius of the Club which met nightly in the parlour of the village inn, once facetiously alluded to it as his 'proboscis'—a circumstance which

gave rise to the name 'Boscis,' by which my uncle was afterwards known.

In nothing did his eccentricity appear more strongly than in the antiquarian phase of his character. He grudged neither money nor time in collecting curiosities of all kinds, valuable or useless alike; and being in easy circumstances, was able to gratify every whim. Modern improvements he despised, whilst his admiration for the antique knew no bounds. It was wearisome to listen to the history of the many objects around him; and his visitors rarely escaped these inflictions. Scarcely a week passed without an addition to his Museum, as I styled his home; and knowing the penalty of a call, the visits of his friends were few and far between. But to have exhibited signs of impatience during his recital of these interesting particulars would have stamped the individual in my uncle's opinion as unworthy of his notice. He had the most profound contempt for those who could not regard with admiration an object, however mean in itself, upon which old Time had left the indelible marks of his fingers. Poor uncle! How often he was victimised! Designing rascals often relieved him of a good sum of money for an article as worthless as themselves. But such was his confiding nature that he believed their representations, and valued the article in proportion to the brightness of the halo which their duplicity threw around it. Far and wide he was known as Bloomfield the Antiquarian, which, while it pleased his vanity, often emptied his purse; nor did he ever know how largely it was due to the irony of those who laughed at his credulity. And yet, methinks, that to have removed the scales from his eyes, and to have shewn him how miserably he had been gulled, would have robbed him of the happiness of his life. His ruling passion grew with his years, and at length amounted to a cupidity which not unfrequently led him into awkward scrapes. But he was suddenly awakened from these absurdities in a manner so remarkable, that he invoked my aid in reproducing a story often told by himself at his own fireside.

It was a sultry afternoon in the month of September when my uncle bent his steps across the common and through the meadows to visit a neighbouring farmer-friend. On the occasion of this visit, and just as he was leaving, after having partaken of the usual hospitalities of the place, he espied in a corner of the farmyard an old iron pot, nearly spherical in shape, which had formerly stood on three legs, but could now only boast of two. Owing to its unsafe condition, it had long since been disused, and had been consigned to its resting-place on the principle, that for all the ills of life prevention is better than cure. A somewhat minute inspection of its exterior revealed the figures 16, followed by something which could not readily be deciphered; and instead of concluding that these marks probably represented nothing more than the size of the article in ques-

tion, the great antiquary rashly concluded that the 16 with the obliterated marks represented nothing short of the date of its manufacture. A pot whose early existence was probably contemporary with Cromwell, could not be permitted to remain in such a place. Accordingly my uncle determined to transfer it to Stanley Court, there to keep company with the many relics of days long ago.

But his burden proved more inconvenient than he anticipated. After taxing his ingenuity to the utmost to discover a means of carrying it with a maximum amount of ease, it finally occurred to him that, inverted, it might rest on his head. Accordingly it was so placed, and my uncle proceeded with the queerest helmet that ever pressed the brow of a human being. His path lay along the bank of a small river, and so down to the mill. Here, it may be mentioned in parenthesis, lived an old sweetheart, who, out of patience, I suppose, in waiting for the 'question' from my uncle, had accepted his rival the miller fully twenty years before. Across the stream a dam had been constructed for the purpose of diverting the water to the mill, and thus a pond was formed at least five feet deep. The water often flowed over the dam, forming a beautiful cascade from six to eight feet in height; and when the water was low, people frequently passed over the wooden platform of the dam to save the walk to the bridge, which stood more than a hundred yards below the mill. But doubtless my uncle had another reason for selecting this route, a reason which received additional force from the strange appearance which he now presented.

As may be readily supposed, the action of the water had rendered the platform very smooth and slippery. Along this dangerous path, however, my uncle proceeded; but whether from the effect of the aforesaid hospitalities, or from the weight of the pot on his head, he became unsteady in his gait, and suddenly slipped. A fall of eight feet to the bed of the river was no joke; besides, such a fall could only end in the destruction of the pot. Now, divided attention is always to be avoided, where the possible issues are serious, as under even ordinary circumstances, a slip in such a place was no trifling matter; but with the object of his solicitude firmly fixed on his head, what wonder that his safety was doubly jeopardised. Be that as it may, the fact remains that he stumbled upon the slippery platform, and the pot *slipping over his nose*, enveloped his entire head! Practically blind, he was now less capable than ever of recovering his footing; and his attempts to do so ended in my worthy relative tumbling head first into the mill-pond. Thus was he brought literally face to face with an ignominious death, no better than that of the vilest cur which leaves the world with a stone tied to its neck. But the darkest hour is not unfrequently the hour of deliverance. It proved so here. The attention of Joe, the miller's man, had been attracted to my uncle before he reached the dam—by the strange head-gear worn by my relative. The unsteady gait, the slip, the fall, the plunge, were all observed; and having reached the pond as quickly as possible, Joe succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in extricating my uncle from his perilous position.

Whenever the old gentleman related the story to his friends, he moralised here on the vanity of human wishes. 'Yes, Nephew,' he would say, turning to me, 'that was the crisis in my history, not merely as regards the unexpected extension of my existence, but more particularly with reference to the folly which was the outcome of the mania which had seized me. I never felt how useless my life had been till Death stared me in the face under such ignominious surroundings. My punishment appeared to me as complete as it was deserved. Drowning seemed only the secondary cause of my death, the real cause being the ruling passion which had prompted me to possess the pot. The idea of dying with my head in such a position, humiliating though it was, bore no comparison to my thoughts as I felt the air rise in bubbles from the pot, in solemn mockery of my life, and thought how, in breaking upon the surface, they wrote my epitaph—"Emptiness."'

Having rescued my uncle, Joe carried him to the house of the miller, where he removed the wet garments, placed him in bed between the blankets, and applied those means for his restoration generally resorted to in cases of suspended animation. It was fortunate that Joe was familiar with the treatment, as he was the only person on the premises, and the nearest house was fully half a mile distant. He persevered in his efforts, and, ere long, was rewarded by returning consciousness. But the pot—the terrible pot, still canopied my uncle's head, in spite of every endeavour to remove it. 'The nose was the cause, you see,' the old gentleman would say, playfully tapping that protuberant organ with his finger; 'and appeared to be little short of a bolt, which defied the removal of that ungraceful head-gear.'

Now, of all places, the mill was perhaps the last which my uncle would have cared to visit under the circumstances. He could not endure the thought that the miller's wife, his old sweetheart, should witness such a spectacle, and was really distressed at the idea that her eyes might even now be resting on his misfortune. The old pot refused that assurance to him which his eyes would have supplied, and so he had to rest content with the repeated avowal of his benefactor Joe: 'Keep yer mind aisy; the maister and his wife and the whole lot of 'em be gone to the fair. But don't ye be afeard on the missus. She be mighty kind, and ud help ye heaps if she was here. And now ye be safe and a-comin' round a bit, I can't help a-laughin' just a little bit. I zeed ye go in head-vurmost, right down like, and yer legs a-kickin' up zumnat, like the ducks when they goes a-divin' arter what 'em can catch in the pond. Then there's that there pot about yer head. La! I never zeed such a night-cap in all my born days. Don't think I'm a-makin' fun on ye; but I've a tried to get'n off, and 'er won't come, leastways without a piece o' yer nose, and I reckon you don't want to spare a slice o' that.'

With these and such-like speeches Joe enlivened his patient, introducing parenthetically such hearty bursts of laughter, that my uncle speedily recovered himself; but his increasing strength only intensified my uncle's desire to get clear away before the miller and his wife returned. As a first step in this direction he emerged from the blankets in which, barring his head, he had been enveloped, and with the

assistance of Joe as his valet, he dressed in the garments which that worthy supplied. There was nothing remarkable about these, with the exception of a smock-frock of snowy whiteness, which extended to my uncle's feet, and played a not unimportant part in the sequel of the story.

But here arose a difficulty. Joe being left in charge of the premises, could not leave until his master's return. Every argument which his ingenuity supplied to detain his patient, and every protest against my uncle's injustice in believing the miller's wife capable of aught but sympathy, fell upon my uncle's ears 'like water on a duck's back.' Finding that he could place the pot in a position which enabled him to see his feet, and consequently the path bit by bit along which he had to travel, besides being able to raise the plaguy apparatus sufficiently to enable him to breathe; and seeing that Joe could not accompany him as a guide and protector, he determined to make the attempt to reach the village alone. Being naturally anxious to avoid, as far as possible, the public gaze, all thought of taking the turnpike-road was abandoned, though he need not have been under such apprehension, for who amongst the many returning from the fair would be likely to recognise in that strange figure Farmer Bloomfield of Stanley Court!

Indeed his objection to this route might have been overcome but for his dread of meeting the miller and his wife, who—so he thought—might possibly recognise the garb which enveloped him, and would naturally feel unpleasantly inquisitive about the individual within it. Yet a walk of three miles through meadows and across a common after seven o'clock on a September evening, under such circumstances, appeared well nigh as possible for a blind man. Anything, however, appeared preferable to the disclosure he so much dreaded; and so, trusting to his circumscribed vision, he departed with slow and steady steps along the old familiar path, determined, by a happy thought, to make his way to the village blacksmith, whose ingenuity he had no doubt would speedily remove the encumbrance.

The keenest foresight is, however, unable to anticipate the circumstances which may befall us. For some time all went well, and the antiquary's progress, though slow, was sure. But what with the sultriness of the evening, the defective ventilation inside the pot, and the weight of that at other times useful article, my uncle was compelled to sink to the ground in a faint, just as he had reached a shallow brook, over which he had to pass; and there he lay until consciousness returned. How long he had been in this position he did not know; but he soon became painfully aware of the fact that the shades of night had closed around him. Nor was his anxiety diminished as a thunder-storm burst over his head. Heavy clouds overspread the sky, and deepened the darkness; so that when my uncle rose to his feet, he found the path completely hidden from his view.

In so helpless a condition, what wonder that he wandered from the familiar track! To add to his discomfort, the rain came down in torrents; whilst the lightning, flashing around him, filled him with a new terror. Still he continued to trudge his weary way; and at length, to his intense delight,

he heard the faint but welcome sounds which came from the anvil of the village blacksmith. Sweeter music he had never heard. He listened intently to the sound as it was wafted across the gloomy common, and with his ears as a pilot, walked on, cheered by the fact that every step brought him nearer to the man who would remove the load from his head—and heart. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the smithy, when he became aware of the approach of a man, and in the snatches of song which fell upon the darkness, he recognised a familiar voice. It was the village schoolmaster, who, being fully occupied by day in keeping other people's spirits down, resolved that his evenings should be spent in keeping his own spirits up, which he succeeded tolerably well in doing at the Club which met nightly at the village inn. A load of anxiety fell from my uncle's heart, as the schoolmaster approached him. But alas! the relief was only momentary. Whether the darkness hid my uncle from his sight, or whether he was so occupied with his thoughts as to be unconscious of such a person's presence, we need not stop to inquire. A vivid flash of lightning for an instant lit up the scene when they were but a few yards apart, revealing my uncle shrouded in garments of snowy whiteness; the song suddenly ceased; a shriek rent the air; and the tremulous voice of my belated relative, intended to remove the schoolmaster's fear, served only to quicken his flight across the common to the village inn, which he had left only half an hour before. With a face ghastly pale, with drops of perspiration like peas standing on his forehead, and trembling and gasping for breath, he threw himself into a chair, perfectly overcome and speechless. In the hands of the landlady he recovered in a few minutes sufficiently to explain the cause of his terror. He had witnessed that night, he said, such a sight as never before met his eyes. In passing the spot on the common where, in the remembrance of most of his hearers a murdered man had been found—a spot he confessed he never passed at night without nervous excitement—just as he had commenced a song, by way of diminishing the loneliness of his situation, a horrid being stood before him. It was clad in white, but had a head as black as night, from the top of which projected two short horns. It was impossible to be mistaken. A flash of lightning revealed all this too plainly, and seemed for an instant to dance around the head of the Satanic spectre. Besides this, a voice, sepulchral in its tones, plainly called him by name. Surely the evidence of two of his senses could not be rejected!

His associates at the inn gave a ready ear to the statement, and after partaking of some Dutch courage, at the earnest request of the schoolmaster they consented to accompany him across the common to his home. Amongst them was Joe, who, on the return of the miller, had walked to Stanley Court by the road, professedly to bring my uncle's clothes, but in reality from a feeling of anxiety about his safety. Finding he had not returned, Joe started off in search of the wanderer, and on his way stepped into the village inn just in time to hear the schoolmaster's account of the ghost on the common. He might easily have removed the schoolmaster's fears; but being of a frolicsome turn, and wishing to test the courage of

his body-guard, he remained silent, and followed them unobserved when they left the inn.

Meanwhile the ringing sounds from the anvil had guided the exhausted wanderer, and before the party from the inn had proceeded far, the supposed ghost was encountered. Dutch courage proved unequal to the shock, and Joe had the satisfaction of seeing them scamper away as fast as their legs could carry them, each one doubtless as much overcome as had been the schoolmaster when he sank speechless into a chair but a few minutes before.

The faithful Joe, however, was soon at my uncle's side, and under his guidance the smithy was reached. A consultation now took place as to the best means of effecting a release; and nothing appeared so practicable as to place the pot on the anvil, and with a sharp blow from a hammer, to shatter it into fragments. A hazardous proceeding, but desperate ills require desperate remedies. It was therefore not without forebodings of evil that my uncle, supported by Joe, placed the pot as directed. Down came the blow; and my uncle stood erect, a happier and a wiser man. The kind-hearted and faithful Joe lived long in my uncle's service as farm-bailiff, and never wanted a friend as long as the old gentleman lived; and in repeating these extraordinary proceedings to eager listeners, he would assure them that 'he never zeed sich a nut afore, nor sich a kernel!'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CHLOROPHYLL (the green colour) and starch and cellulose are developed in plants by the 'dissociation,' as chemists say, of carbonic acid and water in the cells of the leaves. The active power in the operation is sunlight.

Is the power confined exclusively to sunlight? Sunlight contains actinism; so does the electric light; and, as is well known, the actinic rays with their chemical energy play an important part in the ripening of grain and fruit. Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., has made experiments at his pleasant country residence near Tunbridge Wells, which lead to the conclusion that the electric light may be employed with advantage in aiding or supplementing sunshine in the growth of plants, shrubs, fruit, and flowers. With a two-horse-power engine, and a dynamo-electric machine, making one thousand revolutions a minute, he produced a light equal to that of fourteen hundred candles, which, from a reflector fixed in the open air about six and a half feet above the ground, was directed upon a sunk melon-house. Pots were prepared with mustard, cress, carrots, cucumbers, and melons, and were divided into four groups. (1) was kept entirely in the dark; (2) was treated with electric light exclusively; (3) was exposed only to daylight; while (4) had both daylight and electric light; but the latter for not more than six hours in the twenty-four—namely from 5 to 11 P.M. The results were—(1) plants pale yellow, soon died; (2) light green, pretty strong leaves; (3) leaves of the ordinary colour and strength of daylight growth; (4) more strength, and the green remarkably rich and dark. In estimating these results, the comparatively short time allotted to the electric light must be borne

in mind, and also that as the experiments were carried on in cold weather, the effect of the light was weakened by the coating of moisture on the glass of the melon-house.

The next experiment was to place the electric lamp in the same glass-house with the plants, where during six successive nights they were exposed to electric light; commencing as soon as daylight failed, and ceasing at sunrise. The plants had thus no rest, but they did not suffer; and it was found that when the stove-heat was shut off, the heat from the electric light sufficed to maintain a temperature of seventy-five degrees in the house.

There remained now to try the effect in the open air. So far as it has been carried it confirms the previous results. Nine lamps suffice to illuminate three-quarters of an acre. Inclose this area with a wall, there will be shelter from winds, and vertical as well as horizontal space for crops of fruit and flowers. Mr Siemens is of opinion that in chilly summers the electric light would be very beneficial in securing the setting of the fruit-buds, and afterwards in ripening the fruit. If it develops chlorophyll, why not saccharine and aroma? That plants will bear constant light has long been proved by the three months of sunshine within the Arctic Circle. In Norway an acacia plant taken from a dark house and placed in the sunshine opened its leaves within two hours: an acacia plant in Kent behaved in the same way when exposed to electric light. Growing-plants also turn themselves towards it, and leaves are sometimes scorched as with sunshine.

Are we to have a new application of science in the form of electro-horticulture? Much depends on the cost. Where water-power is available for driving the electric machine, the expense will be moderate. Mr Siemens has read a paper on the subject before the Royal Society, and exhibited specimens of the plants above described, and of flowers, with obvious proof of the invigorating effects of electric light and sunshine combined. He promises to make known the results of further experiments, and we shall have much pleasure in communicating them to our readers.

Some excitement has been occasioned by the announcement that the diamond had at last been produced by a laboratory experiment, and thus verified the long-standing prediction that chemistry would one day find a way to that achievement. Some three months ago a chemist at Glasgow believed that he had made diamond; but his specimens failed on being tested. Now Mr J. B. Hannay, also of Glasgow, comes forward, and in a communication to the Royal Society describes the process by which real diamond can be produced. With that description before him, any competent chemist could repeat the experiment; but he would find it laborious and dangerous, for to resist the enormous pressure required, the operation is carried on in a coiled iron tube of small bore, but with walls two inches thick.

Mr Hannay was led to his discovery by a long series of experiments on the solubility of solids in gases; a question of rare interest for chemists. He found one day that when a gas containing carbon and hydrogen is heated under pressure in presence of certain metals, the hydrogen is attracted by the metal, and the carbon is left

free. When this takes place—to quote the description—‘in presence of a stable compound containing nitrogen, the whole being near a red-heat, and under several thousands of atmospheres of pressure, the carbon is so acted upon by the nitrogen compound that it is obtained in the clear transparent form of the diamond.’ The specimens thus obtained have been tested, and with conclusive results as to the reality of their substance.

From the scientific point of view, Mr Hannay's success is very important. It enlarges the field of experiment, confirms theory, and throws light on certain obscure questions. But it will not cheapen diamonds; and the wearers of and dealers in the sparkling stone may spare themselves anxiety and alarm. The diamonds hitherto produced are not larger than grains of sand; and when coiled cylinders of iron four inches in diameter, having a half-inch bore through the centre, burst in ‘nine cases out of ten’ under the almost inconceivable pressure, it is obvious that the manufacture cannot be rapid. In all probability we shall have further communications on this subject before the end of the session.

A French chemist has examined a large number of specimens of rocks, of sea-water, and mineral water, and found lithium, more or less, in all of them; also in the water of salt-marshes, and in the deposits left by evaporation of sea-water. In certain mineral waters lithium is so abundant that it ‘could be detected in the evaporation residue of a single drop of the water.’ This fact, taken in conjunction with previous investigations, strengthens the experimenter's theory that ‘saline waters are mineralised at the expense of saliferous deposits left by the evaporation of ancient seas.’

By a recent calculation it is shewn that the quantity of petroleum produced in Pennsylvania since the first discovery of the oil in 1859 amounts to 133,262,639 barrels, valued at more than 340,000,000 dollars.

Professor Schorlemmer of Owens College, Manchester, has in his researches into the chemical product called ‘aurin,’ ascertained that it can be transformed into aniline blue, and that all the aniline colours can now be obtained from phenol or carbolic acid.

In the *Journal* of the Chemical Society a new process for condensing the fumes of lead-works is described, and it is so effectual, that ‘lead or copper smoke will be rendered not more pernicious than that from ordinary chimneys.’ This will be good news for many a one.

By a series of observations with a delicate spirit-level, Mr P. Plantamour has found that in the Canton de Vaud there is a periodical oscillation of the ground, the rise and fall occupying each about six months. The amount is small, twenty-eight seconds of the scale employed, but was definitely made out. He believes that a slight diurnal oscillation is also perceptible, and that there may be some relation between the combined movements and the daily temperature. He suggests that observers in other parts of the world should make similar observations, and thus ascertain whether the oscillations are general or local. The observations would have to be continued through a number of years before trustworthy conclusions could be drawn, and some connection might then appear between the oscillations and the influence of terrestrial magnetism.

Last year an ingenious American at Chicago invented an *audiphone*, by which deaf persons could be surprisingly aided in hearing. The thing thus named is made of very thin caoutchouc, and resembles the hand-screens used by ladies when sitting near the fire. The bottom and two sides are rectangular; the top is curved, and from the centre of the curve, strings which can be stretched tight, pass downwards, and are fastened to the handle. A certain amount of tension is thus imparted to the instrument. If then the end of the handle be placed against the upper teeth, sounds of music and of a loud voice can be heard even by the deaf and dumb. These facts have been proved by numerous experiments.

The price of the audiphone is from ten to fifteen dollars, and films of caoutchouc are very brittle in cold weather. A Frenchman set himself to discover some material that should be cheap and durable, and have the same acoustic efficacy, and found it in a peculiar fine elastic cardboard, exceedingly thin, which requires no strings nor fixed tension. It may be held in a slit in a small thin piece of hard wood, which is to be pressed against the upper teeth. Instruments thus prepared were tried on deaf and dumb pupils with the happiest results. They heard the notes of a piano, and could distinguish spoken words; and persons accustomed to the use of an ear-trumpet find the audiphone more serviceable and less irritating. The apparatus was described at a meeting of the *Société pour Encouragement de l'Industrie Nationale*, at 44 Rue de Rennes, Paris.

In the *Transactions* of the Philosophical Society of Adelaide is a paper on the Subterranean Drainage of the Interior of Australia: an interesting question in a country where vast quantities of river-water disappear in a way not yet satisfactorily ascertained. For example, the Ovens river, with a flow of five hundred and ninety-six cubic feet a minute, falls into the Murray. The Murray above the confluence delivers two thousand six hundred and sixty cubic feet a minute; but below the confluence, not more than two thousand nine hundred and seventy-five cubic feet, which further down is reduced to two thousand and eleven cubic feet. The loss in the course of a few miles is thus eight hundred and fifty cubic feet of water a minute.

Other examples are to be found in the rivers of the hilly region, fed by perennial springs, and sending down prodigious quantities of water in the rainy season; but fail during the summer season, or 'empty themselves at nowhere in particular in the interior.'

The ordinary explanation of the disappearance of the water is that it is evaporated; but, as is shewn, the amount of the rainfall is by far too large for the evaporation theory. A large part of the interior of Australia is what geologists call 'tertiary,' resting at its edges on older strata; a vast underground reservoir is thereby formed, and into this reservoir, as certain experts contend, the water finds its way. Only by boring artesian wells could this view be tested. Should water be found, the interior of Australia will suffer no more from droughts, and green pastures and fruitful fields will overspread the now scorching landscape.

Mr W. J. M'Gee having had to survey and plot a large number of the mounds which have so long puzzled the anthropologists of the United States,

'has been struck by the constancy of certain dimensions and the harmony observable in all, whatever the variation, indicating to a certainty the use of a unit of linear measurement in their erection.' Hereby an interesting question has been raised: What was the value of that unit?

A paper on Architectural Competitions, read at the Institute of British Architects, had for its object to shew the harmful effects of competitions on the profession at large, and suggest to the Institute to 'take some practical steps to remedy the evils acknowledged to exist.' In the discussion that followed, Professor Kerr made a few remarks, which may perhaps be allowed a place in such a summary as the present. Having protested against the notion that competition favours modest merit, the Professor said: 'Modesty will wait; it is immodesty that will not. Merit can wait; it is demerit that cannot. The man who, in professional life, is the most fortunate is he who starts without false aids, without fallacious incentives, without self-conceit and without hurry. Waiting patiently, working diligently, and walking uprightly, until he has reached the age of matured usefulness, he then attains that position which matured usefulness alone can permanently hold, because it alone is worthy to hold it. In plain language, at the age of forty (which is recognised as the earliest period at which a man may expect to acquire a position in a profession as distinguished from a trade), he finds himself beginning to know the world well; youth has passed into full manhood, and he has five-and-twenty years before him during which to employ his energies at their best, and to win respect for a meritorious old age.'

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

RAMBLING one day in London city,
I saw a dog that raised my pity,
A wretched cur all skin and bone,
That in the gutter crawled along;
And in his mouth (I smiled at that)
He held an old and crownless hat.
With quick and deferential eye,
He watched the bustling passers-by,
Who in their haste, as on they fared,
Nor cast a glance at him nor cared.
Yet some, when they had passed some paces,
Would halt with grins upon their faces;
His story was so plain indeed,
So clear, that he who ran might read:
'A beggar's dog—his master dead—
The beast still carries on the trade,
And trusts by diligence and care,
The public patronage to share.'
I sauntered on; but as I went,
My thoughts upon that dog were bent.
'Behold!' I said in meditation,
'The force of custom, education;
And though we laugh at him—'tis sad—
Some human plans are quite as bad.
How many schemes in this same town
Are merely hats without the crown;
Ways indirect, but most complete,
Of tossing money on the street.'

J. SANDS.

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THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

FIRST ARTICLE.

ABOUT forty years ago, after a long period of neglect and degradation, the fine old ecclesiastical edifices dotted over the British islands began to excite earnest attention, with a view to arresting their decay, and if possible restoring them to their original condition. We do not a little to deplore in the frivolity and heedless extravagance of the age, this revival of taste may be considered a redeeming feature. It shows an appreciation of the beautiful in that department of art which has for its special object the promotion of solemnising religious thought. There is much that is hopeful in this recently evoked spirit. It only needs to be properly directed.

The abuse, almost the obliteration, of architectural taste, as everybody knows, was primarily due to the ecclesiastical revolution in the sixteenth century. What was then spared was, a century later, subjected to the most odious abuse during the civil war and Commonwealth. By these several movements, particularly the latter, the finer feelings in art were subdued. From what must be deemed a perversion of principle, purity in religion was identified with ugliness to the eye, and discordance to the ear. The genius of dullness was predominant. Such old ecclesiastical structures as were not destroyed outright, were either allowed to sink to decay, or were repaired and altered with tasteless indifference. Churches were built like barns, as unsightly as it was possible to make them. Stuffed with pews and galleries, and unprovided with means of ventilation, their interior was often to the last degree offensive. By way of variety, the pews were sometimes arranged as inclosed seats round a table, like boxes in a restaurant. So low had sunk the public sense of decency in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that national luminaries, such as poets, divines, essayists, historians, and novelists, to whom people now look back with a degree of reverence, do not seem to have remarked

that there was anything to find fault with in the debased condition of the ecclesiastical edifices. Sentiment, for a time, was divorced from religious observance.

Any revival of taste in church-building was retarded rather than advanced by introducing imitations of the Grecian and Roman styles of art into situations where they were wholly out of place. Ancient ecclesiastical structures, usually known as Gothic, can admit of no patching with Greek or Roman characteristics. There must be thorough congruity, and what is equally important, no counterfeits in the form of fantastic decoration. Until within the last hundred years, some architects committed grievous offences of this kind, and in this respect none brought greater discredit on the profession than Wyatt, architect, who flourished at the close of last century, and died in 1813. He is reputed to have done much damage to certain cathedrals of England that were subjected to his operations.

Men with his conceptions revelled in their absurdities, no one taking objection, during the early years of the present century. At length, in the writings of Rickman and Pugin, came the dawn of a true revival as concerns Gothic architecture. With all his strange dogmatising and eccentricity of expression, Augustus Welby Pugin, about 1841, gave an irresistible impetus to efforts at restoration on the pure and elegant Gothic model which prevailed in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Since that time, through a remarkable advance in public taste, the restoration of cathedrals and churches on a correct architectural principle has been widely and satisfactorily effected.

In these few observations, we have merely glanced at a great subject that has been singularly neglected in literature. The vicissitudes of old ecclesiastical buildings throughout the United Kingdom remain to be written in a lucid compendious form. Out of a multiplicity of dry details might be gathered materials for an historical work as interesting as a popular romance. What revelations of enthusiastic piety, what out-

bursts of passion, and what interlardings of the comic with the pathetic! The proceedings of Wyatt and others of like stamp, as pretenders in the art of rectification, would compose the droll element in such a comprehensive narrative. Just to give an idea of what many cathedrals have gone through, we offer the following instances.

No ecclesiastical edifice in England suffered more by the civil war in the seventeenth century than the Cathedral of Lichfield. In a previous age, the cathedral and adjoining close had, for sake of security, been surrounded by a wall, forming a kind of defensive fort. This was a fatal precaution. The walled inclosure having held out for the Royalists, was captured by a force under Lord Brooke, a fiercely zealous Puritan, in March 1643, his lordship, however, being shot in the attack. Then followed a regular spoliation. Preachers quite as fanatical as Habakkuk Mucklewrath, incited the soldiers to destroy everything of a tasteful nature in the cathedral. The organ and stained glass windows were smashed in pieces, the tessellated pavements were torn up, and tombs and monuments laid in ruin. After misusage of this kind for a month, Prince Rupert succeeded in expelling the invaders; and the cathedral remained in the hands of the Royalists until 1646, when, as the result of a fresh siege, it was surrendered to the Parliamentary forces. On the Restoration of Charles II., the cathedral, as in other cases, was given up, and worship was resumed as before the troubles. Something was done in the way of repairs, but much remained to be effected. When the remedy was applied, it was as bad as the disease. In 1788, Wyatt was unfortunately employed upon the building. He caused the arches to be built up, and otherwise created havoc with the interior arrangements.* The edifice remained in an unsatisfactory state until 1860, when, at a large cost, it was restored in the best taste by Sir Gilbert Scott, and now is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in England.

Salisbury Cathedral, a fine specimen of thirteenth-century art, and which is specially noted for its lofty tapering spire, suffered the misfortune of being submitted to Wyatt for some necessary repairs and restorations. Short work was made of the more ornamental parts of the edifice. Chapels, screens, and porches were swept away; ancient paintings were obliterated; stained glass windows were destroyed, and emptied into the city ditch; and a venerable campanile which stood in the churchyard was levelled with the ground.† So low was public taste in 1789, that these operations were generally thought to be very judicious. They were simply disgraceful. What Wyatt took away cannot be replaced; but everything has been done in recent times to make the best of what he left; and now the building in its

restored state is worthy of its architectural character and historical associations.

Rochester Cathedral also experienced cruel treatment from the troops of the Commonwealth. The nave was transformed into a carpenter's shop, with saw-pits. All the monumental brasses were destroyed. After being long in a deplorable condition, the building was restored by Sir Gilbert Scott.

A case of ruin through sheer neglect and mismanagement occurs in the history of the Cathedral of Llandaff. As a Norman church of the twelfth century, it was suffered to fall into great disrepair. Early in the eighteenth century, roofs and towers had fallen in, and the service was conducted in a corner of the building. In 1732, an effort was made to bring it into decent order, for which purpose, a Mr Wood of Bath was employed. Wood appears to have had no other notion of restoring a Gothic edifice than by supplying deficiencies with work in the Roman or modern style, so as to look neat and pretty. He actually introduced an Italian room as a portion of the nave, and planned a front with a plain façade surmounted by a dome. No un instructed country mason could have done worse. Luckily, the dome was never built. While the cathedral was in the incongruous condition in which it had been left by Wood, Richard Watson, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was appointed Bishop of Llandaff in 1782. Well, here at last was a man who, it might be presumed, would further the restoration of the cathedral. Altogether a mistake. Watson appears to have cared nothing for his diocese. At least he kept away from it. He resided like a country gentleman in Westmoreland, where he flourished as an agriculturist and great planter of trees, particularly the larch. At his leisure he wrote the 'Apology for the Bible,' and one or two other works. As regards the restoration of his cathedral he manifested entire indifference. He died in 1816, leaving the work of restoration to others. Not until recent times, chiefly through the energy of the Rev. Bruce Knight, Chancellor of the Diocese, and Dean Conybeare, was the building resuscitated in its ancient beauty and condition, at a cost of more than thirty thousand pounds. Mr Pritchard, a resident architect, has the merit of restoring this gem of ancient art to what it had been in the original, indeed somewhat improving upon it.

York Minster, perhaps the grandest and most spacious of the English cathedrals, whose history takes us back to the seventh century, has undergone some extraordinary vicissitudes; while its ornate pillars, its lofty arches, its numerous chapels, its elegant screen, its finely carved tombs, and its towers with rich mouldings, excite the admiration of all lovers of art. The wealth lavished by pious donors on the building might well be matter for surprise. The very grandeur

* Murray's 'Hand-Book to the Cathedrals of England,' Western Division, page 291.

† *Ibid.*, Southern Division, page 98.

and dignity of the edifice seem to have incited the destructive feelings of a madman. One day in February 1829, Jonathan Martin, brother of Martin the well-known artist, entered the building as an ordinary visitor, and having concealed himself behind a tomb in the north transept, he in the course of the night set fire to the woodwork in the choir and to the organ. The flames reached the roof, which was entirely consumed. Satisfied with what he had done, he escaped through a window; but was captured a few days afterwards. He was tried at York assizes, and being pronounced insane, was confined in a lunatic asylum, and died in 1838. Public sentiment was so roused by the calamity, that a subscription was set on foot, and yielded the sum of sixty-five thousand pounds, which was spent on repairing the parts destroyed. To aid in the undertaking, government contributed five thousand pounds worth of teak timber from the Naval Dockyards. The restoration was intrusted to Sir Robert Smirke. Unfortunately, through the carelessness of some workmen employed in repairing the clock in the south-west tower, in May 1840, a destructive fire broke out; and the restoration, also effected by subscription, cost twenty-three thousand pounds. The stained glass windows of York Minster, completed in recent times, are among the largest and finest of the kind in England.

St Paul's, the glory of London, the grand work of Sir Christopher Wren, which is well known to everybody, has a history and a character of its own. Built in the Roman style of architecture, after the model of St Peter's at Rome, it is a comparatively modern structure. The earliest ecclesiastical edifice on the spot was an old church of the Anglo-Saxon period, which being consumed by fire in 1087, was replaced by a massive Norman cathedral, for the building of which William the Conqueror contributed, and which was enlarged by the Plantagenets. Unhappily, it too suffered from fire. In 1561, it was struck by lightning, and partly consumed. By the efforts of the city authorities, it was repaired sufficiently to admit of being used for public worship, and as a place of general resort. The imperfect condition of St Paul's was lamented by Elizabeth, but she did nothing for it. James, her successor, was also grieved at the state of St Paul's; but excepting words and some ceremonial parade, he did nothing for its restoration. Charles I. took the matter up practically. Under his auspices, Inigo Jones made considerable reparations, but he committed a serious mistake, by giving the shattered Gothic edifice a splendid Roman portico, with a row of pillars of the Corinthian order!

While the scaffolding was still up, comes the rule of the Puritan parliament, which speedily changes the destiny of St Paul's. The sum of seventeen thousand pounds, designed to complete the repairs, was seized, and appropriated to pay arrears due to a regiment. The interior of the building was used as a cavalry barrack and stable. The Roman portico was let out for shops to sempstresses and hucksters. The building remained in this wretched condition till the Restoration, 1660, when it was cleared out, and put into a state of decency. Projects were now set on foot to thoroughly repair the edifice, and Wren gave some suggestions on the subject. Before a determination could be come to, 'Old St

Paul's,' as it was called, perished in the great fire of London, 1666. After this third burning, sprung up the magnificent structure of Wren, which, favoured by its commanding situation, exceeds in imposing grandeur its prototype, St Peter's. The only matter for regret is that its effect is to a certain extent lost by being too closely hemmed in by the surrounding streets. A Gothic edifice would, ecclesiastically, have been more congenial; but undeniably the choice of a Roman style of art with a massive towering dome, has proved the most effectual in the circumstances. The work was finished in 1710; so that the building is now only a hundred and seventy years old. Completed in the reign of Queen Anne, an effigy of that Princess is placed in front of the building, facing down Ludgate Hill. It is pleasing to add that the cost of erection was, through local taxation, borne exclusively by the citizens of London. We are not without a hope that a great man will some day rise up in London, and make an effort—though, considering the value of property, it will be a costly one—to widen the open space round this noble structure, on which all Englishmen look with eyes of affection.

In a subsequent paper we shall present a summary of the vast expense which has been incurred in repairing the various cathedrals of England, and need only say here that the aggregate amount, as far as is known, is upwards of a million sterling. But the work of improvement is not at an end. We are constantly hearing of fresh outlays in conformity with the enlarged wants and wishes of the community. The ancient abbey of St Albans, which had been occupied as a parish church since the Reformation, is now constituted the cathedral of a new diocese, and much is being done to restore it in a creditable style—the outlay falling on the liberality of private individuals, among whom we may specially refer to Sir Edmund Becket, Bart. Q.C.

Obviously, the present extraordinary Restoration movement is due to the progress of taste among nearly all classes, irrespective of denominational differences. There has been no factitious device in the matter. The era of dullness has quietly passed away. Ugliness in churches, like discomfort in dwellings, is no longer the fashion. Each religious body vies with another as to which shall have the handsomest and most commodious place of worship. With a pervading feeling of this kind, the venerable structures that had suffered from decay or misusage could not be left to perish. The general wish is to preserve a class of buildings not only grand and pleasing to look at, but as being intimately associated with the national history. With the correct taste which now prevails on the subject, there has been a difficulty of treatment on the old lines. Attention has had to be paid to those changes in ritual that have taken place since the buildings were constructed. Neglect on this score would have rendered attempts at restoration useless.

We could fill pages with accounts of what has lately been done through voluntary contributions to restore old parish and collegiate churches that had sunk into disrepair in different parts of England; the object in every case being to bring back

the buildings to their original beauty of architecture and usefulness. Take, for example, the following newspaper notice respecting Winchester: 'Church restoration has in this city given back again to us every one of the ancient churches in all their beauty, and the latest and last example—for all are now done—is that of St Bartholomew Hyde, once the church of the servants and tenants of Hyde Abbey—where rested the remains of Alfred the Great and his family—and which, since the Reformation, has been the parish church of that extra-mural district named after the saint, who suffered death by being flayed alive. The church has many interesting architectural features, dating back, as it does, to the time of Henry I. There is a noble Norman doorway of that date; and the character of the church is generally transition, with Early English additions, and some even later. In consequence of the increasing population of the parish, additions have been necessary from time to time; and within the last few months the north aisle has been completed, together with other repairs. The architect and contractors adhering closely, and we may almost say reverently, to ancient details, have reproduced the ancient taste and grandeur of the original church without a fault, save that economy compelled the use of deal instead of oak in the roof. The repairs, completion, and furniture of the church have cost fifteen hundred pounds, exclusive of many special gifts. The venerable building is now as strong as when first built, seven hundred years ago.'

Looking to the hideous operations of some architects now deceased, we can readily understand how a terror should have sprung up lest interesting old buildings might be damaged in the process of restoration. Hence, in some quarters an anti-restoration craze, and an anti-restoration society. There may, however, be unreasonable apprehensions on this score, which may be set aside as ridiculous. Every case must be judged on its own merits. This is made clear by a speech of Sir Edmund Becket, on the occasion of a discussion before the Royal Institute of British Architects.* Sir Edmund said: 'If we are to try and lay down anything that can be called rules for restoration, I should say that the primary things to be remembered are, that we want our churches to be both useful and beautiful; a building in a state of decay is neither. Generally speaking, the more we can make it look like what it was in its best times, the more beautiful it will be; and yet there are cases where it would be absurd and unpractical prudery not to add features which were never there before. When men talk against restoration, they forget that non-restoration is destruction, sometimes gradual, but sometimes as sudden and complete as if the building were knocked down. How many old Norman towers have fallen both in ancient and modern times for want of that repair which may be called restoration; and how many have been saved in our time from a like fate! Chichester fell, and St Alban's tower was within a few days of falling when it was saved. The finest Early English part of that nave is now shored up with timber. "Leave it alone," say the Anti-restoration Society, I suppose. ("No, no!") The members of the Society say "No;" then

where are their principles? Here is the very first restoration that is going to take place, and the moment they are asked, they say that must be excepted from their rule. I should like to know why. The work cannot be done without a great deal of actual rebuilding, and imitating the old work as well as we can, which I boldly avow is the proper mode of restoring work which is partially decayed, so that the old and new may look continuous and complete. I utterly deride all the nonsense that is talked about the baseness of imitation and copying. In such cases it is the only proper mode of restoration.'

All who take a comprehensive view of the subject will concur in these sensible remarks. The term 'restoration' must be accepted qualifiedly. No one can bring back what was destroyed; but in many instances, architectural details, such as the damaged shafts and capitals of pillars, can be mended with new stone-work to resemble the original. Coatings of whitewash and the dirt of centuries can be removed from finely vaulted ceilings. Division walls can be taken down, so as to develop the character of the edifice as designed by the architect. In effecting repairs of this kind we truly restore the building as far as man can restore anything. We shew in its integrity, or nearly so, what was admired and held in reverence by long by-gone generations, while in doing this we need not give up one iota of the advanced views sanctioned by modern habits of thought. Modern conceptions and scientific discoveries help us to improve and embellish the picture of the past. For ill-flagged floors we can substitute encaustic tiles or tessellated pavement. To the cold and shivering aisles, we can impart the warmth of a summer day by means of ingeniously contrived processes of heating. We can so purify the air by ventilation, that going to church may be no longer detrimental to health, or nauseous to the senses. To aid the solemnising thoughts befitting the place, we can fill the windows with stained glass representing events in Scripture history, 'teaching to live and die.' Surely, therefore, the restorers of cathedrals and churches, by rendering public worship more attractive, are doing no wrong; but rather among a crowd of workers are doing their best to cheer human life, and brighten up the close of the nineteenth century.

At another opportunity, we shall have something to say regarding the Restoration Movement as demonstrated in Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VI.—HISTORY.

A slipshod, threadbare figure, clad in weedy black.

It was two o'clock A.M. in the Strand. Looked at from the gate of that obstructive church which faces westward in the centre of the thoroughfare, beneath the quivering gas-lamps on either side lay a gleaming desolation. No footstep broke the silence of the night. It was a true English summer, and the night-air was chill and raw; and a thin persistent drizzle fell upon the slippery flags, the muddy horse-road, and the gleaming

* Sessional Papers, 1876, 1877; No. 14.

fronts of houses. A deserted London. It was too early for the market riot close at hand—too late for the homeward-reeling tavern roysterer. The great city slept, and the quiet heavens wept over it. Even they bending so long above it, had lost their brightness and their purity. They mourned above the city with thin tears, and a dreary wind was seeking here and there with mournful voices, for a something lost. A deserted London—a city of the dead. No soul abroad—not even the oil-skin-capped and caped policeman.

Who is this? A slipshod, unreadbare figure, clad in weedy black, which clings moistly about him, as though he had come up from the depths of that vile river which laps the pillars of the Bridge of Sighs, hard by. The figure crouched for refuge from the rain against a door which stood not more than a foot back from the flagged pathway, and his unwholesome garments shone with rain at every projecting angle. His boots gaped at the toes, and were so rotten and ragged at the sole, that they made a splashing noise within themselves whenever the wearer moved his feet, as he did often and uneasily, half in impatience, and half in search of warmth. From where he stood, the wet street gleamed beneath the gas-lamps like a river; and dead asleep as the great city might be, there was yet in the air a faint and distant hum, which spoke the seething life about him.

He peered from his meagre sheltering-place often. There came the measured tread of a policeman: and slinking from his shelter, the man concealed himself in an entry. The measured tread went by, and he emerged stealthily and took up his old position. There he waited and watched until a door on the opposite side of the street was opened, and with a curt 'Good-night,' addressed to some one within, a man came out upon the street and stepped briskly westward. The shivering figure left the doorway, and with his black rags fluttering in the wind, and gleaming in the gaslight and the rain, crossed the street. The man in front, greatcoated, well booted, vigorous, hummed an air as he walked, and kept time to it in his sturdy march. The shuddering, gleaming, ragged wretch behind him panted and groaned as he hurried in his footsteps. At last, however, he came up with him, and laid a hand upon his arm.

The man who was thus accosted turned, faced his follower, and recognised him. 'Hillo! What's the matter?'

'Scuse me, sir,' said the other, panting still after his brief run; 'but I thought I might make so bold, sir. I went down to your place, sir, an' they told me you'd gone out, an' wheer you'd gone, an' so I made bold for to follow you an' wait for you, sir.' Here he paused to cough huskily behind his wasted hand.

'Well?' the other asked.

'She's in a awful state, sir—dyin' sir. Would you be so good as come an' look at her?'

'Couldn't you have gone to the parish surgeon?'

'I went to him at five o'clock to-night, sir; an' again at nine; an' again at 'leven, an' he hadn't come home neither time.'

'Well, I suppose I must go,' returned the Doctor in a grumbling tone.

'God bless you, sir,' said the other; 'I know'd you would.'

'Don't humbug me, Penkridge,' replied the Doctor. 'You'll want all your breath for your walk. Come along.'

They turned back, threaded through half-a-dozen winding streets between the Strand and Oxford Street, and at last turned into a low, dark and noisome entry, which led them to a court, whose poverty and squalor were picturesque in the light of a single gas-lamp. The inhabitants might have preferred perhaps that it should be less picturesque and better lighted, as the Doctor, stumbling along the broken and uneven pavement, certainly would.

'Now, lead the way,' said the Doctor brusquely as they paused before a door. The man pushed the door open. It moved only upon one hinge, and gr' ed upon the broken bricks behind it. It opened flush upon a staircase, above which hung a single oil-lamp, emitting a dim light and a sickly odour. The stairs, like the court, were broken and uneven, and the balustrades were gone here and there altogether; having been either broken up for fuel, or destroyed in the course of some broil amongst the inhabitants of the house. The Doctor and his companion passed up several flights of stairs, and came upon a room which seemed at first sight to be deserted. It was faintly illumined by the light of a candle stuck against the wall, and holding there by the congealed grease which had guttered from it. The wall above it was blackened by a tapering streak of smoke. In one corner of the room the shadows seemed to rest deeper than elsewhere; but as the eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, these shadows resolved themselves into the figure of a woman, stretched upon a heap of shavings, and covered by a piece of tattered sacking.

'Bring the light,' said the Doctor, kneeling down over this figure.

His companion obeyed him.

'Why, what's this?' the Doctor asked, turning down the sacking, and disclosing the face of a child, evidently not more than a few weeks old.

'That's it,' said the man kneeling beside him. At the apparent risk of setting the couch of shavings on fire—since he still held the candle in his hand—he took up the child. 'Tell me what you think of her, please sir,' he asked, indicating the recumbent figure by a motion of the hand.

The Doctor bent farther over, and laid his finger on a wasted wrist. The man knelt by him, holding the candle to her face and watching him keenly. The Doctor's hand passed from the wrist to the region of the heart. Then he took the candle and examined the face. He laid the tip of a finger upon an eyelid and raised it. The eye remained open, staring in a ghastly way. The Doctor closed it again, gave back the candle, and arose. The man also arose and faced him, holding the child in his left arm. The Doctor shook his head.

'You don't mean to say, sir,' the man asked sternly, 'as you can't do nothin' for her?'

The Doctor, with a motion of the hand towards the recumbent figure in the corner, answered: 'She has been dead an hour.' The man dropped the candle and the child, and fell upon his knees with a sharp cry. The candle, unextinguished, lay upon the shavings, and the Doctor set his foot upon it just in time. The wail of the child struck

through the darkness ; and the Doctor, groping his way down-stairs, found the malodorous lamp at the bottom, and returned with it—the child's cry assailing his ears all the time. The man still knelt beside the couch, and had taken one of the dead hands in both his own. The infant lay unheeded until the Doctor set the lamp upon the floor and took it in his arms, and examined its limbs, to see how far the tiny creature had been injured by the fall. The infant screamed and writhed with pain ; but the man on the floor took no heed until the Doctor laid a hand upon his shoulder. “

‘Penkridge,’ said the Doctor, ‘this is your child?’

The man looked stupidly at him, but returned no answer.

‘Is this your child, Penkridge?’ the Doctor asked again.

‘Yes,’ responded the man stonily. ‘Mine an’ hers. God help her! Mine an’ hers.’ He muttered this over and over again until he got it into a sort of rhythm, which was arrested by the Doctor’s hand again laid upon his shoulder.

‘Do you know that you have damaged the child seriously? Get up. You can do no good there, my poor fellow, and you may do something here.’

The man dropped the thin hand he had held caressingly within his own, and arose.

‘Have you any friends in the house?’ the Doctor asked.

He shook his head dismally, and said he had no friends. ‘Her was the larst,’ he said, and looked stonily down upon her.

‘Have you nobody you can ask to take care of the child? Is there no womanly neighbour who could see to it until the morning?’

He shook his head once more, answering that he didn’t know, and repeated: ‘Her was the larst.’

‘Have you any money?’

The man laughed drearily, and shook his head.

‘Any fuel? Any food?’

He shook his head again, and answered: ‘Not a mossel of anythin’.’

As the Doctor stood in perplexity with the wailing child still in his arms, a tap at the door was heard, and the face of a woman looked into the apartment. ‘Good-mornin’, Docthor,’ said the owner of the face. ‘Will I be able to do anything for you?’

‘You are a perfect blessing at this minute, Mrs Closky,’ the Doctor answered.

‘Ah, poor thing,’ said Mrs Closky, looking down at the miserable couch of shavings. ‘Her troubles is over. It don’t take much lookin’ to see that; God be good to us.—Ye tiny crathur, what chune’s that ye’re singin’? Lend her to me, Docthor dear. An’ ’tis plain he’s flured, poor crathur. Take him away down to Mick on the second flure, Docthor, an’ lave me to do the dacent thing by her. I moind her when she was respectible an’ well to do; an’ him-tew, wid a dacent little place o’ business, till she fell in wid Mither Tasker, bad cess to him!’

‘Is there any other woman in the house, Mrs Closky,’ asks the Doctor, ‘or in the court? Any woman who could help you here, to take care of the child, and so forth?’

‘Sure, I’ll manage, Docthor,’ responds Mrs Closky. ‘What is it that’s the matther wid the child?’

‘She has had a fall, and is badly hurt, I am afraid.’

‘Will I bring her down to Nelly then?’ the woman asked. ‘Fetch the light wid ye, Docthor, av ye plaze, an’ fetch him along to Mick. I heerd ye comin’ in, an’ I see the poor crathur there wasn’t far off takin’ the blessed journey a month ago. An’ when I see ye goin’ down-stairs to bring the lamp just now, I thought that maybe ye might be wantin’ somebody, an’ I slipped up. Mick’s in bed, and so’s Nelly; but I’ll not be a minute gettin’ thim out.’

Mrs Closky led the way down-stairs with the child in her arms, the Doctor following with the lamp, and Penkridge bringing up the rear. The room into which the woman conducted her companions was almost as sparsely furnished as that they had just quitted. It boasted a table—contrived from a crate and an old door; and several tea-chests, which served as seats. A curtain hung half across the room, and on the near side of it a girl lay on a rough mattress, with an old greatcoat wrapped about her. Mrs Closky disappeared behind the curtain, and after an audible colloquy with her husband, in the course of which both he and she made use of a good deal of rough language, induced him to rise and shew himself. He came forth sleepy-eyed and scarcely sober; but at sight of the Doctor, professed himself ready to do anything in his power to oblige that gentleman, ‘from wilful murder downwards.’

‘Howld your tongue, ye omadhaun,’ says Mrs Closky; ‘an’ bring a dhrop o’ comfort for the poor sowl here that’s lost his wife; the heavens be her bed this noight!’

Thus commissioned, Mr Closky retired behind the curtain, and shortly reappeared with a black bottle and a wine-glass without a foot, and invited his visitor to drink. The invitation was at first declined, with a shake of the head; but Mr Closky grew pressing, and Penkridge at length took the footless glass and said: ‘My humble respects to all,’ and drank. Mr Closky, with a ‘sentiment’ suited to the occasion, followed his example. The Doctor occupied himself with the child, and having made use of such soothing appliances as were within reach, went away, promising to return in the morning, and leaving a few coins with Mrs Closky for the use of Penkridge and the child, until some further provision could be made for them.

Mrs Closky laid the child down by her daughter, and having instructed her to take care of it, went up-stairs to perform the last decent and composing offices for the dead. The two men sat and drank, turn and turn about, from the footless glass; and Mr Closky grew noisily cheerful.

‘Oi didn’t know that ye was resoid’n in this neebourhood, Mither Penkridge,’ said Mr Closky. ‘An’ it’s odd now the way that owld frinds is always meetin’ in this big city. Oi remimber ye whin ye wor the gentleman compleat, wid your shop an’ your trap, an’ your little servant gyurl, an’ whin I’d no odaya that ye’d iver be sittin’ an’ dhrinkin’ with the loikes o’ me.’

‘I hope I never acted proud toward you, sir,’ returns Penkridge tearfully; ‘which I assure you, sir, that if I did, it was foreign to me so to do. My poor pardner, sir, as is now a-lyin’ dead up-stairs, it were also foreign to. I have knowed prosperity, an’ I have knowed this,’ he continues,

waving his threadbare sleeves in illustration; 'but I never had no pride, sir, an' neither did my pardner which is gone.'

'Oi'd ask no sweeter pleasure,' returns Mr Closky, 'than to track the scoundrel that said ye had.'

At this the shabby creature melts in tears. 'I loved her dear; heaven knows I loved her dear!'

Mr Closky shakes hands with his companion, and presses the glass upon him. 'It's loikely ye don't remimber me at all, Misther Penkridge. Oi remimber yew in the days o' your prosperity well. Oi've had me own days o' prosperity, an' oi know—no man betther—what comin' down in the world manes. Hadn't oi as foine an' nate a little public as ye'd wish to foind, till I came to grief with borrowed money?'

The other took no notice of his speech, but looked blankly before him, with tears in his maudlin eyes.

'Just be doon me a favour, Misther Penkridge. But wait while I provide ye with a tay-cup. There; it's not the clanest, but I'll do with it. Take the glass. Fill up. I want ye to drink a health to a frind of ours. Hare's to the blissid memory o' Misther Aminadab Tasker, an' may he'

'Who?' cried the other, rising to his feet.

'The noble gintleman that brought the pair of us to this pass, Misther Penkridge.'

The tatterdemalion's face flushed, and for a moment he was almost a man. 'Drink that scoundrel's 'ealth, sir! Not me. It's him as ruined me. It's him as dragged me down to this. It's him as has had me in his cruel grip for 'ears an' 'ears. It's him as'll have to answer for my pardner-in-life, sir. Drink his 'ealth! I'd like to make a hend of him; I would, if I'd got him 'ere.'

'When oi think of 'm,' rejoined Mr Closky, 'I loike to drink a health to 'm. Ye've no oidaya how oi love 'm.'

'You've no idea, sir, what a weight he's been to me, sir. You've no idea, sir; you can't have, or you wouldn't talk like that.'

'Are ye bloind?' cried Mr Closky with sudden anger. 'Are ye deaf? Are ye mad? Can't ye ondherstand divarsion. when ye listen to't? Wouldn't oi loike to have me fingers on the neck of 'm? Don't oi know that what he's been to me he's been to you, the blood-sucking blaggard! Haven't I promised day an' noight, an' noight an' day, to have his loife?'

Penkridge stared at the Irishman for a moment, and then, in answer to the other's invitation, 'Drink your will of him,' tossed off the contents of his glass, and sat down. 'Not as I like that sort of talk, sir,' he said, relapsing into the maudlin stage again.

The other snapped his fingers. 'Don't oi know 'im? Haven't oi watched 'm from his office, an' watched 'm home? That's a little treat oi 'm fond o' givin' meself whin oi know oi 'm sober. If oi did it whin the dhrink 's in me it wouldn't be safe. Oi could not howld off of 'm.'

'My poor pardner, sir,' says Penkridge, 'never forgiven him, sir, for what he done to us.'

'Look at 'm now,' cried the other, 'with his joolry, an' his foine house, an' his offices! Look at 'm rowlin' in wealth. He doesn't do business with the loikes o' you an' me now, Misther

Penkridge. No, no. The gintleman's got bigger fish to fry. He's loanin' hundreds where he used to loan a pound. Drink your wish to 'm. Never fear, me darlin', but we'll see ye paid yet, av we take a most onpleasant journey for it.'

Having given vent to the foregoing sentiment, Mr Closky fell asleep, and Penkridge followed his example. It was broad summer daylight when the latter awoke, and with the fumes of the liquor still upon him staggered down the stairs and out of the court. The way he took led him into Oxford Street, where he rambled blindly for a little while, blinking in the sunlight like an owl, and holding himself and all his looped and windowed raggedness together with his arms. Suddenly, as he took his slouching way, he was pushed somewhat heavily by the burly figure of a hurried passenger, and looking up, recognised the magnificent Hebraic nose and the carnivorous lips and teeth of Mr Tasker. With the desperation of drink and the memory of last night's anger upon him, he laid hold of Tasker's arm.

'Mis' Tasker—now I've got you. Do' know me, I s'pose, sir? Oh, yes, y'do. Know me v'ry well indeed. My name's Penk'—'

'Policeman,' said Mr Tasker calmly to an official who passed at the moment, 'will you take this man away?'

'Come now,' said the officer, taking Mr Penkridge by the collar. 'You move on. That's what you've got to do, you know. Move on.'

'Mis' Tasker, you've had poun's out o' me. Haven't got a farthin' in the world. Give me shillin'!'

The official disengaged Mr Penkridge's hold, and swung him into the gutter.

'Drunk and disorderly,' said Mr Tasker. 'You should take him up, officer.'

The officer took him up a little roughly, and holding him before him by the collar, conveyed him to the nearest station.

Mr Tasker took his smiling way down Holborn.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

SECOND PAPER.

I WILL now give an account of cats that I have known. It is an opinion held by many that cats after all are but cats, and have no remarkable characteristics of their own; but this is quite contrary to the truth. They are very sensitive, and peculiarly alive to neglect or any slight. My grandfather had a special antipathy to *black* cats, but had a very beautiful tortoise-shell, which was a great favourite with him. She had a litter of kittens; and when this was announced, he went into the kitchen to look at them. He took them up, examined and praised them all but one, which was black. The same evening, when seated in his easy-chair, Pussy was heard scratching at the door. When it was opened, she had the black kitten in her mouth, and laid it at her master's feet. He was much affected; and taking up the little creature, he stroked it gently, and gave it back to its mother, who carried it away, but never brought it to him again.

My father had a very fine cat which had been trained to live in the barn to protect the young chickens and turkeys from the rats, which were

very numerous. There puss had a litter of kittens; and one of the men thinking there would be too many, took three of them to drown; but instead of doing this carefully, he merely threw them into a pond in the field, leaving them to sink or swim. We were sitting in the dining-room, Flora my beautiful Blenheim spaniel lying asleep on the hearth-rug, when in rushed the cat, covered with wet and mud. Almost wild with distress, she flew towards Flora, who jumped up and ran with her down the yard. We followed, to see what was the matter. When we reached the pond, Flora was in the water with a kitten in her mouth. She brought it safely to the bank, and swam back for the other. As she passed, she looked at the third, and seeing that it was dead, the intelligent creature did not return, but jumped on the bank and shook herself. But poor Pussy could not be satisfied to leave one behind. She looked imploringly at the dog, who in response jumped in again and brought the dead one also to the bank! We took the poor kittens, dried them, and put them in a basket by the fire, and Flora, who before this could not endure cats, constituted herself their nurse whenever their mother was absent; for she was allowed to shelter them in the kitchen while they were feeble, and kept them warm in the basket while the cat was away. A loving friendship was formed between the two, which lasted until little Flora died.

So well was this cat trained, that she never attempted to injure the birds that were fed at the window; they were as safe as the chickens. I have seen them come to the window for crumbs; and once a robin which had become quite tame from the severity of the weather, and would come into the room and alight upon the table, was alone with her, and remained uninjured. One morning I left the drawing-room window open, being suddenly called away. When I returned, puss was in front of the canary's cage which stood on the table—her gaze fixed upon a strange cat which was preparing to seize the bird. She was there to protect it.

I must pass over many tales I could tell about these curious animals, to give an account of one that was very dear to us, and had a sad end. Some years since, we had a kitten given to us—the most beautiful I ever saw, full of life and fun. We went into the country for a few weeks, and took him with us, delighted to watch him climbing the trees and enjoying his rambles. One day we missed him, to our great sorrow, for he had endeared himself to our hearts by his loving ways. He was lost on Saturday; and on Monday morning we heard that some tramps had been staying in the neighbourhood, and had a kitten with them, answering to the description given. They had gone on to Uttoxeter. My youngest daughter and I followed them by train. We made inquiries of the inspector of lodging-houses, and found they had been there, the kitten with them. I at once hired a conveyance and took a detective with me. When we arrived at the first toll-bar, we were told they had gone through in the morning, leading a kitten with a string, and a piece of white tape for a collar. The toll-keeper had remonstrated with the woman for her cruelty; but she said the animal could walk as well as she could, and she was not going to carry it. We traced them all

along the road. The detective, whose name was Dick, thought they were *en route* to Derby.

'But,' he said, 'never mind, Missis; we'll catch them up yet. Black Bess will fly like the wind.—Won't you, my lass?'

Away went the beautiful mare, as if she knew she were flying to the rescue. We heard of them on the road, and when Dick stopped to give the mare some oatmeal and water, the hostler told us they would be about a mile ahead.

'Sharp's the word now, for they may make across the fields. Are you able to hold the reins, Missis, if I give 'um you?'

I told him I was well accustomed to driving.

'Well, if I see 'um, we must be careful, for they might hurt the creetur for spite. You'll see a bit of by-play with Bess, I can tell you, when I catch a sight of 'um. She has a way, has Bess, of getting a stone in her foot, and turning lame all of a minute. She makes such a *whobbling* with her feet you wouldn't believe. I am forced to get down and help her a bit, you know.'

He said this with such a knowing wink that it was irresistible, and I laughed heartily.

In a few minutes, right before us, resting on the grass by the side of the road, we saw a man and a woman; the man had a pedler's box. He was smoking; the woman was reading a bit of newspaper.

'There they be; we're in time. Now for it;' and just before we got near to them, Dick called to the mare: 'What's the matter with you, Bess? Turning lame again? That'll never do.' As she came close to the tramps she stumbled, making quite a noise. Then I understood what Dick meant when he said she made such a *whobbling* with her feet. I took the reins; and suiting the action to the word, he jumped down, and began examining the mare. Satisfying himself that all was right, he took off his hat, wiped his forehead, and turning to the man, asked him if he could give him a light for his pipe. Then drawing near, he said to the woman, who had something concealed under her shawl: 'What have you got there? Is it a pup?'

'What's that to you? Mind your own business,' she sulkily replied.

'Well, you might be civil,' said Dick.

A pitiful cry came from the kitten.

'Hollo! If it ain't a cat, I do declare. It must be an uncommon favourite, for you to bring it with you. Are you going to sell it?'

'Yes,' she said. 'My aunt gave it me in the Isle of Man, and I am going to take it where I shall get a good price for it.'

'Maybe it will be one of them queer ones I have heard tell of, as is born without a tail?'

'No indeed; it isn't. It's got the handsomest tail I ever saw.'

'Well, let's have a look at it;' and stooping down he lifted it up, and bringing it to the dog-cart, he held it up for us to see. In a moment I recognised my favourite. I nodded to the man; and calling to the poor little creature by its name, it sprang into my lap, and I had it safe. The rage of the man and woman was unbounded, but we were determined to keep our hard-won prize.

A pompous old gentleman who was walking along the road, took their part, and insisted upon our giving up the cat to its rightful owners, threatening to have us stopped if we did not leave

it at the public-house until we could prove that it was ours. In reply to his demand who we were, Dick told him that he was a detective from Uttoxeter, and if he liked to go and ask for One-eyed Dick, he would soon find out where he put up.

Our return along the road was a complete ovation, for their conduct had raised the indignation of all who had witnessed the woman's cruelty. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true that the poor little grimalkin had been compelled to walk nearly twelve miles. He was received on our return with great joy, and had a nice warm soft bed prepared. But he never rallied; the strain upon his strength had been too great, and in a few days, to our grief, our little pet died.

I will now go back several years, and tell of the most remarkable parrot I ever knew. My father knowing my desire to have one, employed a connoisseur to make the purchase. It was a fine young gray bird, with a scarlet tail. When she came to me, the bird had never spoken, and it was some weeks before she did. I took great pains with her. When she began to speak, I taught her to do so distinctly, and Poll soon caught the tones of my voice, though I never anticipated that she would become the clever intelligent bird she did. Her speaking powers were wonderful—not as a simple imitation of words, but like a reasoning, thinking creature. She was my constant companion. When I went into the garden, she would go too, and never attempt to leave me. When I was alone reading or writing, she came out of her cage and amused herself by walking about the room. Poll was excessively proud and sensitive. Sometimes my brother teased her, and spoke in a contemptuous manner, when she would only shrug her shoulders and relapse into silence, as if he were quite beneath her contempt. I had had her about two years, when the late Rev. Dr L—— of London came to pay us a visit. Naturally, Polly was spoken of, and we related to him some of her clever sayings and doings. I remember his looking at the bird, and calling to her: 'Well, Polly, I hope that I shall hear some of your clever speeches while I am here. I can scarcely believe what they tell me of you.'

Dr L—— was a large, I might almost say ponderous man. The bedroom he occupied was above the dining-room; he could not walk across the room or come down-stairs without being heard. The next morning at breakfast, instead of talking as she was accustomed to do, Polly remained silent; so I thought she must be ill. Accordingly, when all left the room, I took her out of her cage and fondled her, when she at once spoke to me in her most endearing manner, using the fondest expressions, but in a low whisper. Thinking that she had taken cold, I gave her some warm food, trusting she would soon be better. In the afternoon, Dr L—— went out to pay some visits, and as soon as the carriage drove away out of the gate, she began in her loudest tones talking and laughing in the happiest manner. He remained with us a fortnight, but she never spoke in his presence. When she heard him coming down stairs, she would whisper: 'The Doctor is coming,' and relapse into utter silence.

The last day of his visit he was dining with us.

Turning to mamma, he said: 'I am sorry I have never heard that bird speak. Of course I believe all you tell me about it, but I am very much disappointed.'

Thereupon Polly looked down from her cage, and in her loudest and most dignified tone exclaimed 'Doctor!' and then came one of her merriest laughs; the ice was broken, and she chatted away in her happiest and best manner.

There were two dear friends who at that time were constant visitors. Polly was a great favourite with them, and a source of much amusement to both. One day while we were sitting in the dining-room, she observed them coming across the field at a short distance, and called to me: 'Here's W—— and R—— coming; they will want their dinner. Won't Lizzy be in a rage! Ah! ah! won't she, that's all.'

'Nonsense, Polly,' I said. 'Don't tell stories. They are not coming; and if they were, you could not see them,' not supposing her sight was so keen.

'Well, you'll see,' replied Polly.

In a few moments the bell rang, and Mr W—— and Mr R—— appeared. Nothing could quiet the bird. She seemed in an ecstasy of fun and mischief, and had to be carried away into the kitchen to the cook, who, to her no little annoyance, had to prepare an impromptu dinner. The dinner was served, and Polly returned to her own place. By this time she was thoroughly excited, and began praising herself and her dear mistress. Mr R——, who thoroughly admired the bird, led the conversation.

First she looked at her foot. 'What a beautiful foot! What a tail, and a red one too!'

'Yes, Polly, you are a beautiful bird, and a clever one as well. You saw us coming across the field, and knew we had not had our dinner. You are a knowing bird, Polly.'

'Ha, ha!' with her curious laugh. 'Polly is a clever bird, Polly's a beautiful bird. What a Polly! what a—whataful Polly!'

We all laughed heartily, in which she joined—Polly loudest of all.

Mr R—— said: 'Well done! You ought to be sent to the College, to teach the students elocution.'

One of the most singular instances of her intelligence and great naughtiness was the following. One morning I had gone from home. A young servant went to Polly's cage and, not knowing that she was very savage, opened it. Polly flew at her hand. The girl was frightened, left the door open, and ran away; and the window being open, Polly walked out into the front-garden. The cook saw her, and called; but the bird would not come back; so thinking it was best to leave her until my return, cook watched her climb into a tree.

I had had experience of Polly's perverse disposition, and knew that only by stratagem I could manage her. I walked down the path, and carrying a favourite cat with me, sat down near the tree, and proceeded to stroke Pussy and pet her. 'Poor Pussy! poor Pussy! You shall be my pet now. Polly has gone away and left me.' I often bought her a sweet biscuit, and I had some with me, which I gave to the cat, still stroking her. My ruse had succeeded; I had roused her jealousy. I heard a rustling in the branches, and presently Polly called out: 'Pussy is a wretch.'

I did not take any notice; but still fondling the

cat, I said: 'Come, Pussy. We will go and see if dinner is ready.'

Matters were now progressing. I glanced up, and saw Polly quietly descending the tree; and when she came to the bottom, cried: 'Polly's out; Polly has been a walk.'

'So I see. Polly can stop out altogether now, if she likes.'

'Pussy is a fool—a horrid fool.' Her temper was thoroughly roused. She came to me, climbed upon my knee, and rubbed her pretty head upon my hand. I had her safely now. After this, a strong padlock was put upon her cage, to prevent any more tree-escapades.

We had a very handsome peacock, which Polly could see from her cage when he was on the lawn. It was absurd to see the strutting bird, his pride and self-assumption, and equally amusing to listen to Polly talking to him. We called him Ralph. Polly then would say: 'Come here, Ralph—beautiful Ralph, handsome Ralph! Come, spread your tail.'

The tail would be outspread.

'Oh, you beauty! Now, stamp—stamp your foot, good, clever Ralph.'

One day while listening to such talk as this, she turned to me and demurely said: 'What a fool that Ralph is!'

'Nay, Polly; Ralph is not a fool: he is a very clever bird, and I like him.'

Whenever she was not pleased, she shrugged her shoulders, as if in derision. 'Now, I say Ralph is a fool.' Just then the peacock gave one of those awful cries that peacocks alone can utter. Polly therefore gave another in imitation, and laughing loudly, shrieked: 'Ralph is singing—Ralph is singing! Oh, I shall die—I shall die of laughing.'

A remarkable instance of her jealous temper was displayed to a parrot which had been purchased by a friend, who sent it to stay with us, hoping that it would learn to speak if it associated with my bird. But Polly conceived an inveterate dislike to the interloper, treating it with contempt, calling it all the ill names she knew. They were both in the dining-room one morning. I had trained her so well to be silent during family worship, that she never disturbed us. The other bird made various sounds, not very loud; but Polly knew that all noise was wrong. By way of chiding her ill-bred companion, she said in a whisper: 'Hush, hush! Be quiet, you naughty bird!' When prayer was over, she burst out: 'You naughty, wicked bird—you horrid bird, you kitchen bird—get out, get out! Away with you!' After this, we saw it was useless to employ her as an instructress, and so sent the despised bird home.

Nevertheless she had her favourites, and was very kind to them. She was very fond of the cat, and would call her to the cage. But the most singular fancy she took was to a little mouse. The winter was very cold, and as Polly suffered much from it, she was taken every night to my bedroom, where there was a fire, and her cage placed on a low stool near it. One night I heard her talking in a low tone. I listened, and heard her say: 'Pretty little dear—pretty darling, Polly won't hurt you—Polly won't bite you.'

Wondering what she meant, for I was sure that she was not talking to me, I got out of bed, and went to her cage. There, in the bottom of the

cage, was a little mouse underneath the wires, feeding quite contentedly, and without any sign of fear. I often saw the tiny creature come in and out of Polly's cage, nor did she ever attempt to injure it or drive it away. Her speech was very peculiar when those she did not like were present. She had a great dislike to my husband; I suppose from a feeling of jealousy, and always seemed unhappy when he was near. A few months after our marriage, we paid a short visit to my father, and one day when I was alone with Polly in the dining-room she said to me in her tenderest tones: 'Why did you go away and get married, dear? Why did you go to Scotland, and leave your own Polly? Polly loves you. Don't go away again and leave me! Ma cried when you left and went away. Don't leave Polly again!'

He had never before heard her speak in such a gentle manner, and before my husband entered the room, he thought I was in conversation with a friend, and paused outside to listen. He has never forgotten the impression made upon him by that touching colloquy. We had to leave Polly behind, under mamma's care, and in writing to me afterwards, she told me that the dear bird would talk about me continually. One day mamma said to her: 'Polly, I am writing to your mistress. Shall I send your love?'

'O yes; and here's a pretty feather. E—loves Polly's feathers.' It was sent to me, and I have it still. But unfortunately for Polly's beauty, she bit off nearly all her scarlet feathers to send to me!

When I revisited my former home, I took my little baby with me. Polly was delighted. It was something belonging to her dear mistress, and must be loved. When any one called, she would say: 'Have you seen the baby? Such a beauty! Give it to me. Polly won't bite it; Polly will only kiss it.' I had full confidence in her love for me; but I need scarcely say I never tried her affection for the little one. She, like other pets, has passed away, but is not forgotten.

THE IRISH REVENUE POLICE INSPECTOR'S DREAM.

MACKIN's Hotel is, or was, a refuge for the waifs and strays of male humanity whom circumstances and the Limited Mail bring to Dublin; and the walls of its dingy smoking-room have in their time listened to many a strange tale of adventure told over the punch. One afternoon, the weather—an Irish drizzle, twin-sister of a Scotch mist—putting out of the question a saunter in Grafton Street, the writer sat before its fire in company with another waif, a retired West India Colonel, when we were joined by a third waif, tall, elderly, and who, from his appearance, had also evidently 'served.' The conversation, general at first, took eventually a turn which led to this gentleman beguiling the time for us until the dinner-hour by the recital of a remarkable dream, for which and the events connected with it, it is perhaps superfluous to say the narrator vouched. The dream occurred to himself. The events he had either participated in or was cognisant of, and his narrative ran thus:

Some five-and-twenty years ago—faix, its mebbe more—I held an appointment in the revenue

police, employed in this country specially to suppress the illicit manufacture of whisky—still-hunting as it was called. The duty now forms part of those undertaken by the constabulary. In those days it alone gave us plenty to do. At the time of my story, I was quartered in the County Fermanagh, and engaged with my party in scouring the picturesque hills and glens of its western border. Few who know anything of Ireland and its past will doubt that in the execution of my duty I had difficulties to contend with. Every man's hand was against us, and every man's mouth too for the matter of that as long as it was kept shut. There were few facilities for gaining information necessary to guide us to the lonely spots selected for the secret and primitive distilleries. The disposal of the stock was no easy matter with the potheen-makers, it is true, and in their attempts to get rid of the 'craytur' and realise the profits, though often baffling us by the ingenuity of their devices, they frequently gave us a clue to their haunts. Still, every other man was engaged in the unlawful proceedings, and the remainder indirectly if not directly benefited by them.

The dream itself will not take long to tell, the story connected with it a little longer. I returned one night from rather a long round, hungry and tired. After a good supper and a glass of punch—which for all I knew might have been 'still'-made—I was glad to turn in. I most probably slept soundly the first part of the night; but in the middle of it I awoke, startled by an ugly dream. I was travelling along a road well known to me, and was, as usual, on horseback. As it seemed, I had arrived at a spot—the bottom of a valley or glen—where the road crossed a purling brook by one of those little bridges common enough in Ireland, especially in highland districts. The same peaceful spot now presented in my dream I had often paused to admire in my waking senses. There were the babbling brook, the rustic bridge, the heath-covered hills sloping away on each side, their summits merging into the blue of the horizon; while around me the birds were singing in the copses, and the sun shining brightly. Peaceful the scene but for one ghastly and mournful feature my dream added to it. On the bridge, in the middle almost of the path, lay the body of a young man, face upwards; the face marred by a gunshot wound a little towards the left on the forehead. His cap—a caubeen like what the boys wear—lay a little way from him; and beside him sat a woman, her figure muffled in her shawl, and her head between her knees, her voice giving forth that wailing, crooning sound that Irish women make over their dead. I awoke with that unsatisfactory feeling we sometimes experience in dreams of being unable to do something we wish. I was trying to make my horse pass the bridge, and he wouldn't. I am not in the habit of remembering dreams, but that scene haunted me for many a day. So much or little for the dream. Now for what happened.

About ten miles from my headquarters, away among the hills, nestled the pretty little village of Lisnamorna, secluded and peaceful, composed of a few humble dwellings, and surrounded by a farm or two, whose rudely cultivated fields occupied the adjoining slopes. As it belonged to my district, I had to visit it occasionally, and there was

only one establishment at which I could rest and refresh myself at these times. It was a decent little shebeen—an alehouse properly, I suppose; but cleanly and tidily kept by a widow woman of the name of Power. Widow Power had one child—a daughter, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, and buxom; always clean and tidy too, with a bright smile and a gay word for everybody at all times. A village, however small or sequestered it may be, is sure to have one if not rival belles to boast of, and Nancy Power was the acknowledged belle of Lisnamorna. Though belonging to the constabulary, I managed to pick up plenty of private gossip—indeed, anything not connected with potheen or potheen-making, I was free as other folk to know. And I knew that Nancy Power had scores of suitors equally desirous to win her favours, and ready to break each other's heads for the sake of a smile or a glance from her. All the boys for miles round were after her; and all the girls for exactly the same distance were mad with jealousy on account of her. And Nancy, for all she had not learned her art in Merriion Square, kept her admirers in the usual state of palpitation, and her rivals in agonies of envy just as long as it suited her mischievous nature. Faith the jade, I had a kind of sneaking regard for her myself, I think, for I used to like her to wait upon me. But although Nancy tossed her head and laughed when Mike broke Andy's crown, or Phil declared he'd go and list for a sojer for the love of her, it was another matter when Jim Brady, whose old father owned one of the little farms up on the hills, vowed if she didn't give up her shilly-shallyin', and tell him once for all Yes or No, he'd clear out to America. Like most Irish girls, she was fond of fun and loath to give up her freedom; but Jim was a determined fellow, America a long way off, and moreover Jim was master of pretty Nancy's heart. So Nancy said Yes, just for fear he'd go out there, and get killed by the 'nagurs' or Indians across the seas, she said. But that wasn't agreeable news for somebody, as I quite accidentally learned.

'See here Nancy, d'ye mind me now! Av ye don't quit with that spalpeen Jim Brady, it'll be the worse for yez both. It's the last word I'll spake to ye, if ye don't promise me. Sure, it's all through you I'm not the quiet, dacent boy I wance was.'

'G'out o' that wid you, Dan Morrissey! Is it your slave ye think I am, to be doin' your biddin'? Off about yer business. Spalpeen yer-self.'

Dan Morrissey went about his business, but with the heaviest anathemas I think I ever heard a man utter; and Nancy, when she found me sitting in her mother's little back-room, coloured to the roots of her hair; for she knew I must have overheard the conclusion, at all events, of her conversation with her discarded lover in the little potato-patch behind the cottage.

'Well Nancy, and whair is it to be?' I said, knowing the best way with my countrywomen is to rally them out of their confusion. 'Has old Brady made enough profit out of the whisky yet, to set you and Jim up?'

'Ah thin, yer honor, it's not suspectin' the dacent owld man av such a thing, ye are surely!'

'Well Nance, never mind—keep Jim out of mischief anyway, when ye get him under your

thumb, as I know well you'll have him. But when is it ?'

As Nancy stood modestly blushing and fingering with the corner of her apron, I could not help thinking young Brady was a lucky fellow.

'Faith, if it was only to spite that black-hearted Dan Morrissey to-morrow, I'd marry any one o' them to-night,' at length replied Nancy, her eyes flashing, and the blushes deepening and spreading over her pretty face in an angry flush.

'Then I fancy Jim will not have much longer to wait for his answer,' I said, as Nancy left to bring me my refreshment.

Dan Morrissey ? I have that lad's name on my list, I reflected. He's one of Brady's gang. A tight, strapping young blade, with a roguish eye and a smart tongue. The life of a wake or a wedding, and the foremost boy at every fair for drinking, dancing, or 'divarshun,' as they call whacking each other's skulls with their black-thorns. A good lad too, barring the potheen-making, and a 'cute one. Well Sergeant M'Loughlin and I knew his 'cuteness. Maybe, it wasn't a 'cute trick to leave Brady's farm for a week, pretending he'd quarrelled with the old man and was turned off, that he might put us on a false scent the night they carted off two loads in Murphy Macmorrogh's wagons, my party and I following Brady's empty carts in another direction ! Maybe it wasn't kind of him to drive M'Loughlin over to Ballymena, Mac sitting on top the sacks of potatoes with eight kegs of potheen under him all the while ! Who but he ran fourteen demijohns into Ennis under a load of turf for 'his riv'rince !' A jaunty, rollicking young blade, the same 'handy Dan,' as they called him.

'We'll nab that Brady now sir,' said M'Loughlin, a short time after the occurrence of my overhearing the angry conversation between Nancy and Dan Morrissey. 'Handy Dan's broke wid the gang fairly this time. It's all along o' Nancy Power. She's to be marrit soon to Jim Brady ; and Dan's just mad with jealousy and spite, and he's ready to give us the office.'

'Take care it's not a plant again, sergeant.'

'Sorra bit, sir. The lad's goin' to the dogs fast. Quarrellin' and gamblin' at fairs now, instead of jigging and making sport for the boys and girls. He's nigh broke his 'ould father and mother's heart.'

'Well M'Loughlin, it's no matter to us what's happened. Information's hard enough to get, and it is our duty to get it how we best can, and make the best use of it. Keep your eye on Dan Morrissey.'

Brady the elder, ostensibly a small farmer, was virtually the most extensive defrauder of the revenue in my district. Others, his inferiors, were associated with him, as of necessity there must have been, to carry on the number of stills he was connected with, and the amount of traffic he controlled ; but although I had made a successful raid or two, I had been unable, hitherto, to bring home to Brady his share of complicity in any of the concerns seized. Failure in this respect had not exactly drawn reflections upon me from my superiors ; but I was aware that nothing would accelerate my promotion to the rank of Inspector—I was only a sub then—so much as the despatch of old Brady to the county town with a clear case against him for trial.

Love and jealousy are powerful agents in human affairs ; but they are more likely to be turned to account by the smart detectives of London and Paris, than by a revenue policeman still-hunting in the north-west of Ireland. It had indeed occurred to me that amongst Mr Jim Brady's unsuccessful rivals it would be strange if there were not one bearing a grudge against him strong enough to make him do, what, I knew no bribe in money would the most avaricious—turn informer. I had compunction, however, about setting evil passions to work even to further the ends of justice, and dismissed the idea, not without a secret apprehension that I was too scrupulous and tender-hearted to make an efficient revenue detective. If M'Loughlin was right now, however, about this jealousy-driven young fellow Morrissey, stern duty would compel me to avail myself of any information he volunteered.

Upon my word, gentlemen, when a week or two afterwards my sergeant came to me to make a long report of valuable information he had received from this Morrissey, I was not so rejoiced as you would naturally expect me to be—considering my promotion was insured by success—at the prospect of old Brady, his son, and all their gang falling into our clutches. I never could all my life help sharing my countrymen's hatred of an informer, and experiencing a feeling of disgust when duty compelled me to employ such tools. Moreover, I thought of Nancy Power newly married, and half hoped that the younger law-breaker might escape us. In any case, our success would ruin both the Bradies and Powers ; for I had a shrewd suspicion all along that there was more of old Brady's potheen consumed on the widow's premises than either Guinness's porter or Jamieson's ale. But duty is duty, I needn't say to you. Sergeant M'Loughlin, eager like all of us for promotion, was keen on the hunt.

Furnished with the requisite information, my plans were soon arranged to make the seizures ; and choosing a favourable evening, the expedition started. M'Loughlin with the larger party, guided by Morrissey—for whom a spare suit of uniform had been found—was to take a round-about to the most important of Brady's stills ; while with a couple of constables I went through Lisnamorna, starting an hour before daylight, as if on an ordinary round, and to join the main party at a rendezvous in the hills beyond the village. The disguise was necessary for Morrissey, whose life would not be worth a moment's purchase if it were known he had turned informer. On reaching Lisnamorna with the two constables, we halted ; and having given them each a glass of ale, I sent them on, directing them to take a cut across the hills to the rendezvous. I was in no hurry myself, knowing that being mounted, I should reach it as soon as they, or soon after they did, and did not expect M'Loughlin there before noon ; so I staid chatting to Widow Power about the wedding and the new-married couple.

When I took the road again, I started slowly, not wishing those in the village to suspect I was after anything in particular, as my track would be visible to them for a mile or two as I followed its windings amongst the defiles. Presently I was out of sight, and trotted on. Excited with the

prospect of success and the work before me, my dream certainly was not in my thoughts, when, as I got to the bottom of the hill, a turn of the road brought me in view of the spot already described as its scene. I could hear the murmuring brook, and see it above the bridge like a silver thread winding through the glen—only the farther parapet of the bridge as yet visible. There were the sloping hills clad with heather; the birds were singing in the trees, and the noonday sun shining peacefully on the landscape. I suppose the recollection of my dream rushed upon me with sudden and overwhelming force—at all events I experienced a feeling I cannot describe and had never felt before, nor have I since. My heart beat fast, I know, and my bridle-hand shook the reins on the horse's neck as if I were palsied. A few paces more, and the animal I was riding pulled back with the snort a horse gives when terrified, causing me from habit to sit down tight, as he seemed inclined to rear. But as he swerved, he brought me in full view of the bridge, and there before my eyes was the ghastly and mournful group so mysteriously prefigured in my dream. Exactly as in my vision I had seen it, lay the dead body of the youth extended on the path, a little to the one side of it—the gunshot wound on his brow, his head in a pool of blood, his pale features upturned to the bright sun, and even his caubeen lying near him. The female also sat beside him, her shawl drawn over her head, her head bent down between her knees; and mingling with the babble of the stream and the twitterings of the birds came the low, weird wailing—the Irishwoman's requiem for her dead. There was not a single particular in which the scene before my waking senses did not correspond with that which my dream had presented to me three nights before.

Whether the woman heard my horse's hoofs, I know not, but she never turned or ceased her dismal 'keening.' I would have spoken to her; but nothing I could do would make the animal approach, and eventually I had to leave the road and jump the brook. Then I galloped off in the direction of the spot to which my two men had proceeded by the mountain pathway, which was not far off now. My look and manner evidently astonished them.

'What's happened sir, for the love of the Virgin? Ye look as pale as death.'

'Who is that young fellow lying dead on Mona Bridge?' I asked, forgetting in my excitement that these men could not have seen the sight I had come upon. 'And how has he come by his death?'

But of course they only looked more astonished than ever, gazing at one another and at me by turns.

But the presence of my own men restored me to calmness. The miserable shieling at which we had arrived was deserted, although the embers of a fire were still glowing on the hearth. I now ordered the men to take a shutter from the hut, and march with it down to the bridge, while I rode alongside. But it took longer for them to reach the bridge than it had done me previously to gallop from it; and when we came to the spot there was no one there.

'Ah, botheration sir, ye must have had no sleep last night, and just tuk a nap in yer saddle! It's a dhrame ye had.'

'Hush, you fool!' I said angrily, and pointed to

the pool of blood on the road; while the other constable picked up the poor fellow's caubeen.

Well, of course you would like to know how it happened that my dream came true; but that is what I cannot fully satisfy you about. All I can tell you is that Nancy Power was by this time a widow. It was young Jim Brady's dead body I saw lying on the bridge. Jim had been at the shieling before mentioned with others, all the previous night; but towards morning, wind of M'Loughlin's doings at other stills had reached them, and of course they all scattered, eventually finding their way to Brady's farm. But when hours passed and young Jim did not turn up like the others, they got uneasy about him, and ventured out to see after him. They found him as I had seen him, shot through the head. When they returned for a stretcher to bring him home, his wife had run off to him, on hearing the dreadful news, and it was she I had heard bewailing the poor fellow's death after her country fashion. In the interval between my first coming upon the sad spectacle and my return with the two constables, the party from Brady's farm—which was close by—had returned with the stretcher to fetch away the body, which of course accounted for our finding nothing there but the pool of blood and the poor fellow's cap.

Who shot him?—Well, there's not much doubt on my mind. When M'Loughlin came in and made his report, it appeared that the spy Dan Morrissey was missing from the party shortly after they had commenced operations on the first still. M'Loughlin, however, had all the necessary information to proceed with his work without Morrissey, and having his hands full, never bothered about him, believing he had made off, in fear of being recognised. A musket with blank cartridge, had been put in Morrissey's hands when he donned the uniform. Brady, it was found, was killed with a large slug. Putting this and that together, I think if we had caught 'handy Dan,' we'd have twisted a hempen cravat round his neck; but he had planned other things beside the seizure of old Brady's stills that night, and his own escape amongst others successfully.

Old Brady was let off easier, on account of the catastrophe; more especially as his illicit trade was completely spoiled. He lingered on for a few years a broken-hearted man. After his death, Nancy Brady, the young widow, married again, so I heard; but I got my promotion, and left the station long before these latter events. From that day, however, my reluctance to employ informers was greater than ever.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

HOME, to be a *home*, is essentially patriarchal; not in the sense in which this term is used among tribal nations, but in the necessary reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family. On him rests almost solely the responsibility of provision, and to him belongs the right of direction. It is difficult for those who have not yet achieved this headship to realise the sense of responsibility which often oppresses the head of the family. Provision may be so easy to some of us that few clouds cross the sunshine of our lives, and we may smile at or joke away the little domestic troubles which greet

us sometimes when we cross the home threshold. Few of us are so blessed. It is the far more common lot that the business events of the day have been more or less chequered, and the head quits the office or warehouse with the brain more or less perturbed, the heart oppressed, and both needing and longing for the sunshine and the joy of the home and the family circle. To be transferred at such a time from the troubles and heavy cares of business to the petty but often irritating squabbles of domestic life, is a case to make angels weep, and almost enough to drive humanity mad. Let, therefore, but the cares and responsibilities of the head of the family be duly realised, and each member of the household must feel towards him the necessary sympathy, to guard him from all needless obtrusion of little domestic difficulties. It may be—it unhappily is the case—that there are heads of families who are unworthy of reverence; or who are so tyrannical or oppressive in their rule that submission is difficult; or who are so unsympathetic that it is not easy to feel sympathy with them. These are family misfortunes which, however much they may be regretted, lie outside our purpose in this paper, and require a consideration beyond our limits. It is enough for our purpose here, that if there be not reverence for, submission to, and sympathy with the head of the family, there cannot be domestic harmony.

The infinitely slight modifications of form which make up the distinctive external features of mankind are but types of the numberless variations of temperament and character. It is not possible that the family can be constituted without the intrusion of these varieties. Often they are marked, and sometimes so strong and antagonistic as to become a fertile source of domestic disquietude. Often home-loves are enough to smooth down the transient asperities arising from this cause; and some of the most charming instances of the overpowering influence of home-love occur, where differences of temperament and character would otherwise more or less seriously disturb the household. The well-known axiom in civil life, 'that personal right ends where it encroaches on the right of others,' applies with equal or greater force to the closer relations of the household.

The enforcement of selfish claims is often submitted to by the more generous members of the household, for the sake of external peace; whilst the more generous heart bleeds under the enforced wrong. Jealousy of petty privilege is incompatible with domestic peace. The green-eyed monster glares upon all favours in which it does not share. Whatever the apparent sunshine, there can be no real harmony in a household where jealousy influences one or more of its members. For instance, a gentleman once offered a fortnight at the seaside to two of four children forming the family of a widowed friend; but the mother felt compelled to decline this generous offer, because she was afraid that if made to two only, the jealousy of the others would be painfully excited. The instance is one that gravely illustrates the losses often entailed on families by this unhappy feeling.

Jealousy, although a transient feeling, is a fertile goil for the growth of envy, which once possessed, grasps us with more persistency, gives a

deep gloom to the domestic life of the possessor, and often overshadows the whole household. Hatred and malice happily rarely intrude their destructive power upon domestic life; but the instinctive propensities which generate them must needs exist; and it is a powerful antidote to their development that the ordinary courtesies of our homes should be constantly and carefully regarded. If in the external world a due regard for social courtesies is essential to its enjoyable constitution, it is greatly more necessary that the varied members of a household should practise with scrupulous care the softening amenities of family life.

How often have the jealousies and envyings of individual members been calmed down or banished by the sunshiny greeting of its more joyous members! It is said, 'There is a skeleton in every house.' This may be; but a skeleton may be locked up in the strong-room and kept out of sight. With more truth, let us hope, there is an angel in every house. Reader, have you not one in yours? If you have not, then the chances of domestic harmony have indeed fallen hard upon you. If you have, assiduously cultivate it. You have no conception of how the careful observation and tending of this divine element will rub off your own angularities, and tend to invest you with its own simplicity and beauty. Avoid, however, all undue familiarity. As much freedom as is essential to graceful intercourse must enter into our domestic life; but this freedom must at all times be qualified by a subtle delicacy. The most joyous and generous are the most likely to be culpable on this point, and may by a little spontaneous carelessness 'tread on the toes' of their more reserved domestic companions. Nor may we forget that when we have inadvertently passed the boundary of domestic propriety, the truest politeness dictates a ready and graceful apology. The pride which forbids this is the product of selfishness, and is itself often a disturbing element of domestic harmony.

Mutual confidence, oneness, and openness are among the constituents of a harmonious household. 'Cross-purposes' are well known as a disturbing element; but do not cross-purposes come from the concealment and consequent misapprehension of purposes? Difference of purposes must needs arise, and the French provide for this by giving largely to each mature member of the household, liberty to live out the individual purpose without regard to the others. This, however, is wholly uncongenial to the English idea of the home, where the diverse purposes of the members must somehow or other be made to dovetail, or be arranged for their separate working out without interfering with the harmony of the whole. This is scarcely possible where there is concealment and consequent misapprehension. Let the life of every member of a family be transparent in all matters that affect the others; let the wishes and purposes of each be freely talked over; and then a little arrangement by the head or others, and the concession and conciliation which mutual regard will always generate, will suffice to bring all the purposes of the domestic group into harmonious working. If the selfish pressure of a purpose of subordinate character produce a little antagonism, the judicial interference of the head must be accepted, and obedience should be granted

without audible or felt disappointment. The mutual sympathy of a household should make the purposes of all a source of happiness to each.

Much of the provider's troubles would often be lessened by a little free chat at home about difficulties and purposes. A mother's smaller vexations would often vanish under the sunshine of loving discussions with the offending or other members of the family. A brother's or a sister's love affair, which generally has absorbing interest for the individual concerned, is far too often a subject of painful concealment or of rude banter. The propriety of such a love should of course at the first be referred to parental judgments. This point settled, it should be known to every member of the family, be treated with becoming delicacy and sympathetic gravity, or become a subject of pleasant conversation whenever the chief agent so wishes or may need loving guidance in reference to it. 'I do not like Mr Welford, Annie,' said George to his sister; 'and I do wish you would transfer your love to some one I could like better.' 'Well, George, I should very much like to oblige you; but lovers are not so plentiful, and perhaps I should be equally unsuccessful in another attempt to please you. Besides, you see, I am the person chiefly concerned; and as Mr Welford is very much to my liking, and our father and mother have sanctioned his suit, I think, as a loving act of brotherly courtesy to me, dear George, you should try to like him.'

And if Annie did not win her brother by this graceful appeal, he proved himself unable to make the necessary concession to the social harmony of the household, and so far rendered himself unworthy of his place there.

The measure of domestic happiness enjoyed by a household is the sum of its several parts. And the happiness of each of its members is enhanced by the consciousness of the happiness enjoyed by the others. As difficulties and troubles dwindle by sympathetic discussion, so inversely the joys of a household accumulate by that harmony of feeling which prompts us to 'rejoice with those that do rejoice.' So interwoven are family interests, that every severance of purpose detracts from the family sum of joyous life. So sensitive are family loves, that any diversion from family oneness arouses suspicion, and disturbs the harmony of feeling. Mutual sympathy must reign with least possible disturbance; and if disturbed, be restored with all possible speed and grace. Let every member of the household strive to be a source of contributory sunshine, for every ray will be reflected upon the source; and whilst enlivening other souls, that whence it came, grows brighter. Even the sadder spirits cannot fail to be more or less joyously excited under the happy influences of a sunshiny household, where by mutual confidence and loving sympathy, all is known, and each member is a link in the chain of domestic harmony.

ECCENTRIC RETURNS.

MR COWDEN CLARKE tells a story of a gentleman whose 'return' of his income to the Tax Commissioners ran: 'For the last three years my income has been somewhat under one hundred and fifty pounds; in future it will be more precarious, as the man is dead of whom I borrowed

the money.' In a similar serio-comic vein did a countryman, not too proud to confess the smallness of his means, respond to the kind inquiries of the Commissioners for the Income Tax, in the earliest days of its imposition. He rhymed; putting in a claim for exemption in this form:

I, John Ware, do declare
I have but little money to spare.

I have,

1 Little house, 1 little maid.

2 Little boys, 2 little trade.

2 Little land.

2 ditto money at command.

• Rather too little is my little all,
• To supply with comfort my dear little squall,
And 2 too little to pay taxes at all.

By this you see

I have children three

Depend on me.

Sometimes official inquirers get more information than they desire. At the taking of the last census, an enumerator in South Ayrshire received from a miner the following conscientious return. We give it verbatim, only altering the names: 'Thomas Moran boren In ireland county of armaugh Silver Brige eage 303 years. To the best of my nolge i Am that eage, and i am married the secent time the furst wife Mary Conolly be longed to ireland in county armaugh the Secent Wife be longed to County Dereay hur name was elen M'Ghee Now hur name is elen Moran but she run a way From me five years and ten months since and i dont now wheare she is for if she is Dead or not i havent hard from hur since but if she is Dead i think she wood have sent me woard before now my father was a Farmer and had a great power of land in ireland and when i came to scotland it was a navey i was working In the Coll Pitt but sure i am not working no place now for i got my lege broken 5 weeks and 3 days since gon to morrow. Rosey Moran my sister be longing to ireland is Marred and hur name now is Misses Cross and hur eage is 205 years and she has Fore of a family the oulest Is tomas Cross 7 years of eage and boren in ireland newery County armaugh Mary Cross eaged 6 years gen the sevene day of august Boren in ireland County of armaugh Elsie Cross eaged Fore years gen the 10t May Boren in newcastle england Clety Cross eaged 1 yere and 9 month gen Saturdeay Boren in newery ireland and the father of them is Able Cross boren in england eaged 40 years and was a soger and sarved his Quane and his country 201 years now in the Pit Working and all that sins this paper is catholecks.' Glancing over this extraordinary schedule, the enumerator remarked to the miner that he seemed to have a rather large household, to which the surprised man replied: 'Sure, and there's just meeself!'

That was more than could be said by the honest farmer of Caithness, who, recording the births of his children in the Family Bible, wrote: 'Betty was born on the day that John Cathel lost his gray mare in the moss. Jemmy was born the day they began mending the roof o' the kirk. Sandy was born the night my mother broke her leg, and the day after Kitty gaed away with the sodgers. The

twins, Willie and Marget, was born the day Sanny Bremner bigget his new barn, and the very day after the battle o' Waterloo. Kirsty was born the night o' the great fecht on the Reedsmas, atween Peter Donaldson and a south country drover. Forbye, the factor raised the rent the same year. Anny was born the night the kiln gaed on fire, six years syne. David was born the night o' the great speat, and three days afore Jamie Miller had a lift frae the fairies.'

The Irishman's peculiar method of retaining the nothings is not so uncommon as one might suppose. A census schedule from an English village was dated 'April the 3, 1870,' and purported to give all the necessary information regarding the family of a farm labourer 'aged 305,' whose roof, according to his account, also sheltered a widow 'aged 704.'

An insurance agent seeing a would-be insurer had, in filling up the proposal form, answered the questions, 'Age of father, if living?' 'Age of mother, if living?' by making the one a hundred and twelve years, and the other a hundred and two years old, congratulated him on coming of such a very long-lived family. 'Oh,' said the applicant, 'my parents died many years ago; but if living, would be aged as there put down.'

There is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses put down the item, 'Porter, 6d.;' an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him, he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteenpence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term 'portage' instead of 'porter.' He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word 'portage,' but for the future would do so; and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term 'cabbage' when he meant 'cab.'

The other day, a summons commanding Thatcher Magoin to present himself for service on the jury-box, was returned to the New York Commissioner of Jurors with the information that it had been served on the wrong party. 'Magoin,' said the Commissioner, 'must come here and shew cause why he should not be a juror.' 'He can't come,' was the reply; 'he's too busy. If he did come, he would make things hot for you. Besides, you would have to send a derrick and a truck to bring him; he turns the scales at five thousand pounds.' The Commissioner expressed his belief that the speaker had been imbibing more than was good for him. 'I'm telling you facts, Mr Commissioner,' said the indignant man. 'Thatcher Magoin is a steam-engine, located at the foot of Fletcher Street. Years ago, I was employed by a man named Thatcher Magoin. I named my engine on Pier 19, East River, after him. When the Directory-man came to the Dock to get names, he saw the name on the engine; and thinking it represented the name of the boss [master], put Thatcher Magoin down in the book.'

Of course the engine-owner was to blame for not having the Directory-man's false return cor-

rected, but then the mistake entailed no inconvenient consequences to himself. It was different in the case of the member of the Michigan House of Representatives who found himself set down as a married man in the official list of members. He lost no time in writing to the compiler of the manual: 'In proof-sheet of manual I see you say I am married. Please correct, or send the woman around, and oblige.' He was obliged one way or another. But as a rule, it is difficult to get the official mind to bow to correction; its aversion to owning itself in the wrong being as great as that of the Suffolk clergyman who, misled by a farmer's pronunciation, christened his boy 'Joan' instead of 'John,' and registered the youngster as a girl. On the blunder being discovered some time afterwards by the parish clerk, the vicar was implored to alter the register or perform the ceremony anew. 'I will make a memorandum of the circumstance,' said he; and he kept his promise by writing at the foot of the register: 'Mem.—The girl baptised on the 10th instant by the name of Joan, proved a fortnight afterwards to be a boy!' A very eccentric return, this.

A MAORI SERENADE.

HE.

WHEN queenly rides the moon above,
And softly falls the dew;
Across the wave to thee, my love,
I'll steer the light canoe.'

The watchful maid his coming spied;
Into the bark she came;
While drifting gaily down the tide,
He thus avowed his flame.

'How roguish yonder stars, my dear,
Are twinkling in the sky!
Yet none our tale of love can hear
But only thou and I.

'Serenely sails the moon above,
Across the liquid blue;
So, gently down Life's waters, love,
We'll steer the light canoe.'

SHE.

'Man ever was inconstant known.
Should I be called away
To where beyond the stars 'tis shewn
We find eternal day;

'So sure as shines you moon above,
Thy heart will prove untrue;
To seek some English lady-love,
Thou'll steer the light canoe.'

HE.

'The beauteous forms who will may boast
Of Albion's favoured isle;
The joy on earth I value most,
My Maori maiden's smile.

'And if in death's repose my love
Retire from earthly view;
To join her then, for Heaven above
I'll steer the light canoe.

T. C. W.

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LUGGAGE MANAGEMENT.

THE method of managing luggage by the railways of the United Kingdom is about as loose and unsatisfactory as it is possible to be. For it there is only one extenuation, and that is the difficulty of dealing with masses of people who are disinclined to submit to any interference with their freedom of action. Accustomed to so far look after their luggage themselves, they do not like the idea of coming under the obligation of abandoning it wholly to officials. This seems to be at the root of present arrangements; but the time has come when, for the sake of security, better views ought to prevail. It is not saying too much, or saying what is not the fact, to affirm that by the existing system, universal we believe in this country, facilities and temptations are offered to every thievish rascal to make off with luggage at any station he may choose, but especially at the termini. Several cases of this sort of theft have lately been reported in the newspapers, but these represent only a very small proportion of the cases that are daily occurring. Newspapers take note of those only which result in an occasional capture. We noticed some time ago that the Plymouth police had captured a man in the act of making off with a gentleman's portmanteau at the railway station, and found at his lodgings a number of portmanteaus which had been stolen, amongst them one which contained securities for over ten thousand pounds. Now, it is intolerable that such a thing should be possible, and all the more so, as there can be no difficulty whatever in preventing it.

Why should we in this country be in such a matter so far behind our neighbours on the continent? 'They manage these things better.' You hand your luggage to the railway officials before taking your seat in the carriage. It is labelled to the station whither you are going. It is, moreover, numbered; and you receive a ticket with the corresponding number and description of your packages, which is equivalent to a receipt. When you reach your destination, you present your

ticket, and receive your luggage, which is handed to you, or some one on your behalf, only on the exchange of your ticket for it. The railway Company holds itself responsible, and the officials therefore take every care that nothing is lost *in transitu*; and stealth is rendered impossible, unless, indeed, the ticket be first stolen. For this security you pay a small coin, averaging about one penny for each article; a sum no one certainly grudges, to insure his luggage being safe and his mind free from anxiety about it.

Compare this with the system, or rather no-system, of our railways. Arrived at the terminus let us suppose, the porters begin to tear out the luggage—portmanteaus, boxes, hat-boxes, carpet-bags, parcels of every description, and toss them helter-skelter into an indiscriminate heap upon the platform. The passengers whose property is thus roughly handled congregate around, nervous and excited. A general scramble ensues. Ladies are jostled; old gentlemen get their shins bruised or their toes tramped on; young children holding on by their mothers' or nurses' dress, wondering and confused, or terrified by the hubbub and screaming, run no small risk of getting smothered or crushed in the press. The passenger who is able to collect all his luggage in safety has much reason to congratulate himself. Ladies, however, who may happen to have no masculine companion to look after their traps, and who may not be particularly strong-minded and strong-bodied, shrink back, and stand aloof in the outskirts of the crowd, and so run a proportionally greater risk of being robbed. In the midst of the bustle and confusion and crush, a gentlemanly looking individual quickly and quietly gets hold of a portmanteau, adroitly half conceals it with a plaid or greatcoat, and walks off. The chances are he eludes detection and secures his prize. He will certainly do so if the owner has not his eye on his property, for assuredly there is no one else who will interfere. But it is possible the owner, if he is pretty sharp, and happens to be pretty far forward in the crowd, recognises his property thus surreptitiously taken possession of. He pounces

upon the 'gentleman' with a rough challenge: 'Hollo! where are you going with my portmanteau?'

'Your portmanteau!' is the confident reply; 'it is mine.'

'Nothing of the sort,' is the indignant answer. 'My name is on the brass plate.'

The gentlemanly looking depredator thus arrested, affects to be equally sure the portmanteau is his, but cannot escape the challenge of the real owner to prove whose it is by a closer inspection; so he mildly puts it down with a charming air of injured but conscious innocence; and lo! it turns out as the real owner had said. With a genial and deprecatory smile, the gentlemanly looking thief gracefully lifts his hat and makes a most ample apology: 'I beg a thousand pardons; I was perfectly sure it was mine. It is exactly like it. What a stupid mistake!'

The proprietor of said portmanteau is somewhat ruffled, but congratulates himself upon his promptness in recovering his property without any more trouble or inconvenience, never thinking at the moment that in all probability, if he had not been in the front rank of the crowd and keeping a sharp outlook, he would never have seen it again. This is no imaginary case. It is exactly what we once witnessed, and it is what no doubt often occurs.

Another thing certainly also often occurs. The thief is not noticed, and gets clear off with his booty. And what remedy is there? What can you do in such a case as we have sketched? If you were sure the gentlemanly looking depredator was a thief, you would very probably give him into custody. But how can you be sure or prove he was not speaking the truth? Perhaps he was. Perhaps he was no thief. He did not look like one. Portmanteaus are very much alike. A perfectly honest man might have made such a mistake. You shrink from causing a scene on the platform. It might turn out that he is a perfectly honourable gentleman, and of course therefore utterly incapable of doing such a thing as you suspect; and you would in that case be so grieved to wound his feelings by charging him with theft. Whatever your suspicions may be, you are glad enough you have not lost your property, and you do not care to put yourself to the inconvenience of following up the matter any further.

There is another way in which passengers' luggage is in danger of being lost, and often is lost. It may have been properly addressed and labelled to your intended destination; but as every one knows, there is never any difficulty in getting it from the guard at any intermediate station. You say to the guard: 'I want my portmanteau, labelled to such a place, and with my name on it'—giving your name. 'I'm going to wait here till next train.' You look into the van and point out what you want—the label and address just as you said. The guard hands it out to you without hesitation or suspicion. Now, suppose instead of the applicant being yourself—the

owner—it is some one else, a professional portmanteau-stealer, who wants your portmanteau, which he thinks from the look of it promises something worth a little risk. He has set covetous eyes on it at the station of embarkation before it was put into the van, and he takes a mental note of the address and destination. At any, to him, convenient intermediate station at which the train may be stopping, he applies to the guard just as you might have done, giving all particulars of name, address, and destination with the most innocent and off-hand promptness, and as easily as you would have done, carries off your property in triumph.

A few months ago the writer was travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh. His luggage was labelled and addressed to the Waverley terminus. It fortunately happened that he was looking out of the window at the Haymarket Station, where tickets are collected, and was not a little surprised to see a man coolly walking away with his portmanteau. Springing out of the train, he speedily recovered it. The train was just starting, and he had no time to consider whether he should take any further notice of the matter; but he very strongly suspects he made an exceedingly narrow escape of being victimised by a portmanteau-stealer. A lady-friend of the present writer going from Stirling to Glasgow, saw her portmanteau, which was fully addressed, properly labelled at Stirling Station, and put on the railway barrow amongst other luggage in charge of a porter, ready to be put into the van on the arrival of the train from the north. Never doubting that all was right, she did not go to see it put in; but when she arrived at Glasgow her portmanteau was nowhere to be found; and she never recovered it or obtained any trace of it; nor did she obtain any compensation from the Company, being unable to prove that it was put into the luggage-van. It was stolen, that was certain; and all the probabilities pointed to its having been 'appropriated' at one of the intermediate stations in some such way as we have indicated.

Now, we say these things should not be possible; and if the continental system, to which we have referred, or the American were adopted by railway Companies in this country, they would not be possible. Moreover, the Companies would, we believe, make a handsome profit out of the small luggage-fees. At any rate they certainly would not suffer loss by such an arrangement, and passengers would be secured against theft and the anxiety and uncertainty they must always feel so long as the present system continues. 'Passengers are requested to look after their own luggage, as the Company will not be responsible for its safety unless booked and paid for as goods.' Such a notice looks exceedingly like grim irony on the part of the Companies, for they render such looking after impossible, by stowing away passengers' luggage in the van, and so removing it from the owners' personal super-

vision. But after all, such intimation notwithstanding, we believe the question of responsibility is not altogether as the Companies represent or wish people to suppose. Should your luggage not be forthcoming at your journey's end, if you can prove that it was put into the van properly addressed and labelled, and moreover prove the approximate value of the same, the court, if appealed to, will order compensation up to a certain amount. But these are just things you will find not so easy to prove, and failure of proof in these respects means no redress. But even if you should succeed in recovering the money value of your stolen property, the inconvenience and annoyance and expense to which you are certain to be subjected, are vexatious in the extreme. And even that is not all. Very probably your portmanteau contained something, some family relic or keepsake, of small intrinsic value indeed, but to you invaluable, and the loss of which you will never cease to deplore.

The only objection we have ever heard to the adoption of the continental system is the time that it is alleged would be lost before the luggage could be distributed by the officials, and people are generally in too great a hurry to be off, to wait. To this it ought to be an amply sufficient reply, that the difference could not be more than a very few minutes, which surely would be far more than compensated for by the security that would be gained. But further, people who may be travelling with much luggage, requiring it to be conveyed in the van, are not generally in such a hurry as to make the additional few minutes of any consequence; while those on the other hand who are in hot haste—business men for the most part going between their country residences and their offices—have commonly very little luggage, probably only a small hand-bag, which they can always take with them in the carriage.

On the whole, we submit it is full time something were done to protect the travelling public from the depredations of portmanteau-stealers.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VII.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

'He is gone,' he said—'gone without a trace.'

WHAT a charm clings always about the past. It is easy to believe and graceful to proclaim the exceeding happiness of childhood. But I am not at all sure that most men's raptures on this matter are very real, or that they are always based on any very vivid recollection. It is certain that the man who is distracted by the playful noises of children has forgotten his own childhood. A remembrance of early boyhood is a retention of infancy. The juvenile man remembers his juvenility. Looking back, I am conscious of the fact that there is between me and the time I look at, an atmosphere of glamour. The child of my remembrance is partly—or I fear so—the child of my own after-creation. I have moulded and modelled my infant memories; or if I have not, I am indeed fallen. "God help thee, Elia—how art thou changed!—thou art sophisticated! I know how honest, how courageous—for a weakling—thou wert, how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful!"

But if ever I was happy, I know that I was happy then—in the first month I spent in Island Hall. Waking in the morning—I remember now how the wet boughs would tap against the window, and how the late dawn came grayly in between the white curtains—I woke to a sense of luxury in my surroundings which was altogether new and strange and beautiful. Every day's breakfast was an event. Aunt Bertha was president over that simple table; Sally was in invariable attendance; and it was there that Polly and I made our first daily encounter, and my heart had fastened to each of them.

In what other respect soever my after-thoughts have moulded memory, I am quite sure about one matter. Taking leave to regard myself as I was at that time—as indeed, indeed I very fairly may—as a creature altogether differing from my present self, I am inclined to think that the chief part I played in this episode of my life must have been very gracious to the on-looker. I bend over myself now—over that past child-self—in a sorrowful wonder that the chivalrous and tender soul I knew it, should ever have fallen thus away—could possibly have degenerated into that poor creature who wears his name, and who pretends to his adult personality.

I fell in love with Polly. Whether by the pure light of unadulterated instinct, I could have done so, I cannot guess; but I had reading enough to help out my imaginings, and I fell in love. Polly ordered me whithersoever she would, and was as conscious of my enslaved condition as I was myself. She was a sort of female Ahasuerus—I a kind of male Esther, admitted to the royal courts by rare extension of the royal favour, and approaching with an almost sacred awe. The books to which I had access at this time were many and various. In one of them—a certain trashy novel of the Lady Laura Matilda species—I found mention of a *jongleur*. I became a *jongleur*. With the delicate fervour of a minstrel, with the reticence and awe that minstrel might experience in the presence of his queen, I, in happy moments, was permitted to approach the throne of love, and to open up my budget of stories, travelling at times through those lands of grim humour known as The History of the Three Bears—which lands I explored under Polly's formal order—touching at times upon the terror of the Bluebeard Chamber—unfolding, in antres vast and deserts idle the tent of Peribanou—sallying forth in disguise with Haroun Alraschid and the Grand Vizier—whose names, by-the-way, were a terror and a stumbling-block—and rising at times to the tragic heights of Little Red Riding-hood.

The season of the year went against the possibility of outdoor excursions. The greater part of our time was spent in that chamber in which I was first introduced to Polly. Polly would sit enthroned near the fireplace, whilst I, fenced round with books, occupied the corner farthest

from the fire, and prepared myself for my story-telling function. My queen's especial passion at this time was the cutting of scraps of paper into quaint devices—an operation in which Uncle Will at times engaged himself with a splendid adroitness. In her leisure hours, Polly generally sat with a pair of scissors in her hand, engaged in the manufacture of dragons and other wonders; and by a queenly wave of scissors or of dragon I was now and again admitted to audience. My business of amusement over, I was dismissed, being occasionally rewarded with a paper emblem of royalty's approval. At other times Polly would unbend, and would condescend to meet me on an equal footing.

It is easy enough, no doubt, for any adult person who may read this chronicle to laugh at those childish raptures; but I protest that at such times I was filled with a tranquillity of peace, a satisfied hope, such as I have never since experienced, such a soft gladness and chastened joy as might become the mind of some meek angel.

I can remember quite distinctly how, under these influences, the past melted and grew undefined. It was a somewhat hard past, with not always enough to eat in it, and not always enough to wear; a past in which rude and domineering boy-giants, wearing clogs and corduroys, and addicted to the practice of mauling such unprotected and inoffensive youth as they encountered, held evil place. I remember how far-off that past came to look; and yet it was always near enough to give an added relish to my security and comfort. I can thank heaven that it is near enough even now for that, and I can think of such as hold a like place with something more of sympathy and kindness than I should probably have known without it. The only fragment of that near past which still remained forcibly with me was the face, and it had welded itself into my life in an altogether inexplicable way. I can only describe the feeling I had concerning it by saying that it seemed always in attendance in some anteroom of fancy, and always clamouring to be let in. It came to haunt me so that it grew into a habit of reproducing itself in other faces—the living faces of people about me. I saw it often, for instance, in Mr Fairholt's face, in Uncle Will's, in Aunt Bertha's. It would flash out at unexpected times, and would disappear again as rapidly as it came, being gone before I could fix it. It was my constant companion when alone, and I often dreamed of it. I suppose I must have been a morbidly fanciful child—as I know that I am now a morbidly fanciful man—but I had a decided joy in the fact of my personal proprietorship of this phantom. As I became more and more accustomed to its exigent presence in that antechamber of fancy, I became also less afraid of being afraid, and often let it in of my own free-will, and extracted a delicious fright from it. This very soon brought about the result which might have been expected, and custom robbed the unwholesome pleasure of its keenness. If it had not been that the events of life began to move for me with somewhat more rapidity, I might have worn it out altogether by this over-use, and so have missed that knowledge of a great life-tragedy to which it led me.

I had been in Island Hall exactly a month when I was witness to a conversation between Mr Fairholt and Aunt Bertha. I was not often

in his room; but was on this occasion carried down by Sally, who had been sent for me. She was evidently much disturbed, and was very defiant of something. As she carried me downstairs she hugged me several times, imprinting her buttons painfully on my frame in the strength of her affection. Tapping at the door of Mr Fairholt's room, and being by him peevishly invited to come in, she entered, bearing me in her arms. I was ridiculously conscious, I remember, of a certain want of dignity in my own behalf in this proceeding; but when I made a motion to escape, Sally only held me tighter; and having been pretty strictly trained in ways of obedience to her, I stayed where I was. Mr Fairholt was seated in an arm-chair near the fire, and Aunt Bertha stood on the rug with one hand tapping a little angrily on the mantel-piece.

'You may set down the child and go, Troman,' said Mr Fairholt.

'Begging pardon, sir,' said Sally; 'but might I make bold to be allowed to stay?'

Mr Fairholt looked up angrily.

'I brought him here,' continued Sally, 'on condition as he wasn't to be took away from me.'

Mr Fairholt looked at Aunt Bertha, casting his hands abroad fretfully, but said nothing.

Aunt Bertha turned and said: 'Give me the child, Troman. Nothing shall be done that is not for his good; be sure of that. I will let you know what we have decided to do, as soon as we have decided anything.'

'Thank you ma'am,' said Sally; 'and set me down and left the room.'

Aunt Bertha took a seat, and drawing me to her side, put an arm about me.

'What possible object,' asked the old gentleman, 'do you think you can serve by bringing him here?'

'There are some people,' said Aunt Bertha, with an angry little laugh, and an angry little shake of her head, 'who can only remember that which is directly under their noses. I want you to remember, Robert,' she continued in a changed tone, 'that you were almost as defenceless, though not so young, when his father helped you, and to refuse now to give him house-room, does really seem to me inhuman.' There Aunt Bertha became angry again, and spoke with great decision.

Mr Fairholt raised his eyes for a moment to meet hers, but dropped them hurriedly. 'I told you before,' he said, 'that I would give you a month to think what you would do with him. The month has gone, and you have done nothing.'

'Surely,' said Aunt Bertha, 'you are not insensible to the claims he has upon you?'

'All this,' said Mr Fairholt, rising and walking in that irritated way of his up and down the room, 'is very sentimental and womanly and so forth, I have no doubt. But now what do I propose to do?' He stopped short before her, fidgeting with his hands; and she passed me over to the other side of her chair, and laid her left arm round my shoulder, drawing me to her, as if sheltering me. 'I don't say, turn him out to starve. I don't even say, send him back with his old nurse, that—that woman, Troman.' He spoke of Sally in an angry way, pausing before the

word 'woman,' as if in search of some unpleasant adjective, and jerking it out spitefully when he decided upon it. 'There's nothing inhuman or barbarous in what I propose to do. I tell you that I don't like the child. I tell you that he irritates and worries me. I tell you that I will not have him grow up with my daughter and in my house.'

'Then,' said Aunt Bertha, 'what will you do?'

'I will do anything in reason—anything short of that. What do you ask me to do?'

'I ask you to do what seems to be your clear duty,' she responded. 'The child is fatherless and motherless, and is your nephew.'

'You talk nonsense, Bertha. He is not my nephew; he is not even yours. He is the son of my sister's husband's brother—*your* husband's brother. His mother I never knew. His father I have not even seen for years. And now you urge upon me the mere fact that I had a business loan from him—which I repaid, mind you, Bertha—which I repaid, honourably and with interest—every farthing. And you bring this as a reason why I should maintain the child, whom I dislike, and in whom I perceive the seeds of—the seeds of—of unpleasant influences—that I should maintain him, not as I like and as it suits me, but in your way; whether I like it or not, and whether it suits me or not—in my own house and in companionship with my child! I have told you already, Bertha, and I repeat it—it is preposterous.' Mr Fairholt went up and down the room in a series of peevish jerks, and was quite white with anger when he concluded. He resumed his seat, and sat in silence, except for a short gasp of incredulous indignation now and then.

'I don't say, Robert,' said Aunt Bertha, persuasively, 'that the relationship is a very intimate one; but still it is a relationship, and it must be recognised. I am sorry to hear you speak about the loan in that way. I think you have forgotten the facts.' There Aunt Bertha again grew very decided. 'It was not a business loan. No business man would have advanced it. You are certainly wrong about the interest. That, I remember, he declined to take.'

'I don't care,' said Mr Fairholt, flushing a little. 'I should have said that I offered it, that I—I pressed it upon him. I will not have the child in my house. He can be just as happy and as well-off elsewhere. Send him to school.'

'The child,' said Aunt Bertha, drawing me a little closer to her side, 'is very young and delicate. He has no home of his own, nor have I. I can't at all understand your aversion to him; and I may tell you, Robert, once for all, that sooner than see him discarded and shut out from home-influences, I will find a home of my own again, and take him with me.'

'I don't mean that at all, Bertha,' said Mr Fairholt. 'You know how glad I am to have you here.'

Aunt Bertha smiled—a hard little smile—and said nothing.

He caught her glance for a moment furtively, and went on in haste: 'Let him go to school, and come here for his holidays. Let him be sent to a good school. I don't grudge him that. But I cannot, and I will not have him here always. He annoys me; he worries me. When you

speak, Bertha, of the claims his father had upon me, you speak ignorantly. Those claims were annulled and more than annulled by his conduct afterwards. You know that I never spoke to him for years.'

'I did not know it,' said Aunt Bertha sadly; 'and I am very sorry to hear it now.'

'Of course,' said he, irritated by her tone, 'the separation, in your mind at least, would be of my seeking. But I tell you that he came here, and in this very room flaunted his favours in my face. I shall not attempt to justify myself.'

'I make no accusation, Robert,' she replied. 'If you are willing to send the child to school, and to allow him to return here for his holidays, I am willing to accept that as a compromise. He is very young and very little.' She looked down pityingly upon me, and in a vague sort of way I was conscious of feeling sorry for myself. And though the feeling was vague, there was such a pity in her face and voice that the tears rose to my eyes. She bent down and kissed me. 'It would be kinder in you,' she went on, 'to let him stay here for a while.'

'I thought,' said Mr Fairholt, nervously interlacing his fingers and snatching them apart, 'that you accepted the compromise. It is no compromise unless he goes at once.'

My aunt rose taking my hand in hers. 'Will you leave me,' she asked, 'to select a school?'

'We can discuss that together,' he answered.

'Very good,' replied my aunt, and so led me from the room and into my own bedchamber, where we found Sally, making a great pretence of dusting and arranging.

'Would you mind saying what's been done, ma'am?' asked Sally, turning round with a duster in her hand.

'Mr Fairholt is very strongly in favour of sending the child to school. I think too that it would be the better course. We must not grow up idle and ignorant; must we, Johnny?'

I recognised this as an appeal to Sally, and answered 'No' as stoutly as I could, for I saw premonitory symptoms of tears in her eyes. Notwithstanding the stoutness of my answer, the tears came.

'O ma'am,' cried Sally, 'I can't let him go.'

'Now Troman,' said Aunt Bertha, 'you mustn't be ridiculous.'

'No ma'am,' assented Sally, amenable to discipline.

'He will not go far away, and we will make arrangements to let you see him as often as you can.'

'Couldn't I go with him, ma'am?' said Sally. 'Couldn't I take a situation in the school?'

'I think you had better stay with us, Troman,' said my aunt, smiling. 'It is scarcely likely that a school can afford to keep a domestic servant for every pupil. He will probably go to school in Wrethedale, which is very close at hand; and you will be able to see him perhaps as often as once a week. And then, you know,' said my aunt, humouring Sally, 'we shall have him coming back quite a young gentleman.'

Sally brightened a little at these fairer promises, and wiped her eyes. At the sound of hoofs in the carriage-drive below, I looked through the window, and saw Mr Fairholt in the act of mounting a horse held by the groom. Aunt Bertha also

looked out, and seeing what I saw, shrugged her shoulders a little. She left me with Sally a moment afterwards, and that good creature, as was her wont on all disturbing occasions, moistened me with her tears. She emptied upon me, as a guard against possible starvation in my as yet unfixed new quarters, the sum of two shillings and threepence-halfpenny in copper. She also gave me a thimble, of which she instructed me to take especial care, since its continued possession betokened 'luck.' Then she sat down on the floor and took me in her arms, and grew quite cheerful, and we had a long, long talk together. I opened my heart to Sally then, as always. I had been very shy about my passion for Polly; but I told her then with a serious fervour, which I have not felt often since, that I meant to come back a great man and marry that young lady. Sally was as much delighted at this protestation as I at her delight, and received it with the utmost enthusiasm. We talked the matter over until I verily believe that Sally was as strongly infected as myself, and accepted it in her simple faith as earnestly as though I had been five-and-twenty, and had propounded it in all manly seriousness.

'And I shall be a man soon; sha'n't I, Sally?'

'Yes,' said Sally, rocking delightedly to and fro, and leaning on me in her happiness. 'Why, you're quite a man already in them things!' Sally set me on my feet in order to look at me, and chuckled over me in very admiration and affection.

'Do you think, Sally,' I inquired—'do you think she'll have me?'

'Why, bless the child!' cried Sally in an ecstasy, 'of course she will.'

Therewith she made a dart at me and embraced me, bruising my nose against the brazen presentment of a horned Dian who stared from a huge brooch in Sally's collar. That brooch was the gift of a young carpenter who was devotedly attached to her, and whose epistles—occasionally brought by a young urchin in corduroys to the old cottage in the Black Country, and inscribed not infrequently on thin pieces of smooth-planed deal—it had been one of my earliest tasks to decipher.

'And then, Johnny,' said Sally, blushing and chuckling, 'when you're growned a fine gentleman, and you're married and all settled down comfortable, I'll come and keep house for you; and you shall have Bob for groom and gardener.'

I promised earnestly that I would, and there the conversation closed. I heard Mr Fairholt's voice below, and thought how soon he had returned. But the time had gone quickly during my talk with Sally, and the hour for tea had arrived. It was already dusk, and before tea was over had grown quite dark. I was not as a rule allowed down-stairs after dark at all; but impelled by what childish vagary I scarcely knew, I stole down the stairs and through the hall and on to the damp lawn. I ran across with a sense of fear upon me, looked over the bridge into the darkness, and heard the hurrying river moan below. The voice of the river and the darkness of the night frightened me, and I retraced my steps quickly. The hall beyond the open door lay in black darkness, and some one bearing a lamp appeared so suddenly within it, that the quick and unexpected advent of the light came like a blow upon my eyes. The

bearer of the lamp was Mr Fairholt. He caught sight of me as I stood with one foot upon the doorstep, and beckoned me. I went timidly towards him.

'Bertha!' he called.

My aunt came from Mr Fairholt's room, and I noticed that she looked grave and troubled.

'I had forgotten,' said Mr Fairholt, hurriedly and nervously. 'I have made arrangements for him. He goes on Thursday.' He drew a card from his pocket, and read it by the light of the lamp: "'Rev. Charles Davies, The Grove, Wrethdale.'" At six o'clock. Have things ready as soon as possible, and see that he goes.' Then continued Mr Fairholt in a somewhat lower tone, 'I will be back as soon as I can. If I have good news, I will let you know.'

'Do not keep me in suspense in any case, Robert,' said Aunt Bertha.

'You shall hear as soon as possible,' he answered.

'Have you everything you want?' asked Aunt Bertha.

'Yes, yes,' he responded irritably. He struggled into a greatcoat, and paced in his own excited fashion up and down the hall. I heard a sound of wheels upon the drive, and the lamps of the dog-cart gleamed through the darkness. Mr Fairholt put on his hat and went out. The groom came in, and took away a portmanteau and a travelling-rug. Aunt Bertha went to the door and called to Mr Fairholt. He returned, and she said something to him which I did not hear. I had not observed his face till now; but as she stood aside, with her hand upon the door, it came upon me suddenly, with such a horror as I can scarcely name—in every lineament, and in its tone of awful pallor—with its haggard eyes and updrawn lip, the face I saw a month ago. In another second it was gone and the door was closed. I passed up-stairs, and suffered unspeakable nervous terrors until, put to bed, I fell asleep with the pressure of Sally's loving hand still on my cheek, and slept without a dream.

For the next day or two Sally scarcely allowed me to stray beyond her sight. She followed me about like that proverbial hen who finds that she has a duckling for a chicken, and discovers that the scarce-fledged creature is bent on taking to the water. Polly and I had a long and favourable interview on the fatal Thursday afternoon. She had been all majesty in the morning—a gracious majesty, I must confess—frequently waving me from my corner—for it was a holiday, and there were no lessons from Aunt Bertha—to bid the humble *jongleur* recite her favourite stories. At table her majesty was pensive. On the removal of the cloth, she cried, and after a little while retired from the nursery to indulge a royal sulk in private. This over, she reappeared, imperiously and without apparent provocation kissed me, and then rang the bell. This was an act prohibited by authority under heavy penalties, except in cases of great emergency. Sally appeared in answer to the call. Her majesty, whose eyes were still moist, flounced round upon her.

'T'oman,' said her majesty, 'I tan't spare him. Tell Aunty Bertha he sha'n't go.' With this edict she resumed her throne, and set resolutely to work upon a paper dragon.

Sally shook her head. 'They're gettin' Master Johnny's things ready now, Miss Mary.'

'I don't care,' returned her majesty, with a wave of the scissors; 'I can't spare him.'

'Very well, miss,' said Sally, and went away again.

Childhood sails a tiny craft, upon a very little pool indeed. But the shallows of that little pool are deeps to the child. The little waves that wimple at the edge are breakers. The child-craft suffers wreck as disastrous, or finds passage as happy, as the great merchantman that goes down in the depths, or is brought by fair winds to the desired haven. And I suppose that I was as sincerely joyful at the issue of Polly's childish ukase as I have ever been at anything. I was persuaded that her judgment was final. Her manner carried conviction. She was so convinced herself, that in me a doubt would have been an unpardonable presumption. So for another hour or two, beneath calm skies and over pleasant seas, went the barque of Childhood's Hope with a steady breeze abeam. But at four o'clock Aunt Bertha came upon the scene as cloud-compeller. The horizon darkened—the deeps yawned—the vessel foundered. To drop the metaphor: I was carried away and dressed, undergoing that operation in a condition of mind of the most concentrated misery. To take up the metaphor again: I went down with the shriek of the tempest in my ears. A furious little tempest she was indeed, though rapidly silenced by the cloud-compeller, and put to bed, like other tempests, with repentant moans.

The blazing eyes of the dog-cart were at the door again. I had taken leave of Sally, and was saying good-bye to Aunt Bertha, when a hoarse voice called from the gate of the eastern bridge, and the groom went crunching down the gravel drive. Aunt Bertha stood and listened, with her hands upon my shoulders. I can see now the kindly stooping attitude change suddenly to one of listening fear, the stoop remaining, but its whole expression changed. I can see now the kindly look, which vanished as though a hand had passed across her face and smoothed it out, and left a look of waiting terror there. The groom came crunching back again, and behind him came a cab, the horse in the shafts limping painfully, and throwing off a great cloud of steam. From the cab emerged Mr Fairholt. At the first sight of his face, Aunt Bertha started upright, ran to him, and took him by the hands. He put her away feebly and impatiently, and entering, sank into a chair in the hall. Aunt Bertha bent above him with an air of great anxiety. He shook his head in a slow dazed way from side to side.

'He is gone,' he said—'gone, without a trace. Has been gone for nearly five weeks.'

'Robert!' said Aunt Bertha, and put an arm about his neck.

He rose to his feet, setting her arm aside, and looked round with his gray face drawn into the semblance of that phantom which I knew so well. 'Shut out those people,' he said slowly. He caught sight of me, and stooping above me, patted me on the shoulder; and with a sudden attempt at cheerfulness, which was more dreadful than even the expression of his face, he said lightly: 'So our little man is going to school. Well, well. Be a good little man. Good-bye.'

Aunt Bertha, with a backward glance at him, led me to the door. The groom lifted me into the

dog-cart, and having wrapped me in a thick travelling-rug, took his place beside me and drove me away. As I looked back, I saw the lamplight gleaming through the open door, and the lame and steaming cab-horse standing dejectedly by it.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT, THE FRENCH NATURALIST.

To grasp a few of the truths which make up the wondrous unity of nature, is the vocation of the naturalist; and no man has ever given himself to this noble life-work with a fuller self-abnegation than Victor Jacquemont, a promising French naturalist, who found in 1832 a premature grave in India.

Born in 1801 in Paris, where his father, a man of considerable literary and scientific attainments, filled at one time the office of Director of Public Instruction, he at a very early age evinced a strong attachment to natural history, the practical outcome of which was that he received a letter from the Directors of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, proposing to him an expedition into India, which should be ethnological, geological, and botanical. After some little hesitation he accepted this offer, and prepared for it at the end of 1827. Before setting out on his Indian expedition, he went to London, armed with a letter of introduction from Baron Cuvier to Sir Alexander Johnston. To the kindness of this gentleman he owed the flattering reception accorded to him by the Royal Asiatic Society, and also letters of introduction to the most influential men in India. With the Board of Merchant Princes in Leadenhall Street, who then swayed the destinies of India, he had rather more trouble; and it was only after several vexatious delays that he succeeded in obtaining from them the necessary credentials. Furnished with these, he embarked on board a man-of-war which was bound for Bengal, with the new governor of Pondicherry on board.

La Zélée was a very slow, and moreover a very noisy ship; and to the studious naturalist, her officers, although good enough fellows, were anything but congenial companions. In due time, however, that is to say in the beginning of May 1829, the vessel arrived in Calcutta; and Jacquemont, scrupulously arrayed in black, armed himself with one of his letters of introduction, and getting into a palanquin, ordered himself to be conveyed to the house of the Advocate-general. Here he was shewn into a large drawing-room, where 'I found,' he says, 'three ladies in full toilet, and a man with gray hair in a light cotton dress; all four being fanned by a complicated machinery of hand-screens.' Prepared only for the grave presence of the Advocate-general, he was taken so entirely aback that he got momentarily confused, and could only stammer out: 'I used to speak a few words of English, but I perceive I have forgotten it all; pray help me.'

This appeal was irresistible; he was helped so effectually that he was soon at his ease, and quickly got rid of all his letters of introduction, including one to Lady William Bentinck and another to the Governor-general. With both these exalted personages he soon became a great favourite, and was a frequent and welcome guest at Government House. In Calcutta he became at once the fashion;

but he had come out to India not to enjoy himself but to work. He had, moreover, for his work a zeal and ardour which urged him irresistibly to give his whole heart and soul to it. He had health and strength, and knowledge sufficient to warrant fresh discoveries in all the branches of science for which he had undertaken to cater; but another requisite was wanting to success—money. He had been sent out with an allowance of six thousand francs a year (about two hundred and forty pounds), and in his inexperience he had considered this sum ample; now he began to see that it had inconveniently narrow limits. He resolved, however, to start at once for Benares; but first he wrote a letter to the authorities of the *Jardin des Plantes*, setting before them the difficulties of his position. Pending an answer to this appeal, he bought for six hundred and fifty francs (twenty-five pounds) a young Persian horse saddled and bridled. This was upon the whole a good investment. 'I read, sleep, and study my plants with a magnifying glass,' he writes, 'all the time I am on horseback, although sometimes he throws me, when I am stupid enough to dispute with a beast without reason.'

When he had fairly set out upon his wanderings, he discarded his suit of ceremonious black, and arrayed his tall meagre person in a long nankeen dressing-gown, over which was wrapped a robe of coarse silk; while his pale spectacled face was shaded by a large straw hat covered with black taffety; stockings he did not wear except at night. He had a little tent with him—a handsome mountain-tent, he calls it—of which he was much enamoured; also a bamboo cot, ten servants, and two cars and oxen. 'I have only two plates,' he says, 'and I have a man to wash them. Woe be to him if they are not clean.' His habits when on the march were as abstemious as possible. At four in the morning he breakfasted on a pound of rice boiled in milk, with a little sugar, which was all the food he took until his tent was pitched in the afternoon. Then he dined upon a chicken when it was forthcoming, but more usually upon some scraggy patriarch of the feathered tribe, stewed with rice in rancid ghee or native butter. He had no bread, and his only drink was water, mixed, when his health required it, with a little brandy. When it chanced to be cold at night, or when he had much writing to do, he sometimes treated himself to a cup of tea.

On the 31st of December 1829, he arrived at Benares, having encountered considerable difficulties on the road. 'Where should I have been,' he writes pathetically in one of his letters, 'without my guard? Undoubtedly drowned in the mud at the mouth of some river.' Since leaving Benares he goes on to record: 'I have come to an admirable arrangement with my horse, who suffers me to read undisturbed all day long upon his back, provided I do not thwart him in any of his whims. The magnificent English consider this pace very negligent; but as they know the value of time, my character as a gentleman does not suffer by it.' At Delhi, where he arrived in the beginning of March, the Great Mogul held a durbār in order to receive him, and solemnly invested him with a *khelat* or dress of honour. This he variously describes as resembling a Turkish dressing-gown, and a worked muslin dressing-gown; and to crown the honours of his life at Delhi, he goes on to

mention for the benefit of his father: 'I never go out either in a carriage, a palanquin, or on an elephant without a brilliant escort of cavalry.' He was, moreover, styled *Sahib Bahadour*, or lord victorious in war, and by this title he was ever afterwards known in the East. In Delhi he left the collection which he had formed during the five or six hundred leagues he had travelled, and in the middle of March resumed his solitary wandering life, travelling towards the mountains.

These Indian Alps seemed to him inferior in picturesqueness and beauty to those of Europe. 'In the highest mountains in the world,' he says, 'there is necessarily grandeur, but it is grandeur without beauty.' He found, however, in their rugged and desolate fastnesses many new plants, and the remains of shell-fish even in the more elevated strata, and considered himself by these discoveries amply repaid for his fatigues and privations, which were many and grievous. He was very poorly fed, and had been compelled by the exigencies of mountain travel to leave behind him most of the few comforts at his command. Boiled rice, while it lasted, still formed the staple article of his food; and when it was exhausted, the compulsory change to wheat and barley made him ill. Then he suffered much from the cold, which was great. One night he camped out at an elevation a thousand feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc, and several times he crossed passes eighteen thousand feet above the sea. In these circumstances the night cold was often intense, and lying on his hard bed he was many times almost frozen alive, and had to drink a little brandy the first thing in the morning to warm himself. To add to his other discomforts, the rainy season came on; and to escape from the drenching torrents which almost drowned him, he marched towards Tibet, having to carry provisions for twelve days for himself and the sixty men who now formed his party. He was dressed in thick woollen clothes, and wrapped in blankets from head to foot, and yet he suffered extremely from the cold. 'This is a strange climate,' he writes; 'it snows moderately in winter, and there is no thaw for four months; it scarcely ever rains, but blows a violent hurricane every day at three o'clock, which lasts far on into the night. I often awake long before daylight, frozen through my five blankets.' Here he lived upon cakes of coarse wheat, and mutton hams so hard that it was scarcely possible to chew them. At last these hardships told even upon his indomitable energy; one evening, after a march of seven hours, he was seized with such dreadful internal pains that they almost brought on delirium. Fortunately this attack went speedily off; and in eight months he returned from his Himalayan expedition very thin and very brown, but with the appearance of perfect health, and rejoicing in the possession of a rich collection of plants, minerals, and organic remains.

While on the frontiers of Chinese Tartary he had received a kind letter from a countryman of his own, M. Allard, a French officer in the service of Runjeet Singh. On his return to Delhi he found a second letter from M. Allard awaiting him, recommending him, if he wished to travel in Cashmere, to obtain a letter of introduction to Runjeet Singh from the Governor-general. This was readily furnished to him by Lord William

Bentinck; and at the end of January 1831, having left his Himalayan collections at Delhi, he set out on his journey to the Punjab, intending to proceed ultimately to Cashmere. 'I have still the same horse,' he writes, 'which has carried me from Calcutta to the foot of the Himalayas. His temper is as bad as ever, but I am grown more cunning than he; and since I left Benares he has not thrown me once.' Mounted on this much-enduring charger he reached Loodiana, where he was met by an escort from Runjeet Singh, and was presented with much ceremony with a bag of money, as a present from the Rajah. A large basket of fruit and a vase of cream were also placed beside the door of his tent. He was six days' journey from Lahore, and every day until he arrived there this agreeable ceremonial was repeated. When he arrived at Lahore, a charming little palace surrounded by groves of orange trees and jasmynes was assigned to him as a residence. Here a splendid dinner was served up to him by torch-light, and he was waited upon by servants richly dressed in silk. 'I had courage,' he writes, 'to take as usual only bread, milk, and fruit.' Next day he had an interview with Runjeet Singh, who took a violent fancy to him; 'but his conversation,' he writes, 'is to me like a nightmare. He is almost the first inquisitive Indian I have ever seen, and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation.' In the middle of March he parted from Runjeet Singh, who bestowed upon him a khelat worth five hundred pounds, besides a bag of money containing eleven hundred rupees. He heard at the same time from the administrators of the Jardin des Plantes that his pay was increased eighty pounds a year, so that the sun of prosperity shone brightly upon him when he began his journey to Cashmere. The road, a winding track up narrow mountain gorges, was rough in the extreme; and to add to his difficulties, he was taken prisoner by a robber chief, Neal Singh, from whom he only escaped by paying a ransom of five hundred rupees.

His horse, which had carried him so capitably in all his former wanderings, now became very lame from the loss of its shoes, and he was forced to wade, and to wade through torrents of icy water more than waist-deep. All this made him so ill that he began to spit blood, and in April describes himself as in a pitiable condition. This illness he checked by sending his men to the neighbouring rivers to catch leeches, sixty-five of which he applied to his chest; while to cure the weakness produced by this loss of blood, he had two sheep a day killed, and ate as much mutton as he could. In the middle of May he arrived in Cashmere, and took up his abode in a charming little palace, situated in a garden planted with lilacs, rose-bushes, and immense plane-trees. His table at Cashmere was supplied by the munificence of Runjeet Singh; but he had little relish for the unfamiliar dainties served up to him, and was seized with an intense longing for bread and the light wines of his native France. He began indeed to suspect that a gradual but steady deterioration in his health, of which he first became sensible in Cashmere, was caused by the want of a small daily quantity of wine.

During the summer, which was exceptionally dry, he made excursions of nineteen or twenty days at a time into the mountains, from which he

returned with a large collection of new plants, and what he styles a specimen of a 'very respectable unknown quadruped,' a new species of marmot. On the 19th September of the same year he quitted Cashmere, having with him an escort of sixty soldiers, and fifty porters to carry his new scientific collections. On the road to Umritsir he met Gulab Singh, who gave him a fine white horse splendidly caparisoned, and a khelat with Cashmere shawls. He had also at Umritsir another interview with Runjeet Singh, who offered him the vice-royalty of Cashmere, with an annual revenue of two lacs of rupees (twenty thousand pounds); but this splendid offer he declined, and on the 21st of October took his final farewell of this Indian potentate. Returning to Delhi, he had a few days of pleasant intercourse with his old friend the Governor-general, followed by two months of incessant work in arranging his collections, after which he travelled by Ajmeer and Aunungabad to Bombay.

The island of Salsette, which he visited, after quitting Bombay, in September 1832, was covered with pestilential forests; but in spite of these and of a burning sun overhead, he explored it from one end to the other, taking long and fatiguing marches on foot, and struggling with, instead of yielding to, his increasing bodily weakness. At last, on the 27th of October, he had an illness similar in nature to that which had attacked him on the confines of Tibet. There were the old intolerable fits of pain, which he tried in vain to combat with the old remedies. He covered himself with leeches, but their only effect was to weaken him: he tried the oil of Palma Christi; it was powerless. He grew worse instead of better, and at last had himself conveyed to the hospital for sick officers at Bombay. Here he lay for the whole month of November in great pain, but with hope to cheer him; then his sufferings became less, but the deadly weakness and sleeplessness increased. He knew now that he had abscess of the liver, and strove calmly to familiarise himself with the idea of approaching death.

A few months before, on completing his thirtieth birthday, he had written almost with repining regret, 'the half of life is probably past for me.' And now it was not without a supreme effort that he resigned himself to his fate. Life had been very dear to him. Steeped as it seemed to others in hardship and privation, it was full for him of the keen delight of pursuing and achieving, and sweet with the zest of frequent triumphs. Yet with characteristic self-abnegation he turned from the view of his case that peculiarly concerned himself, to think of some means of comforting his old father and favourite brother Porphyre. 'The cruellest pang,' he writes, 'my dear Porphyre, for those we love is, that when dying in a far distant land, they imagine that in the last hours of our existence we are deserted and unnoticed.' He then goes on to beseech them not to think of him as dying lonely and untended in a foreign land; but rather to picture him as soothed and comforted by the affectionate solicitude of the kind English friends, whose names he mentions the better to reassure their aching hearts. Long before these simple words of consolation had sped across the leagues of land and sea which divided him from those he loved, he had ceased

to exist. He died tranquilly and courageously on the 7th December 1832, a martyr to his beloved science.

As a Frenchman of his period, it was inevitable that Victor Jacquemont should arrive in India imbued with many prejudices against the British; and it is curious and interesting to note how his estimate of the British national character gradually and steadily rose. In his later letters he bears an unvarying testimony to the beneficence of the English rule. 'No other nation in Europe,' he says, 'would do so much for the inhabitants of a conquered country.' And again he speaks of what was formerly a very turbulent district of Rajpootana, 'as being in the highest degree sensible of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government.' What he principally objected to in the English were their luxurious habits and their costly refinements of comfort, which seemed to him to make the material side of life all in all to them. It was his fancy even that a special Nemesis in the shape of liver disease dogged in the land of their exile the steps of these insular Sybarites. 'The English,' he is never weary of repeating, 'have liver disease. What causes it? Four immoderate meals a day.' Nor was over-addiction to the pleasures of the gastronomie the only shortcoming he alleged against them. 'Oh, how sad it is,' he slyly insinuates, 'thus to see a whole nation afflicted with hydrophobia. For myself, I am safe; I drink water and milk, I live on rice as much as possible, and thus defy the scourge of the English.'

A sad commentary on these words is the premature death, which occurred in 1832, in the hospital for sick officers at Bombay.

STRANGE RECOVERY OF LOST ARTICLES.

MANY anecdotes have been told in our columns and elsewhere, of articles that have mysteriously disappeared, and that have been unexpectedly recovered after a lapse of time. Much interest having been manifested in the instances we have already placed before our readers, we venture to offer a new batch, which have been selected for us by a contributor whose good faith we can guarantee. She writes as follows:

We lived in the country, many miles distant from the town where father's aunt resided. She was a very old woman, and had some strange ideas, one of which was, that no kind of article of recent manufacture was—or ever could be—half so good as what was made in 'the good old times' when she was a girl. She loved everything that was old—old china, old pictures, &c.; but old lace was what she valued most. She had a passion for it, especially 'old point.' It was amusing to see the way she would gaze at it and the tender way she handled it; just as if it had feeling and she were afraid of hurting it. Every summer Aunt Katharine came to spend a few months with us, and we, always looked forward with pleasure to her visit; for she was a kind-hearted old lady, and dearly loved us children, which was rather

remarkable, considering that we were not in existence in the good old days of her childhood.

One day Aunt Katharine called me up to her room, and opening her jewel-box, took from it some pieces of her precious 'old point.'

'Katie dear,' she said—I was called after her—'I think you are a careful little girl. I am going to wash these bits of lace; and can I trust you to take them to the garden to bleach for me? Will you watch them all the time, to see that they are not blown away or torn by the dogs?'

'Indeed, Aunt Katharine, I'll be dreadfully careful,' I answered. 'I'll never take my eyes off them till I bring them back to you.' And so I fully intended. But alas! my good intentions came to naught, as the sequel will shew.

I took the pieces of lace out to the garden, and spread them on the grass to dry, and sat a little way off watching them. The sun was very hot; so I thought I could watch quite as well if I went just a little farther away under the shade of a large chestnut tree. How it happened I don't know, but I fell asleep. I was roused by hearing the gong sounding for lunch. I jumped up quickly, my first thought being the precious lace. But where was it? Not where I had left it, certainly. It must have got blown behind the shrubs, I thought; and I searched everywhere, round and round the garden, and in every place I could think of; but in vain. The dreadful truth was only too apparent—the beautiful lace that had been intrusted to my keeping was gone! Never can I forget what I endured when I remembered that I had to go and tell Aunt Katharine about it. My mother was out, or I would have asked her to help me. But it had to be told somehow; so screwing up my courage as well as I could, I went up to her room, and standing opposite to her, a very picture of despair, said in a low sad voice: 'They're gone, Aunt Katherine—I can't find them anywhere.'

'Gone, child! What's gone? Not my bits of old point, surely?'

'Yes; Aunt Katharine. While I was watching them, I fell asleep; and when I awoke, they had disappeared. I have been for the last hour looking for them, but to no purpose. It is very strange what became of them; and I'm so sorry about it, for I know you'll be vexed with me; and indeed I didn't intend to fall asleep; but I could not help it.'

I must say Aunt Katharine bore her loss much better than I thought. Seeing how much upset I was at my carelessness, she tried to comfort me. 'Tis my own fault, Katie,' she said, 'more than yours. I ought to have remembered, "Old heads can't be put on young shoulders."'

No more was said about the matter then; and it was nearly forgotten, when about a year afterwards, one of the chimneys being found to smoke, a sweep was sent for. He found great difficulty in getting the brush up to the top, which was caused by some jackdaws having built their nests

right across it. As the machine was pushed up, it dislodged their nests, and down came such a collection of rubbish as I never saw before. Quite a cart-load of short twigs and bits of sticks; more than a dozen wooden bleaching-pins; old stockings and socks; and three or four thimbles, a silver one I had missed some months before being one of them. Then came an old night-cap and bits of all kinds of old rags. And yes!—in the midst of all this dust, soot, &c.—dirty and hardly recognisable—were Aunt Katharine's pieces of lace, which these rogues of j. kdaws must have stolen while I was asleep. At first I was afraid that they were totally ruined; but strange to say, they were almost quite uninjured.

I was standing with a friend one day in a shop where she was making some purchases. Amongst the change which she received was a half-sovereign; as she was putting it into her purse it fell. We both stooped to look for it, but could not find it anywhere. There was no chink or crevice in the floor that it could have rolled into; so we were quite puzzled as to where it could be. We searched our pockets, shook our dresses and handkerchiefs; but all our efforts to find it were useless; so we gave it up at last, and returned home, wondering what became of it.

Some months afterwards, as I was going to church one Sunday, a sudden shower came on, and I hastily opened my umbrella. Hardly had I done so, when I heard some one call my name. I looked round, and saw a friend close behind.

'How fast you are going,' he said. 'I called you twice before you heard me.'

'I was hastening on out of the rain,' I answered, 'as I had no shawl or cloak; and it was by the merest chance I brought my umbrella, the morning looked so bright and sunny.'

'Tell me, Miss Marsden,' he said, 'do half-sovereigns always fall out of it when you open it?'

'I don't understand you,' I replied. 'Half-sovereigns fall out of what?'

'Your umbrella,' he answered. 'When you opened it now, this one fell from it.'

'That is very strange,' I said. 'It certainly is not mine, and how it could have come there is most unaccountable.'

On thinking over the circumstance some time afterwards, I remembered I had this same umbrella with me the day my friend and I were so puzzled about the half-sovereign she dropped in the shop. It must have got between the silk and the small piece of leather which is put at the top inside to prevent the ribs coming through. Why it had not fallen out before, I could not tell; but most likely it was dislodged from its hiding-place by the sudden jerk I gave the umbrella in my haste to open it.

The anecdotes which might be told of long-lost rings are so numerous that I will only select a few.

At a friend's house one evening, a lady present, who was a good musician, was requested to sing. Before doing so, she took off a very handsome diamond ring, saying it was rather large for her, and used sometimes to fall off her finger when she was playing. She laid it with her gloves on the piano near her. She had a beautiful voice, and was asked to sing song after song, which she

did in the most obliging manner. As she rose from the piano, she was going to replace her ring, but it had disappeared. The gloves were there safe enough, under some pieces of music, but no sign of the ring. Search was made immediately everywhere that it was possible a ring could have fallen, to no purpose. Mysteriously it had vanished, but where to no one could tell. Two years went by without any tidings of the missing ring, when one day a strange kind of jingling noise was noticed in the piano. A tuner was sent for; and on the works being examined to see what caused the noise, he found the diamond ring, which had somehow got within the wires when the position of the piano had been changed a short time before.

I had been made a present of a very beautiful half-hoop emerald ring by my uncle, who brought it to me from India, and accordingly I valued it very much, and always wore it. One day, on my return from a morning concert, I missed it. How or where I had lost it I did not know. I remembered perfectly well seeing it on my finger in the concert-room, for I had taken off my glove to arrange the opera-glass. I looked in all directions for it. Thinking I might have dropped it in the street, I had bills printed and posted everywhere, offering a large reward for its recovery. But as weeks and months went by and I heard nothing of it, I gave up all hope of ever seeing my favourite ring again. It was nearly six years after that, noticing the lining of my muff had become rather worn, I ripped it off, to measure what quantity of silk would be required for relining it, when I thought I felt something hard in the stuffing. On taking it out, what was my delight to see once more my much-valued, long-lost emerald ring! Though I did not distinctly remember it, I must have had the muff with me the day I was at the concert, and my glove being off, in some way or other the ring must have slipped in through a rip in the silk lining.

A gentleman sitting at an open window, being called out of the room, left on the window-sill a small gold pencil, with which he had been writing. When he returned in a few minutes no pencil was there. This appeared very strange to him, for no one had entered the room while he was away; so he was completely puzzled as to where it had so quickly disappeared. The window was at the top of the house, so no one could have got to it that way. Next autumn, when the leaves were off the trees, a bright object was seen hanging from the very highest branch of a large beech-tree. With some difficulty it was reached, and proved to be the missing pencil, which had a short piece of black cord fastened to it. As the trees about there were known to be a favourite resort of magpies, it was thought that one of them had snatched the pencil off the window-sill, as they are well-known thieves of any shining objects; and most likely the cord had caught in the branch and held, before the magpie could convey it to his hiding-place.

Strange and unaccountable as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that the whereabouts of missing articles have often been revealed by dreams. The following instances have been told to me by persons of undoubted veracity, who could have

no possible motive for stating what was not true.

John Callaghan was a well-to-do farmer, residing in the County Cork. He was a sober steady man, and had never been known to be behind-hand in paying his rent. Though his farm was not very large, still by good management he was able to support his family comfortably out of it. There came one summer, however, that the weather was so bad that nearly all poor John's crops failed, so that when rent-day came he had no money to meet it. There was only one thing to be done under the circumstances—he must sell some of his stock. He regretted much being obliged to do this; but he had no other alternative, if he wished to retain his farm, for the agent was a very hard man, and would soon turn him out if he did not pay punctually. So the next fair day, John took two of his best cows and some fat pigs to sell at the fair. He spent all day there, trying to get a good price for them, and at last he succeeded in doing so. He was very tired on his return, and looked so ill that his wife remarked it to him. Assuring her that it was nothing but over-fatigue, and that he would be all right in the morning, he told her that he had sold the cattle very well, having got fifty pounds for them, which was enough for the half-year's rent, and something over. He went to bed immediately after his supper, and soon fell asleep. Next morning, however, his wife wondered he did not answer her when she spoke to him. At first she thought he was in a faint, and sent at once for a doctor, who pronounced him dead. It was supposed that the anxious state of his mind and the over-fatigue he had gone through the day before had hastened his death, his heart having been affected for some time past.

Poor Mrs Callaghan got such a shock by this sad occurrence, that at first she did not think of looking for the money her husband said he had got at the fair; but as the rent was due, and accounts came in for the funeral, she went to the place where her husband usually kept his money. Her search was fruitless; no money was there! She looked in the pockets of the clothes he had worn, and in every press and drawer in his room. It was all in vain. The fifty pounds could not be found anywhere. Could he have lost it on the way home? Or had he been robbed? Perhaps so. He certainly said he had got the money; but she had not seen it with him. It may have been only promised to him by the parties he sold to; but that was not likely. The poor woman was in a sad way, and spent all her time in searching for the missing money, and could think of nothing else. In a few days the agent was to call for the rent; and if she could not pay, she and her helpless little ones would have to leave their dearly loved home, and either beg or starve. Such was the state of things, when the very night before the agent's expected visit, Mrs Callaghan dreamed that her husband came to her, and told her that she would find the fifty pounds pinned to the paper behind the looking-glass over the chimney-piece in the bedroom. He put it there for safety, he said, fearing the house might be robbed, as it was known he brought the money with him, and he thought it would be safer there than in the press. The moment Mrs Callaghan woke she went over to the place mentioned by her husband

in her dream, and to her inexpressible delight, found the bank-notes in the exact position he had described!

A young lady had a present of a very valuable watch. One day, however, it suddenly stopped; and not wishing to meddle with it herself, she took it to a watchmaker to have it repaired. In a few days she called for it; but it was not done; so she said she would come again in a day or two. That night she dreamed that the watchmaker's shop would be burned next evening; so early next morning she asked her sister to call for her watch, and not to leave the shop without getting it. Her sister said she was sure it would not be ready. 'No matter,' she said; 'get it for me as it is, done or not. Don't come back without it; for the shop will be burned this evening; I know it will—I saw it all in a dream last night.'

Immediately after breakfast, her sister went for the watch; but was told it was not yet mended. 'How long will it take to do?' she asked.

'About an hour,' the man answered.

'Very well then,' she said; 'I will wait for it.'

So she sat down and waited patiently until it was repaired, for her sister was in a most excited state of mind about it, and would have been greatly annoyed if she had returned without it.

That evening at seven o'clock the house took fire, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to save anything; and had the watch been left there, it would have been destroyed with other valuable jewellery.

A young man, a bank clerk, when making up his accounts one day, found he was short one sovereign. He was puzzled as to what had become of it, and feared he must have paid it away by mistake. Be this as it may, he had to make good the loss, and refund the coin to the bank. One night he dreamed that in a chink of his desk he saw the sovereign. He looked there next day, and found it in the very spot where he had seen it in his dream!

A friend who lived in the country had for some time past been missing various things. That there was a thief in the house could not be doubted, but who it was, it was impossible to find out. Bread, meat, butter, bottles of wine, ale, &c. all disappeared in the most unaccountable manner, and always in the night. That none of the servants left the house at night was an ascertained fact, and it was equally certain that no one entered from without. How then were the articles conveyed away? And by whom? These were questions which puzzled Mrs M——, and caused her a good deal of anxiety. At last she dreamed one night that she was standing in the garden; and looking towards the house, she saw in the moonlight a man's figure glide up the avenue, and stand under the window of one of the servants' rooms. Presently the window was softly opened, and a basket well filled with provisions was let down by a rope. The person below untied the basket, and quickly disappeared amongst the surrounding trees. The rope was then drawn up again, and the window very gently closed. On awaking next morning, Mrs M—— told her husband of her strange dream. It made such an impression on

her, that at length she persuaded her husband to watch in the garden that night. So accordingly he and one of his sons stationed themselves in a little summer-house in the garden which commanded a view of the window in question. I may as well mention that neither of them had the least faith in any kind of dreams or visions. What then was their astonishment when they beheld the very figure described by Mrs M— glide softly up the avenue and stand under the window, which was opened and the basket let down, all exactly as she had told them! Before, however, the man had time to make off, they rushed out and seized him. He was brought into the house, and the police were sent for. They immediately recognised him as a very bad character, a returned convict. The wretched woman who was his partner in guilt was his mother. They were both tried at the next assizes, and punished as they deserved.

A CUMBERLAND LEGEND.

ON a fine evening in the summer of 1766, two young women, Maggie Armstrong and Eliza Wilson, met at a roadside well not far from the village of Distington, about four miles from the town of Whitehaven. On the ground beside them were the pails, or 'handles' as they are called, in which they were about to catch the fine spring water as it fell from a wood-conductor into the stone trough beneath. Each had on a gingham 'bedgown,' fastened tightly at the waist, and covering the plaited top of a comfortable-looking skirt which supplied the place of a frock. A threefold calico hat, closely quilted in diagonal rows of needlework, covered their heads, on the top of which was a round cushion stuffed with cotton or wool, whereon to place the 'handle' when full of water, and which served the twofold purpose of easing the head and steadying the water.

'The celebrated Mr Wesley is in Whitten [Whitehaven], Maggie,' remarked Eliza in an off-hand sort of way, 'and is to speak in the market-place to-morrow night. Will you go with me to hear him?'

[This journey to Whitehaven had nearly proved fatal to the enterprising missionary, as the following extract from his journal shews: 'Tuesday, June 24, 1766.—Before eight we reached Dumfries, and after a short halt we pushed on, in hopes of reaching Solway Firth before the sea was come in. Designing to call at an inn by the Firth side, we inquired the way, and were directed to leave the main road and go straight to the house, which we saw before us. In ten minutes Duncan Wright was embogged; however, the horse plunged on, and got through. I was inclined to turn back; but Duncan telling me I needed only go a little to the left, I did so, and sunk at once to my horse's shoulders. He sprang up twice, and twice sunk again, each time deeper than before. At the third plunge he threw me on one side, and we both made shift to scramble out. I was covered with soft sand from my feet to the crown of my head,

but not hurt at all. Next day I rode on to Whitehaven, where I spent the rest of the week.']

'I will accompany you to Whitten, Eliza,' promptly replied Maggie. 'I've often felt a wish to see the famed man; so, all being well, I'll get ready and go with you.'

'Will you ask Richard to come, Maggie?' put in Eliza with characteristic zeal, as they both lifted the pails on to their heads.

'I judge he will follow when he finds that I'm gone,' quietly responded Maggie.

It need scarcely be observed that the young man referred to was one who had for some time past paid certain attentions to Maggie, or that Eliza Wilson was an ardent Methodist.

Saturday night came, and among the many who were gathered around the enthusiastic little preacher were the two young women we have brought before the reader. They came with sentiments as divergent as possible in respect to the preacher and his preaching. They returned one in mind and heart. The result of this change in Maggie was that she was cold to Richard Brunskill on the way home, and unsympathetic. From that hour Richard was no more to her than any other youth. The first time he went to her home after that night he was told his fate in a mild but firm manner; a decision which he received with anything but complacent feelings.

Up to this time Brunskill had been a comparatively steady man, only now and then indulging freely in drink; but after his loss of Maggie, he was often the worse for liquor, and rushed to every cock-fight and other brutal sport to which he could find access. Maggie Armstrong developed into a most ardent Methodist, so that what with the gravity of her deportment and her subdued conversation, her old friends scarce knew her. Eliza Wilson was her constant companion, nor did any one rival her in Maggie's affections for some time. But summer had not long given place to winter before a change took place. A young man named Thomas Musgrove, who had recently begun to use his gifts as an occasional preacher among the Wesleyans, arrested Maggie's attention. He was a builder in a fair way of business on his own account; and as Miss Armstrong possessed considerable personal charms, her secret preferences for him were soon drawn out by his avowed attachment to her; and before long it was well known by all the brotherhood and others that these two young folks were likely ere long to become man and wife.

Matters were in this condition when midsummer came round. It was again the 'leafy month of June,' when once more the famed apostle of Methodism paid his annual visit to Whitehaven, and every Methodist in Distington was overjoyed at the prospect of hearing his welcome voice on the following Saturday night in the market-place. Amongst those who walked from Distington to hear him were Thomas Musgrove and Margaret Armstrong. A small dog belonging to the former accompanied them. The service did not last much over an hour, as Mr Wesley wished to meet his country officials, that he might aid them by his counsels. As Musgrove was one whose presence was required at this gathering, and as it was not certain how long he would be detained thereat, he desired Maggie to go home with the others, observing that he would not

fail to give her a call on his return and spend an hour or so with her. The dog Viper might go back with her, he said, as it would be awkward to find him a suitable place to remain in while he was at the meeting. So bidding the company good-night, he went on his way. Poor fellow! Little did he anticipate the fate that was in store for him. He had not gone far before, on looking behind him, he saw Viper at his heels, looking shy, for he knew that he had disobeyed orders. Nothing remained, however, but to take the dog with him, and make the best arrangements he could for its safe keeping.

The company from which he had parted went on their way, and as they left Whitehaven they met Richard Brunskill coming into it, the worse as usual for liquor. He saw his old lover in the group which he had stopped to survey. But the people passed on, and Richard was soon left far behind. This was the last they saw of him that night. On went the merry party, singing hymns as they went, some dropping off at Parton, others at Moresby and Sunny Brow, and the residue reached Distington full of satisfaction and pleasure. It was just nine o'clock when Maggie Armstrong entered her house. Musgrove was expected back in about an hour.

When ten o'clock arrived, Maggie began to listen for his footfall. But it came not. She grew anxious; and as the finger of the clock rose towards eleven, she went to the front door and looked down the road. It was a fine, warm, clear night. Now a horseman passed by, then a conveyance rattled past; at intervals a pedestrian went slowly on, her hopes that it might be Thomas giving way with his departure. 'What can have kept him until now?' she said aloud, her uneasiness overcoming her maiden diffidence. It was now fast approaching midnight; still Thomas Musgrove made not his appearance. She sat down before the kitchen fire, vainly striving to think pleasant thoughts; so again rising, with a sigh, she went once more to the door and looked down the road. A long time passed, but never a footfall. Concluding that Thomas had been detained against his will, she was about to re-enter the house and go to bed, when Viper made his appearance, whining dismally. Surprised at this, she spoke kindly to the poor beast, and asked him where his master was. The dog looked up in her face with a scared uneasy expression; and in gazing into his face she saw that he held something in his mouth. 'What have you got there, Viper?' she asked, holding out her hand for the article which the sagacious creature laid in her palm. It was a piece of blue cloth with a brass button attached. She looked at it, wondering where the dog had got it and what it signified. At a glance she saw that it did not belong to any garment that her betrothed had on that night, and so far she was at ease. But on watching Viper, she saw that he became more disturbed and anxious, for he ran about the house and to the door, looking earnestly at her the while, as though he wished her to go with him somewhere.

Excited and perplexed, she awoke her father, and told him the circumstances. The old man dressed and came down-stairs. A consultation was held, which resulted in a resolve to await the arrival of daylight ere they took action. Day would dawn, they knew, soon after two

o'clock, when, if Thomas did not arrive, they would get assistance and search for him, being now certain that some evil had overtaken him. Thus resolving, the pair sat down by the fire and to beguile the time the old man lit his pipe. At last, when day broke, Armstrong aroused a neighbour, and telling him what he knew and feared, the pair set off on the road to Whitehaven, preceded by Viper. They had not gone above a mile before the dog, leaving the high-road, made for an unused stone-quarry a little off the highway, and standing on an eminence which flanked the quarry, set up a loud and dismal howl. The two men followed Viper into the quarry, which they entered by the cart-road which wound around the base of the hillock on which the dog stood. On entering the road, their eyes fell on a partly dried-up pool of blood; and as from thence to the quarry they saw patches of the same ominous fluid, their worst suspicions received strength.

'Something is not right here,' said Armstrong, as he gazed at the blood.

'You may reckon on foul-play,' responded his companion, as he watched the dog, which was creeping down the mound into the quarry.

The men had scarcely turned the corner of the hillock before they saw the object of their search stiff, cold, and covered with blood, his clothes nearly torn from his body. It was evident that poor young Musgrove had been murdered. He had been attacked from behind by some one who had used a heavy blunt implement, by a blow from which he had been knocked down, and then dragged into the quarry, and despatched; the poor dog having doubtless been a helpless witness of the tragedy.

When the sad intelligence reached Margaret, she felt what words cannot describe. Days and nights of agony, which sleep often refused to alleviate, were her lot; and many came to comfort her in vain. Eliza Wilson was the one whose company and words gave her the most comfort.

The murder of Thomas Musgrove produced a deep and wide-spread sensation. Many persons were suspected of having committed the deed, among whom was Richard Brunskill. But as the murdered man had not been seen in his company on that fatal Saturday night—as indeed Brunskill proved that he had left the town alone—and others testified that Musgrove did not leave the town until long afterwards, Richard was allowed to remain at large; and the crime was laid at the door of 'some person or persons unknown,' and left to take rank with undiscovered homicides.

Time is the greatest alleviator of grief. No matter how terrible the event, or how poignant the accruing agony, we gradually rise into our normal condition, and can review the trials of the past with a measure of composure. What a merciful arrangement of Providence is this! In less than a year Maggie Armstrong had regained part of her former cheerfulness, and was able to discharge her domestic duties with ease. Still her loss, and the way in which it had been brought about, never left her thoughts for long; nor could she help laying the crime in her secret thoughts to the charge of Brunskill. And here it may be mentioned that soon after the verdict of the coroner's jury had been given, he left Distington, and went to live a few miles from Whitehaven, in

an opposite direction. He now drank hard; but it was not often that he took part in public sports, for he was disliked by his fellow-workmen; seeing which, he kept aloof, solacing himself with dissipation, and spending much of his spare time in bed.

It will be remembered that when the dog Viper entered Armstrong's house on the night of the murder he had a piece of blue cloth, with a brass button attached, in his mouth, and which he laid in Maggie's hand. This the girl put into her purse, more with the view of knowing where to find it, if wanted, than for any other assignable reason. But many a time afterwards, when she had occasion to open her purse, and the piece of cloth met her eyes, she imagined that it must have been a piece of the coat of the murderer, dragged off by the dog when its owner was in a stooping posture; and each time this thought arose in her mind, she put the rag back into her purse, believing that even yet it might aid in the solution of the mystery which hung over poor Musgrove's fate. Nor was she misguided in her belief.

Twelve months had passed, when business drew her and her father to the town of Whitehaven. As usual it was on a Saturday night, the pay-time of colliers and others. At the period of which we write, the small stream called Poe-beck, which runs through the market-place on its way from St Bee's Vale to the harbour, was uncovered; and here and there a bridge, consisting of a plank or two, was laid across it for the convenience of foot-passengers. Maggie and her father, with Viper at their heels, had occasion to cross one of these bridges. As they did so, whom should they confront, as they reached the other side, but Richard Brunskill, who was about to step on the planks! The eyes of Miss Armstrong and his met in one stern and earnest gaze; but while they were awaiting the making up of their minds as to what course each should take, their attention was arrested by something that was going on at their feet. Viper, growling with all his might, his eyes ready to leap from their sockets, and the hair on his back standing up like the teeth of a comb, was pulling at Brunskill's trousers' leg, evidently for the purpose of arresting his progress. In a moment Maggie's convictions were confirmed that the slayer of her intended husband stood before her. She remembered the piece of cloth in her pocket. Looking at his coat, she saw that it was blue in colour; and the buttons in front, made of brass, were the same in size and pattern as the one on the rag in her pocket. Stepping behind him, and looking at the waist of his coat, she saw that a piece of cloth had been torn out, and another piece awkwardly inserted in its place, and bearing a button not like the others. Not a shade of doubt now lingered in her mind; the proof which she had in her purse, with the action of the dog, convinced her that the murderer of Thomas Musgrove stood before her. So, seizing him by the collar of his coat, and looking him steadily in the face, she exclaimed in a loud voice: 'Richard Brunskill, you are the murderer of Thomas Musgrove! See, the dog accuses you; and this piece of cloth rises up as a witness against you!' Saying which, she took the rag from its keeping-place, and held it up to his gaze.

Brunskill shook like an aspen-leaf. His face became ashen pale; and falling backwards into

the arms of one of the many who had by this time gathered together, he said: 'God won't let me escape! I am guilty of the death of Thomas Musgrove! I am willing to die!'

A constable, attracted by what was going on in the neighbourhood, drew near just as the wretched man had uttered these words, and took him into custody. On the Tuesday following he was taken before the magistrates. He had no defence to make when the facts already narrated were brought before them, and was committed to Carlisle jail to await his trial. Acting on the advice of his lawyer and friends, he pleaded 'Not guilty' to the charge when placed in the dock; but the jury were constrained by the facts brought before them to convict him, and in due time he was sent to the gallows. Another instance among many before and since this one, that 'murder will out.'

Brunskill made a full confession of his crime before his execution. He said that when he got to know that Musgrove had gained the place that he once believed he had in Margaret Armstrong's affections, and seeing no chance of supplanting him, a deep-rooted hatred was begotten within him. But he never felt tempted to take his life until the night of the murder. Then, when he saw that he was not in the company of those who were returning to Distington, he concluded that he had stayed behind and would return alone. Then it was that the murderous thought arose. So, entering a public-house in Tangier Street, he drank a glass or two of rum, and bought a small bottle thereof wherewith to fortify his courage on the road. He then set off to Distington. As he went along, he resolved that the deed should be effected in the old quarry. On reaching it, he hid behind the stone-stoop of the gateway that led thereto, and in a while he heard the footfall of his unsuspecting victim. Taking a deep drink of rum, and grasping the hedge-stake with which he had armed himself, as soon as the young fellow reached the spot where he was hid he sprang up and killed him by a blow on the back of the head, after which he dragged him into the quarry. The dog, he said, was almost wild with rage; but he was not aware until afterwards that a piece of his coat had been torn away by the animal, nor did he ever suspect that it had been found and treasured up to be a witness against him.

Such is the story of a long-forgotten event, which the writer used to hear an aged relative relate years and years ago—an event which, committed within a couple of miles of where her mother lived at the time, was long the subject of conversation.

LOOK TO YOUR EATING.

A LADY of our acquaintance had lately occasion to visit the shop of a person who deals in hams, cheeses, and other edibles. Looking round the large stock of goods for sale, she made the remark to the shopkeeper: 'You must surely often incur heavy losses by articles getting stale and out of condition for food.' 'Not at all,' he replied. 'We at times lose a trifle by things getting wrong on our hands; but it is not worth speaking of; for whenever hams and other articles get very bad, we dispose of them to small dealers who readily

find purchasers, on Saturday nights, in poor people who are looking about for bargains.' This reminds us of the beneficent saying, 'Whatever is totally uneatable, you may give to the poor folk.' Others than absolutely poor folk are apt to be dosed by, or to dose themselves with articles because they are cheap, or more correctly speaking, low in price, and nearly if not altogether worthless. A ham, or a piece of pork, cannot be called cheap at any price if it be half rotten or any way tainted.

The advice, 'Look to your Eating,' applies particularly to persons who are continually looking out for bargains, and are disposed to run the risk of poisoning themselves by what should be buried out of sight. This remark is suggested by an article which recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* (January 14). Reference is there made to an incomprehensible illness that broke out in the reformatory training-ship *Cornwall*, lying in the Thames, off Purfleet. Several of the boys died, and were buried. To clear up the mystery, the body of one of them was exhumed; and the examination revealed that death had been caused by trichiniasis, a disease which arises from eating putrid pork. 'The meat was bought, it seems, as cheap "American pork," and as this description of food is growing in popular favour, it may be as well to warn people that they should be careful in making purchases of it. Not that the taint is confined to pork, or even American pork. It may lurk in all kinds of animal food. The "germs" of the disease—in this case excessively minute, but still, under a lens, clearly visible bodies—which are thrown off by the sufferers, may find their way into drinking-water, and convey the malady to man himself as well as to other animals. When it is clearly understood how the plague originates, it is easy to take simple precautions against its diffusion, and therefore it is fortunate that as to the origin of it there is no doubt whatever. It is now some five-and-forty years since a junior medical student in one of the London hospitals, struck by the existence of strange little yellowish and grayish-white specks on some muscular tissue he was studying, thought of examining them under a microscope. Robert Brown, the eminent botanist, was then among the few scientific men in London who had a good microscope, or indeed any skill in microscopy; and to him, as one notoriously fond of helping aspiring youth, the lad appealed for advice as to the curiosity he had lit upon. The veteran naturalist very kindly set the student on the right road of research; and the result was that they discovered the mysterious specks to be tiny, transparent capsules or cases, inside each one of which lay comfortably coiled up a delicate little worm, not nearly so thick as the thinnest thread of shining gossamer. From the Greek word for a hair—*thrix*—the creature received the generic name "*trichina*." From its being rolled up like a coiled spring, it was specifically distinguished as the "*spiral trichina*," or "*trichina spiralis*." Professor Owen some time afterwards confirmed this discovery of the young medical student and his distinguished patron; but for all naturalists the real mystery then was: How did the parasite find its way into the very midst of muscular tissue in the human subject? It has been at length ascertained that the larvae

of the creature find their way from the stomach to the exterior muscles, where they are developed in millions, and give rise to the disease which proved fatal to the boys in the training-ship.

Though, on a former occasion, we took notice of this disease, the circumstances now mentioned will excuse our return to the subject. We would earnestly caution people to look to the nature of all pork and other kinds of meat offered at a low price for their consumption, particularly cured meat sold in barrels and which has been kept some time. For the sale of diseased meat of every description, magistrates ought to inflict all proper legal punishment without mercy.

H O M E W A R D.

From the plane-tree's windless leaves
Breathes the wood-dove's amorous moan;
Round about the cottage eaves
Hangs the rosebush, over-blown.
Meadows dip to where the stream,
Murmuring of the far, blue sea,
Moves, as in a flower-sweet dream,
By the home that waits for me.

And I know one heart beats high
With this joy that gladdens mine,
Underneath that northern sky,
Waiting in her trust divine.
Singing in the sun, sits she,
And her eyes are blue and blithe,
And the maid-child on her knee
Laughs to hear the sweeping scythe.

Seems it, even now, I feel
The hay-sweet scent of English air,
And the slumberous, old mill-wheel
Murmuring 'peace and plenty' there.
Blow, blow northward, eager gale,
Though thou rouse the billowing sea;
Whisper in the bending sail,
Of the love that waits for me.

By Egyptian sand and palm,
By the pillared fanes of Greece;
High amid this cloudless calm,
Sleeping in their dreamless peace,
Drifting, I am longing sore
For the last glad league of sea,
For the roses by the door,
And the welcome kept for me.

D. J. M.

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CENTENARIANISM.

THE believers in the venerable Countess of Desmond, in Old Parr, and in Henry Jenkins, have within the last few years received many rude shocks to their faith. The late indefatigable Sir George Cornwall Lewis—who, amid the turmoils of official and parliamentary life, found time to attend to numerous and varied studies of other kinds—expressed a doubt whether there is any thoroughly conclusive evidence, such as would satisfy both logicians and lawyers, of a person (in post-Biblical times) having overlived one hundred years. He declared that in every case he had examined there was some loophole or other, some necessary link in the chain missing. When this startling bit of incredulity appeared in *Notes and Queries*, it invoked a multitude of communications relating to persons who, in repute at anyrate, were very much more than a hundred years old at the time of death; and when similar incredulity was half expressed in the *Times*, it was followed by a renewed series of protests, chiefly from persons conversant with and believers in the literature of tombstones and parish registers. The late Mr Dilke agreed pretty nearly in opinion with Sir George; and Mr Thoms has more recently investigated the subject at great length and with unwearied assiduity.

It is unnecessary, even if possible, to detail or even to enumerate the recorded instances of people who have exceeded the age of one hundred years. They are to be reckoned literally by hundreds. Even now every newspaper reader meets with reported cases; each usually a mere bald statement of the fact or alleged fact that so-and-so had died at the advanced age of 100, 105, 110, or what not, without citing any evidence in support of the allegation.

To shew how numerous are these stories, it may suffice to say that in the early part of the present century a volume was published containing the names of more than *seventeen hundred* persons who had claimed to be centenarians, or for whom a claim was set up by others. The compiler was in

nowise particular; he accepted all the fish that came into his net. He went up to nine-score years in his enumeration, and was apparently quite willing to believe any story of a 200-year old phenomenon.

As before remarked, we have no space to devote to these marvels in the bulk; but there are three already briefly mentioned, concerning whom a few words may be given—namely, Parr, Jenkins, and the Countess of Desmond.

Thomas Parr, according to the popular account, was born in 1483; remained a bachelor till eighty years of age; married in 1563; lost his wife in 1595; married again in 1603; and lived to see the year 1635. In that year the Earl of Arundel visited him, and was so struck by his venerable appearance as to invite him to his town mansion. Parr was brought by easy stages to London, where he became quite the lion of the season. Charles I. requested to see him, and asked whether, as he had lived so much longer than other men, he had experienced and known more in proportion. 'Yes, your Majesty,' replied the old man; 'I did penance at the age of 105.' This penance was for some peccadillo he had committed. The veteran found the excitement of London too much for him; the fatigue, the crowding of visitors who came to see him, and the unwonted luxury of his diet, carried him off at the wonderful age of 152.

Henry Jenkins, according to the popular account, was born in 1501. When a boy, he carried a horse-load of arrows to Northallerton, to be employed by the English soldiers in resisting the invasion by James IV. of Scotland; and he lived to see the year 1670, when he died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, at the marvellous age of 169.

The Countess of Desmond is reputed to have been born about 1464, and to have lived on till about 1604, attaining the age of 140. No other very aged person has attracted so much notice as she. Bacon, in his *Natural History*, said that she 'did denture twice or thrice, casting her old teeth and others coming in their place.' Sir Walter Raleigh stated that she was

married in Edward IV.'s time; and that he himself saw her in 1589. Sir William Temple was told a similar account by Robert, Earl of Leicester. Numerous minor incidents of her life have been recorded.

Though still credited by many believers in extreme longevity, there are others who thoroughly disbelieve in its possibility—or at any rate, probability. Their grounds of unbelief are varied. In the first place, most of the alleged instances occur in the humbler grades of society, where registers and formal entries are but little attended to; the middle and upper classes, among whom authentic records are more plentiful, occupy comparatively small part in these narratives. 'Can actuaries,' it has been pertinently asked, 'refer us to a single instance of an assured person living to one hundred and forty, thirty, twenty, nay, even to a hundred and ten?' If an entry of a birth or a baptism is found in a family Bible, there is usually no proof that it was written in the lifetime or at the time of death of the person to whom it relates. In one case, a clergyman investigating a story of centenarianism, found that the Bible containing the entry was not printed and published until forty years after the alleged birth; and no other testimony was forthcoming. Registers of births were not formally established until about 1830; all such registers before that date were voluntary, and therefore uncertain. Even parish registers are not always reliable, seeing that many of them, giving the year of death, mention the age of the deceased, but not the year of birth, thus affording no means for correcting one date by the other.

Sometimes tombstones are re-chiselled, to restore the half-obliterated inscription; and then the village stone-mason, puzzled by some of the partly obliterated figures and letters, makes a guess at them, and puts in the age or date which seems to him the best interpretation. There is, or was, a tombstone in Conway churchyard recording the fact that Lowry Owens Vaughan died in 1766 at the age of 192; and that her husband William Vaughan died in 1735 at the age of 72. If this were so, the lady must have been nearly 100 years old at her marriage. As the figures on the stone have been found on careful examination to be comparatively freshly cut, it is supposed that 192 was an inaccurate re-cutting of an earlier incision. Some instances of this kind are most ludicrous. A tombstone in Cleve Prior churchyard records the death of a person at the astounding age of 309! This is supposed to have been a country mason's way of denoting 39, that is, 30 and 9—a kind of error, as explained by us in the article 'Eccentric Returns' (Feb. 7), not infrequent among ignorant persons. The *Times* noticed several years ago that the register of Shoreditch parish contained an entry relating to Thomas Cam, who died in 1588 at the age of 207, having lived in the reigns of twelve sovereigns. As Sir Harry Ellis, in his *History of Shoreditch*, put down the age at 107, the register was examined. It was found that 1 had been altered to 2 rather recently, possibly by some wag who wished to poke fun at the antiquaries.

Instances of the following kind are known to have occurred. A young married couple have a son whom they name (say) John, who dies in infancy; twenty years afterwards another son

receives the same name; and then, in neighbours' gossip long afterwards, the one John becomes confounded with the other, and a man really eighty years old figures in popular estimation as a centenarian. Many aged persons, it is worthy of remark, like to be considered older than they really are, on account of the celebrity it gives them. A Methodist local preacher, who had been in turn a farmer, a soldier, and a dock labourer, was wont to claim the age of 'over a hundred years'; he drew great crowds to hear such a phenomenon preach. He was probably sincere in his belief concerning his age, and at his death it was recorded as 108; but a subsequent investigation shewed that he was much less instead of more than a hundred.

In an early paragraph we mentioned the name of Mr Thoms. This gentleman has done more than any one else towards the investigation of alleged cases of ultra-centenarianism. As librarian of the House of Lords he was not much concerned in the subject; but in his capacity of editor of *Notes and Queries* for nearly a quarter of a century, he had to notice numerous marvels of longevity—some in support of popular opinion, some in refutation of it. He spared no pains; he wrote to clergymen and parish clerks, consulted local antiquaries, examined registers and tombstones, and conversed with old persons who were able (or claimed to be able) to give information relating to times long gone by. He found many instances of all the several kinds of fallacy which we have just mentioned; and arrived at a final conclusion that there are *some* cases of ultra-centenarianism, but that they were very few indeed. He never was so rash as to deny point-blank that such instances do occur; he simply asserted that only a very small number had borne the scrutinising tests he had applied to them. He published the details of his researches six or seven years ago; and his volume is justly regarded as the leading authority on the subject.

The mode of investigation adopted by Sir G. C. Lewis and Mr Thoms, often led them to examine the question: Who was the first person known to have mentioned the alleged fact? In regard to Old Parr, the chief authority was John Taylor the 'Water Poet,' an eccentric character in the reign of Charles I. He published a pamphlet concerning him at the time when Parr was in London; but he gave no *proof* that the veteran came into the world a hundred and fifty-two years before that time. Of Henry Jenkins, the chief informant was one Peter Garden, who died in Auchterless in 1775 at the age of 131, and who said that he had when a youth seen Henry Jenkins, the person that had carried the horse-load of arrows to Northallerton. But there is no guarantee for the exact age of Garden, nor for the correctness of his memory concerning events in which Jenkins was concerned. Similarly in the case of the Countess of Desmond; although it is evident that this venerable member of the Irish peerage lived to an exceptionally advanced age, nevertheless there are links wanting in the chain of testimony. 'They tell a tale,' said one of the authorities concerning the lady's age; but who were 'they,' and how did 'they' know? Raleigh did not name an authority for his statement that she was married so far back as the time of Edward IV.; nor do we know whether Leicester

was reliable in what he told Temple. Several portraits are extant, all purporting to be the Countess; but one is now known to represent some other lady, while the inscription on another is suspected to be comparatively modern. The *Quarterly Review* took up this subject some years ago, and was able to advance additional evidence of her great age, but not of her reaching the traditional 140.

Since the publication of Mr Thoms's volume, he has been regarded as a general referee on all such matters; and he has been asked to investigate many new instances. As usual, he found but few of the statements that could stand against the test he applied. We have not space to give more than a few lines on the subject. Application was made to the Registrar-general, or at least to his valuable annual Reports, for a record of the past experience of the National Debt Office and the various life-assurance Companies. There could be found only *one* case of ultra-centenarianism recorded by the Companies, and only *two* by the National Debt Office; whereas instances were to be reckoned by the score in other quarters. The Registrar-general in one of his Reports said: 'The district registrars have no authority, even if they had materials and leisure for so doing, to investigate the statements as to age made by the informants of death. These informants are alone responsible for the correctness of the statements.' In other words, the Registrar-general must depend upon report and declaration; whereas the National Debt Office and the life-assurance Companies insist upon actual proof of age. Hence the significant fact that the ultra-centenarians figure largely in the Registrar-general's tabulated returns, but scarcely at all in the books of the office and Companies just named.

One account, of quite recent date, led Mr Thoms to suspect a hoax. The newspapers, two or three years ago, stated that an aged gentleman met a circle of friends at the *Star and Garter* hotel, Richmond, to celebrate his 106th birthday. Mr Thoms for some time could make nothing of this story, either good or bad; but at length he stated: 'Information has just reached me that the reported centenarian banquet at the *Star and Garter* has been declared to be a hoax!'

Last summer a paragraph appeared in some of the newspapers: 'There is at present living in a Skye bothy old Widow Macpherson, who entered upon her hundredth year last Christmas. She was born there in the same year that Dr Johnson and Boswell visited Skye and met with Flora Macdonald. During the hundred years of Widow Macpherson's life she has dwelt in a turf hut, the smoke from the peat-fire on the hearth finding its way out by every crevice, and giving a lustre as if varnished to the rafters which support the thatched roof. She has survived six Lords of the Isles, the present being the seventh Lord Macdonald who has held this title since she was born. She has never been out of the island, and does not understand one word of English, but converses freely in Gaelic. She has been blind for ten years, but her hearing and memory are both good. She is nursed by her daughter Kirsty, who is unwearied in her attendance upon her old mother. The photograph of this relic of a past century has been recently taken; and as she is in very

humble circumstances, any profit arising from the sale will be devoted to procuring for her such comforts as her extreme old age and declining strength require.'

We have no reason to doubt the truth of this statement, and must conclude with a remonstrance against the practice of setting down all statements of the kind as being exaggerations or inventions. Scarcely a week elapses without a notice of the death of persons who have reached a hundred years of age. To assert that all these notices are false is little short of an impertinence. Here and there may be a mistake, but our belief is that the bulk of the notices are true. Nor is it strange they should be. It is notorious, from medical and statistical observation, that human life is lengthening. Old people are better cared for than they used to be, and there is a better knowledge in the art of preserving health. In fact, we have come pretty much to the conclusion that to die at an age short of eighty, ninety, or even a hundred, is very much people's own blame. With a good constitution to start with, and with exercising due care, man or woman may stretch out the span of existence to ninety, if not to a hundred.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER VIII.—HISTORY.

At the very soul of understanding dwells charity.

FRANK, comfortably conscious of virtue, went back to Montague Gardens. There was something in the fact of having snubbed Tasker which soothed and calmed him. Tasker was the evil spirit of impecuniosity personified, and Frank having done battle with him, felt safe from extravagance for evermore. 'I am glad I insulted him'—so ran Frank's thoughts—'because I shan't be able to borrow from the fellow any more.' Reaching his rooms, he threw himself at full length upon a sofa, lit a cigar, and built castles. Is there anything pleasanter in the world—so queries the poet—than to enjoy delight with liberty? Frank just then combined the joy of stern resolve with the delight of liberty from labour. Happiest of moments, when a man can persuade himself in his laziest leisure that he intends to be industrious, and can draw in advance from the Bank of Fancy the reward of his own high virtue!

'And indeed,' said Frank, drawing a miniature from his breast, and taking it into his confidence, 'it would be really hard to go astray with such a guide as you are. Do you know—do you guess?'—he went on in a sort of lazy rapture—'how much I love you? Do you think how I will work and hope and plan and endure for you?'

The smoke curled lightly about his head. His eyes followed it with fancies as unsubstantial. Pleasant fairy palaces, too frail for permanent human habitation, he built, and for those brief moments lived in—thinking, like many another, that success is gained by dreaming of it, and that hopes will be fulfilled because he holds them. Still dreaming, after it had grown quite dusk, and the servant had brought in his lamp, he was startled—not altogether agreeably—by the entry of his fantastic friend Hastings, and two companions.

'Of what,' inquired Mr Hastings, airily removing his hat and arranging his hair before the mirror—'of what is the young man thinking, as he dreams on his horse-hair couch? Fairholt! I am in league with the Egyptians—burning with zeal to redress the wrongs of that ancient people, who, as a man of your reading is sure to know, were spoiled of their treasure by the Hebrews. I have taken in turn for them a little revenge in passing, and have spoiled a Jew. The Jew will eventually spoil me, I know; but for the moment Fortune smiles upon the ally of the ancient Coptic race.'

'What is your latest madness?' asked Frank, laughing.

'Great wits,' responded Mr Hastings with a grave flourish, 'to madness often are allied. I am in a gorgeous humour. Do you know—speaking with the utmost seriousness, and with as little egotism as possible—I am really convinced that I am a splendid fellow. To-night I am in more than usual form. I have spoiled that Hebrew, not in any vulgar way, but with an airy grace which is really indicative of genius. I flattered and soothed him. I touched him on his tenderest points. I lulled him into confidence; I led him to places of sweet rest and quiet breathing; and ultimately,' concluded the young gentleman with another solemn flourish, 'I landed him for ten pounds; and there's the money.' Throwing a loose handful of gold and silver on the table, Mr Hastings relapsed into a cheerful grin, and asked for brandy.

Frank bustled about and set decanters on the table. 'Who is your Hebrew?' he asked on his knees and with his head in a cupboard.

'There,' replied Mr Hastings, 'you touch me in a tender part. The Egyptians and I are content with small beginnings. Finally, we shall land the Rothschilds for a million, I have no doubt. At present, we are content to ply for humbler game. I have fleshed—or shall I say fished, to make the simile completer?—my maiden hook on Tasker.'

Frank, who had not been over-attentive to this speech, started so at the name that he bumped his head violently against the shelf of the cupboard as he rose to his feet.

'A kindred spirit leaps to meet me,' remarked Mr Hastings languidly, and uncorked a bottle of soda-water. 'League yourself with the Egyptians, Fairholt. I pledge you my solemn word of honour that the bait by which this small specimen of the land-shark was secured was my own unassisted note of hand.'

'No, thank you,' Frank responded. 'Egypt is cleaned out already, and Christendom is undergoing a similar process now. I have had enough of Tasker.'

'Do you know,' responds Hastings with an air of profound seriousness, 'I can imagine that to the ordinary palate a very little of Tasker would be eminently cloying? The taste for Tasker is in fact acquired. To be candid, however, I can discover one virtue in him—he can occasionally be induced to part with money.'

'He parts with it on very heavy terms,' responded Frank, going back to the cupboard, and rummaging anew there.

'The wisdom of our ancestors,' returned Hastings, 'is proverbial—at least a good deal of it is.'

In one scrap of that wisdom for which the foggydom of past centuries is justly famous, we are told that he who intends not to pay may promise much.'

Frank withdrew himself from the cupboard with a box of cigars in one hand and a bottle in the other, and answered lightly: 'If you were the rascal you profess to be, you might be even a match for Tasker.'

'Referring,' replied Hastings in a forensic tone, and with a forensic wave of his cigar, 'to the works of Thomas Babington Macaulay, I learn that the late Nicholas Macchiavelli was a highly amiable and moral person. Fortified by this judgment, I have looked up *The Prince*, and am humbly striving to carry out its precepts. My natural bent in favour of the conventionalities of virtue is strong, and I still occasionally deviate into candour. Let me be candid now. Tasker lent me this coin wholly and solely upon your account.'

'On my account?' asked Frank.

'On yours. I told him I was coming to your rooms. So far I was truthful. But now mark the Macchiavellian strain. I told him also that you had invited me. I told him further that you had invited several other fellows. When I lie—as I frequently do—I am generally prophetic. I am here, with some other fellows. Since we are here, you can't do less than invite us to stay. I told him further that we were coming for a quiet little game at *vingt-et-un*. You will, I am sure, produce the cards, and oblige me by the fulfilment of that prophecy also.'

'That prophecy must go unfulfilled,' Frank answered.

'Let us waive that point a moment,' resumed Hastings. 'Your friend Tasker, anxious to oblige you, loans the money instantly. Since I am pledged to candour, I will conclude by saying that the said Tasker hates you cordially, and lent me the money in the hope that I might win, and that you might lose.'

'I never quite know where to have you, Hastings,' said Frank, still laughing. 'But do you really mean this?'

'In my moments of candour,' Hastings replied with increased solemnity, 'Truth becomes the immediate jewel of my soul. My bosom is as glass, and the workings of my heart are patent to the meanest observer. When I put up the shutters and—if I may mix a metaphor—tread in the paths of dissimulation, I acknowledge that I am inscrutable. But now the simplest son of the desert may understand and know.'

'Do you mean seriously to tell me,' asked Frank, 'that Tasker was fool enough to express such a hope to a sieve of a fellow like you?'

'Example,' responded Mr Hastings, 'is contagious. My indulgence in metaphor touches that poetic string which ever vibrates in the artist's being; and he lisps in figures, for the figures come. I had forgotten the respectable simile of the sieve, or, despite my leaning to originality, I would have used it. In my candid moments, I am even as a sieve, holding back nothing I receive. I occasionally retain—I may add as an afterthought—a little moisture. Will you pass the brandy?'

'Was Tasker sober?'

'The worthy Tasker reeled—his victor's sport,

and ere I left him lay dissolved in port. On strict investigation—for I mark once more the Macchiavellian strain—I find that quotation scarcely apt. Tasker remained so far solid as to be able to convey himself to the club door, whence he departed in a cloud of anathemas and a hansom.'

One of Mr Hastings' companions, who answered to the name of Bonder, and had evidently been out dining somewhere, bearing the evidences not only in his white tie and ample shirt-front, but in his flushed and lazy face, fell off into helpless hysterics at this statement. Hastings surveyed him with a solemn countenance; and turning to the other, who answered to the name of Brookes, and had also been out dining somewhere, and also bore about him the evidences of that fact in his white tie and ample shirt-front, and in his flushed and lazy face, opined that this game of *vingt-et-un* would have to be confined to three. On this Mr Bonder checked his raptures, and proclaiming himself as sober as a judge, asked Frank for the cards.

'Well,' said Frank, 'it would be too inhospitable to turn you fellows out. But I won't play cards, and I won't see cards played here.'

'Dost thou think,' demanded Hastings, 'that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'

'Come, come,' returned Frank. 'You can spend the evening capitally without falling into this eternal play. Honestly, I have come to the conclusion to give it up. I play no more.'

'His pipe is silent in the vale,' Hastings declaimed with tragic emphasis.

Mr Bonder fell off again, and was carefully brought to by Mr Brookes.

'Now, you know,' said Mr Bonder, looking round and gasping helplessly, 'that's uncommon fine. By Jove, sir, that's good—that's uncommon good!'

'Your appreciation, Bonder,' replied Hastings, 'of my humble efforts to please is not unvalued.' He said it with so serious a countenance, that Bonder fell off again, and was recommended by Brookes, the self-controlled, to go home if he couldn't behave himself.

'But,' gasped Mr Bonder, feebly struggling with himself, 'he's so uncommon rich, you know. Upon my word,' said Mr Bonder, brightening up as though he hailed a discovery, 'I can't help laughing at him.'

'Let him laugh who wins,' said Hastings.—'Mine host, the cards and a flagon of thy rosiest. If you choose to cultivate the ascetic virtues, I am not the man to say you nay. Common courtesy demands that in your own chambers you should be permitted by your guests to adopt what rôle you please. But you will permit me to point out that the calls of hospitality are urgent, and that your guests desire to season life with a little innocuous excitement.'

'If you will play,' said Frank, rising with evident unwillingness, 'I suppose you must. Here are the cards. Amuse yourselves.'

The three drew near the table. Frank lighting a new cigar, left the room, took his hat, and strolled into the gardens of the square. Mr Bonder in his present condition was of opinion that 'this was the richest joke he had seen for ages.' Mr Brookes, on the contrary, grew solemn at the host's departure. Hastings underwent no change,

but remained the same gay, reckless, flippant creature, lost his money with an easy grace, and borrowed it back again only to relapse it. The three played for stakes which, considering their means, were ridiculously high, and became so absorbed in the game as to lose all memory of Frank, though remaining keenly alive to the presence of his decanters. Frank meanwhile, marching to and fro in the square gardens, congratulated himself upon his firmness. It would have been considered 'bad form' in the set in which Frank moved to object to an invasion of this kind, however insolently made; and Hastings was so old a friend, and Brookes and Bonder were such good fellows in their way, that anger would have been absurdly out of place.

'Now really,' said Frank, in communion with himself, 'I should have liked to play with those fellows—I should really have liked it.—I never said a word about it to you, my darling, in your hearing, but I promised it to you all the same. I have surrendered these old ways—I have done with them for ever. How could I be untrue to you, my darling, or untrue to the better hopes you woke within me? Through you, I can be my best—a poor creature even then, I fear—but better, oh, how much better than you found me!'

The moon shone brightly. Frank was in the very centre of the gardens, and quite alone. He drew the miniature from his breast and kissed it again and again. He looked at it—and dimly as he saw it in that dim light—he dwelt on the sweet face with a yearning love and worship. His heart rejoiced within him as he thought that he had escaped to moments so sweet, from that smoke-clouded room and that flippant converse. Following the track of the railway field by field and landmark by landmark, his spirit seemed to wing its way home, past the pleasant summer river, and past the moonlit fields to the park, and through it to the gardens—to the gate where he felt, by an intuition of spirit so strong that he almost knew it must be true, that Maud was standing and thinking of him, with just such a love and such a tender yearning. Ay me! how he thrilled at the thought! How sweet and dear the fancy seemed! He was all but bodily present with her. His whole heart melted and glowed as he stood there.

The highest rapture fails the soonest. Frank came back to himself. The moon was clouded and the night seemed chilly. He tried to project himself again; but Passion would not be whipped and spurred. It lay quiescent and made no answer. So Frank wandered indoors a little disconsolate, and the peal of laughter which came to him as he stood in the doorway was welcome. Hastings at the moment of Frank's entrance was walking gravely round his chair for luck; and since everything which Hastings chose to say or do was full of infinite jest for those young fellows the Messrs Brookes and Bonder, the solemn performance was provocative of much loud merriment.

Hastings with a face of the intensest gloom, and the voice and action of a transpontine Othello, accosted Frank: 'Behold the irony of Fate! Rich with barbaric Tasker's spoils, I enter these gilded halls. Now, how am I dwindled! But—thrice the magic circle wind.' Therewith Mr Hastings

completed his journey round the chair and resumed his cards.

Frank seated himself at the table and watched the game. The cards ran in favour of Hastings, and in a quarter of an hour that young gentleman had quite a pile of gold and silver beside him.

'A star has set, a star has risen,' he quoted oracularly; and turning, addressed Fairholt: 'Sit down and take a hand, like a Christian. Behold'—spreading his money gravely about the table—'behold the booty of my bow and my spear! I dare thee to the joust, thou Paynim knight! Couch, couch thy lance, and gird thee for the fight.'

'I don't care about it,' Frank responded.

If the discerning reader knows anything of the gambling spirit, and has ever looked on at a game of chance, not purposing to join it, he knows how dangerous it is. If the discerning reader knows anything of human nature, he will have observed that there is a kind of man in whom the very fervour of resolve breeds weakness. For such a man to resolve is more exhausting than it is to a man of strong will to act out a resolution. Frank's passionate longing after virtue has left him weakened for its defence. There are many men so constituted, unhappily for themselves. They are mostly souls capable of very ardent longings and very bitter remorse. Their virtue—such as it is—consists in a passionate and spasmodic longing after virtue. Their remorse, until such time as they grow case-hardened, is very terrible; their self-upbraidings and their self-humiliations are very pitiful.

Assuming for the nonce the character of stage-manager, I do not wish to come too often before the curtain to take my poor marionnettes to pieces. I would prefer that you, reader, should learn from their antics and from those simulated speeches which come to them from the wings—and seem to you to come from them—what manner of puppets they are, and what manner of men and women they are meant to stand for. But I wish to come forward with such apologies as may seem needful, to ask your favour on behalf of the puppet Frank. There are some opinions which it is always well to hold about other people, and never wise to hold about ourselves. You sir, shall, if you please, judge me with lenity. When I tumble, you shall be pitiful. When I fail, going back from my promises, revoking my solemn pledges, and breaking down your kindly hopes of me, you shall not be scornful. When I see you trip, I promise not to smile. I pledge myself, when you are at your worst and your stupidest, to think of you gently and hopefully. It is well for a man—it is wise, and good, and gracious in him to be scant in excuse for himself, and plenteous in excuse for others. And I ask you to follow this young fellow's tragic story in this mood. For the fictionist has missed his purpose altogether unless a kindly heart go through his pages with him, and unless the poor shadows he would pass off for men and women meet, at the hands of those for whom they were created, some such kindness of welcome, some such gentle sympathies and hopes, as they would have a right to claim if they were as real as they pretend to be.

There was once upon a time a philosophic king

who knew this world and its ways pretty thoroughly. His philosophy and poetry—for like all true philosophers he was a poet, and like all true poets a philosopher—are buried in a certain well-known old book. His name was Solomon. He is worth study, if only for his knowledge of that vast human family whom he describes as the sons and daughters of folly. That old Hebrew king knew a fool more thoroughly, knew his nature better than any other writer whose works you are likely to chance upon. And in all seriousness, I am disposed to think that Solomon knew the fool so well chiefly from introspection. Each man is in part every other man. The large nature of that old Hebrew potentate had room for much folly in it; but his understanding was able to separate the elements of which he was himself compact. He set himself to know much folly and wisdom. In one of the wise old king's utterances, he says that though you bray a fool in a mortar among bruised wheat with a pestle, yet will not his folly depart from him.

At the very soul of understanding dwells charity. It is an old truth, but none the less worth writing on that account, that knowledge implies sympathy. If I shew you here a man whose hopes are lofty, yet for ever dragged in the mire of failure; whose aims are all born pure, yet always sullied with the smoke of low desires; who with every wish to be generous, is in all things intensely selfish; whose nature perpetually sins against itself; whose life is wrecked by a series of sinful follies, so patently sinful and so openly foolish, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, might escape them easily; and if in spite of all this, I try to shew a man not wholly hopeless or completely lost, I will ask you not to throw me aside too readily as a milk-and-water optimist, but to bring to the understanding of this creature who is, in a sense, the likeness of us all, some memory of your own weakness and your own failure, some sense of the difference which exists between that godlike, possible, ideal *you*, which you do somewhere cherish and hope for and believe in, and the man you know who lives sinfully and foolishly in the place of that ideal.

At three o'clock in the morning, Messrs Hastings, Brookes, and Bonder emerged from Frank's rooms and made night vocal. At ten o'clock Frank awoke to find the daylight pouring in dusty streaks through the Venetian blind, the floor strewn with cigar-ashes and ends of cigars, the table strewn with soiled cards and money and empty bottles, and glasses topsy-turvy, and the lamp in the centre a pale offensive blot against the daylight. Languid and aching, with hot hands and a heavy head, Frank gathered himself together, and began to grope after remembrance. Bit by bit he gathered the fragments of Memory's shattered picture, and pieced them together. Did he lose very heavily? he wondered. What were these? An IOU from Hastings—another from Brookes—another from Bonder. Money too. Much more than he started with, surely? Yes. At least a hundred pounds more. Frank fairly sickened.

And at that moment, pale and penitent, was the youthful Bonder awaiting in the paternal counting-house, and with beating heart, the advent of Bonder senior. To him the honest foolish

youngster made miserable confession, and was, after due severity of admonition, taken back to the fatherly heart and pardoned. Bonder senior could well enough afford to lose the few pounds his son ought to have paid in to the cashier that morning; but the irregularity of the transaction wounded him. For ten minutes or thereabouts the expletives of Bonder senior were sad to listen to, and young Bonder arose, let us hope, impressed for better things in future.

'This especial war-horse,' mused Mr Hastings, as he cooled his head against a marble mantel-piece in his lodgings, 'will no more roll his red eye and rally for the fight. I have digged a pit for my friend, and have fallen myself therein. My bow and my spear are broken, and my arrow is turned aside. I shall have Tasker down on me. Four months from date there will be the Tasker to pay, and nothing to pay him with!'

DIVING.

Few persons, we should imagine, know much about the hazardous work done either by the aid of that old-fashioned contrivance the diving-bell, or with the more modern diving-dress. Marvellous tales used to be told of the exploits of naked divers for pearls, corals, or sponges in the Indian Archipelago. It has even been said that the most skilful of them in early times could prolong their submarine descent for fifteen or twenty minutes. Such stories must, however, be received with great caution, as no one can safely remain under water more than two minutes without some artificial means for the supply of air.

Science has now come to the help of those who go down into the waters, enabling them not only to reach a greater depth than formerly, but also to remain submerged a much longer time. This has been accomplished chiefly by means of the diving-dress, of which, it is said, upwards of three hundred suits are at present used in the Mediterranean sponge-fisheries. But it is not merely in foreign seas, or when seeking the natural treasures of the ocean, that the improved appliances are employed. Such engineering works as the construction of harbours and of bridges across wide rivers have given the art of diving an importance only developed in recent times. Divers also find their services in frequent demand to overhaul the sluices of lock-gates, repair ship-bottoms, or to recover anchors and wreckage. The increased number of men who devote themselves to this singular and dangerous business was shewn by their numerous offers of help, which came from all quarters, during the efforts to recover the ruins of the lost train and the bodies of its unfortunate passengers, after the recent disaster at Tay Bridge; and the intense anxiety with which these brave endeavours were watched by the public from day to day, warrants our giving a brief account of the mode in which such work is carried on.

Although the diving-dress now used has been

greatly improved in our own time, the idea of affording some such protection to divers is by no means new. As far back as 1664, mention is made in Schott's *Technica Curiosa* of an aquatic armour; and at the beginning of last century another inventor describes a waterproof dress of leather in which the submarine explorer might venture out from the diving-bell and walk about, his head inclosed in a kind of helmet, supplied with air by means of a tube. Many of the later improvements were introduced between the years 1839 and 1843, during the operations at Spithead connected with the removal of the wreck of the *Royal George* ship of war. The modern diving-dress sits loosely upon the body, and is worn over the diver's warmer suit of guernsey. It is made either entirely of india-rubber, covered on both sides with tanned twill, or of waterproof lined with a strong solution of india-rubber. It is in one piece, reaching from the feet to the neck; and the wearer's head is covered with a strong metal helmet, having in front three small round windows of plate-glass, guarded with brass frames. The central bull's-eye screws off; and when the diver reascends to the surface, not a moment is lost in removing it, so that he may at once enjoy again the luxury of breathing freely in the open atmosphere. By this means, on coming up he can rest awhile or give orders without removing the rest of his dress. The cuffs are tied round the wrist, leaving the hands bare and free; india-rubber bands being slipped over the lower end of the cuffs, so as to render the joint water-tight.

But the equipment is not yet complete. One requisite, very useful in emergencies, is a strong knife in a sheath at his side. There still remain the weights or 'sinkers' by which the diver is prevented from rising involuntarily in the water. In order to enable him to remain down as long as may be desired, his sea-boots are furnished with leaden soles, each weighing fourteen pounds. Two additional weights are attached, one to his back and the other to his breast. On coming up to the surface, it is a relief to get off the heavy air-tight helmet, which has been firmly fastened down with shoulder-pads to his breast-plate; but it is a still greater relief to get rid of the body-sinkers, each weighing about thirty pounds.

When the hardy diver is thoroughly equipped for his descent, one end of a strong rope is securely tied round his body under the arms, and to his belt a cord is attached. The first is that by which the assistants above help to pull him up when required. The other is for the purpose of signals; the nature of the message being indicated, according to a simple code, by shaking the cord, or by pulling it a certain number of times. Each diver usually requires three trustworthy assistants. From the spot whence the diver has descended, two of his assistants work the force-pump, by which the prime necessity of air is supplied to him through a flexible tube; whilst the third, besides having to see that this tube is preserved from interference, holds the upper ends of the rope and signal-cord with a firm but sensitive grasp.

Notice one of these divers as, enveloped in his strange attire, he descends a ladder from the boat-side, or lets himself quietly drop into the cruel

waters of the Tay, among the hidden remnants of a dreadful tragedy. Seeing him sink out of sight, an onlooker cannot fail to be impressed with the nerve and powers of endurance required for such a task. In this case, its difficulty is increased not only by the velocity of the current—sometimes exceeding five knots an hour—but also by the nature of the wreck which the brave fellow has gone down to explore. The bed of the river is bestrewn with broken girders and shattered railway carriages, among which there is not only the danger of getting fatally entangled, but also the fear that some sharp edge may chance to cut the tube upon which his life mainly depends. With some anxiety, therefore, on the man's own account, as well as eagerly anticipating his discoveries, spectators await his return.

During this interval of suspense, we can to some extent watch his movements; for a circle of air-bubbles constantly rising to the surface shews, if the water be tolerably smooth, the diver's course as he cautiously gropes his way along. These bubbles are formed by the foul or superfluous air, which escapes at his breast-plate from a patent valve opening outwards, and thus preventing the entrance of water. During high-tide, in calm weather, it is possible to see a distance of several feet at the bed of the channel; but for a week or two after that terrible accident at Tay Bridge, the river was so turbid that nothing could be seen below the surface. It was consequently in perfect darkness that the divers had to work—their dismal search being carried on by carefully feeling any object with which they came into contact whilst 'walking alone in the deep.' And yet, after two or three descents, they somehow become familiar with the ground, and gain confidence from an instinctive acquaintance with the relative position of their surroundings, just as a blind man does in moving about on land. Of the half-dozen divers employed at Dundee, some made as many as six or seven descents daily, varying in duration from five to forty minutes. Considering the weights they carry, the men themselves would be less fatigued and embarrassed with a longer continuous spell of work under water than with ascending and descending so often; but in this instance it was impracticable to remain down long. As it was, some of them on returning looked rather exhausted and faint; but their complexion and features are no sufficient criterion, for most divers, although of strong constitution, are pale. One or two are, however, fresh coloured in feature, as well as of stalwart figure; and none of them own to suffering in health from the peculiar nature of their duties. One essential qualification is that they should be of naturally good health and sober habits.

The depth of the navigable channel of the Tay varies from twenty to forty feet, according to the state of the tide; but whilst the piers were being sunk for the construction of the bridge, some of the divers had to work as far as sixty feet below the surface. At extreme depths, the diver loses all sense of weight, and finds it difficult to keep his footing, owing to the buoyancy of the water. At higher levels less inconvenience is felt, beyond the inevitable discomforts of seeking for wreckage or dead bodies in regions of perpetual cold and darkness. So dry are the divers usually kept by their dress, that one of them, finding it raining

when he rose to the upper world, jocularly remarked that he had apparently come from the bottom of the river to get wet; but an opportunity was soon given him of escaping the shower by a return to the watery depths. Another, less fortunate, gladly ascended to the surface on finding that a leak in his dress was not only soaking him, but that the water was rapidly encroaching upon the reserve stock of air usually stored within the ample folds of his professional costume. Whilst referring again to the diving-dress, it may be of interest to mention that a complete suit, with the needful attachments, seldom costs less than a hundred pounds. The most foppish and extravagant of landmen would be astonished to receive a bill to that amount from some fashionable tailor for a single suit of clothes; but diving equipments find few customers, last many years, and are quite unaffected by changes in fashion.

One of the diver's earliest experiences is a disagreeable 'roaring' sensation in the ears for some time after his first descent; but this is little felt after he becomes accustomed to his work. It is caused by the air-pressure, which increases with depth. From the same cause the diver often experiences a sensation amounting to earache, which any one may test for himself by descending in a diving-bell. With regard to the mode of working, it is noteworthy that, instead of moving gradually outwards after reaching the bottom, the diver usually gropes at once to the full 'length of his tether' in the required direction, and then works slowly back to the starting-point. He considers this the safer method, partly because it leaves him at the finish directly at the place whence he has to rise.

The rate of pay for diving, although often high, is not more than is fairly due to the disagreeable and perilous nature of the work. In the case of recovering wrecked cargoes, the diver sometimes enters into an arrangement for the value of a certain share of the salvage as his remuneration; but the payment of a specific and pre-arranged sum is more common. The amount depends upon the depth of water to be explored, the number of descents, and the nature of the work. In casual engagements, a fee of from three to five guineas is claimed for each descent; but considerably less is paid in regular employment or prolonged operations. Few will think the charges excessive in the case of men who, leaving the world of sunlight and sound, risk their lives amid the night-like gloom, loneliness, and silence of watery depths, made still more weird by the grim presence of Death.

Search for the dead does not, however, form the most frequent part of the diver's work. Sometimes, although seldom, it is relieved with just a little bit of romance, as in the case of a Dundee diver who recently related to the writer that on one occasion he was able to recover near mid-channel an engagement-ring which a young lady lost in sailing ashore from the *Mars* training-ship. It was a gold ring, with three diamonds in the setting. As the fair loser of the precious gift was able to shew where it had dropped, the diver went down to the bottom, and—by good luck, he confessed, as much as good guidance—happened to find it in the mud near one of the Tay Bridge piers.

So essential are diving facilities now considered, that all ships in Her Majesty's navy of sufficient

size to be commanded by a captain are, we believe, supplied with a diving-dress, and carry also a certain number of men who can use it when required by any emergency. All sea-going flag-ships and iron-clads on foreign stations carry two sets of diving apparatus, and are allowed a certain number of trained divers.

The length of time during which a diver can remain under water depends very much upon his own strength and experience, the steady care with which the air-pump is managed, and other circumstances. M. Frendenberg states that, in the repair of the well in the Scharley Zinc Mines in Silesia, two divers descended to a depth of eighty-five feet, remaining down for periods varying from fifteen minutes to two hours. Siebe, another authority on the subject, relates that, in removing the cargo of the ship *Cape Horn*, wrecked off the coast of South America, a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of no less than two hundred and one feet, and at one time remained down forty-two minutes; supposed to be the greatest diving feat ever achieved.

THE STORY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE following incidents are narrated as they occurred. The story woven out of them is as follows:

Who's that? Well, I hardly know how to answer you. I do not know her name. I only saw her once in my life, then only for a little time, and the chances are I shall never see her again. Strange that a woman, a perfect stranger, should give me her photograph? It does sound strange. How did I get it? Thereon hangs a tale. I will tell you it. It points a moral, is characteristic of a woman, and furnishes me with a pleasant reminiscence of a too fleeting visit to the Scottish Highlands.

It was two years ago—the summer holidays. I had spent them with my wife's brother, George Nettlefold. We had put into execution a long-cherished scheme, and been up to the Highlands. I shall not easily forget that time, nor how the days flew by, nor the sunny weather, nor the wild scenery which presented itself to us in all its glory.

We were working south after a charming walking expedition, and were still in the wilder part of that glorious country, when one morning as usual we packed up our knapsacks, and continued our southern route. We had dinner at a little roadside inn. It was not much of a repast, and to tell the truth, neither particularly well served nor cheap; and having dined, we went off again, intending to make for a certain village—no matter what its name—which we were told was some considerable distance off. It was a broiling afternoon, and by the time we had walked some miles we began to wish we were near our journey's end. We passed one village, and there they told us the other village was a good step farther on, for which information we were not sufficiently grateful. We were half inclined to put up and stay

where we were; but being an obstinate couple, and desirous of seeing some Falls which were in the immediate neighbourhood of our destination, we pressed on. The sun was setting as we reached the top of an ascent it had cost us some pains to climb. Sitting on the bank by the roadside, under the shadow of a mighty tree, we doffed our hats, so that the gentle breeze might cool our heated brows. On a sudden we heard quite close to us loud cries and shouts, as of some one in distress or danger.

'What's that?' said I to George.

'Sounds as though something was the matter with some one,' said he, getting up and looking over the hedge. I rose and joined him.

'Why,' exclaimed George, 'there's a lad drowning in the pool.'

So it seemed. The bank on the other side of the hedge sank in a sharp descent some thirty feet or more. A little to the left was a stream or piece of water of some sort. Generally it was quite narrow—narrower than this room; you might have jumped across it—but in one place it widened out into a tiny lake or pond, tolerably deep apparently; for somewhere about the centre was a little boy trying hard to keep himself afloat, and making a terrible hullabaloo.

Without a word we got over the hedge and ran down the bank. Calling to the youngster to keep still, I ran into the water to help him. It might have been deep enough to drown him, but it barely came up to my shoulders; and when I had once hold of him, it was easy enough to pull him out, and he was little damaged; for when I had got him out he stood bolt upright on the bank, looking at me with large round eyes.

'You're not drowned?' I said, smiling at his solemn expression.

He shook his head gravely, without a word. He was a queer-looking child, quite a little one, scarcely more than ten years old. So far, I had kept my hand upon his collar, thinking he might fall down, or faint, or something; but relieved of any such fears, I took it away. No sooner did I do so than, without a sign of any such intention, he was off like a dart, up the bank, through the hedge, and out of sight.

'Well,' said George, laughing, 'there's gratitude for you.'

'Yes,' said I, a little nettled; 'he might have said thank you.'

'Or told us how much farther we have to go,' growled George.

'I've got a ducking for my pains,' I continued, thinking somewhat ruefully of my knickerbocker suit—a recent purchase.

'That won't matter,' quoth George unsympathetically; 'you'll soon get dry.'

We climbed up the bank, and continued our journey, talking and laughing over our wayside adventure. Somehow or other, I do not know how, we lost our way; how far we went, or where we got to, I do not rightly know to this day. Matters were beginning to look serious—the evening was closing in; we were in a wild country, hardly a house in sight; no village, or sign of one; we were fairly tired, and I began to consider what had best be done. We were in rather an uncomfortable frame of mind when, turning a corner,

we saw right in front of us, rising from a belt of trees, a column of smoke. The sight was like an oasis in the desert. We hurried to it, and found, to our exceeding satisfaction, it was a charming country inn, shrined in a glorious sweet-smelling frame of honeysuckle and red roses. We entered together. The very sight of the bar was enough to do one good. The shining glass and tankards, the array of bottles tastefully arranged, the general air of neatness and comfort which pervaded everything, filled our wearied souls in anticipation with the sweets of rest. Behind the counter sat a female, looking quite a lady, about thirty-five or so, in widow's cap and weeds. She rose at our entrance.

'We want two beds,' I said, coming to the point at once.

'We can offer you none,' she replied civilly, but anything but warmly; 'we are already overcrowded.'

'No bed!' I said, staggering back; while George's face fell an inch at least. 'But a sofa or—'

'I am sorry,' interrupted she, speaking as I never heard innkeeper, whether masculine or feminine, speak before; 'but we have no accommodation of any sort to give you.'

'Then where shall we find another inn?'

'The next inn is about—'she paused—'eight or nine miles farther on.' She might as well have said eight or nine hundred.

Out we staggered from that delicious bar into the gathering night. There was a man, a labourer of some sort, standing in the bar; and as we went out, I noticed him lean over and whisper to the hostess. It was as though we had been lifted to celestial heights to be plunged into unknown darkness. What we were to do we had not the faintest notion. To walk eight or nine miles over such a country in our then state, was a physical impossibility. It was all we could do to keep ourselves from sinking on the road. As we went, wearily dragging our legs along, some one came running after us. It was a girl, apparently a servant-girl, young, pretty, and neatly dressed. She seemed in a great flurry.

'Please sir,' she said, stopping us, 'I've brought a message.'

I looked at her. 'A message? From whom?'

'From the inn, sir. Mistress says you're to come back at once.'

'Come back at once!' I repeated it after her, astonished. These were odd proceedings.

'She says, sir, she will try to make you comfortable. And she wished me to say she is very sorry, but she did not know you.'

Know me! Of course not. How was she to, seeing she had never seen me before, nor I her? The ignorance was mutual.

'Let's go,' said George, cutting further conversation short.

I remember as we followed that pretty maiden through the dim gloaming of what promised to be an unusually dark night, of half-wondering whether she were having a little game with us. But she was not, and in thinking so I wronged her.

When we reached the inn, the hostess bowed. 'I am sorry, sir,' she said, in a stately way, 'to have sent you away, but I did not know you.'

Did not know me? What did she mean by

she did not know me? Of course she did not know me. How was she to? But I had no time for reflection. The servant shewed us into an inner room, the neatest, cosiest, prettiest little room I do believe I ever saw. George threw himself on the sofa; while I sat on a chair, my feet apart, my hands on my knees, staring into vacancy, feeling a little mystified.

In a few minutes the servant returned. 'Please, will you step this way, sir?' said she to me.

George was asleep on the sofa, and did not notice her entrance.

I followed her up-stairs; we were evidently among the bedrooms. She stopped at a door, and opening it, shewed me in. It was a sleeping apartment, quite small, but so neat and clean and pretty, so unlike the usual thing you expect in hotels and inns, that I looked at the servant in amaze. There were a suit of clothes laid out upon the bed, black, and seeming quite new; and a clean white shirt hanging on a chair; a collar, necktie, and socks on the seat; and a pair of slippers on the floor.

'Mistress,' said my guide, with just enough of the Doric to be agreeable, 'wishes you to change your clothes, or else you will get cold.' This was a fresh surprise. She was really a considerate landlady. Landladies are not in the habit—or landlords either, unfortunately—of offering and providing entire changes of clothing to wet and wearied travellers.

'What,' I inquired, 'is your mistress's name?'

'Mrs Mac'—something in three syllables, but what I could not catch. She then withdrew.

Taking off my drenched knickerbocker suit, I first had a thorough good wash, and then put on the clothes provided. The shirt was perfumed with lavender; and the clothes, if not made by a west-end tailor, were at least respectable, and fitted me surprisingly well, considering. When I was dressed, I am inclined to think I looked like an undertaker's man got up for a funeral. I went down-stairs again, and found my Phillis waiting at the foot to guide me into the parlour, where I found George still sleeping. Without remorse, I woke him up.

'George,' I exclaimed, 'this is a queer set-out.'

'What's a queer set-out?' muttered he, yawning prodigiously.

'This,' I said, 'Look at me.'

He rubbed his eyes and stared. 'Whose undertaker's establishment have you been robbing?' he queried. 'Wherever did you get those things from?'

I told him. 'Well,' said he, 'she's a pleasant sort of landlady. She seems to have taken a fancy to you.'

'Don't talk nonsense,' I retorted, thinking of Kate and my family of seven.

'I hope,' said he, 'among her other kindnesses, she won't forget to let us have some supper.'

The words were hardly out of his mouth when there was a tap at the door, and in came Phillis. 'Please sir,' said that admirable young person, 'mistress says may I lay the table for supper?'

'Give your mistress my compliments,' replied George with assumed dignity—'Mr Nettlefold's compliments, and say with the greatest pleasure.'

She did not give her mistress his compliments, at least not then; but without a word or a smile

laid it there and then, covering it with a snow-white tablecloth, and laying it with that charming air of home-like comfort which pervaded everything.

How they managed to prepare such a supper in such a short space of time, is more than I can say. There were some delicious trout, cooked to perfection, ham and eggs done to a turn, followed by pancakes done to a toss. We had good appetites, and did wonderful justice to the fare. When we had finished, we rang the bell, and in came Phillis, who, having learned our wishes, shewed us to our room. George and I shared one bed, amply large enough for both.

In the morning we overslept ourselves; no wonder, in such quarters and tired out as we had been; but when we got down, there was the breakfast waiting our arrival! It was as good as the supper; more trout, omelets, fresh eggs, butter which melted in your mouth, and fresh home-made scones. After breakfast we began seriously to consider the cost of our entertainment. Hitherto, we had been economical, and had indulged in nothing so luxurious since we had been in those northern regions. We rang the bell, and in came the landlady. We rose as she entered and bowed, which courtesy she gracefully returned.

'We shall be much obliged,' I said, 'if you will let us have our bill.'

'Bill!' she said, drawing herself upright. 'Do you wish to insult me, sir?'

Insult her! 'Insult you!' I said, visions of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the mistake Young Marlow made, flitting across my mind. 'But surely this is an inn?' Half fearing we had made a mistake like Marlow's.

'Yes,' returned she, with something like wounded dignity; 'this is an inn, but not to you whatever.'

'Not to us!' I exclaimed, amazed; while George, I fancy, began to take her for a lunatic.

'Do you think,' she burst out, 'I would take money from the man who saved my child?'

Saved her child! In an instant it flashed across me, the youngster floundering in the pool, and how the young rogue had run away.

'Was—was that your son in the pool?' I asked, beginning to understand her.

'Ay, it was Alec,' she said; 'my only son mirofer.'

'But,' I asked, 'how did you know it was I who?'

'Donald Macneil'—or some such name—'told me. He was near by, and saw it all.'

I remembered the labouring man in the bar, and how he had whispered to her when we went out; he, I presumed, was Donald Macneil.

Well, she would not take a farthing, and we could hardly press her. She, such a strange sort of woman, cold and proud as a Roman mother; no wonder her son was such a queer young fish. It appeared she had not only turned out of her own sitting-room, but out of her own bedroom too, to make room for us. Where she slept, I have no idea. In the bar possibly, which by-the-by would not have been so bad after all.

Before we went, we asked her for her photograph, which she gave us; and there it is. It is not a bad likeness; but it hardly does her justice; it does not give you the proud set of her features; and in a photograph you cannot get the full expression of her eyes.

'Is that all?'

'That's all.'

'Where's the moral?'

'The moral is, never neglect to do a good action when you can; you never know how soon you may be repaid.'

'And the characteristic of a woman?'

'It seems to me, sir, the whole thing was characteristic of a woman—especially a Highland one.'

AN OLD KENTISH TOWN.

WANDERING along the east coast of the county of Kent, the tourist who has time to spare, and who is impervious to the noisy attractions of the many watering-places dotted along it, will find a quaint little old-world town standing in a marshy plain a little back from the sea, which will well repay the artist or the lover of antiquity who lingers there for a day or two. The name of the place is Sandwich. If he has ever been in Holland, he will think he has suddenly been transported there, as he sees the flat landscape unrolling itself before him, with only here and there a few cattle grazing; and occasionally a low red-tiled roof touched by the sun, making a bit of warm colour in the midst of the universal grayness. Treeless—save for a few melancholy poplars—and dreary enough it looks, even in the mellow light of a clear autumnal day, as you speed along in the train, a mode of locomotion which seems strangely out of keeping with the scene. A flat-bottomed punt moving lazily along a canal would be the means of progression to be expected in this dim and colourless scenery. Presently you alight at the little station, where the momentary stir and bustle brings you back to the times you live in. But as you shoulder your knapsack, and wander away through the silent and deserted streets in search of a hostelry, you feel as the Professor may have felt in Hans Andersen's story, when he drew on the goloshes of Happiness, and found himself suddenly in the Copenhagen of the middle ages.

The spirit of the place—supposing you to be at all imaginative—will already begin to influence you, and you will probably turn from the more modern inn—though that is quiet enough—and hesitate whether you will locate yourself at the *Fleurs de Lis* or the *Mermaid* or the *King's Arms*, which attract you by their overhanging stories and gables, and the carvings of grotesque wooden figures which support them. Your choice made, you will probably be rewarded by eating your supper in a room where the mantel-piece is composed of Dutch tiles, real Dutch tiles, brought over by real Dutchmen in the reign of Elizabeth, and where the oak-carvings of the ceiling would almost do credit to Gibbons. Your tea, should you indulge in that modest beverage, will be served to you in a pot of real delf; and should you partake of a glass of toddy before you turn in for the night, you may perchance have the spirits brought to you in a square bottle which bears the date 1741, and the name of the then Mayor of Sandwich.

When you stroll forth in the morning, your sketch-book under your arm, in search of some quaint or dainty 'bit' with which to enrich your

canvas, you find that your only difficulty will be in making a good selection from the many pictures you see around you. Here a De Hoogh, there a Van der Heyden, seem to have left their frames and taken up their abode in these silent and grass-grown streets. For silent they are, even in these early morning hours, when the stillness in other towns is broken by the whistle of the labourer on his way to work, by the lowing of cattle, by the factory bell, or the distant hum of machinery. Here no such sounds break the stillness. We presume that, as there are houses, there must be inhabitants; but we come across them only here and there as we take our morning walk, unless we look back over our shoulder, when we see heads appearing at door and window, watching the 'stranger' with curious eyes.

'What is there to be seen in the town?' we ask our landlady, as we prepare to sally forth sketch-book in hand.

'Well, not much, sir,' is the unsatisfactory answer; 'there is the house in which Queen Elizabeth slept' [ubiquitous monarch, who seems to have slept in every town in her kingdom]; 'and St Clement's and St Peter's Churches; and—and I am afraid that is all.'

Somewhat discouraged, my companion and I start on a voyage of discovery to look for Queen Elizabeth's house. We have not far to go; it is but just round the corner; and procuring the key from a highly loquacious dame, who is much incensed at our rejection of her proffered company and explanations, we unlock the door and enter. Nothing to see! Why, it is worth a journey from town only to spend an hour in the room in which we now find ourselves. A delightful room—all oak carving, dark with age—low and large—grotesque heads looking down on us from the ceiling, from the midst of wreaths of flowers and fruits; panels—sliding panels, perhaps—all round us. An oaken chimney-piece with a hunting scene inlaid in different coloured woods, which stand out well, even now, from the nearly black oak; and brass dogs on the empty hearth. We almost expect to see one of the panels disappear, and some proscribed Jacobite come forth from his place of concealment.

'What business have we denizens of the modern world here?' we ask ourselves as we ascend the stair, treading softly and speaking low, for fear of disturbing the ghosts who surely have their abiding-place in the dim passages. Oak-panelled it certainly is also, though the hand of some goth has painted it a dirty white. My companion scrapes a bit of the paint off with her knife, and, as we see the brown wood underneath, we give a sympathetic groan over the vandalism. But the desecrated stair leads us into the room in which Queen Elizabeth slept on the night of the 31st August 1572, and which, fortunately, sacrilegious hands have spared. It is almost the counterpart of the room below it, except that the very handsome and elaborately carved ceiling is of plaster, and the chimney and mantel-piece carved and not inlaid. From the window we look on to the river Stour and over the flat and dreary landscape, to where the Ramsgate cliffs are shining brilliantly in the morning sun. We learn from *Boys' History of Sandwich* that it was in Mr Manwood's house that Her Majesty lay, 'a house wherein King Henry VIII. had been lodged twice

before.' The good burgesses of the town seem, according to the same authority, to have provided many amusements for the Queen, and in their loyalty she evidently had great faith; for it is specially recorded that, at a banquet prepared for her in the school-house—consisting of one hundred and sixty dishes, served on a table twenty-eight feet long—'she was very merrye, and did eat of divers dishes without any assaye.' And she also accepted a silver-gilt cup well-nigh a cubit high.

Nothing to see! Why, let us stroll along Strand Street, bearing a little to our left, until we come to this same old school-house, which was founded by subscription, under a promise from Mr Manwood, afterwards Sir Roger—probably the same in whose house the Queen slept—to endow it with lands of sufficient value to support the building and maintain a master. At one time no doubt, it was a very flourishing institution; but like everything else around us, it partakes now of the silence and deadness of the town. Perhaps it is holiday-time, perhaps the children are away; but at all events the building is here quaint and tall, with red-tiled roof and queer high chimneys, which look as if they might be dangerous neighbours in a gale; and odd out-buildings, and many-pointed gables, and the date, 1564, in relief on the front facing the roadway. We are told that it stood near Canterbury Gate; but though the Canterbury Road is here, the Gate is a thing of the past.

While I am peering over the low wall into the grass-grown court-yard, and moralising over the decay of all human institutions, my companion is transferring the old house to her sketch-book; and when she has finished, I suggest that we should try and have a peep at the churches which our landlady has mentioned as being of the lions of the place. We go first to St Clement's, the square tower of which is one of the most ancient Saxon buildings in England. It is ornamented on each side with three tiers of pillars and circular arches. Boys says that it had formerly a spire and battlements, which were taken down between the years 1670 and 1673. The church is built principally of boulders, mixed with sandstone from Pegwell Bay, with the exception of the tower, which is composed of Normandy stone. The ceiling of the nave is of oak, in panels, like those in Queen Elizabeth's house, with ornaments of flowers and foliage, and angels holding shields. The stalls in the chancel are also oak, of very ancient date, and much worm-eaten. In the pavement are many grave-stones, originally ornamented, as we can see, with figures and devices in brass, which have been removed; and here and there a few ancient tiles still remain.

The day is so clear that my companion suggests that we should ascend the tower and see the view; which we accordingly do, and are well repaid for our climb. It stands in the centre of an almost level plain; and we cannot help thinking how often, in ancient days, the men of Sandwich must have ascended that tower to watch the approach of an enemy. For the old town has been attacked and taken many times, since the Danes, landing in Kent, first pillaged it, according to an ancient Saxon Chronicle, in the year 851. Sandwich is not the least important of the Cinque Ports, and many a fleet has sailed from it against the

French, and many a prize towed into its haven. The town, lying at our feet, looks peaceful enough now in the morning sunshine, with the blue wreaths of smoke hovering lazily in the still air over the picturesque tiled roofs, which vary in colour from yellow, through every shade and tone of red, to the richest brown in the shadows. And the fleet of merchant-vessels lying windbound in the Downs, speaks to wealth and commerce and progress, instead of deadly war and tumult. Wonderfully 'holländisch' the scene looks from this elevation. The poplars, the windmills, the universal flatness—except where, on the horizon, the Reculvers just catch the sun. The whole scene must have reminded the Flemings who settled here in the reign of Elizabeth, of the home and country lost to them.

When we reluctantly descend, the verger, who seems pleased at the interest we manifest, takes us into the vestry and shews us a very ancient register of births, deaths, and marriages, written on parchment, and strongly bound. Among the deaths, I find the following droll entries: In 1622—'Old Mother Chilton;' and a little lower on the same page, 'Old Widow Woollet.' In 1643—'Richard Baker, a very poore man;' and—this strikes us as unkind—'Sybil Muzred, a very ancient maide.' In the same year it is recorded that 'Mr Peeke was very solemnly buried.' We wonder if the solemn ceremonies concluded with a great jollification, and whether all the mourners at the funeral went sober to bed! On the font, as we come out, we find the Cinque Ports arms, and the lions of England quartered with the French fleur de lis.

From St Clement's we wend our way through the quiet streets, past what used to be the fish-market, with its old-fashioned gabled houses, each story overhanging the other, until the topmost one looks as if it would fall into the street below, until we come to St Peter's. Here we are fortunate enough to meet with a most courteous gentleman, who, evidently glad of an intelligent human being to speak to, accompanies us into the church, and shews us some curious old Dutch monuments. From him we learn that in olden times the principal support of the vicar arose from the tithes of fish brought into the haven. It is to be hoped that he does not now depend upon that, or I am afraid his stipend would be but scanty. In the time of the Romans, no doubt Sandwich was washed by the sea, which has now receded fully a mile; leaving between it and the town the low-lying mist-wreathed land, partly marsh, partly sand, of which I have spoken. The name is evidently the Saxon Sandwic, or town on the sand.

It is now high noon; and 'surely,' we say to each other, 'we shall see some sign of life about the place.' But no, it looks as silent and deserted as it did at six in the morning; and it is difficult to realise that in the days of King Canute it was one of the most important of the English ports. We wander into a queer little shop, full of curious old bric-à-brac, and pick up, for a mere song, some rare old Dutch tiles, relics of the Flemish settlers; and one or two old Mandarin China plates, which remind us of the one of which Charles Lamb speaks, on which the little gentleman is handing a cup of tea to a lady two miles off; and, joy of joys, a quaint old bottle, dated 1741, like the one

we saw at the inn last night. If only we could carry them away, we would invest in a bewitching set of brass-mounted 'tall-boys,' and—for here it is—the identical 'old clock on the stairs' of which Longfellow has sung so sweetly. The shopkeeper—though that is far too modern a word by which to describe him—and his wife are chatty people, and evidently proud of the antiquity of their house, built, they tell us, early in the seventeenth century; and they shew us a curious bit of old wall, which seems to corroborate their story.

I ask them what they do in the winter.

'Much the same as in the summer,' is the answer; 'it is equally dull all the year round.'

'Surely,' I say to my companion as we leave the little shop and continue our walk, 'any modern Rip Van Winkle might slumber here for twenty years, and on awaking only read the lapse of time in the silvered hair and wrinkled cheeks of his contemporaries.'

We take our way through Delf Street, Potter and Knight-rider Streets, Butchery, Salutation—what queer old names—to the Fisher Gate, the only one remaining of the Gates which gave egress from the town. It abuts on the river, and doubtless the fishermen landed there with their spoils from the sea. It has a pointed arch, and is in a tolerable state of preservation. Close to it stood the Pillory Gate, and as we look up we see the word 'Pillory' written at a street corner, though there is now only a timber-yard where the Gate used to stand. Let us hope that the pillory itself was done away with, as being of no further use to the virtuous inhabitants.

Going a little farther, we come to the Barbican; but although it bears the ancient name, nothing of the original structure is left. If we go through it, and crossing the Stour, walk a short way along the Ramsgate Road, we shall come to a curious pebble ridge or bit of sea-beach quite inland; but we have not time to-day, and indeed are loath to leave the old walls which still surround the town. So we take a circuitous route back to our inn, coming across many a dainty bit of old carving, many a curious gabled house with low-arched doorway and diamond-latticed windows. One doorway of oak, which appears to have recently been picked out, bears the Cinque Ports Arms and the date 1601; and we pass a square archway, if we may so speak, with a carved wooden beam running along it, through which we get a peep at a delicious mass of quaint chimneys and richly coloured roofs and picturesque gables, among which the warm shadows lie dreaming, which, framed by the ancient arch, make a picture worthy the brush of a Teniers.

At length, tired out, we find ourselves again at our comfortable inn; and waited on by our landlady in person, we dawdle over our supper, talking over what we have seen, and looking at one or two sketches we have made. Our hostess is in the midst of an interesting account of some subterranean passages which were wont to be used by the smugglers, when the sound of a bell comes borne to us through the stillness.

'What is that?' we ask, startled.

'That,' replies the landlady—'that is the curfew.'

That old-world sound seems still to ring in our ears when we close our eyes in sleep, which we do only to dream that we are in the oak-panelled

room of Mr Manwood's house, and that we are being presented to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth by her Master of the Horse, the Earl of Leicester.

TALES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

RIDDLE-READING, so popular as a recreation with young ladies just now, is literally part and parcel of a newspaper editor's daily work ; but in his case the puzzles to be solved must be solved immediately they are proposed ; there is no setting them aside for leisure consideration.

Correspondents of the press when they use the telegraph are in the habit, for economical reasons, of dispensing with articles, prepositions, and conjunctions ; while punctuation is perforce out of the question. Their communications, consequently, are not always to be read aright at sight ; and should the telegraph clerk, from haste or ignorance or malice, complicate matters by mistakes of commission or omission, the result is likely to be more exciting than pleasing to the editor, or his sub, who has—at the shortest notice—to make sense out of nonsense, knowing if he should happen to blunder, somebody will certainly let the public know it.

When Mr Reuter, desiring to make the editor of the *Java Bode* acquainted with the fact that Mr Brand had been nominated for the vacant Speakership, put the thing thus, 'Proposed to Brand Speaker,' it is hardly surprising that the journalist, in setting the latest news from England before his readers, gravely stated that it was proposed to brand the Speaker of the House of Commons ; wisely leaving them to divine the object of the operation. The editor of the *Swiss Times* grumbled at his London correspondent's telegram, 'Duke Guise's death caused great groom thrown Twickenham but sweaking moved censure Judge Keogh ;' but pretty well used to dislocated English, he soon resolved it into, 'The Duke of Guise's death caused great gloom through Twickenham. Butt speaking—moved censure upon Judge Keogh.'

Our own *Times* once printed a despatch precisely as it was received. It ran thus : 'Washington. House passed resolution directing committee inquiry into offences president hundred eight ayes thirty eight noes first sept impeachment radicals determined press it president vetoed negro suffrage bill.' The proper reading of which was supposed to be : 'The House has passed a resolution directing a committee to inquire into offences committed by the President, by a hundred and eight Ayes to thirty-eight Noes. This is the first step to an impeachment. The Radicals are determined to press it. The President has vetoed the Negro Suffrage Bill.'

What the *Times* did just to shew how telegraphic news must be adjusted to make it intelligible, was done by another journal out of sheer disgust with a message which defied the united ingenuity of the staff, and in the expressed hope that somebody might hit upon its meaning. It ran thus : 'With rising north decrees late Government for sequester proforty bading baderg will be mitigated actuated cabihet serious grounds for supposing endearaourg abroad and among baderg if rising successiul some disagreements among ministers

will be pacified until King returns from north this completes former message.'

When the news came of the revolution in Turkey and the deposition of Abdul Aziz, Queen Victoria, it is said, lost no time in intervening in his behalf, by telegraphing to Constantinople and expressing her hope that the ex-Sultan would not be subjected to any violence or ill-treatment. 'Soignez le bien'—Take good care of him—said Her Majesty ; but the cruel telegraph made her say, 'Saignez le bien'—Bleed him well ; and how they bled him all the world knows. The story is not impossible.—In his last annual Report, the Postmaster-general owns that a poor woman, telegraphing to a relative, 'Mary is bad,' had her message rendered, 'Mary is dead ;' and that a pleasure-party wishing to advise their friends at home of their safety by the assurance that they had 'Arrived all right,' scandalised the anxious ones with the announcement, 'We have arrived all tight.'—But many jokes are perpetrated by the wire without receiving official recognition. A lady living near London, whose lord and master went up to town every day, was not a little puzzled by a message from him telling her he 'would bring Sal on for dinner ;' nor was she quite easy in her mind until ocularly convinced that his only companion was a fine salmon.—A gentleman telegraphing to a bookseller at Cambridge to forward him a copy of a book of prize poems containing Johnson's Poem on Plato, was surprised at receiving by the first post a letter from the bookseller, saying he could not find any such work ; but his surprise did not outlast the discovery that by the time his message reached Cambridge the title he had given had become transformed into, 'John P'omens on Plate Money.'

Not so easily daunted by an unexpected demand was an agent at San Francisco, to whom the proprietor of an anaconda on exhibition in Sacramento wired, 'Send two hundred cats immediately.' He was a little taken aback ; but presuming the anaconda was hungry, that rabbits were scarce at Sacramento, and the cats were wanted as substitutes, he sent an army of boys abroad to catch all the stray cats ; and by the afternoon had got seventy-five packed in a crate, which he sent off with a letter promising to forward the remainder next day, although he was afraid if the cats got loose they would eat the anaconda, instead of letting him eat them. Luckily for the feline population of San Francisco, their kidnapper's preparations for a night foray were suspended by the timely coming of another message from the snake-owner telling the agent not to send any more cats, but two hundred 'cuts' wherewith to bill the town.

A young German lieutenant, wounded in the Franco-German war, went for his health's sake to a quiet village in Vaud, where he found a sweetheart. By the time he had regained his health the pair were engaged ; then came a sudden order to report himself at Berlin, an order he of course obeyed. At first his disconsolate Marie was comforted by frequent letters full of protestations of love and constancy ; but as time wore on the lieutenant plied his pen less often and moderated its outpourings. At last he suffered six weeks to go by without a word. He was expecting a reproachful reminder, when a telegram arrived from the faithful girl, which may

be thus translated: 'DEAR FRITZ—I have just received a letter informing me that my uncle, a millionaire in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress.' Fritz felt his love revive as he read. He applied for leave of absence, and was soon exchanging greetings with the Swiss maiden. Though the coming of her lover filled her heart with joy, she could not refrain from gently upbraiding him for his silence.

'Don't let us speak of it, dearest,' replied he. 'There is no longer any obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objections of my parents; a fortune so colossal'—

'Fritz!' interrupted Marie, 'do not make fun of me.'

For answer the lieutenant drew her telegram out of his pocket and shewed her the words: 'My uncle, a millionaire in the East Indies, is dead.'

The poor girl, dropping his hand, said: 'Dear Fritz, I wrote, "My uncle, a *missionnaire*." He has left me all he had, which is just a hundred and ninety-six francs.'

Fritz went back to Berlin, freed from his engagement.

A somewhat suspicious feat of transmutation was accomplished by an American operator for the benefit of a trader, who fortunate enough to overtake an absconding clerk and obtain full restitution from the seemingly repentant thief, telegraphed to his wife: 'Found Galusha, hope better things.' She, reading, 'Found gal shall elope and get her things,' took the next train to the scene of action.—A wiser course than that adopted by the wife of a Boston clergyman, who arrived home just in time to stay her as she was 'going back to her mother,' after reading a telegram to her husband running, 'The little darlings are doing well and looking lovely; send money for their board;' and it took all that clergyman's eloquence to convince her that the little darlings were a couple of rarely bred pups he had bought in New York, and left in charge of a dog-fancier.

The laugh, however, is not always against the ladies. A noble lord, as proud and fond as a man should be of his beautiful young wife, was just about rising to speak in a debate, when a telegram was put into his hands. He read it, left the House, jumped into a cab, drove to Charing Cross, and took the train to Dover. Next day he returned home, rushed into his wife's room, and finding her there, upbraided the astonished lady in no measured terms. She protested her ignorance of having done anything to offend him.

'Then what did you mean by your telegram?' he asked.

'Mean? What I said of course. What are you talking about?'

'Read it for yourself,' said he.

She read: 'I flee with Mr — to Dover straight. Pray for me.'

For the moment words would not come; then after a merry fit of laughter, the suspected wife, quietly remarked: 'O those dreadful telegraph people! No wonder you are out of your mind, dear. I telegraphed simply: "I tea with Mrs — in Dover Street. Stay for me."'

King John of Saxony was prone to dropping in upon officials when they least expected him. One day he appeared at the telegraph office of a small station. The clerk apprised his colleague at the

next station of the unwelcome visit, and before an acknowledgment of the warning came, was called upon to enlighten the inquiring monarch respecting the business of his office. Presently a message came along the wires, and His Majesty desired to be acquainted with its purport. He was told it was unimportant; but was not to be put off, and insisted upon the message being repeated to him; so the stammering clerk had no choice but to regale the royal ears with the German equivalent for: 'The king pokes his nose into everything.' If King John was annoyed by the impertinence, he had to thank himself for it. Such was hardly the case with the late Earl Russell. One evening, when he was the minister in attendance at Balmoral, a little old man, buried in a greatcoat, handed a telegram, addressed to one of the ministers in London, to the telegraph clerk at one of the stations on the Dee-side railway. The clerk, after glancing at the message, threw it contemptuously back with, 'Put your name to it. It's a pity your master does not know how to send a telegram.' The name was added. 'Why, you can't write!' exclaimed the clerk, after vainly trying to make something of the signature. 'What's your name?'

'My name,' said the messenger—'my name is John Russell.'

That clerk was transferred to another office before many days passed.

Writing of the difficulty English engineers experienced in making educated Persians understand the working of the electric telegraph, Mr Mounsey says: 'Much of the time of one of our officers was occupied during several weeks in attempting to enlighten the mind of a provincial governor, who had got it into his head that the wires were hollow tubes, and that messages were transmitted through them, as in the pneumatic post. In vain was the whole apparatus shewn to His Highness; in vain even all its parts explained and re-explained—he stuck to his idea; and it was only by the suggestion of the following simile that he was at last induced to relinquish it, and declare himself satisfied. 'Imagine,' said the officer, 'a dog whose tail is here at Teheran, and his muzzle in London; tread on his tail here, and he will bark there.'

We fear it is not necessary to go so far as Persia to find folk whose notions of how the thing is done are as wide of the mark as that of the hard-to-be-convinced governor. When a brave *voltigeur* of the Imperial Guard wrote from the Crimea to his father in Alsace, asking him to send him a pair of strong shoes and a five franc piece; the father, bethinking himself of the telegraph's speed, put the money into one of the shoes, and hung the shoes upon the wires. An ill-shod fellow coming by soon afterwards, made an exchange; and the old man upon discovering the substitution, went home to tell his wife their boy had not only received his new pair of shoes, but had returned the old ones!—An old lady told an English station-master she knew all about the composition of electricity, and quite understood the secret of sending the messages; there was only one little point that puzzled her, and that was, how the messages got past the poles.

A droll mistake was made by an imaginative old dame who, having permitted a telegraph pole to be placed on the top of her house, waited upon the chief of the Telegraphic Com-

pany concerned to complain that she could get no sleep of a night, being kept awake by the noise made by the messages passing over her head. 'I don't think, sir,' said she, 'you can be aware of all that's said along them wires. There's a deal that hadn't ought to be. I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there, that I have to lie and listen to, is such as no decent woman ought to hear; and I hope you will put a stop to it.' The amused gentleman was hardly able to meet the accusation with due gravity; but he did contrive to keep his countenance while he informed the old lady that the young men who had hitherto worked the wires were under notice of dismissal; and that in future only young women of great respectability would be employed, so there would be no danger of her propriety being shocked any longer.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE perfection of light-portraiture seems to have been reached by the latest improvements in the manufacture of dry plates. The contrast betwixt the methods of modern and early photography is very great. In the matter of rapidity alone, the advances lately made are very surprising. In those dark ages when the art was in its infancy, the average exposure for a plate was from three to five minutes—a severe trial indeed for the most patient sitter. But the excellence lately attained both in lenses and plates has reversed this order of things, and made the difficulty now become a want of speed in the operator.

For a long time attention was directed mainly to the improvement of the lens of the camera, as the only method of reaching the minimum of exposure; but as there is a very marked limit to which the perfecting of the lens can go without becoming impossibly expensive, recent experiments have been made upon the preparing of the plate instead, as a means of accomplishing this object. It may be instructive to notice the result of this change of procedure.

The collodionised plate was rendered sensitive by immersion in a bath of nitrate of silver, which transformed the salts contained in the collodion film into a compound highly susceptible to impressions from the solar ray. The power of the lens to transmit light to the surface of the plate, was the measure of the speed of the operation. But there were many difficulties under which the photographer laboured. The introduction of a foreign substance into the silver-bath might neutralise his efforts entirely, and render it both an expensive and tedious process to rectify the disorder. Hence photographers latterly abandoned their endeavours to produce elaborately perfect lenses; and directing their attention to the overcoming of the difficulty in the plate, have succeeded remarkably. Though the dry plate has been in use for a considerable time, it has only lately reached such a stage of perfection as to eclipse its older-fashioned original. Plates are now prepared which are 'ready for use' at once, and will remain sensitive for any length of time if the light be excluded from them. An emulsion of bromide of silver and gelatine is poured upon the glass plate, and when thoroughly

dried, it may be laid away for months and still retain its sensitiveness to light. This fact renders it easy to have wholesale manufactories for sensitive plates; and at once conquers the necessity of the photographer using the silver-bath, save on rare occasions.

Not only is the plate thus rendered portable, but its sensitiveness is very much increased. The mere opening and shutting of the cap of the lens is now sufficient exposure in an average light. Indeed the speed of photographing with a good lens and dry plate is now almost incredible. A photograph was lately taken wherein, by an ingenious arrangement of threads which opened and shut the lens-cap, fourteen different views were taken of a man *whilst in the act of leaping*. Thus, for all ordinary purposes photography may be said to have reached its climax.

SPRING.

SUNSHINE streaming gaily,
Skies of deeper blue,
Crimson-budded woodlands,
Fields of greener hue,
Tell the winter-weary
Spring returns anew.

All is now forgotten,
As the wild-birds sing,
Of the biting north blast—
Winter's numbing sting—
And of weary longing
For the jocund Spring:

For the vernal sweetness
Screens the darksome past;
Light falls where the shadows
Erst were grim and fast:
In the life's present
All is joy at last.

Shouts and youthful laughter
Rise from out the dells
Where the runlets babble,
Where the primrose dwells,
Where the cups and daisies
Leave their winter cells.

Over hill and valley,
Through the meadows gay,
By the brimming rivers
Countless roamers stray,
Glad and sunny-hearted
As the sun-bright day.

Age and youth a-level,
Sage and wayward boy,
Feel the sweet heart-throbbing,
All the life and joy
Of bright April's bringing—
Gifts that never cloy.

Sunlight streaming gaily,
Rain in sunny showers,
Balmy west winds blowing,
Groups of infant flowers,
Hearts with pleasure beating
Fill the merry hours.

MATTHEW GOTTERSON.

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A LADY'S TRIP IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

MISS BIRD is one of the most courageous and enduring lady-travellers ever heard of. She does not, as in the case of Mrs Brassey, make luxurious voyages in her own yacht; nor, as in the manner of lady-tourists generally, trust to public conveyances. As an accomplished equestrian, she prefers to journey chiefly on horseback. Dressed in a kind of Bloomer costume—a wide-awake hat, a close-fitting, gray cloth jacket, short petticoats and trousers of the same material, with frill at the ankle, and a stout pair of boots, she is ready to mount and be off for hundreds of miles. Taking with her only a small bag, she is not encumbered with luggage. Able to be her own groom, she needs no assistance, and rides either sidewise or gentleman fashion, according to circumstances. She can gracefully act the part of a lady, mingle in the best society, talk of literary topics, and play on the piano; or if need be, she can acquit herself as a 'hired girl,' black her own boots, kindle the fire, do up the house, wash the dishes, sleep on a rug under a tree, and generally speaking, set all ordinary difficulties at defiance. She might be a female Robinson Crusoe.

For a lady to travel about in this independent manner, no country is better adapted than the United States. There, a lady—she must be white—is treated everywhere with profound respect. The greatest rowdies bow down to her and facilitate her wishes. The best chair, the best bed, the best room are in all places at her service. Wheresoever she goes, although alone, nobody meddles with her. This was therefore quite the country for a lady of Miss Bird's adventurous spirit. After having paid a visit to the Sandwich Islands, of which we gave an account in April 1875, she appears to have proceeded to San Francisco, with the view of undertaking a horseback journey among the Rocky Mountains. Except for the purpose of seeing two or three out-of-the-way places, there was no absolute necessity for travelling on horseback, because there are railway

trains for general accommodation; but Miss Bird preferred to ride in the open air for the sake of health and agreeable excitement, as well as not to be bound to go in particular directions. She accordingly adopted the alternative of 'roughing it,' and ran the risks attending a hazardous journey through high-lying wildernesses covered with snow and with, at the time of her visit, few settled inhabitants.

As regards the time at which this excursion was performed, Miss Bird has for some reason chosen to be silent. In the second edition of her book, 'A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains,' lately issued by Mr Murray, she does not give a single date. It is only seen that in writing to her sister, her letters begin in September and end in December. What was the year, is not stated. It is, of course, against all rule not to give dates in books of travel; but it is peculiarly objectionable in the case of North America, where events march on with such extraordinary velocity, that a place represented as having only a dozen inhabitants, may within a few years be swollen to the condition of a populous and thriving city. On this account, Miss Bird's descriptions must be read with some reserve. Though concealing the fact, there is reason to believe that her excursion took place towards the end of 1875, since which great changes have taken place through her whole route. Apart from this disqualifying circumstance, her descriptions are lively and amusing. With a keen sense of the grand and picturesque, she presents striking accounts of the Rocky Mountains, and the valleys of matchless beauty lying amongst them, at a height of eight to eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea. The dryness and purity of the air in these valleys or plains in the depth of winter, remind us of what is told of Davos in Switzerland, and in a similar way they will no doubt become, if not already so, health-resorts for American invalids.

Starting from San Francisco early in September, Miss Bird travels for a certain distance in one of the railway cars, and is struck with the prodigious

fertility and beauty of California on the Pacific slope. 'From off the boundless harvest-fields the grain was carried in June, and it is now stacked in sacks along the track, awaiting for freightage. The barns are bursting with fullness. In the dusty orchards, the apple and pear branches are supported under the weight of fruit; melons, tomatoes, and squashes of gigantic size lie almost unheeded on the ground; the cattle, gorged almost to repletion, shade themselves under the oaks; superb "red" horses shine, not with grooming, but with condition; and thriving farmers everywhere shew on what a solid basis the prosperity of the "Golden State" is founded.'

Reaching the lower mountain passés, the train winds through ravines dizzy to look at, in one place passing under wooden sheds or galleries, to keep off the snow, for a distance of about fifty miles. Then come grand pine-forests and lakes. Ultimately the 'lumbering town' of Truckee is reached, and here Miss Bird gets out in the middle of the night to find an inn, where 'pistol-shots' in the bar-room are, it is stated, of frequent occurrence. Here she procures a night's lodging. In the morning she hires a horse, after a good deal of trouble in catching it. Off she sets on this unruly snorting beast, exhilarated with the information that she might keep an outlook for some grizzly bears that had been perambulating in the neighbourhood. Caring nothing for the 'grizzlies,' she is enchanted with the magnificent scenery. 'Crested blue jays darted through the dark pines, squirrels in hundreds scampered through the forest, red dragon-flies flashed like living light, exquisite chipmunks ran across the track, but only a dusty blue lupine here and there reminded me of earth's fairer children.' Riding on, she reached Lake Tahoe, a beautiful sheet of water, which never freezes; and here, at a wooden inn, she remained a week, taking sketches of the entrancing scenery. Having finished this side-tour, she returns to Truckee, no one molesting her, and receiving on all occasions tokens of respectful courtesy.

Miss Bird now went by train on a distant excursion to Cheyenne, in Wyoming, which took her through Salt Lake Valley. Cheyenne, which started into existence in 1867, is now a city of five thousand inhabitants, with some thriving manufactories, particularly that of jewellery from the moss agate. Thus settled, it has happily lost its reputation for Lynch-law, for which, we are told, it was once specially noted. From this place Miss Bird gets forward to Greeley, a temperance colony, and there stays a night at an inn. Hot, thick with black flies. Helps the landlady to get supper ready. Goes to bed, and is awoke by swarms of bugs, which are 'a great pest in Colorado.' Gathers herself up, and sleeps on the wooden chairs. In the morning, went in a wagon to Fort Collins. The inn there was freer from bugs, but full of black flies with the addition of locusts. Next she gets on in a hired vehicle to a place where she expected to be accommodated at a boarding-house; but there was no trace of a house, only a semi-ruinous log-cabin occupied by a family of Scotch descent, whose conceptions of religion were of that gloomy description which reckons bodily comfort and every act of courtesy to be sinful. There was

no choice but to ask for lodgings, the boon being sulkily granted. In this den she lives a week, helping in the miserable housekeeping, and sleeping at night on the floor. Her only mirror was the polished inside of her watch-case. The family, which had only one comb among them, bivouacked outside under the trees, which is practicable in Colorado a large part of the year.

Disappointed in not finding her way in this quarter to Estes Park, she purchases a horse, a shifty half-broken animal, from her host, and proceeds to Lower Canyon, where she is kindly lodged by Dr H—, an English gentleman, who was endeavouring to gain a livelihood by his profession, aided by farming operations. Mrs H— is spoken of as a lady-like person, who makes all the clothes for six of a family. The children very amiable and obliging, which is not at all usual in this part of the world. On this social characteristic, Miss Bird makes the remark: 'One of the most painful things in the Western States and Territories is the extinction of childhood. I have never seen any children, only debased imitations of men and women, cankered by greed and selfishness, and asserting and gaining complete independence of their parents at ten years old. The atmosphere in which they are brought up is one of greed, godlessness, and frequently of profanity.' We were never in the Western States; but from what we saw in the Eastern, we can corroborate this remark to the extent that the children ordinarily found in the hotels are noisy, turbulent, and an intolerable nuisance.

From Dr H—, a good horse, full of spring and spirit, tame and sure-footed, is procured, and on it Miss Bird succeeds this time in finding the right track to Estes Park, by the beautiful canyon of St Vrain. Two young men escort her part of the way. In a wild lofty region, the party approach a hut, near which is a big dog in a threatening attitude, and all about are heaps of peltry and the offal of animals. Who was the inhabitant of this solitary den? A trapper, hunter, ruffian, desperado. Aroused by the barking of the dog, this somewhat terrific person makes his appearance, with a knife in his belt, a revolver in his breast-pocket, and wearing dilapidated moccasins on his bare feet. He has long curling hair, and only one eye, the other having been lost in an encounter with a grizzly. He received Miss Bird affably, saying that he knew from her voice that she was a countrywoman of his. As afterwards learned, his name was Nugent. An English gentleman by birth, he had been badly brought up, took to evil courses, fled to America, and was now known as Mountain Jim, who had long been a terror in this remote district. Procuring some information from this unfortunate being, Miss Bird reached Estes Park, which at one end is bounded by Long's Peak, the American Matterhorn, fourteen thousand seven hundred feet high.

As already mentioned, there are several large Parks or valleys among the Rocky Mountains, and Estes Park is said to be the most picturesque. 'It is an aggregate of lawns, slopes, and glades about eighteen miles in length, but never more than two miles in width. Grandeur and sublimity, not softness, are its features.'

Several streams wind their way through it. Miss Bird states that the snow which falls here in winter does not thaw, but disappears by rapid evaporation. This is the same phenomenon as that said to be observable at Davos. Where not covered by patches of pine, the ground is covered with grass and wild-flowers. The nearest settlement is Longmount, thirty miles distant. In the Park, Miss Bird found a group of two or three wooden cottages, in one of which, inhabited by a Mr Evans and his family, she procured quarters. It was a cabin made of big hewn logs of trees, with the chinks between not filled up. Through these openings the snow drives in, and 'covers the floors; but sweeping it out at intervals is both fun and exercise.' As to her accommodation, she was to pay eight dollars a week, have three meals a day, and at any time home-made bread and milk in abundance. Her bed was in a detached cabin, where she was at first alarmed by hearing mysterious noises beneath the floor. They proceeded from a skunk, which had here made his dwelling. No one dared to root him out, for if interfered with, he emitted an odour that was perfectly awful, and could be smelt a mile off. A pleasant neighbour!

Having lived for a certain length of time in this, 'the most entrancing spot on earth,' helping in the kitchen, driving cattle, and riding four or five times a day, Miss Bird rode away in quest of fresh picturesque scenes, and whatever the fatigue, enjoying herself immensely. Travelling over the mountains, sometimes among the snow, she has the satisfaction of crossing the Great Divide, so called from being the water-shed of the Pacific and Atlantic. In one of her long rides, she for a time shares the hospitality of a hut along with others, and here she once more meets with Mountain Jim, who in a placid mood told the story of his wasted existence. At the close of the sad narration, she says with becoming pathos: 'My soul dissolved in pity for his dark, lost, self-ruined life, as he left me and turned away in the blinding storm to the Snowy Range, where he said he was going to camp out for a fortnight.'

Thus travelling about for months, she is put to some straits as regards her personal equipments. Speaking of her apparel, she says: 'I came to Colorado now nearly three months ago, with a small carpet-bag containing clothes, none of them new; and these, by legitimate wear, the depredation of calves, and the necessity of tearing them up for dish-cloths, are reduced to a single change! I have a solitary pocket-handkerchief, and one pair of stockings, such a mass of darns that hardly a trace of the original wool remains. Owing to my inability to get money in Denver [caused by the stoppage of the banks], I am almost without shoes, have nothing but a pair of slippers, and some "arctics." For outer garments—well, I have a trained black silk dress, with a black silk polenaise, and nothing else but my old flannel riding suit, which is quite threadbare, and requires such frequent mending that I am sometimes obliged to "dress" for supper, and patch and darn it during the evening.' We learn from various remarks that her privations do not cause serious discomposure. On one occasion she breaks out in contemptuous remarks on the frivolities of fashion, speaking almost with disgust of the fan-

tastic style of ladies' head-dress as usually seen in church.

Writing to her sister on the 4th December, Miss Bird says the cold is intense, being eleven degrees below zero, and that she has to keep her ink on the stove to prevent it from freezing. Cold as it was, and with the snow deep on the ground, and still falling, she rode off on her faithful horse 'Birdie,' on a long ride towards the plains. She says everything looked vast and indefinite. 'The fog grew darker and thicker, the day colder and windier, the drifts deeper; but Birdie, whose four cunning feet had carried me six hundred miles, and who in all difficulties proves her value, never flinched or made a false step, or gave me reason to be sorry that I had come on.' Alighting at a house thirteen miles from Longmount to get oats, she adds: 'I was white from head to foot, and my clothes were frozen stiff. The woman gave me the usual invitation: "Put your feet in the oven;" and I got my clothes thawed and dried, and a delicious meal, consisting of a basin of cream and bread.' She was recommended not to proceed; but went on through the terrible wintry scene. Luckily, she reached Longmount, but in such a benumbed condition that she had to be lifted off her horse and carried into the house, to be warmed and wrapped in blankets. Next day she perseveres in going forward, and ultimately suffered no inconvenience from the journey. Exposure to severities of this kind in England would have finished her. In the western part of the United States, the dryness of the air seems to have saved her from injury.

In one of her later excursions, Miss Bird accidentally met her two acquaintances, Evans and Mountain Jim, who appeared to be on good terms with each other, and who parted amicably. Shortly afterwards, however, she received the sorrowful intelligence that on account of some ground of quarrel, Evans on his own door-step shot Jim while he was unsuspectingly passing his cabin. Poor Jim fell to the ground with a bullet lodged in his head, but lived long enough to give his own statement, and to appeal to the judgment of God as to the unprovoked manner in which his life had been taken. What was done, if anything, to Evans for this foul murder is not stated. Miss Bird shrinks from the subject, 'as too painful to dwell upon.' This tragic end of a man in whom with all his errors there was much good, must rouse the deepest indignation at the disregard for human life, as well as at that feeble and corrupt administration of justice in the Western States and Territories of the Union, which leaves trivial disputes to be settled by private and deadly acts of vengeance. We gather from the present narrative of adventure, that the larger number of these atrocities are committed through the influence of drink, usually a coarse kind of whisky, dispensed in bar-rooms and grogeries. It was in such haunts that Mountain Jim had spent his means, and from which he returned with passions roused to madness. Miss Bird earnestly recommended him to give up the whisky which had been his ruin. But he said he could not. In short, he was one among many thousands who, by an uncontrollably depraved appetite, are constantly imperilling all that life holds valuable.

We think that with her acute powers of obser-

vation, Miss Bird might have made much more of her opportunities. Yet, though imperfect in many respects, her book is well worth perusal. Certainly, it offers an agreeable change of reading amidst the mass of trashy fiction daily pouring from the press.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER IX.—HISTORY.

The temptation was a strong one—the victory in its way considerable.

'WAS I a fool to act as I did?' Will Fairholt asked of himself as he hung over the bridge with a cigar in his mouth, and dropped pebbles into the river. 'If I had spoken months and months ago, she might have said "Yes" by this time. And Frank would never have grown to care for her at all. I have wasted my chances. Had I ever any chances? Why should she care for me? I don't wonder at her caring for Frank.'

There poor Will ceased his musings for a while, and fell into a state of vacuous despondency. He found himself now and again—as people in unhappy moments do—taking a mighty interest in the most foolish trifles—speculating, for instance, as to whether that little fragment of straw would float over that ripple or float round it, or whether that or this bubble would break sooner. He felt sufficiently miserable through it all. He took nobody into confidence. He had nobody to blame. Turning from the bridge, he started disconsolately through the fields with his hands in his coat-pockets and his hat pulled moodily down over his eyes. Coming to a stile, he paused there, and fell again into soliloquy.

'I asked myself if I was a fool just now. I'm pretty sure I am. Now, let me see how this case stands. First of all, Maud and Frank are engaged. Secondly—Well, if I'm an honest man there isn't a secondly in it. No; there's no secondly. I have often said to myself that I would have this aching tooth out. I never had the resolution to pull it out myself; and now that Fate has done it for me, I can find nothing to do but moon about and grumble, and coddle myself with little sympathies. I suppose I am ashamed of myself. I hope so. I faith! I wish something would come of that Eastern Question! I think I'd volunteer and have a slap at the Russians.* I wonder if they'll shew fight, if it should come to that; or whether they'll cave in, as the Yankees say. The only chance for your disappointed swain is battle.' And Will sang with a melancholy little grin at himself:—

'I'll hang my harp on a willow-tree;
I'll off to the wars again.'

A big baritone voice took up the song:

'For my peaceful home hath no charms for me,
The battle-field no pain.'

'Hillo!' cried Will, starting from his reverie, and looking up.

'Hillo!' responded the owner of the big baritone voice. 'Didn't know you kept a harp in stock, Fairholt.'

The owner of the baritone voice was a handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, with a manner a little too military to be altogether gentlemanly. A little loud and ostentatious in all things was this young man. He carried a fishing-rod, and had a basket strapped across his shoulders, and his dress was aggressively suggestive of piscatorial pursuits. His hat was bespangled with flies, and his wading-boots were of the newest. He wore a huge tawny moustache, and for the rest was clean shaven. His nose might have been the better if it had a little more at the bridge and a little less at the base; and his mouth was a trifle over-large. Nevertheless he was, as I have already said, a handsome young fellow enough. He stood some six feet high in his fishing-boots, and had the shoulders of a Hercules. He was just a thought too well set up to be graceful, and the air of the drill-yard sat heavily on him. This was Lieutenant Hartley, heir-expectant to Hartley Park and Hartley Hall, and to who shall say how many thousands in the funds.

'You are just one of the men I should have wished to see,' said Will, getting over the stile and advancing to him.

'Glad to hear that. What's matter?'

'I was just speculating,' said Will, 'about that Eastern business.'

'Most people are,' responded the other, producing a meerschaum pipe and polishing it tenderly with a bit of crape.

'Will the Russians fight?' asked Will.

'Can't say, 'pon my word.'

'But what do your army fellows say about it?'

'Don't know, 'pon my honour. You see, I don't do much in that way, Fairholt. There's quite a little pile of fellows who hammer away at that until really—don't you know?—a fellow gets sick of it.'

'Well, what do these fellows say?' asked Will, again returning to the charge.

'Don't know, 'pon my word,' responded the Lieutenant, sitting down on the stump of an old tree and smoking lazily. 'What yah so dead-set on the thing for?'

'If there were any chance of a fight,' Will answered, sitting down on the grass beside him, 'I'd join to-morrow.'

'Would you, by Jove?' returned the Lieutenant languidly. 'Get awfully fagged in a fortnight. It's dullest game in the world.'

'I don't think I should care about the barrack routine,' Will answers. 'But I should like to have a slap at Old Nicholas.'

'Always thought you a peaceful fellow.'

'Well, I am blood-thirsty enough now for anything.'

'There's the Guvnah,' said the Lieutenant after an idle puff or two, 'knows more about that business than anybody. War with Russia affects the funds, don't you know? Old fellah knows everything about everything that affects the funds.' The Lieutenant looked lazily about him, and continued: 'Sun's too bright to-day. Can't kill anything before evening. Fish won't rise. Come and lunch?'

Suddenly flashed through Will's mind the

* The reader will remember that the action of the story is laid about the time of the Crimean War in 1854, when Nicholas was Czar.

thought of Maud. Your lover is your only true poet, and he saw her—actually saw her for the moment—with her fresh clear face and hazel eyes and cool white dress. A shaded room—cool and quiet—with here and there a stray fleck of sunlight in it. A very casket of a room, and Maud, its one jewel, shining there alone. Now Will Fairholt was not an imaginative man by nature; yet if I by means of words could shew you this sweet sight one half as clearly as he, by force of fancy, for the moment saw it, I were a better artist than I am. The vision decided him, and he rose to his feet with a brisk: 'I will; thank you.'

'What's your hurry?' asked the Lieutenant. 'Hungry? Now I come to think of it, so am I.'

Lieutenant Hartley was not a talkative man, and conversation somewhat languished. Will communed with himself once more. 'Is this wise? I don't know. I must get away somehow. If there should be war, I will be in the thick of it. It's every man's duty to help to put down a great bullying fellow like that Nicholas. Yet I doubt,' thinks Will, with a melancholy laugh at himself, 'if I should have thought of the duty if things had gone otherwise with me here. That big barbarian might have eaten Turkey in peace for me, if it hadn't been'—There Will groaned, and cut down a dog-rose with warlike vigour.

'Bit out o' sorts, Fairholt?' asked the Lieutenant.

'N—no,' said Will, with a little uncertainty in his voice.

His military companion looked down on him with a satiric grin, and within himself commented: 'Hit, by Jove, and hit hard.' He said nothing, however; and Will strolled along with his hands in his pockets and smoked in stoic silence.

'You idiot'—so in thought he apostrophised himself—'can't you be quiet. Need you take everybody into your confidence.'

Hartley Hall declared itself at last, and Fairholt turned with the Lieutenant into that gentleman's own apartments for a wash before luncheon. As they emerged again upon the corridor they met Maud, as bright and sweet and fresh and innocent and happy a sight as one might wish to see. She quickened her step a little to greet Will, and shook hands with a glad cordiality. She noticed nothing especial in his shy and reserved manner; and they went down-stairs side by side, she chatting gaily about some garden-party or other to which she either had gone or was going, and he fairly tingling all over at the remembrance of the innocent pressure of her hand.

Here, in the breakfast-room, was Benjamin Hartley, clad in an alarming tweed, and having a white hat on. The white hat was perched at the back of Mr Hartley's bald head, and he mopped his face with a yellow bandana. 'Ah! ain't it 'ot?' said Mr Hartley, puffing upwards at his own glowing countenance, and mopping anew. 'Come to pick a bone along with us, Mr Fairholt? Glad to see you. We shall be a-looking at you like one o' the reg'lar members o' the family now, you know. You've heard o' this young lady and her capers, I daresay?—Let's have some iced champagne, Lieutenant. I've been a-tramping over my grounds till I'm as 'ot as Dan'l in the fiery furnace. Ain't it 'ot?'

'Awful,' says the Lieutenant.

Mr Hartley taking off his hat, laid it upon the table and sat down. The Lieutenant rang the bell, threw the hat to the footman who appeared in answer to the summons, and requested Will to be seated by Maud, who blushed a little still at Mr Hartley's recent allusion. The soldier calmly went through his lunch in silence. The old gentleman flowed on, mellifluous.

'I was up in town last week, and called on that young brother o' yours, sir.'

'Indeed?' said Will, nothing else occurring to him to say.

'Yes, I was. He's a fine young fellow, and I'm proud of him. Now what I like about him is, as there ain't any mistaking him for anything but what he is. He's got "Swell" wrote on him all over. Now that's what I like to see. You can bet your hat on him being a thorough-bred un directly as you set eyes on him. Now, here's the Lieutenant as won't have it at all, you know, as it takes a lot o' generations to turn out that kind o' pattern. He ain't a bad sort himself—the Lieutenant—for home-mannysfactor.—Now, don't you go and flare up afore company, young man. Look at him,' continues the old gentleman in a high state of self-gratulation; 'as savage as if his father was a red rag an' him a bull.—He's a clever young fellow that brother of yours, sir. I found him at work up there painting a picture—a proper picture. Just to see him a-slapping it on was a wonder. It was a work of art, sir, pretty nigh as big as that door. Says he's goin' to make his fortune with it. I don't mind telling you in confidence—now don't you go and split, you know—as I've put a agent o' mine on to that picture, and told him to keep his eye on it. He's a fellow as knows all about everything, that agent, and he's down on a picture like a 'ammer, and talks about 'em like a auctioneer. I don't mean to have anything but good work on my walls. And I said to my fellow: "If that picture's up to the mark," I said, "buy it, and don't boggle about the price." I don't stint in price when I get a good article.' Mr Hartley made his statement in a tone which seemed to demand an answer; and Will awoke from his own fancies in time to reply: 'Certainly not,' at a venture.

'It strikes me, you know,' said Mr Hartley, speaking with his mouth full, and fanning himself with the yellow bandana, 'as one o' the best things about matrimony is, as it makes a man industrious. Now your brother's positively a-slaving. I like to see it.'

Maud, who sat between Will and her uncle, directed an appealing glance to the old gentleman, who gave a hasty gulp and broke into a great guffaw of laughter. Maud blushed to the roots of her hair and dropped her eyes.

'Look yah! Guvnah!' interposed the Lieutenant. 'Leave the girl alone.'

Maud's blushes became if anything a little deeper. The old gentleman burst into a new shout of laughter.

'Ow awful 'ot laughin' does make a man, to be sure.—Pass the Harrit, Lieutenant, and don't be comin' any o' your swell airs over your father.—Why, you ain't eating anything, Mr Fairholt! It's this fiery weather as knocks the appetite to pieces. Though I must confess as mine takes a good deal o' spoiling. I always was a good hand

at a knife and fork. Why, when I was younger, I've sat down to my half-pint o' four half and had a bit o' bread-and-cheese for dinner, with a onion for a relish, and I've enjoyed it as if it had been'— There the old gentleman, directing a mischievous glance towards his son, burst into a new guffaw, and found it necessary to get up and stamp about the room. After this he leaned against the mantel-piece, puffing and panting, and mopping his red face and bald head with great ardour, going off into a little explosive chuckle now and again. The Lieutenant solemnly wheeled round in his chair and regarded him through an eyeglass. Will, slightly embarrassed, less by the father's revelations than by the Lieutenant's manner, looked seriously at his plate. Maud—forgetting her own discomfiture—was mischievously merry. The old man having chuckled and panted himself into a condition of composure, took a final mop at his countenance and resumed his seat. The soldier dropped his eyeglass and took up his fork.

'I was just a-saying'— the old gentleman recommenced.

'Guvnah!' said the Lieutenant in a warning bass.

'Sir, to you,' returned his father.

'Stop it!'

The old gentleman went into another roar of laughter, and recovering from it, turned to Fairholt: 'I like to poke him up a bit. Here's a gay young flower a-springing from the soil. But he don't own no kin with the soil, you know. Bless your heart, he's superior to that. He don't recognise nothing earthy about him. And so I like to rough him up a bit, and shew him where he comes from and who he is. Not afore company, you know,' added the old man with a sudden seriousness. 'But afore the family, what's it matter?'

'I know where I come from,' said the Lieutenant in his laziest drawl. 'I wish I didn't.'

'Now, young un, young un,' said the old gentleman, rising and patting him on the shoulder, 'don't take it to heart too serious. I know it's a blow to your fine feelings, my boy; but you'll overlive it.'

'Dessay I shall,' responded the young fellow gloomily. 'But I don't like it.'

The old gentleman, still patting the Lieutenant on the shoulder, turned and addressed Will: 'Come to the billiard room and knock the balls about a bit, Mr Fairholt?'

Will was just about to answer 'Yes,' when catching Maud's eyes, he saw her make a signal of dissent, and hesitated.

Noticing this, the old gentleman said: 'Well, I don't know as it isn't pleasanter out o' doors on such a day.'

'Oh, much pleasanter,' said Maud. 'Come into the gardens.' With that she tripped away, returning in a minute with a sunshade. Mr Hartley had already disappeared, and the Lieutenant was lounging after him when Maud returned. She placed herself at Fairholt's side, and they went out together. When they reached the garden, she laid a hand upon his arm, and prepared for confidential chat. Will and she had been close friends for the past five years, and were as intimate as brother and sister. The touch of her hand and the rustle of her dress beside him, her

fresh young face turned up to his, the sister-like confidence in which she seemed almost to nestle by him, the serene quiet of her manner—all these things were bitter to the young man's heart—were bitter because they might have been so sweet. The broad sunlight flooded the garden—the shadows cast here and there were very cool and pleasant to the eye. The arbour in which Maud and Will sat down was deliciously shady. The distant landscape lay folded in silver haze. The swallows were astir upon the river. A little wind touched the leaves of the arbour now and again, and died. So sweet—so sweet, so framed for love the time. So fit the place for lovers' whisperings. So glad the lazy summer afternoon!

For a long time after that day, when Will Fairholt thought about it, he looked upon himself with a kind of wonder, and thanked heaven that he held back the words which would have done his own conscience and his brother wrong. Let us confess that it was hard—that the temptation was a strong one—that the victory was, in its way, considerable.

'Will,' said Maud, leaning across the arbour-table, 'I want to speak to you very seriously. I know I can trust you.' She blushed a little, and looked the prettier for it. 'I am a little anxious about Frank. When uncle came from town the other day he dropped a hint about Frank's money-matters. Uncle has things to do even now with a great many people in town, and he has found out somehow that Frank has been borrowing money. I know nothing about it beyond this—that he told me when I next saw Frank to warn him against having anything to do with a man named—Tasker, I think.'

Will nodded.

'Do you know him?'

'I know of him,' Will returned. 'Frank was a little careless some months ago; but that is all over.'

'You know,' pursued Maud nervously, 'that uncle is not always very delicate. He doesn't see how unkind it would be in me to speak to Frank about such a matter. And so—Poor Will went down altogether before her appealing eyes—and so I thought I might ask you to speak for me.'

'I have spoken already,' Will replied; 'and if Frank is at all the man I take him for—and I know that a better fellow doesn't exist—he has done with that kind of thing for ever. It's very natural, you know,' pursued Will, gathering strength as he went on, 'for a young fellow like Frank to be careless about money-matters, so long as he has no definite aim in view. But now'—and there Will tried to smile—'he has an object in view, Maud, and will do better, I am sure. I had a letter from him this morning. I think I have it with me now. Yes; here it is. Listen! "I have made up my mind finally for work and economy. For a week past I have been slaving. If I go on at my present rate, I shall die a millionaire. I am spending next to nothing, and hope to be in a position to offer Maud a home in a year at the outside." Then further on he writes again: "I paid Tasker on the day of my return, and quarrelled with him of set purpose."—So I think,' said Will, putting the letter into its envelope and returning it to his pocket, 'that you need have no fear.'

It was not in offering this defence for his brother that the loyal young fellow found any difficulty; but he longed, with an indescribable longing, to say how he loved and how he despaired; how impossible he felt it to be thus near and to make no sign; and then to go away somewhere for ever and bury his pain among strangers, or fight in some great cause on some far battle-field, or—He kicked out those longings, as became a man; and they returned again and again, as became his passion.

'You need fear nothing, Maud,' resumed Will, after a little silence. 'I know Frank well. I am rather glad you have heard, because it will give you the greater confidence in him afterwards. And when you see how well he can fight in a good cause, you'll not like him any the less for it, you know.'

Maud rose to her feet, not caring perhaps to have the springs of love laid bare after this fashion. The old gentleman strolled up to the arbour. Will, half glad and half sorry to escape from conference with Maud, seized his opportunity, and plunged into politics.

'Fight?' said Benjamin Hartley in answer to his queries. 'You mark my words, sir. There's heaps o' fellows going about as think they know a lot, trying to persuade me as the Rooshans 'll back out. Now I don't mind telling you—regarding you as one of the family—and knowing as you don't meddle in money-matters, and won't spoil my game— Now it's in confidence, mind you.'

'You may rely upon me,' answered Will, a little stiffly.

'Don't rough up,' said Benjamin Hartley, drawing him aside. 'There'll be war in another three months. Mark my words. And I'm a-standing to win or lose half a million on it. That's what I'm a-doing, Mr Fairholt. So anyhow, I back my opinion pretty strong; don't I!'

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS STORY OF A DOVE.

FROM a lady contributor we have received the following pleasing narrative:

My attention having been drawn to the incident related in your *Journal*, November 15, 1879, under the heading of 'A Welcome Guest,' I thought it might interest those to whose recollections it was specially addressed, and any others of your readers who may have been struck by it, to hear of a somewhat similar visitation which, under very sad circumstances, happened to a relative of my own. The lady in question had just sustained the greatest loss that can befall a woman, in the death of her husband under circumstances that rendered the blow a more than ordinarily crushing one. So sudden had it been, that no time for preparation or farewell had been vouchsafed; and the sudden rending of such a tie, after over thirty years of ever-increasing affection, left her singularly desolate, as she was childless and without any very near relations. The house in which she lived was completely detached, standing in a large old-fashioned garden, with an extensive lawn, planted with shrubs and large fruit-trees, some

of which came close to the windows. A veranda ran round the back of the house, its sloping roof being just under the windows of the sleeping-rooms.

One night, while in the first freshness of her sorrow, she went to her bedroom at the back of the house at her usual hour, ten o'clock. It was in the month of December, and curtains were drawn and a fire burning in the grate. Half mechanically she walked to the dressing-table, which stood before the window, and was in the act of laying her watch upon it, when she heard a low sound, that seemed to her half a moan of pain, half a plaintive appeal, and altogether such as she had never heard before. With suspended breath and greatly startled, she listened. It came again, louder and more prolonged. With nerves so shaken as hers were by her recent sorrow, she found it impossible to remain alone in the room with the noise unaccounted for, and with a feeling of something like terror hastened to an adjoining apartment, summoned a friend who was staying with her, and brought her back to the room. The sound continued; and her friend being unable to account for it, the servants were rung up. The room was carefully searched; drawers were opened; every article of furniture that could contain any living creature or give any clue to the origin of the sound, was examined. The noise all the time continued, sometimes louder, sometimes softer, but never quite ceasing; and all that could be decided was that it was most distinct in the neighbourhood of the window where the lady had first heard it.

The servants, seeing how much affected by it their mistress was, and unable to find any cause for it, had tried to persuade her it must be the wind in the chimney or the trees outside; but the night was calm; and the sound was altogether so strange, and it seemed to all so unlike anything they had ever heard before; the most ingenious theory failed to account for it. More and more the belief that it must be something supernatural impressed the lady's mind; and though eventually it ceased, and silence succeeded, even the presence of her friend who remained with her at night did not reassure her sufficiently to induce sleep.

In the morning the mystery was explained, so far as so strange an incident was capable of explanation. The gardener had observed the day before a white pigeon in a large pear-tree that grew close to the window of the room the lady was occupying. He was much surprised, for there was no pigeon-cot near, and he had never seen the bird before in the garden. As the day wore on, finding it still remained in the tree, he made several attempts to catch it; but it always eluded him, pertinaciously returning to the tree.

When he told his story, no doubt could be felt that, breaking the silence of the night in that retired spot, it was the voice of the pigeon that had sounded so strange and unaccountable; but the lateness of the hour, when birds of its kind have as a rule long gone to roost, and the possibility of a dove being there at all never having occurred to any one, none had recognised it at the moment. From the distinctness of the note—for all present had fancied the noise might be in the room—it was evident the bird must have been on the roof of the veranda immediately under the window. In the morning it had vanished, and was never

seen again; although the lady, desirous of ascertaining if it were really a pigeon, and with some idea, if it could be found, of keeping it, gave orders that it should be traced and, if possible, secured. Dismissing from our minds, as untenable, anything that here savours of what is termed the supernatural, one is bound to admit that it was a strange and touching coincidence that brought a bird so familiar to all minds as an emblem of wedded love, in apparent loneliness and distress, to utter its plaintive lament at so unusual an hour under the window of one grieving under such a bereavement as hers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

SECOND PAPER.

THE building we had engaged for our performances at Cardiff had a curious history. Some few years previous there had been a waste tract of land bordering on the harbour, which had been a constant source of trouble to the authorities, in consequence of its lying low and being flooded by the tide. A market-gardener named Matthews, at the neighbouring village of Crockherbtown, set his heart upon this desolate waste, and saw a possible bargain to be got out of it. After some little negotiations he obtained a lease of the entire tract for ninety-nine years, at the nominal rental of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. Scarcely was the ink of this document dry, when the energetic gardener erected a conspicuous notice-board announcing that 'Fourpence a load was given for dry rubbish.' In a wonderfully short time Father Neptune was driven back a considerable distance, the land was levelled, building was in operation, and terraces and streets laid out where lately the wash of the tide had left its daily deposit of loathsome mud. A sea-wall was built, which still further secured and enlarged the reclaimed tract; and in the midst of this new-born town there shortly arose the imposing edifice known as 'Temperance Hall,' the neighbourhood itself being called 'Temperance Town.' 'I made my first bit o' money,' said the now wealthy Mr Matthews, 'through being a temperate man myself; and I mean to spend some of my money in promoting temperance in others.' In this he has no doubt been successful to a large extent, as far as zeal can insure success.

The first incident connected with our stay at Cardiff which occurs to my mind—and probably it is the first to strike me because of its extremely ludicrous nature—happened during the performance of an equestrian spectacle entitled *The Tournament, or Kenilworth Castle in the Days of Good Queen Bess*. For the processional portion of the entertainment, we had to engage the services of a large number of supernumeraries; and of course it was highly desirable that the Virgin Queen, who naturally constituted a chief attraction in the piece, should be worthily represented by a handsome woman of good presence and self-possessed bearing. Walking down Bute Street one day, I chanced to espy, serving in a fruiterer's shop, a good-looking woman, who, judging from her faultless style

whilst engaged in supplying her customers with the luscious fruits around her, seemed to be well qualified to sustain the regal dignities I had at my disposal. Entering the shop, I made a small purchase, asked a few casual questions, and then, as adroitly as I could, introduced the subject which lay uppermost in my thoughts. At first the maiden was coy and required a little rhetorical pressure. So I pictured to her the beautiful costumes in which the lords and ladies of her retinue would be dressed, and finally described in glowing colours the gorgeous apparel that she, the Maiden Queen, would wear. My sartorial appeal proved successful. The lady consented to take the part—though, quietly speaking, I thought it was the 'part' that had taken her! She attended a rehearsal, was highly gratified at the stage homage she received, and seemed carried into a seventh heaven of delight when seated on her throne surrounded by her attendants, ready, like so many slaves, to do her queenly bidding.

On the first night of the piece everything went well until the close. I had already passed out of the ring towards the front of the final procession, and had retired to my dressing-room to prepare for the next portion of the entertainment, when suddenly Mr Ginnett, the proprietor of our circus, rushed in greatly excited, and exclaimed breathlessly: 'There's that stupid fool of a woman still sitting on her throne!' I immediately hastened to the ring doors, when to my consternation and dismay I saw the Queen seated composedly on her throne; not a soul with her, and the boys in the gallery pelting her vigorously with orange-peel. I beckoned to her to 'come off;' but she seemed to have lost all presence of mind, and sat stolidly there, occasionally dodging some of the larger pieces of peel which threatened the integrity of her wonderful headgear and the enormous ruff round her neck. My endeavours to attract her attention being fruitless, I sent one of the grooms to fetch her off her throne; and then, amid roars of laughter and with greetings from all parts of the house, Her Gracious Majesty gathered up her royal robes about her and made an undignified bolt out of the ring.

An explanation of the 'hitch' was afterwards forthcoming. Harry Ginnett—the brother of my employer—whose duty it was, as the Earl of Leicester, to lead the Queen off the throne and retire at the close of the procession, had, for a joke, whispered to her that she was to stay there till sent for!

I have already mentioned that Mr Matthews, the owner of the building in which we performed during our stay at Cardiff, was an earnest disciple of temperance principles himself, and anxious to encourage the practice of those principles by others. Amongst the various means adopted or patronised by him, frequent lectures were given in Temperance Hall; and in consequence of this, we had agreed to an arrangement to use the Hall for five nights only in the week, each Friday evening being left free for the purposes alluded to. On the other hand, by way of concession to us, Mr Matthews had come to an understanding with the conductors of the temperance meetings that at the close of the proceedings on each Friday night, Mr Ginnett's manager—myself—should be allowed to address the audience and 'give out' before them all, our

programme of attractions for the ensuing week. For about six or seven weeks this arrangement was carried out to the letter, with no small benefit to ourselves. It was in fact a most direct and telling advertisement, more powerful even than the columns of a newspaper; for the building was on these occasions invariably crammed, and a personal appeal is by many degrees more forcible than an appeal in print. When the last speaker at these meetings had subsided into his seat, the chairman himself, or perhaps some other gentleman on the platform, would blandly state that 'Mr Montague wished to engage their attention for a few moments in order that he might announce to them the nature of the forthcoming performances in that building; sometimes a good-natured eulogium to the effect that our entertainment was 'of a most innocent, instructive, and interesting description, and deserved the hearty support of all present.' What could be more favourable to us than this?

Thus introduced, I stood up and 'gave out,' as the phrase goes, all the novelties and attractions of the next week's programme, and did my best to secure a goodly number of recruits from the crowded benches around me. This amicable arrangement was, as I have already said, continued without let or hindrance for the space of six or seven weeks. But when the next Friday night came round there had arisen a new chairman who knew not Matthews; or who, at anyrate, regarded not the sensible arrangement which that gentleman had made with us.

It was a strict teetotalers' meeting. Of this I was fully aware beforehand; and had I not been apprised of the fact, the uncompromising tone of the speeches would have informed me that I had to deal with people of extreme views. I had certain misgivings, but put them aside and awaited the issue. At the close of the last speaker's address I prepared myself for the usual request to be 'permitted to make my appeal. Alas! my expectations were in vain. No one paid me the slightest heed. But I was not going to allow matters to remain thus. Standing up boldly from my seat at the side of the platform, I commenced to address the audience. The chairman, nonplussed by this unexpected addition to his programme, hurriedly inquired who I might be; and having ascertained that I was the manager of the circus that held its daily performances in that building, he was apparently struck with amazement to find me on my legs addressing his meeting. I pretended to be unconscious of the dilemma in which the chairman found himself, and proceeded with my opening words, until some one sitting near me pulled at my coat-tails, and drew my attention to the fact that the chairman wanted to speak to me. Yielding instant obedience to his official authority, I proceeded in a low tone to explain matters to him, assuring him that it was all correct, that I was doing precisely what I had previously done for the past six or seven weeks, and that Mr Matthews himself had agreed to the arrangement. But explanations were useless. I was duly informed that this was a strict teetotalers' meeting, and that none but those who were members of the body and had taken the pledge could be allowed to address the audience. I was therefore out of place and must not speak. So decided the chairman; but I could not submit to be snuffed out

in that style. What would Mr Ginnett and the members of the company have thought of my capacity as a manager had I proved unable to 'manage' a little hitch like that? An idea struck me, and without further thought I immediately acted upon it. Turning to the chairman I said, in rather a confident manner, as though satisfied that I had solved the difficulty and would be allowed to proceed: 'Sir, I have taken the pledge'—

Without another question, or even another word, the good gentleman stepped quickly to the front of the platform and exclaimed triumphantly: 'Ladies and gentlemen—I am happy to say that we have got the thin edge of the wedge in; the manager of the circus has taken the pledge!'

A perfect tumult of applause greeted this unexpected announcement—a most fortunate matter for me, as it gave me time for reflection. After quiet had been restored, the chairman added, with a gesture and tone of voice which seemed to welcome me into the brotherhood: 'Mr Montague will now address you!'

Another burst of applause greeted me as I again stood up. How to go on with my speech I did not know; however, I began: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have taken the pledge'—Louder applause than ever—more time for reflection. 'I have taken the pledge to produce in this building, to-morrow night, the very best performance we have given this season.' Amazement was depicted on every face, and exclamations began to arise from the platform and from other parts of the house. But without the slightest pause, and paying no heed to the gathering storm, I went on at the top of my voice: 'It will be the grand romantic equestrian spectacle entitled Dick Turpin's Ride to York, or the Death of Bonnie Black Bess, that famous steed being represented by the most highly trained mare in the world.'

I could not proceed. A deafening storm of hooting and yelling and hissing drowned my last words, nor would the audience be induced to listen to me again. I therefore quietly sat down, and soon afterwards the meeting terminated.

I have not yet forgotten the comments that were made by the local press upon the foregoing proceedings. A column or more in each newspaper was devoted to a humorous account of the affair; and it was noised abroad and commented upon in a manner not altogether pleasant for these worthy people, whose zeal in an undeniably good cause had somewhat outrun their discretion.

The mention of our performance of *Dick Turpin* reminds me of a little incident arising out of it. Mr Ginnett had been absent from Cardiff for several days, in consequence of the death of his father; but after the funeral was over he had returned to his duties, and on the following Saturday took the part of Dick Turpin, while I appeared as Tom King. On the following morning, Mr Ginnett wished to go to church, and desired that I should accompany him thither. A little before the service commenced, we entered the sacred edifice, walking up the side aisle, which was skirted on either hand with free seats, already occupied by the Sunday-school children and the humbler classes. As we passed these, a lad, in a voice loud enough to be heard for some distance round, exclaimed to a

companion sitting near: 'Look, 'Arry! there goes Dick Turpin and Tom King!' Our feelings, after being thus pointedly alluded to, can be better imagined than described. I know that I felt decidedly hot and uncomfortable, and wished myself somewhere else.

When, at the close of our stay at Cardiff, the occasion of my benefit drew nigh, I thought that the introduction of a good song or two would be an acceptable addition to the programme. Happening to mention my desire to Mr S——, a tradesman with whom I was well acquainted, he said he knew of just the person for the occasion—a young lady of considerable acquirements, who could sing beautifully, and who, though at one time in good circumstances, was now poor, and would be glad of a little money. An interview was arranged, at which she gave a specimen of her vocal powers. Terms were agreed upon, a rehearsal gone through, and eventually the evening came round. I had announced her name in the advertisements and placards as 'Miss Louisa Vinning, from London.' The song she had agreed to render was *Beautiful Star*, with another in reserve, in case of an encore. When the supposed 'star' arrived at the hall, the ladies of our company were of course alive with expectation, not unmixed with envy, of the interest centred in the new-comer.

The song was given most satisfactorily, the singer being rewarded with a rapturous encore; in response to which she sang another song, the title of which I now forget. Again the audience applauded, and the fair songstress withdrew. At the close of the performance, Mr Matthews, who had honoured my benefit with his patronage and presence, came round to me. 'Don't you know,' asked he, 'who that young girl is that sung to-night?' 'Not the slightest idea,' I answered. 'S—— introduced her to me. Who is she?' With a gesture and look which made me suppose that I had made some outrageous mistake, he replied: 'Why, it's "Polly Buttonhole!"' In answer to my plea of ignorance, and the desire I expressed to know who Polly Buttonhole might be, Mr Matthews then gave me her history, by no means an exceptional one: A happy childhood, a heartless lover, disgrace, distress. That is the epitome of her sad life, as narrated to me by Mr Matthews.

During our stay at Cardiff, the American circus of Howes and Cushing arrived in the town, bringing with it Tom Sayers the famous pugilist, who had joined the company some time previously, and was now travelling with it from town to town, causing a great attraction, and filling the proprietors' pockets. The agent in advance having advertised a 'one-night stay' in Cardiff, I felt sure that our house would be empty, unless I adopted some plan to avert so undesirable a result. Mr Ginnett being temporarily absent, I had to use my own discretion as to the proper course to pursue. I determined to issue free orders, for that night only, to all parts of the house except the reserved seats. Ten thousand of these tickets were printed, and promptly distributed from door to door street by street, until the whole number were delivered. Special attractions were announced by placards; and when the momentous evening arrived, enormous

mobs, twice as many as the hall would hold, besieged our doors at an early hour; the excitement and anxiety to get in being so great, that it would have been a hopeless task to attempt to take the tickets of the people as they passed through. I therefore ordered that the doors should be thrown wide open, and the crowds allowed to pass inside until all the seats were full. Feeling convinced that a large number of those still outside, being bent upon witnessing the performance, would rather pay to come in than go away again disappointed, I went out to them, and expressed my regret that so many were unable to obtain entrance. I explained that every part of the house was full except the reserved seats, and that the price for admission to these was two shillings each. Very many more than we could accommodate came forward with their money, and these were passed in until every seat was occupied. Upwards of seventeen pounds was thus taken; while it is probable that, had we not adopted the steps above described, we should not have taken any money at all.

Before the close of the performance, Sayers came across to pay us a visit, their entertainment being over before ours. Looking round with evident amazement at our crowded benches and reserved seats, he exclaimed: 'By Jove, you're doing a rare business here!'

Talking of Sayers reminds me that while our company was performing at Greenwich in 1860, we were the first to introduce Sayers into the circus ring. Shortly after his fight with Heenan the American, Sayers went to Liverpool to visit a relative of mine, Mr Stent, one of his principal backers; and whilst there he was invited to meet at dinner the members of the Stock Exchange, by whom he was presented with a purse of a hundred and fifty pounds. It would have seemed incredible to any one at that time, that during the comparatively short space of nineteen years—this is written in 1879—public opinion upon the question of prize-fights could change so quickly as it has. Such, however, is the case, and a happy change it is.

Having suggested to Mr Ginnett that it would be a great draw if we could get Sayers to appear in the circus, he agreed with the idea; so I immediately telegraphed to the champion, making him an offer. This was accepted. On the day fixed for his appearance, I set off in good time for his residence in Camden Town in a light carriage, drawn by a pair of ponies. On returning, the vehicle contained Sayers and his son, Harry Brunton, and myself. All along the route south of the river there were plenty of people on the look-out for us, who had by some means heard that we should pass. But when we arrived at Deptford, the crowds were immense and the cheering continuous. Here the mob, having taken out the ponies, drew the carriage with its occupants at a fair speed through the crowded streets the whole distance from Deptford to the *Greyhound* hotel at Greenwich, outside which, while we were taking some refreshment, an immense concourse of seven or eight thousand people assembled. At 7.30—the time at which our performance ought to have commenced at the circus—not a dozen souls had entered the building. Ginnett, with all his experience, was puzzled to account for this, and

came in hot haste to the *Greyhound* to learn where I was and what I was doing. With great difficulty he managed to make his way through the dense crowd—the sight of which quite accounted to him for the emptiness of the circus—and entered the hotel. The next problem was, how to get Sayers to the circus. It was decided to harness two powerful horses to a brougham, and drive through the crowd as best we could. This succeeded. The people followed us, and the circus was soon filled to overflowing; and the evening's performance, including a friendly encounter with the gloves between Sayers and Brunton, was in every way a success. As an illustration of the extraordinary popularity of Sayers at that time, I may state that numbers of people gave half a sovereign apiece for the simple honour of being allowed to shake hands with him!

I am here reminded of one or two other curious incidents connected with our stay at Greenwich. One of the clowns we had there was rather addicted to his glass; and sometimes, when under the influence of potent liquor, would indulge in practical jokes without stopping to measure the consequences, or even trouble himself about them. On the day in question, being somewhat the worse for what he had taken, he had been lying on a couch for some time, groaning occasionally as though in pain, and frequently exclaiming: 'O dear! I feel as though something were going to happen in this house to-day!' This strange foreboding was repeated many times, but no one paid him any heed. Presently, however, just as footsteps were heard in the room above—noticed by the clown, though not by us—he repeated his curious prediction with greater emphasis than ever: 'I'm sure something's about to'—He had not finished his sentence when an awful crash and clatter were heard overhead, as though the house itself were coming down about our ears. Every one except the clown himself started to his feet, and rushed out and up-stairs, to endeavour to learn the nature of the terrible catastrophe. In the room whence the noise had proceeded a pretty scene presented itself. On the floor in front of a chiffonier, whose two doors stood wide open, was a confused heap of china and glass—cups and saucers, vases, and other ornaments, and 'miscellaneous effects'; all thrown together and mostly broken. Close by, and in tears, stood the unfortunate servant who had been sent to the chiffonier. The landlady had already entered the room, and was in great distress at the damage done to her property, but still more so at the connection which the occurrence had with the drunken clown.

As it transpired years afterwards, the clown had been at work at this chiffonier, and had so arranged and piled up its contents, that the moment the key was turned and the one door opened, the other would fly open also, and precipitate everything on to the floor.

On one occasion we were preparing for our promenade through the streets, when a kind of 'hanger-on' to our company, who, through his invariable politeness of manner, had been nicknamed 'Sweet William,' was deputed to ride a highly trained black mare, one of whose tricks consisted in undoing her girths with her teeth and removing her saddle. Sweet William was the last to leave the stables, the others having

passed out before he had mounted. Suddenly loud cries of 'Murder!' were heard to proceed from the stable, and I shouted out as I went towards the spot: 'What's the matter? Who is it?' 'It's me,' replied the agonised voice of Sweet William. 'Make haste—the mare's got hold of my toe!' And sure enough I found the man on the mare's back, writhing and twisting about, his face describing the most painful contortions, and his toe in the mare's mouth! The more he struggled, the harder she pulled at what, through some misadventure, she mistook for the girth-straps. Perhaps also she mistook his shouts for the vociferous cheers of a pleased audience, and thought it was 'all right,' and at it again she went with redoubled vigour. By some means he must have made some slight movement, which the mare thought to be her signal to perform the trick, and went to work accordingly. However, the man was speedily released from his awkward predicament, and the cavalcade proceeded on its way; but it was a long time before the incident itself ceased to excite a good-natured laugh at the expense of Sweet William.

ARCACHON AS A HEALTH-RESORT.

It is for the doctor, no doubt, to decide what invalid should be kept at home, and what invalid should face the real or imagined difficulties of a foreign sojourn; but we cannot help thinking that there is often too great a repugnance to going abroad, and that the opinion of the man of skill may occasionally be somewhat biassed by the feelings of the patient. Could any anticipators of evil and discomfort have had a glimpse at our comfortable little colony in the pine-woods at Arcachon; could they have seen us in spring breathing the sweet balmy air of the forest, or have felt the genial glow of our wood and coal fires when the evening drew on; could they have visited our market and seen our fish, our flesh and our fowl, above all our mutton, that much-thought-of desideratum for the invalid—they would have been convinced there was no great hardship in spending a time among our foreign neighbours at Arcachon.

The pretty little French town of Arcachon is generally better known for its oyster-beds than as an approved sanatorium. It is situated about thirty-five miles south-west of Bordeaux, on a little inland sea called the 'Bassin d'Arcachon,' an offshoot of the Bay of Biscay, whose great swelling waves are heard roaring in the distance. It is surrounded on all sides by extensive pine-forests, which seem to act in the twofold capacity of guardian angels in shielding against all the cold breaths from without, and as angels of healing in spreading their resinous aroma all around. Arcachon is an exceedingly prosperous little town. Its fishing is extensive, and its numerous oyster-beds are a source of well-paid employment to the women as well as the men. There are rich and constantly increasing gleanings to be gathered from its winter visitors; but the summer months are its rich harvest-time. Then its rows upon rows of pretty villas, running along the shore of the Bassin for several miles, as well as those situated in the forest, are inhabited for the most part by folks from the city of Bordeaux and from the north of Spain, but with a sprinkling of visitors

from many other towns and countries. The town is divided into two parts, the *Ville de Mer* or *d'Été* and the *Ville d'Hiver*—Summer Town and Winter Town. The *Ville de Mer* has in its season many charms. When fleeing from the cold and the rain of the summer of 1877, we arrived at one of its large hotels in the beginning of September, every house seemed full to overflowing; and its trim houses with their shady porches and gardens, its avenues of stately trees, its placid little sea, studded with hundreds of little white sails, its beach and its bathers, its bustle and its lively French chatter, made up a very enlivening scene. But the season over, those villa-streets are all but deserted. The *Ville d'Hiver* has also been deserted; but there—its bathers and summer visitors being gone—the villas are put through a transition state, and come out in order and winter array, ready for a different class of visitors—principally those who as refugees from more inclement spots come to winter amid the mild air of the forest.

For it is the *Ville d'Hiver* that is the winter and spring home of the invalid. To reach it you mount northward up a pretty steep ascent from about the middle of the *Ville de Mer*, and pass round or through the beautiful gardens of its Casino, turning at every few steps to admire the little town and its calm little sea beyond it; and all at once, on reaching the summit, you find yourself in an enchanted ground, a region of still beauty and peace. It is not gorgeous; it is not like the Riviera, with its glittering sea and variegated heights. It is the land of peace, not of glory; a mass of dark forest, lit up by the sun, and embowering the scattered houses which constitute the town. The height on which the *Ville d'Hiver* stands is no more than a sand-hill, or rather a series of sand-hills, on which is set a labyrinth of villas of every size and every shape, all surrounded by their little gardens, and these all and everywhere surrounded by pines. Yet is it in very deed a city built upon sand. Up banks of sand, down hills of sand, through cuttings of sand, you go; and perched on the top of sand-banks, nestled at the bottom of sand-banks, looking into yawning gorges of sandy forest, those lovely villas stand. Some there are in unconnected rows; others all alone but in friendly proximity; facing every point of the compass, up high overlooking the sea, down deep buried among the pines, everywhere villas. There is no order, no stiff formality; in shape, size, and architecture, each differs from its neighbour; but the effect of the whole is a scene upon which the eye delights to rest.

In regard to the virtue that may exist in this little city of the pines, we uninitiated have but to look at the results. We do not think any one could spend a winter at Arcachon and become acquainted with those who are resident there, or who return to it year after year, without being forced to the conclusion that the results of a sojourn in Arcachon have often been wonderful. How those results have been brought about, is a question too profound to enter on. Sufficient for us that we see them. And it needs seeing to bring forth believing; for the climate of Arcachon is not what is usually called perfect. We have no certainty there of the sun beaming on us from morning to night. At Arcachon we cannot fix our picnics a week before the time and feel certain

that the day will be dry and cloudless. But it does not suit every one to be roasted; and it may be that the climate being more akin to our own than that in many of the more southern health-resorts, does not tell against its influence on the British constitution. We are not in this respect transported into foreign soil; we have not the hard dry heaven of brass above us, but an excellent share of clouds, which do not hesitate to discharge their watery elements at will. And there are calm, mild, sweet cloudy days when rain does not fall, which, though the sun in his glory is withheld, constitute one of the charms of the place. In this respect it will be seen how much Arcachon differs in climate from so many of its brighter southern compeers, where the very strength of the sun makes certain peculiarly constituted folks feel a chill in removing from his presence. At Arcachon the rays of the sun seem to permeate all through and beneath the pines, there to be retained and linger when Sol himself withdraws. The absence of wind is another characteristic of the forest. Tempests may roar without, Atlantic billows may be heard in the distance, and even the little Bassin may rise suddenly in treacherous little storms; but the peace of the forest is seldom disturbed.

But it is its spring-time which is the peculiar glory and beauty of Arcachon; for then the pines redouble their healing powers. Then, too, are the little tin cups or earthenware pots hung up below the newly cut slit in the trunk, to receive its resinous outpourings; and the mass of blossoms shakes over everything its yellow powder. This powder is a peculiar feature: let the least wind stir in the forest, and it descends in clouds. It enters the open window; it covers the clothing; it floats down to the *Ville de Mer*; and covers the very sea. If it is true that a healing virtue resides in pine-trees, that virtue must certainly be had in perfection at Arcachon.

With regard to the manner of life at Arcachon: there are several *pensions* well reputed for kindness and consideration to the invalid; but the usual drawbacks to a boarding-house cannot be surmounted; and to the confirmed invalid a comfortable house, with the home house and the home ways, must ever be the most desirable mode of life, when it can be attained. There are many excellent houses to be had, well furnished and replete with comfort, so that, to those of easy means, we do not think there should be much difficulty in the choice of an abode. Still, precautions need to be taken. The situations differ. A breath of the sea-air may be desirable for some, whose abode may therefore be chosen among the heights overlooking the sea; while it is perhaps altogether undesirable for others, who must accordingly retire to the bottom of some protecting slope. To those of more limited means, the choice of a temporary home becomes more difficult, as small comfortable villas fit for winter habitations are not very numerous. But the number of houses of all sizes is increasing rapidly, so that this want will probably soon be supplied. We think the houses in several ways superior to what can be rented at home for the same money.

The commissariat of Arcachon is in nearly every respect ample. As in all French towns, groceries and English luxuries are dear; and so are vegetables, which have all to be brought from Bor-

deaux, but are generally very good. Fowls are cheaper than at home, especially turkeys. The beef is good, the veal equally so and abundant, and the Pyrenean mutton it would be difficult to excel. There are many kinds of fish, amongst which we may mention soles. Oysters are to be had at half a franc the dozen, and are greatly relished, though not in the state of richness they attain to after transportation and a few months' feeding on the fat things of the Thames.

Fuel is an item of expenditure which many find unexpectedly dear. Abundance of it is a necessity, and therefore must be procured at any price; but there are ways and means here which it is well to consider. Many have the idea that no heat can come from the low French fireplaces we are so accustomed to in our health-resorts. It does not come out very willingly certainly, or at the moment of kindling; but dry wood and an *unstinted hand* will make a warm fire in spite of adverse circumstances. Coals from Bordeaux were our resource, a few families joining in taking a truck-load; and a couple of little grates, with a few fire-bricks round them, formed no great additional outlay.

The resources of Arcachon in the way of recreation and amusement, if not numerous, are at least good. Who could think it otherwise when we mention boating and riding as the principal? In the winter-time, riding is the great resource. Horse-hire is about half the home-price, and the paths through the forest are numerous. During our stay, mounted paper-hunts and similar innocent amusements were got up for the young people, while the older and weaker part of the community went to see the start. In spring, boating becomes perhaps the most popular recreation; and a tour through the oyster-beds is a thing to do in Arcachon.

Arcachon has one great advantage for the invalid, that it is easy of access. The long weary railway journey, and the trying stoppages incidental to foreign travelling, need not be encountered. A couple of days' sail from Liverpool in one of the fine 'Pacific' steamers takes us almost to our desired haven. And Arcachon once reached, we need be in no hurry to leave it. There, we are not turned adrift either by burning sun or melting snow, and forced again to become wanderers at the very season of the year which is often fraught with such danger to the invalid. For when April sheds her influence around, and the pines are pouring out their resinous virtues, if we find the forest air oppressive, we have but to bundle up our few belongings and move a mile or so down to the refreshing breezes of the *Plage*. There we have the sea on one side, with its sandy beach and all its life of boats and bustle, and oyster-women in their picturesque costume. On the other, the rows of chestnuts in their pyramids of pink, and the little town all astir with the Easter-holiday-making Bordelais, afford a change which, when evening comes, makes us sleep the sleep of the just.

In regard to the medical resources of Arcachon, an English doctor has been a winter resident there for a good many years. There are also several French doctors in the place, one in particular thought good at diagnosing all lung diseases, and who is frequently called in as consulting physician.

The Ville d'Hiver of Arcachon is rapidly in-

creasing in size. It is about twelve or fourteen years since a remarkable cure, attributable only to the pines and to no exterior comforts, brought the locality into notice; and Dr Hudson of Dublin was the first to send his patients to it. His example is now being followed by other physicians both in England and Scotland; and since the Franco-Prussian war, it is also becoming popular with the Parisians. As it increases in size, changes may come over it, and improvements be made in supplying what is found wanting; and those who now complain of its dullness may find more gaieties to distract their winter evenings. But gaieties are not conducive to cures, nor will they compensate in the eyes of many an invalid for the kindly sympathetic feeling which is at present so strong in the little community.

It is not for us to enter into the question what may or may not be the fitting place for those threatened with that sad disease which makes migration from our raw and foggy atmosphere so desirable at the approach of winter or spring. The effects of climate and atmosphere, and the constitutions and symptoms to be considered, are so varied, that skill to the utmost is needed in making the choice.

Most fervently do we wish that those who fly either to sunny shores or Alpine heights may find all their hopes realised; but for a spring resort, even if not thought of for all the winter, they might do worse than try the effects of the sweet pine-forest of Arcachon.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS OF PREY.

THE following remarks upon the systematic slaughter of hawks and other birds of prey—communicated by Mr Hugh Turner of Ipswich—appeared in *Land and Water*, a journal which has repeatedly advocated the cause of our persecuted raptors. Being so consistent with our own views on this important subject, we do not hesitate to quote the paragraph in full. It is as follows:

The great destruction of the noblest species of British birds, the raptors (birds of prey), which is taking place, and threatens in course of time, if nothing is done to prevent it, to exterminate them in England, is a matter to be deplored not only by ornithologists but by the community at large. Nature has provided spheres of usefulness for all her children; each has its appointed work to do, and if we destroy one, many must suffer the consequences. Yet this is what is being done in the case of our native hawks. That evil to the land, and one of the many burdens the farmer has to bear, the gamekeeper, one of the most disturbing elements in the relationship of landlord and tenant, and the author of the many abuses relating to the game-laws, indiscriminately destroys all bird-life save game, and it is to him we owe in great measure the gradual extinction with us of our native hawks. The gamekeeper in his crass ignorance believes that hawks in gaining their legitimate living prefer game to other food, as though they knew of the arbitrary distinction made only by the law of man; and this is his sole reason for destroying them, because, perchance, they may kill a few of his young pheasants and partridges, which he is rearing only to be slaughtered by the degenerating battue system.

Mr F. W. Dealy, writing in *Science Gossip* for

November last, in an article on the Sparrow-hawk, gives the following curious calculation: 'Suppose there is one pair of sparrow-hawks to every twenty square miles of the British Isles—which is a very moderate calculation, far below the number—there would then be twelve thousand one hundred and fifty birds. Again, suppose each of these to consume three birds—sparrows, we will say—per day, they would destroy upwards of thirteen million per year. What a holocaust offered up at the shrine of agriculture, and yet it is rejected.'

The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his well-known work on British Birds, speaking of the kestrel, another of our commonest, or rather least rare, hawks, says: 'It does infinitely more good than harm, if indeed it does any harm at all; and its stolid destruction by gamekeepers and others is much to be lamented, and should be deprecated by all who are able to interfere for the preservation of a bird which is an ornament to the country.'

It is a great pity that the *raptores* were not included in the Wild Birds Protection Act, for it is in the breeding season, when the hawks resort to the woods, that their systematic and senseless slaughter by gamekeepers takes place.

In the winter, birds of prey leave the woods for more open country, and at this season of the year may be seen hovering over farm premises and corn-stacks in search of their food in the shape of rats, mice, sparrows, &c.; thereby ridding the farmer of those tiresome pests, which undermine his buildings and destroy hundreds of coombs of corn annually, besides doing other mischief; yet here again they are thoughtlessly shot at by any and every one carrying a gun. Can the increase of vermin in farm homesteads be wondered at when the very means Nature has given to remedy the evil is being wantonly destroyed?

As an instance of the war waged against our native hawks, I may mention that during last month four rough-legged buzzards—a large and, with us, rare species of hawk—were killed in the neighbourhood of this town; two of them had been shot and one trapped by gamekeepers. I would ask all lovers of Nature to try their utmost to prevent this wholesale destruction of our native *raptores*, or they will awaken when too late to the fact of the loss of many of the most beautiful and useful of our feathered friends.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the first meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers in the present year, Mr W. H. Barlow, the President, in the course of an address, gave a summary of the progress of engineering since 1828, the year in which the Institution obtained its royal charter. Then there were a few tramways for the transport of coal in the mining districts, and a railway from Stockton to Darlington. In 1830 the railway from Liverpool to Manchester was opened. Now, the railways of the world measure more than one hundred and sixty thousand miles, in which the invested capital amounts to more than three thousand two hundred millions sterling. And considering that the greater part of the world is still unprovided with railways, the civil engineers look forward to a

very long period of active work in railway construction. Not less remarkable is the increase of steam-navigation; but with the number of steam-vessels there has been an increase of wrecks. These disasters may be to a large extent obviated by the improvement of ports and construction of harbours of refuge on both sides of the Channel. So much thought, scientific knowledge, and unremitting perseverance have been bestowed on perfecting marine engines and the build and endurance of ships, that the losses by wreck appear doubly deplorable.

The telegraph was then mentioned. In its present form it had no existence in 1828. In 1875, the total length of wire in operation was estimated at four hundred thousand miles. Lines have since been extended to the Cape of Good Hope and Zanzibar, and two cables laid between France and America. By means of the 'relay' (an instrument for calling a local battery into play, and thus increasing the electrical current), messages can be sent to distances formerly regarded as impossible. Calcutta and London, seven thousand miles apart, have been frequently put into direct communication. The prospect of the extension of telegraphs is not less encouraging than that of railways.

Another instance is found in the enormous growth of the use and application of gas. The sum of the investments in gas-works throughout the kingdom now amounts to forty million pounds, of which twelve million pounds represent the capital of the London gas companies. In 1878 the length of gas-mains in the metropolis was two thousand five hundred miles; the street lamps numbered fifty-eight thousand; the quantity of gas manufactured was seventeen thousand five hundred million cubic feet, and the residual matters produced in the manufacture were worth seven hundred and forty-five thousand pounds.

The telephone, Sir Joseph Whitworth's process for compressing instead of hammering steel, general improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel, and bridges and tunnels were mentioned as illustrative examples of the advantage derived from a better knowledge of physical science. Mr Barlow will find many to agree with him where he says: 'Obviously it is most essential that engineers should be acquainted with the principles which lie at the foundation of mechanical science, and with the nature and properties of the materials employed in works.' It remains for the engineers to avail themselves of the abundant means which now exist for the study of applied science; and the more they study materials, especially iron, and find out their limit of endurance, the better for all concerned.

It has been shewn that the rise and fall of the tides all around our coasts might be made to work machinery to compress air, and that this compressed air could be applied to vehicles of all kinds, private as well as public, to do the work of horses. In New York, a tramway system is already worked upon this principle. Reservoirs of compressed air are situated at certain street-stations where the cars are charged. They can then run for two miles or more before the air-supply becomes exhausted. It is also suggested that

compressed air might be laid on like gas, for the performance of domestic work.

Water-power for household purposes has been brought into use at Zurich. Firewood, for example, is to be sawn into convenient lengths for burning. A small sawing-machine on wheels is drawn by two men to the front of a house. They connect it by a flexible tube with the nearest hydrant; the water flows to the machine; the saw dances, and cuts up the wood with surprising rapidity. The quantity of water used is shewn by an indicator affixed to the sawing-machine. A portable turbine has also been invented, and employed in many places in the city, in driving a Gramme machine for the production of electric light. Water is sold very cheap in Zurich; but there are perhaps other towns in which this, so to call it, domestic water-power could be advantageously introduced. A turbine of American origin, about four inches in diameter, has for some time been sold in London. Its office is to work a sewing-machine. An india-rubber tube is attached to the ordinary water-supply—a similar tube acting as waste-pipe to the nearest sink.

A French captain at Oran, Algiers, has invented a hydraulic apparatus which, by dilating and contracting itself under water, produces an up-and-down motion which might be utilised for mechanical operations.—A hat-maker at Paris claims to have invented an aspiring or exhausting cloth, which obviates the inconveniences occasioned by perspiration.

Dr Schwendler, the electrician-general of India, as he may be called, has shewn that the cumbersome galvanic batteries which now produce the currents used by telegraphers for messages and signals may be done away with, and advantageously replaced by a current from a dynamo-electric machine. A machine of this kind, as is pretty well known, converts mechanical power directly into magnetism and electricity. The current thus produced can be employed in various ways: as light, and as a mechanical helper in domestic and official work. It can be set to swing punkahs, raise lifts, ring bells, drive a wheel, impel currents of air, and to other useful employments; and at night it will light up a telegraph office, a railway station, or a street. While the main current is thus busily employed, it may be tapped, so to speak, and weak currents drawn off for telegraphic purposes. Experiments tried at the government telegraph-works Alipore, India, proved completely successful, for messages were sent by the weak current to Agra, eight hundred and fifty miles distant, without any diminution of the light by which the works were illuminated. Not less successful were experiments made in the office at Calcutta, where fourteen telegraph lines terminate. Messages were sent along each of these lines at the same time, and not more than 5.0 per cent. of the main current was required. The employment of a magneto machine in lieu of a battery for telegraphic purposes, is of itself by no means new, for the ABC Telegraph of Wheatstone, so common on private lines, has always been worked by this means. But we may infer that dynamo-electric machines, capable of multifarious purposes, will some day be more generally employed.

Professors Houston and Thomson of the Central High School, Philadelphia, have devised a way of

storing up electricity in convenient receptacles for scientific purposes or ordinary work. They make use of a cell or suitable vessel containing a saturated solution of zinc sulphate in which are two copper-plates connected by a wire. A current from a dynamo-electric machine is then passed through the cell from the lower to the upper plate, and is continued until metallic zinc in considerable quantity is deposited on the upper plate, and a dense solution of copper sulphate overlies the under plate. The charge is then complete, and may be applied as required. The cell may be covered or sealed, to prevent evaporation; and since no addition of new material is needed, a restoration to an active condition is at any time possible.

As the Professors remark: 'The most obvious application of a storage battery furnishing a constant and lasting current, is to replace the ordinary telegraphic batteries; the objections to the direct use of the dynamo-electric machine being mainly the necessity for continually sustaining the driving-power and preventing variations or intermissions therein, to adapt the current generated to the work to be done; and to sustain a uniform electromotive force in said current. By the use of a storage battery, the dynamo-electric machine may be run at suitable intervals to produce and maintain the charge.' Storage batteries, as they point out, could be made use of in lighthouses, to work alarm signals, to drive small machines, and for many other obvious purposes.

The long-voiced question as to the cause of the unfortunate accident to the *Thunderer* gun has at length been definitely set at rest. The committee of inquiry reported that the cause of the gun bursting was, that it had inadvertently received a double charge both of shot and powder. This theory was called in question by many, and more particularly by Colonel Palliser, who instituted a series of trials upon a smaller gun, which, in result, certainly went to uphold his views. The sister-gun to that which burst has, however, now been put through a similar series of experiments—the last of which consisted in the ignition of a double charge, which shattered the gun to pieces. Although this experiment has cost a large sum, it has restored confidence in our big guns, for it shews that they will only give way under circumstances which should never be possible.

A portion of the history and results of the *Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger*, containing zoological descriptions with plates, is published. The whole work will comprise fourteen or fifteen quarto volumes, presenting a general account of the voyage with charts and landscapes, the magnetical and meteorological observations, the nature of recent deposits at the sea-bottom, their bearings on geology and petrology, on the general chemical and physical results of the expedition, besides full details of zoology and natural history. This is an important scheme, and we may assume that the work, when complete, will be a not less important contribution to science.

The publication of an important book has been commenced in Melbourne: a description with coloured plates of the various eucalyptus trees of Australia. As a work of reference for tree-cultivators, this work will be eminently useful in all countries.

From the Geological and Natural History Survey

of Canada, which takes a wide sweep into surrounding regions, we learn that on the east coast of Hudson's Bay the sea-level is falling at a comparatively rapid rate, from five to ten feet in a century. Certain bays and mouths of rivers, once resorted to by ships, cannot now be approached; and that which was formerly covered by the tide, is now several feet out of the water.

Lord Walsingham has placed at the disposal of the Entomological Society two prizes of fifty pounds each: one for the best and most complete life-history of the parasite supposed to produce the so-called 'gapes' in poultry; and one for a similar history of the parasite supposed to produce the grouse disease. The inquiry cannot be termed strictly entomological, but good may come from it nevertheless.

In a communication read to the Geological Society by Dr Wallich, interesting particulars were given of the origin, mode of formation, and cause of the stratification of the chalk flints, following them from the period when the chief portion of the silica of which they are composed was eliminated from the ocean water by the deep-sea sponges, to the period in which they became consolidated. The silica is derived mainly from the sponge-beds and fields which exist in immense profusion over the areas occupied by the Globigerine or calcareous ooze. Sponges are the only really important contributors to the flint formation that live and die on the sea-bed; and flints are just as much an organic product as the chalk itself. Dr Wallich is of opinion that the substance to which the name *Bathybius* has been given is in reality sponge protoplasm; and that no valid lithological distinction exists between the chalk and the calcareous mud of the Atlantic, and that therefore the calcareous mud may be, and in all probability is 'a continuation of the chalk-formation.'

It is frequently said that uncivilised people have an advantage over the civilised in their exemption from unsoundness of teeth. Among the civilised, the 'wisdom-teeth' are very apt to become impaired, and these with other defects are looked on as results of civilisation. But Professor Flower, of the Royal College of Surgeons, in a discourse to the Odontological Society on abnormal dentition, accompanied by examples from all parts of the world, shewed that 'defective condition of the wisdom-teeth is no monopoly of the most highly civilised races, but may also be found among the most abject and degraded of the whole human species.' In the Eskimos and other Mongol races, the instances of entire absence of wisdom-teeth are numerous.

'Phthisis,' says Dr W. Thomson of Melbourne, 'continues to be the most fatal disease in Victoria. Deaths from phthisis (consumption) in 1877 numbered one thousand and eighty-eight, which is a larger number than was ever previously recorded in any year.' He has visited many parts of the world, has resided some years in Australia, and has set forth his views upon the malady, supported by cases observed in actual practice, in a book entitled *On Phthisis and the supposed Influence of Climate, being an Analysis of Statistics of Consumption in this part of Australia*. By medical practitioners and persons intending to visit Australia in pursuit of health, the book may be read with advantage.

In a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences at Washington, Mr Le Conte states his views on the 'Glycogenic Function of the Liver,' and the way in which it disposes of waste. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that physiologists do not even yet sufficiently appreciate the function of the blood as a reservoir. The blood must be regarded as a reservoir not only for oxygen and carbonic acid, but also and still more for food, for fuel, and for waste. The tissue-food of to-day is not used for building to-day; but the blood is drawn upon for materials for this purpose, and resupplies itself from albuminoid food. The amyloid food of to-day is not burned to-day; but the blood is drawn upon for fuel, and resupplies itself from the liver; while the liver in its turn resupplies itself from the amyloid food. So also waste tissue of to-day is not mainly burned and eliminated to-day; but the blood is again drawn upon for fuel from this source, and resupplies itself from the liver, and the liver from the tissues.'

According to Mr Le Conte, the three sources of vital force and animal heat are (1) the combustion of the whole of the amyloids; (2) the combustion of the combustible portion of albuminoid food excess; and (3) the combustion of the combustible portion of waste tissues. Therefore, he observes, the function of the liver is to prepare all the fuel of the body, and this fuel is only liver-sugar.

LINES ON PORTOBELLO.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT OF TWO MONTHS IN 1877.

The lines are a reply to the old song, beginning 'By Pinkie House oft let me walk, to muse on Nelly's charms.' For a suitable rhyme to 'Nelly,' the name 'Portobello' is given as 'Portobelli,' such being the ordinary pronunciation by certain classes in Edinburgh.

Though Pinkie walks are wondrous fine
For musing on your Nelly,
I much prefer for change of air,
The walks in 'Portobelli.'

I'll ne'er repine for charms divine
You find in lovely Nelly;
The charms that last, are to my taste
The charms of 'Portobelli.'

The yellow sands, with mirthful bands,
And nought to e'er repel ye;
That beach so rare, beyond compare,
Which fringes 'Portobelli.'

A beauteous scene, the air serene,
Ah! what can e'er excel ye!
The sum of health, above all wealth,
You'll find in 'Portobelli.'

A choice retreat, with dwellings meet—
Fit home for any Nelly;
They're to be blest who take their rest
In pleasant 'Portobelli.'

Where'er I roam and far from home,
I'll not forget to tell aye,
Of happy summer days I spent
With friends in 'Portobelli.'

W. C.

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A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The day was wintry and the sunlight ghostly when a wintry and a ghost-like apparition came upon me.

THE first thing I remember is a narrow little patch of garden, surrounded by high walls of brick, and enlaid by a paved brickyard. The day was wintry and the sunlight ghostly when Memory presented me with her first photograph. I am able to recall the time quite clearly, and nothing seems clearer than the complete absence of emotion which followed the statement that I was an orphan. Sally, the one grim but faithful domestic of our fallen house, brought me the news with tears. I received it with a childish stoicism. Playing dully an hour afterwards in that chill winter sunlight about the bricked yard and the frowsy and ill-kept garden, I was seized and violently caressed by our old servant. There Memory's negative suddenly comes to an edge, and the time that followed has, for a space, no pictures for me. Just that little snatch of light comes in between two blanks. I find by reference to dates that the first blank had lasted just three years. The next lasted a month only. Poor little touch of childish memory!—a sterile halting-place between two deserts of shade and night.

I did not know until afterwards how utterly alone and desolate I was, and how narrow a chance I had of finding a home in the neighbouring union workhouse. I am on all hands assured that my father's dealings with the world had not been honourable. I have been told that he broke my mother's heart; that he squandered his patrimony; that he had been guilty of mean devices to escape his creditors. But I know these things to be untrue, although it is of little use to defend him now.

I sit here in my chambers, with my feet at the bars and my pipe between my teeth, and bid the footlights spring up, and set the orchestra

tuning their instruments. The curtain rises. The first picture appears, and—to what sad and sweet music—the panorama glides along!

I have heard so much from that good and faithful servitor, that the month I have spoken of has lost its blank unreality, and grown to be as real as the rest. Sally Troman took me—the only thing she took—from the house which Death and Debt had made untenable, and carried me to her mother's cottage, a queer little establishment, with a set of green wooden palings round it, and with two little patches of garden in front, each about the size of a hearth-rug. The tiny garden was filled with two odoriferous growths of shrub. What their scientific name might be I cannot say, but they were always spoken of as 'old man' and 'old woman.' The sexes dwelt apart, and were held sternly separate by a small quarried footway, flanked on either side by a double row of oyster-shells. The house itself, partly by reason of its quaint architecture, and partly by reason of the fact that, from earth to chimney-top, it was covered with oyster-shells, had always, to my childish eye, the aspect of an extinct and helpless mollusc. The molluscous tribes seemed richly represented close at hand. Oyster-shells, of gigantic proportions, were piled about the ragged fields, or lay strewn upon the grimy mounds of that desolate region. I recognise them now as furnace-refuse; but as I wandered about the place in those days, though the right royal prince Gargantua had not then been introduced to me, I often pictured a huge figure, standing before some elysian and mountainous oyster-stall, wielding a vinegar bottle and a pepper caster of the size of the parish church-tower, emptying some of those enormous shells of

their esculent inhabitants, and paying for his alfresco feast one Brobdingnagian penny.

Walking up the quarried footway, Mrs Troman's visitor found progress barred by a sort of grated wooden portcullis. This was intended to keep me from straying beyond the household ken; and I was so far like a baron of the middle ages, that the passer-by might guess by the position of the portcullis whether I was at home or abroad. Having passed this barrier, you had three steps to go down. Those steps and the floor beyond them were of red quarries, and clean as scrubbing could make them. The kitchen had a low but ample fire-grate; a fender of bent steel, polished till the flat round plate on its top looked in the firelight like a rising wintry sun; a sturdy unclothed deal table with red legs; a nondescript couch covered with chintz, cold, crackly, shining, and comfortless; a mirror, hint of far-off gentility somewhere, hanging on the wall between the table and the couch; and an old clock, which, being too tall for the apartment, was accommodated with a well to stand in. The mirror was a small affair, bound by miniature columns of fluted gold with florid ornamentation on the pediments, and the glass was seamed and scratched and blotted until it looked like a page from some faded atlas. The tall old clock regarded me as an intruder from the first moment of my arrival, bullying me solemnly, even in Sally's presence, and frightening me with monitory tickings when I sat alone. Its face represented one of the heavenly bodies—the moon, I fancy—a foolish, staring, futile sort of countenance, which always seemed to me like a dead mask with a living face behind it, the living face to which that voice belonged which ticked the seconds so remorselessly.

The country round about was very dreary. The normal colour of the sky was a dull and darkish slate, with an occasional touch of blue in it, by way of a summer wonder. The district in its general outlines was as flat as a scene in Holland; but it had about it here and there mountains of slag and cinder and mine-refuse, and was excavated here and there into clay mines, and was in all directions harried and broken up as if by a small and fretful volcanic agency. An agency not powerful enough for any great upheaval, but with just sufficient strength to fret and worry the surface of the patient earth in this way. Not an extinct volcanic agency by any means; for there was always on the edge of the dull sky a lurid gleam; and always you might hear a shuddering boom which shook the air; and always, move where you might, you were engirt by smoke and flame. The heavy skeleton frames at the heads of coal-pits were thick on the landscape, waiting, as I used to fancy, like huge spiders, for the flies which came up from below, drawn cunningly and swiftly by a gliding line into their ugly grasp, to be dropped again empty.

This was my childish environment. At the age of four or thereabouts—Sally's fund of scholarship being by that time exhausted—I was sent to school. The seminary I attended was presided over by a very dirty old woman, who smoked a short clay pipe. What sort of scholastic regimen I had, it is scarcely worth while to say. Reading and writing, says Degberry, come by nature; and less by reason of any assistance than by force of nature I learned to read. I spent my infrequent

pence in the purchase of literary stores. Not far from Sally's house was a small shop with a single bleared and dirty window. This window was covered at night-time by a shutter which hung downward, having its hinges on the upper casement, so that during the day it was necessary to prop it up with sticks, and thus convert it into a kind of roof. Under that frail and brief shelter I have often stood in rainy weather to spell through one large-typed page of Jack the Giant-Killer, or the legend of Simple Simon. Stories of Bluebeard and Blueskin—whom I regarded as a kind of literary twins—were there also; and the library included further the narratives of the lives of Sixteen-stringed Jack and Three-fingered Jack, another pair of twins. They were all illustrated by outrageous cuts, loosely slopped over with water colours in such wise that the crimson hue of Bluebeard's turban incarnadined the clouds, and his yellow boots overflowed the foreground.

In the way of literature, Sally's house was not altogether unprovided. The *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*, a mutilated copy of the *Arabian Nights*, a Family Bible—including the Apocrypha and several incredible steel engravings—and a fat volume containing *Zadig*, the *Devil on Two Sticks*, *Roderick Random*, and *Gil Blas*, made up the library. How these books had been got together, or to whom they had belonged, I never knew; but they were to me such a source of infinite enchantment as I can never cease to be affectionately grateful for. It is not the least among the joys they brought that they made that dismal Black Country lovely in my eyes, filling it—as they did—with all manner of sweet associations, which have lasted until now. For even now, *Gil Blas*, when I rejoin him in his adventures, parts from his uncle at the corner of Yew Tree Lane; and Benjamin, whenever I renew acquaintance with him, is seized, with the golden cup in his sack, in front of Pleasant Row Cottages.

The day was wintry and the sunlight ghost-like when a wintry and a ghost-like apparition came upon me. I was playing alone. I always did play alone; for Sally had a mighty idea of my gentility, and sternly forbade all avoidable contact with aboriginal infancy. I was naturally a little shy, and more than a little given to the building of wonderful castles. I preferred to exercise my architectural art alone; and had wandered away over the grimy pit-mound fronting on Sally's house, along the slimy canal which ran behind that Apennine, over the little Dutch-looking bridge, and into a certain mangy meadow, which then represented to me the very heart of Nature's solitude. At the end of this meadow was a delicious terror—a yawning precipice, which seemed to me of Alpine height and grandeur, although more recent visits assure me that this dreadful chasm is as mere a clay-pit as any in the county. Beyond it the earth burned slowly always, and the place was Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death in dull weather, and on sunshiny days it was Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds. It was surrounded by a rickety wooden fence; and one of my delights was to hang over a broken stump, and—blinding myself from all knowledge of earth and sky—to give myself the fearsome pleasure of falling in fancy over that sheer precipice. This got to be a regular part of my nightly dreams at last, and I

did what I chose with the fancy, asleep or awake. I fell swiftly, and, suspending myself half-way, winged a leisurely spiral way upwards. I went head foremost or feet foremost, like a stone, and came without a shock to the bottom. Without ever having heard of Mr Daniel Home or Mrs Guppy, I was the equal of either, so far as voluntary levitation went. On the particular day I speak of I had got to my favourite stump, and after a lengthier waiting than usual, had just begun my delicious unwholesome journey, when I was startled out of the fancy by a sound which very nearly startled me into the fact. The sound was that of a quick footstep. So near I was to being startled into the fact, that if the man whose approach had broken my dream had not taken me by the petticoats, I should infallibly have fallen over. I was so energetically plucked from danger that I was thrown a yard or two into the meadow; and having had just time to be dreadfully frightened, and seeing that it was a stranger who had both frightened and rescued me, the proper thing for me at the moment appeared to be to cry. The man stood and looked at me, and frightened me still more. He was a young man, and evidently belonged to a very superior class to that I commonly mixed with or commonly saw. He had rings on his fingers, for instance, and wore a gold chain. He was well dressed, or rather his clothes were made of good material and looked new; but they were torn and splashed from head to foot. On his left side he had a streak of dry white mud from shoulder to knee. His face was handsome, but haggard beyond all description, and his lips were drawn back from the teeth in a very remarkable way. I have seen the same look on a dead face since then; but I had never seen it before, and it frightened me horribly. His hair was very wildly disarranged, and there was a dark blur of unshaven beard on cheek and chin. He stood and stared at me after having pitched me into the meadow; and when I had once or twice stolen a look at him, I grew so desperately frightened that I did not even dare to cry.

'What were you doing there?' he asked me.

I made no answer; and he muttered to himself: 'That's an act of Providence, anyway. I startle him into it, and I drag him out of it. Couldn't Providence have done as much for me, I wonder?'

There he laughed, and sat down on the grass at a little distance.

'Who are you?' he asked suddenly. 'What's your name?'

I managed somehow to say: 'Johnny Campbell.'

'Got any friends, Johnny Campbell?' he asked me.

I responded: 'Yes sir,' with inward quaking.

'Then go home,' he said, 'and tell them not to let you wander about in this wild way.'

'Yes sir,' I answered again, still in fear of his lips and his eyes.

He did not move, and I was too frightened to do so.

'What's to-day?' he asked me.

I told him 'Thursday.'

Then he mused for a while, and plucked a few blades of grass, and ate them slowly.

'How old are you?' he demanded, after this pause.

'Nearly seven,' I told him.

'Are you a sharp lad?' he questioned. 'Do you know how far it is from here to London?'

I made shift to tell him there was a milestone not far off which said it was a hundred and sixteen miles; to which he responded: 'Nonsense.'

Then he ate another blade or two of grass, and said to himself, though he looked hard at me the while: 'Let me see. Five days. And a life taken, and a life put in danger, and a life saved.'

He rose then, and after a glance over the broken railings, he looked back at me, and laughed, and said: 'There are better chances than that in the world, even yet, Johnny Campbell.'

With that he went away. 'What tick Memory plays me, I can guess; but he seemed to me rather to vanish into air than to disappear in any common fashion. I sat and cried, and shivered for a little while, and then went home, to find that day made doubly memorable.

When I reached Sally's house I was still crying. The man whom I had just seen had thrown me into a spot in the mangy meadow where the grass was covered with wet clay. I was not at all hurt; but I had covered my face and my hands with tear-moistened soil, and came as a perfect shock on Sally when I entered the kitchen.

'Oh, you dreadful, tiresome, dirty child!' cried Sally, making a dart at me and recoiling. 'O dear, dear! It's them nasty lads, I know. There; take off your pinner, and don't stand staring at me like a blue dog in a dark entry.' Sally's similes were all of an extravagantly unlikely sort, and this of the blue dog in the dark entry was the one in especial use in all cases of emergency or surprise. 'Come an' be washed. Them dreadful lads! I'd like to make a end o' the lot of 'em, that I would. You've been playin' with that there Johnny Wardle, I know.'

There Sally made a sudden courtesy. 'I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see as anybody was here. What might you be pleased to want, ma'am? Will you take a seat, ma'am?'

I turned round, and seeing that a stranger had entered the house, took refuge behind the clock. The stranger was an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning. She was very set and stately in bearing, and very set and stately in speech; but her face and voice were inviting. I have since then lost my childish faculty for reading faces; but in all my childish experiences, I was never once deceived in that regard, and certainly in them all had never lighted on a face which attracted me so much. The lady, in spite of Sally's invitation, remained standing.

'Your name,' she asked, 'is Troman?'

'Yes ma'am,' returned Sally. 'At your service, ma'am.'

'You lived for some years, I think, with Mrs John Campbell of Heath House?'

'Yes ma'am,' said Sally. 'Pore dear lady. I went to live with her when her got married, and I lived with her till her died, and see her die.'

'Yes; I have heard of you and of your faithful service'—Sally courtesied—'and of your kindness to her child.' Sally courtesied again. 'Is that the child?'

'I'm regular ashamed to shew him, ma'am,' said Sally, bringing me from behind the clock; 'but I wanted the kitchen to do my ironin' in, and so I let him go out and play himself, an' them nasty

lads about here has been and rolled him again, I suppose.'

By that phrase Sally signified the method by which certain of the young democrats of that region revenged themselves upon me for her proclamation of my unfitness to associate with 'the likes o' them.' It was their occasional practice to seize me when I strayed away from home, and to roll me in any conveniently muddy spot, until I assumed the aspect of an earthen image.

'Will you oblige me,' said the lady, 'by washing him?'

'Certainly, ma'am; I was just agoing to do it,' Sally explained.

'So I saw,' responded the lady, and seated herself.

'Though, goodness gracious knows,' said Sally as she took me in hand, 'as he was sent out this blessed mornin' as neat as ever was new pin, ma'am.'

I was forthwith taken away and washed and brushed, and having been inducted into clean socks and a new pinafore, was brought back to the kitchen. Then the lady asked me to sit upon her knee, and I did so.

'I suppose,' she asked Sally, 'that you knew nothing of this young gentleman's relatives—of his parents' relatives, I mean?'

'No ma'am,' Sally answered. 'I didn't know as he had a soul in the world as ud own him.'

'I,' said the lady, 'am his aunt. My name is Campbell. Mr John Campbell—your old master, the child's father—was my husband's brother. I believe he has no nearer relative than myself, and I propose to take charge of him.'

I looked across at Sally then, and slipping from the lady's lap, ran to my old protectress. She took me up and put her firm red arms about me.

'No ma'am,' said Sally, in a sort of quiet desperation. 'I can't dream o' partin' from the child.'

'But you must see,' said the lady, 'that it cannot be for his advantage to live here.'

'It ud be cruel, ma'am,' said Sally with a gulp, 'to part me and the child.'

'It would be far more cruel to the child to leave him here; and I am his natural guardian.'

'Well ma'am,' said Sally, 'I've been his un-nat'ral guardian now for pretty nigh three year, ma'am. I should like to know, ma'am, why he ain't been sought after?' I took him out of his poor dead father's arms, I did, and brought him home along with me and reared him, and didn't get no nat'ral guardians coming to ask a word about him.'

'I was away from England when Mr Campbell died. Your question is a very natural one, and your conduct does you very great credit. You shall be well paid for what you have done.'

I was staring hard at the lady all this time, and I noticed that she blushed deeply a moment after she had said this. I think it was at Sally's start of wounded indignation.

'You'll have to prove these words, as you're his aunt, ma'am,' said Sally very quietly, and folding me tightly in her arms. 'But if you are his aunt, ma'am, I suppose I can't hinder you from taking him. But O ma'am,' cried Sally, gripping me still harder in her earnestness, 'treat him kind. He hasn't been used to no mother-in-lawrin'.' There Sally cried very heartily.

The lady answered: 'I hear an excellent account of you, and the Vicar's wife assures me that you are a good domestic. Are you willing to take service? I have no doubt that I can find a place for you in my brother's household.'

'Will the child be there?' asked Sally.

The lady inclined her head and answered: 'Yes.'

'Then O ma'am,' answered Sally, rising with me in her arms, 'then O ma'am, how glad and willin'!'

'When can you be ready to go?' her visitor asked.

'I can be ready a'most as soon as you like, ma'am,' said Sally, setting me down and wiping her eyes with her apron. 'When mother comes in, I can tell her as I've got a place, and pack and start a'most at once, ma'am.'

'Then,' said the lady, rising, 'be ready for me at ten o'clock to-morrow. You will want to buy some things for the child. Let them be handsome, but plain and good. You know how a gentleman's child should be dressed, I suppose?'

'O yes ma'am,' Sally answered. 'He's rather shabby now; but I've done my best with him.'

'I am very grateful to you for it,' replied her visitor; 'and when I spoke of paying you for your trouble, I did not wish you to think that I meant only by money. This will serve you for such purchases as you will find it necessary to make. Pack for him, if you please, only such things as will be fit for his use when he reaches home.'

With that the stately lady set a piece of thin and rustling paper on the table; and having kissed me, and said good-day to Sally, she went away. My devoted guardian followed her to the door and made a final obeisance, and then ran back into the kitchen and took me up in one confused armful and sat down with me on the nondescript couch. There she kissed and cried over me. I cried for company, until Sally set me down and exclaimed: 'Bless the child's heart alive! what's he got to cry for? I knowed as heaven ud never leave the little innocent to grow up in a place like this. Didn't I, Johnny?' And therewith she knelt down by me and renewed her tears.

PERFUMERY FARMING.

VISITING the south of France some time ago, we were much struck—especially in the neighbourhood of Cannes and on to Nice—by the number of magnificent flower-farms—we can call them nothing else—which we saw in every direction, and the odour of which was perceivable long before coming near them. In this charming region may be seen in all their profuse luxuriance, acres of violets, of mignonette, and of cassie, farmed in the literal sense of the word, and raised not for their beauty, nor for sale in the ordinary nursery-garden fashion, but for the purposes of the perfumer.

There are four methods of obtaining the perfume of plants and flowers in general use—first, by expression; second, by distillation; third, by maceration; and fourth, by what is termed *enfleurage*. The first of these, *expression*, is the simplest, and is only used where the plant or flower contains an abundant supply of volatile or essential oil—that is, the quality which contains the odour or perfume. The *outer* rind of the lemon, of the orange, and

the citron are treated in this way. The parts are put into a stout cloth bag, laid on a perforated plate under a screw-press, and the oil trickles through to vessels placed beneath. When it is all pressed out, the oil is left to stand for some time, to separate itself from the water that drained through with it. Then it is poured off, carefully strained, and is ready for use—not as a perfume, but in the making up of oils, pomades, and essences.

Distillation, the second method, is chiefly used for lavender, cloves, herbs, seeds, and the commoner flowers which do not lose their odour when brought in contact by heat. The process is a chemical one, by which the spirit of the flower is distilled by heat; only in France, perfumers apply fire directly to the still, while in England we distil by steam.

Maceration, the third method, is very much used. It is rather a peculiar process, and the last one would think of as a way of getting perfume out of flowers. A quantity of the finest purified beef-suet is placed with clarified lard in a scrupulously clean porcelain steam-pan. When the fat is thoroughly melted and quite free from impurities, the flowers to be *macerated* are thrown in, and allowed to remain from twelve to forty-eight hours. The liquid fat is then strained, fresh flowers added, and the process is repeated as often as is considered necessary—the result being pomatum. The pomatum obtained is known as six, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four, according to the strength of its odour. Perfumed oils are obtained in the same manner, fine olive-oil being used instead of lard and suet.

The last and most important method is *enfleurage*, a way very little practised by English perfumers, as it is dainty, expensive, and troublesome. First of all, square shallow frames with glass bottoms are spread over with a thin layer of clarified fat, then strewed thickly with flowers, and allowed to remain for some time. The frames are piled one upon another, so that the flowers are in fact shut up in a glass box with a layer of fat between. When the fat has absorbed all the odour, the flowers are replaced by others till the pomatum is sufficiently strong. Coarse cotton cloths are saturated with the finest olive-oil, laid on wire-gauze frames, and strewed with flowers. They are then placed under a screw-press, and the perfumed oil wrung from them as by *expression*. The pomatums so obtained give their name to a variety of perfumes according to the flowers used, or the combination of different flowers to imitate others. For example, the orange flower macerated in pomade is known as orange-flower pomatum. This when chopped up very fine and put into rectified spirit makes extract of orange flower which can scarcely be distinguished from the original, and is one of the most valuable bases to the perfumer, passing with slight modifications for sweet pea, magnolia, and perfumes of that kind. The orange-tree gives three different and decided odours; and the majority of sweet-smelling flowers give two according to their mode of preparation. Orange flowers for distillation are largely grown at Nice; those grown about Cannes are chiefly used for pomatums.

Odours are extracted from different parts of plants and flowers—from the root, as in orris and vitivert; the stem, as in cedar, sandal, and rose-wood; the leaves, as thyme, mint, patchouli; the

blossom, as roses, violets, &c.; the seed, as the Tonquin bean, the caraway; the bark, as the cinnamon. But all the more delicate odours are chiefly derived from the corolla or blossom. After the orange—which enters in some shape or form very largely into the composition of countless essences, pomades, oils, and cosmetics—one of the most useful plants to the perfumer is cassie. It is to be found in most of the favourite handkerchief bouquets; but alone it is of too sickly-sweet an odour to be agreeable. It is extensively grown at Cannes, and combines well with orange-flower, rose, tuberose, and vanilla. Bergamot is another faithful ally of the perfumer. It is an essential oil, obtained by expression from the rind of a species of citron, and is to be found in the majority of essences, particularly in the celebrated *Ess Bouquet*. Of itself it is not a particularly pleasant odour; but combined with orris, musk, or other fixing scents, it is very fragrant. It is best kept in a cool dark place, in closely stoppered bottles, which applies to all perfumes except essence or extract of rose; so that when ladies keep their perfume-bottles on the toilet-table in sunlight and gaslight, or, as is sometimes the case, on the mantel-piece over a fire, they should not be surprised if they soon lose their delicate subtle odour; in fact, the purer and better the perfumes are, the more susceptible are they to the influences of light and heat.

It is a curious fact that some of our sweetest flowers are unavailable for the purposes of perfumery. Sweet-brier, for instance, and eglantine can only be imitated. No process has yet been discovered by which their delicate perfume can be extracted and preserved; but spirituous extracts of rose pomade, of flower of orange, neroli oil—also produced from the orange, and verbenal—when cunningly combined, very fairly imitate both. Lily of the valley—another useless flower to the perfumer, though of exquisite scent in itself—is marvellously imitated by a compound of vanilla, extract of tuberose, jasmine, and otto of almonds. Almost all lilies are found too powerful even for perfumery purposes, and are therefore little used, even in combination with other odours, for it has been found in many instances that they do not harmonise well with the ‘fixing and disguising’ scents in general use. It appears from Dr Piesse’s little book on perfumes that most of our very sweetest flowers are only successfully imitated, as wall-flower, clove pink, sweet pea. Magnolia is too expensive to be genuine. Myrtle is very rarely genuine. Real sweet pea there is none, and heliotrope and honeysuckle are cleverly made up. Tuberose, vanilla, orange flower, violet, rose, jasmine, and cassie, with orris and vitivert, musk, and ambergris in proper proportions and combinations are the leading ingredients in most perfumes. Mignonette, sweet as it is in the garden, is almost useless by itself to the perfumer; and tuberose, one of the sweetest, if not the very sweetest flower that blooms, combined with jasmine makes the perfume called *stephanotis*. By *enfleurage* it gives a most delicious extract; but it needs to be fixed immediately by a less volatile scent, or it will immediately evaporate. Fixed by vanilla or some other enduring odour, it is one of the most charming and useful essences in the perfumer’s *répertoire*, and enters into the composition of almost all the favourite

handkerchief bouquets. Cassie, otto of almonds, tuberose, and orris, form two-thirds of the violet essence generally sold. The genuine essence of violets is only to be procured at special places and at exorbitant prices.

Of fixing or permanent scents, the principal are musk, vanilla, ambergris, orris, and vitivert. Orris is perhaps more used than any other, and enters largely into the composition of all popular dentifrices. From the odours already known, we may produce by proper combinations the scent of almost every flower that blows, except the jasmine. It is the one perfume that defies spurious imitation. It seems almost needless to say that otto of roses comes chiefly from the East. The rose-fields of Kizanlik in Roumelia and the sweet valleys of Cashmere give us the *attar gul* renowned over the whole world. But there is a very sweet otto of rose made from the beautiful Provence roses that grow to such perfection at Cannes and Grasse. The flower has a rather subtle odour, arising it is said from the bees carrying the pollen of the orange flowers to the rosebeds. The otto is obtained by maceration and *enfleurage*.

The whole south of Europe is what one might call the perfumer's happy farming-ground. Cannes and Nice are especially famous. There, on the mild sea-coast grows the delicate cassie that can scarcely bear a blast; at the foot of the mountains, the violets are sweeter than if grown in the sheltered valleys, where the orange, tuberose, and mignonette attain to such marvellous perfection. But flowers are grown for perfumery purposes in many other places. Nîmes is famous for its rosemary and thyme, Nice for its violets, Sicily for its lemons and bergamot, and England is famous for lavender and peppermint; the latter always commanding a high price in foreign markets, as it forms the general mouth-wash used on the continent. The lavender grown at Mitcham and Hitchin is about eight times the value of that grown in France and Italy; and for ordinary use there is no sweeter perfume than good lavender water.

Just one word on the use of perfumes; and it is *moderation*. Persons, places, and things are all the better and pleasanter for a little sweet essence; but see that it is a little. If some persons are too lavish in the use of their favourite bouquet, and turn what was meant for a refined pleasure into a vulgar nuisance, their extravagance is to be avoided rather than the perfume itself. That perfumery is an important business is attested by the fact that the duty alone on imported perfumes, and the spirit used for their home manufacture, amounts to the annual sum of nearly fifty thousand pounds.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

'ABNER.'

BEING anxious, some years ago, to gain an insight into the mode of treating lunatic prisoners, I proceeded with two friends to an asylum which I shall name Donjonville Castle, the place having been once a feudal stronghold.

Conducted by an obliging turnkey, I emerged from a small doorway in an immensely thick wall, and found myself looking down from a considerable height upon an open court-yard, in

which several figures were moving listlessly about. Three or four flights of stone steps connected the lobby on which I stood with the court-yard below. As I peered over the iron balustrade before descending, I noticed about half-way down the steps a singular object, which I took at first to be a huddled heap of old clothes. A second glance, however, shewed me that the thing, whatever it was, moved, and at last I made the object out to be a human being in the hideous yellowish-gray garb of the prison. The figure was on its hands and knees, apparently engaged in slowly and laboriously writing or drawing with a piece of slate on the stone steps. Noting my curious scrutiny, the turnkey volunteered information.

'That's one of the lunatics, sir,' he said. 'Abner, we call him. A harmless creature enough, except when his fit is on, and then he's about the worst we've got.'

'Does he often have such fits?'

'Well, about four or five times in the twelve-month, sir. We can always tell when they're comin' on by the change in his look and manner, and then we keep a sharp watch upon him.'

By this time we were descending the staircase, and had come alongside Abner; but he never raised his head or took the slightest notice of our presence until the turnkey touched him and said: 'Well, Abner, how is it with you to-day? Don't you see there's visitors come to pay you their compliments?'

A mild, clean-shaven, vacant face—an absolutely expressionless face, was lifted to us for a moment, and a pair of large gray eyes, without a ray of intelligence or interest in them, rested for a second upon each of us in turn. Then without a word or a sign to shew that he was conscious of anything except the familiar sound of the turnkey's voice, Abner turned mechanically to his occupation again, and became engrossed in his slow, laborious scribbling on the step.

'What is he doing?' I asked the turnkey after we had passed.

'Why sir, that's the way he occupies himself every day, except when his fit is on, and we have to lock him up. He writes his name, you see, and a date and some queer flourish of his own, upon every step from the bottom up to the top; and when he has finished, he wipes every step clean and begins afresh. He's been at it ever since he first came here, fifteen years ago.'

'Is he a criminal lunatic?'

'Yes sir; he's in for murder. Killed a little boy with a pitchfork; but the jury brought him in insane. He was a schoolmaster once, and a very clever one too, I've heard.'

I turned and looked back at Abner. There he was on his hands and knees scribbling methodically, perfectly unconscious of everything around him. And so the days and weeks and months had rolled over his head for fifteen years! What a death in life! I thought, and wondered whether any gleam of reason or flash of memory ever for a moment illumined the dark, blank chambers of his brain; or whether the world was always as completely a void to him as it was at that moment.

My reflections were abruptly broken by a yell so startling in its suddenness, so appalling in its savage rage, that for the instant I was paralysed

with terror. Instinctively I thought of Abner, and cast a hurried and fearful glance behind me at the subject of my reflections. But no! That yell could never have come from him; he was still absorbed in his eternal scrawl. I saw by the scared faces of my companions that they had shared my apprehensions. The turnkey alone was unmoved; with a quiet smile, as of one to whom such awful sounds were as familiar as the cock-crow to ourselves, he set our fears at rest.

'That's from the female lunatics' ward, sir. Black Kate's in her tantrums to-day, and they've had to cage her, I expect. She's an awful one, is Kate—tears the clothes from her body, and rampages about sometimes for a whole week together. She's a fury, if ever there was one.'

We were relieved to find that there was no prospect of our being brought into personal encounter with the utterer of that fiendish yell, and did not envy those upon whom devolved the duty of 'caging' Black Kate in her 'tantrums.' By this time we had reached the court-yard, where some dozen or more male lunatics were mooning about. Some of these were drivelling, gibbering idiots; others, but for a certain restless, wandering expression in the eyes, might have passed muster as sane to one not used to detect the symptoms of lunacy. All of them were apparently quiet and harmless. One big simple-looking fellow, who like Abner had bereft a fellow-creature of life, had a rough model of a ship in his hands, and informed us that he had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar, as boatswain on board the *Victory*, when he was four years of age! The whole batch of them gave me the idea of having been turned loose into this court-yard like animals in a pen. There were no seats for them. No attempt had been made to provide them with employment or amusement. It was a melancholy sight to see them pacing backwards and forwards in as objectless and meaningless a fashion as the wild beasts in a menagerie. But what particularly attracted my attention were the 'cages,' of which there were six, occupying two sides of the square. They were oven-shaped dens in the wall, nine feet by four, with just enough room for an average-sized man to stand upright in the centre of the arched roof, and were fitted in front with iron bars of great thickness and strength.

'Is it in that kind of thing,' I asked, 'that Black Kate is "caged" just now?'

'Yes, sir,' said the turnkey in the most matter-of-fact tone. 'When they're very violent, we sometimes have to keep 'em there for a week or ten days. We feed 'em through the bars.'

'But how do you clean the cages out?' I inquired.

'Lor bless ye, sir, we dursn't clean 'em. It would be as much as our lives were worth to venture within the clutches of one on 'em when they're in them cages. There's Abner now; you wouldn't believe how strong that fellow is when he's got his fit on. He's a little chap, as you see; but he's more than a match for any two of us when he's bad; and it generally takes three of us to get him into the cage.'

I was not surprised that any human being, sane or insane, should resist to the utmost of his power an attempt to shut him up in one of those wild-beast dens and treat him like a savage animal; but it did seem incredible that the mild, vacant-faced,

inoffensive creature we had just passed should be capable of being suddenly transformed into a raging demoniac. I had begun to take an unaccountable interest in Abner, and I felt a strange curiosity to see him in one of these terrible paroxysms of fury. I confided this morbid desire to one of my friends. The turnkey overheard me, and turning sharply round, said with grim emphasis: 'Then you'd never want to see him a second time, sir, unless you're a glutton for horrors. It's an awful sight to see him when he's bad; and to hear his language when he's raving would appal you.'

I was half-ashamed of my idle wish; but I little thought it would ever be gratified, and that I should some day verify by experience the turnkey's forcible description of Abner in his fury.

We had made our round of the prison, and were leaving the place, when we were met by the governor, who knew one of our party, and courteously invited us to lunch. My thoughts were still running upon Abner; and on questioning the governor about him, I learned the full details of his painful and tragic story. They were as follows.

Twenty years previously Abner, who, though of humble parentage, was a young man of great promise, had found himself in a position to attain what had long been the dearest ambition of his life—a university education. He had scraped together a little money himself; and some friends who had faith in his powers had offered to make up between them whatever deficiency there might be. Every one prophesied for him a brilliant career, and he was himself elated with hope and joy. But his hopes were rudely shattered at a blow. His only sister, to whom he was passionately attached, suddenly lost her husband by an accident, and was left penniless with two children. Brother and sister had been left orphans when they were very young, and had been brought up together by an old aunt, their only relative. The aunt had died soon after her niece's marriage, and the young widow had no one in the world to look to for help and support but her brother. Abner made his decision at once. It was clear to him that he must sacrifice his ambitious hopes to provide a home for his sister and her children. The mastership of the National School in the little town of which he was a native fell vacant. Abner applied for the post, and obtained it. The salary was but small; but it enabled him to offer his sister and her children a home, and in that home they lived happily together for more than four years. Abner was devoted to the children, both boys, and loved them as if they had been his own. The elder of the two was especially the object of his affections, and his favourite companion. The child, now eight years of age, had twined itself close round Abner's heart when it was stricken with mortal sickness, and died. Abner's grief was uncontrollable; the loss seemed irreparable. After a while, however, he began to devote himself to the surviving child, and sought to console himself for the dead by the society of the living brother. But he was never quite the same as before the child's death. His sister marked a great change in him. He would give way to fits of depression and melancholy, from which neither her loving care nor the art-

less prattle of the child could rouse him. Things had been going on like this for some months, when one summer holiday at haymaking-time Abner took the boy out with him for a day's ramble. About noon he came back alone, and to his sister's inquiries after the child, answered that he had left it playing with some other children in the hayfield not far off, under the care of a neighbour, who had promised to see after the boy till he was tired of his play and wished to go home. The mother was satisfied with the explanation, but she noticed that her brother was unusually silent and moody at dinner. When the meal was over, he said to his sister: 'Come, let us go and see our children.'

She remembered afterwards that he had put an emphasis on the plural, but at the time she only understood him to mean her boy and his playmates.

They went together to the hayfield, and Abner led her to a shady corner of the meadow, where, comfortably ensconced in a hay-cock, the child lay apparently asleep.

'Don't touch him,' said Abner; 'he is too happy to be awaked.'

There was a strange pallor on the boy's face, which alarmed the mother. She was bending anxiously to see why the usually rosy cheek was so white, when Abner roughly seized her by the arm.

'Leave them alone,' he said in a hoarse whisper. 'Can't you see they are together, and are happy!'

Hardly heeding these strange words in her motherly anxiety about the pale face of her darling, she stooped and gently touched the child's cheek. It was quite cold. She started, then caught the boy frantically in her arms. His little limbs were stiff, and his clothes were drenched with blood. Uttering a piercing shriek of horror she fell fainting with the child in her arms. When the haymakers who were at the far end of the large meadow came up to her, Abner had disappeared, and at first they thought both mother and child were dead. The mother had only swooned; but the child was dead and cold, stabbed through the heart with a pitchfork, which was found hidden in the hay-cock.

All attempts to find Abner failed; but about ten days after the catastrophe, he returned to his own home so changed in appearance, so haggard and thin and ragged, that they hardly recognised him. No one ever knew where he had been during those ten days. He made no effort to escape, and was arrested in his own house. It was evident that his reason was completely gone. He was like a man dazed; and from that time till after the trial, he was not known to speak a word to any living soul. He was found to be insane, and sentenced to be confined in Donjonville Castle as a criminal lunatic for the rest of his life. That was Abner's story, and it had the effect of stamping his figure ineffaceably upon my memory.

Two years later I was in Donjonville again, and with a friend I paid a visit to the Castle. The same turnkey who had been our guide on the previous occasion piloted us over the building again. I asked if Abner were still there. After replying in the affirmative, he added, looking hard at me: 'Aren't you the gentleman, sir, that said the

last time you was here that you'd like to see Abner when his fit was on?'

'I am,' I replied.

'Then,' said he, 'if you're of the same mind still, you may have your wish.'

I felt the same morbid curiosity strong upon me, and accepted the turnkey's proposal.

Arrived at the court-yard in which were the cages, I started back in disgust and horror, for I could hardly believe that it was a human being that I saw before me. His voice had grown so hoarse that it had no sound of humanity in it, but was like the savage roar of a beast, and for the most part his ravings were inarticulate. And this was Abner—the mild-eyed, vacant-faced scribbler upon the steps, who had struck me as being the very embodiment of utterly harmless and inoffensive imbecility. Horrified beyond measure, I turned hastily away from the appalling spectacle of humanity degraded far below the level of the beasts.

When we had left the court-yard, I asked the turnkey how long Abner had been in the cage, this time. 'Three days,' was the reply; 'and will probably be in three days longer before we dare take him out.'

I had seen Abner at his worst, so far as his bestial ferocity was concerned. I was yet to have a proof of his diabolical cunning. As we were passing out of the prison quarter, the turnkey called my attention to a deep dent in the massive door.

'D'ye see that, sir?' he asked.

'Yes,' I replied. 'What is it?'

'That's Abner's doing, this last fit. He slipped away unbeknown to any one, when we thought he was as harmless as a child. He got hold of a spade somehow, that the masons had been mixing mortar with. Then he lay in the shadow of this dark corner, and waited till the governor was comin' through. Then he up with the spade when the governor's back was turned and let drive at his head. Just at that moment the governor stooped to pick up a key he had dropped, and the spade struck into the solid door here, two inches deep and more, just above his head. He turned to grapple with Abner; and he's a strong man too, but it would ha' gone hard with him if he hadn't sung out lustily, and two of us come up in time to rescue him. It was as much as the three of us could do to master Abner and handcuff him. And since then he's been as you've seen him. I never knew his fit come on so sudden or break out so bad.'

'The governor must have had a very narrow escape of his life.'

'I believe you, sir. If he hadn't happened to stoop just at that minute, the spade would have smashed his skull like an egg.'

It was thus I saw Abner for the second time, and it was long before the horrible sight ceased to haunt me. I was yet to see him a third time, but under very different circumstances.

Seven years had elapsed since the visit to Donjonville which I have just described, and again I found myself in that neighbourhood. Among the many changes which had taken place there during the interval was the erection, within a few miles of Donjonville, of a new Lunatic Asylum, conducted on the latest and most approved prin-

ciples of medical science. To this new Asylum all the lunatics from the Castle had been removed; and I was anxious to have an opportunity of contrasting the old and new style of treating the insane. That opportunity was afforded me by an invitation to one of the fortnightly entertainments at the Asylum.

In a spacious well-lighted hall there was gathered as orderly an assemblage as any I have ever seen. The programme consisted of music, recitations, and amateur theatricals—all of which were received with keen delight and appreciation. There was a good sprinkling of guests, but the bulk of the audience consisted of lunatics; and the latter seemed to me to take quite as intelligent an interest in the proceedings as the former. It was a wonderful and gratifying sight, and all the more so when I recalled that bare court-yard with its listless, mooning flock of perambulating imbeciles, and the terrible occupants of its hideous 'cages.' I was curious to know whether any of my old friends, and especially Abner, were among this decorous crowd. In the interval between the two parts of the entertainment, I got speech of the medical superintendent, and asked him whether any of the worst cases from the Castle were present that evening.

'They are all in the room to-night,' he said, 'except one who is in the hospital.'

'Is Abner here?' I inquired.

'Yes; and Black Kate too. Come with me and I'll introduce you to both. I am rather proud of those two.'

I followed in silence; and presently in answer to his call a pleasant-looking man, neatly dressed in black, came up to us. I never was more astonished in my life than when this decent, respectable person was introduced to me as Abner. I could hardly believe my eyes, so extraordinary was the change in him. There was a foolish vacant look indeed about his face still; but he spoke and answered questions sensibly; and when I mentally contrasted him with the Abner I had seen twice before, I felt that he was a rational and intelligent human being in comparison with either the unconscious imbecile or the raging maniac I had beheld previously. My whole stock of astonishment was so completely exhausted upon Abner, that it was merely with a mild surprise that I found the terrible Black Kate on introduction to be a quietly dressed, gray-haired woman, self-contained in her manner and gentle in her speech, who, but for the restless glitter of her bright black eyes—which had an unmistakably wild look in them—might to all appearance have been a nurse.

'Well,' I said to the medical superintendent, when we were left alone together after the entertainment was over, 'you have effected a miraculous transformation in those two at anyrate. I never saw Black Kate before, but I have heard enough of her doings. Abner, when last I saw him, was simply and literally a caged wild beast. I shall never forget his awful appearance as long as I live.'

'Ah!' replied the superintendent, 'the less said about those old days the better. The treatment of lunatics was barbarous and inhuman then; but people knew no better, and we must not be too hard upon them.'

I thought this was a very euphemistic way of

putting the matter; but I contented myself with asking how long Abner had been there. I was told that he had been two years and a half in the Asylum.

'And has he ever had any of his fits?' I asked further.

'Yes. He had two in the course of the first six months. But you may guess we had none of the "caging" business here. He was treated properly; and for two years he has never shewn the slightest symptoms of violence. You see we lay ourselves out to discover what employment or amusement can awake a ray of interest in a lunatic; and as soon as we have found that out, we always keep him amused or employed. The most violent are cured in a short time by that means.'

That was the last I saw or heard of Abner. I often think of him still; not as the imbecile scrawler on the steps, nor as the caged wild beast, but as the most signal instance I know of the triumph of the new system over that which to the credit of humanity has happily passed away.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE GUIDES.

No native corps in India has earned a higher reputation than the Guides, a regiment which was raised in December 1846 by Lieutenant, afterwards Lieutenant-general Sir Harry Lumsden, C.B., K.C.S.I., of Belhelvie. The corps consisted at first of three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry. The men consisted of all the races about Peshawur, and were for the most part freebooters, who had during the stormy times preceding 1846 infested the neighbourhood, and especially the Peshawur-Attock road, which was so unsafe to the Sikhs that they could only travel it in large bodies. Many also had been Sikh soldiers, and others belonged to the predatory tribes beyond the borders. Not a few murderers were amongst them; and a large proportion sought service in our ranks in order to escape either punishment from the Sikh authorities, or to avoid private vengeance. To prevent these turbulent men from coalescing against their English officers, Lumsden wisely placed most of the different nationalities in troops or companies by themselves. Thus there was one Pathan troop, one Sikh troop, and one mixed troop; while in the infantry there was one company of Pathans, one of Goorkhas, one of Punjabee Mussulmans, one of Sikhs, and one composed of several races.

From the very first the Guides took part in numerous frontier skirmishes; and when, in 1848, Moolraj raised the standard of rebellion, Lumsden marched with the corps and took part in the siege of Mooltan. During the Mutiny, the corps, under Daly, marched from their station on the frontier to Delhi, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, in twenty-eight days. This unparalleled feat, moreover, was accomplished during the hottest part of the year. Within three hours of their reaching Delhi, the Guides were engaged with the enemy, and every one of their officers was wounded. As an illustration of the sort of work that continually falls to their lot, and how they perform it, we relate the following story.

In 1852, an expedition was sent out against the Khuttuk Khails, occupying territory between Peshawur and Kohat. Who was in command of the force we do not know, neither does it signify,

but Major, afterwards Sir Herbert Edwardes, accompanied it as political officer. The enemy took up a strong position in a village at the foot of a high hill. Captain Turner of the Guides with a company of his regiment was sent to dislodge them. He did so in gallant style. The Khuttucks resisted stoutly; but the Guides were not to be denied, and soon the enemy were seen streaming out of the rear of the village and up the hill at the back, swiftly followed by Turner and his company. After proceeding a short distance, the Khuttucks reached a cliff, the only ascent to which was by a side-path only broad enough for one man to mount at a time. Speeding up this path, the Khuttucks lay down on the edge and opened fire on their pursuers. Nothing heeding, Turner pushed on till he too reached the foot of the cliff. He then found himself in an awkward predicament. Unwilling to fall back—indeed he would have lost half his men had he tried to do so—and seeing that it was hopeless to dream of attempting to reach the foe by means of the path, he ordered his men to get close under the cliff. In this position they were safe, but powerless, and could only wait for assistance. Dr Robert Lyell was assistant-surgeon in the Guides, a tall handsome man, in the prime of life. As much a soldier as a surgeon in heart, he had been watching the fight with the keenest interest when not engaged in attending to the wounded, and perceiving that his comrade Turner was in a dilemma, he hastened to Edwardes, and thus reported: 'Turner is in a regular fix. He can't get up that cliff, and he can't get away. I have been looking at the ground; and if you send a party up that spur, it will be able to get up to the top of the cliff and take the defenders in flank.'

Edwardes scanned the scene for a moment with his keen glance, then turning to Lyell, replied: 'All right. No one can manage the job better than yourself. Take some men with you, and do it. Come with me and I will get some sepoy for you.'

Going to a Goorkha regiment, he told the commandant to place a detachment at Lyell's disposal. Making a long circuit, Lyell reached the spur above spoken of, and began to climb its steep sides unseen by the foe. Full of ardour and strength, the Englishman strode up the hill, and soon distanced all but a handful of the gallant but short-legged little Goorkhas who panted close at his heels. On reaching the summit, Lyell cautiously peeped over the edge, and found, as he had expected, that he was on the verge of the shelf occupied by the enemy, and somewhat in their rear. He also saw that the attention of the Khuttucks was completely taken up with Turner and his Guides. About twenty-five yards from where Lyell stood, and between him and the enemy was a *sungur*—a sort of rifle-pit built up with loose stones. It was unoccupied, and Lyell determined to seize it. As soon therefore as he had got seven men together, he led them at a run for the *sungur*. The Khuttucks at the sound turned and fired a volley, which being at a short range, killed two of Lyell's men and wounded the remainder, Lyell himself being hit by a splinter of a stone. Lying down in the *sungur*, Lyell waited till some more of his men joined him. By twos and threes they rushed into the *sungur*, till

the total force present numbered twenty-five. Amongst them came Koer Singh. He was the *subadar* (native captain) of the Goorkha company of the Guides, and really had no business to be there. Seeing, however, Lyell starting off on his expedition, he had hastily followed. He was a little thin man, quiet and gentle in his manner, and always smiling. By no means the man who would by a stranger have been pointed out as likely to prove a hero. He was, however, a very lion in fight, and never so happy as when present where swords were flashing and bullets whistling in their deadly flight. The last man to arrive was Dal Singh, a *sowar* (trooper) of the Guides. He was a remarkable man. Owing to his signal gallantry, he was promoted to the rank of *duffadar* (corporal) after every skirmish; but his temper was so uncontrollable, his knack of getting into scrapes so unrivalled, that within six weeks he always found himself a simple *sowar* again. No more than Koer Singh had he any business to be with Lyell; but in his thirst for the excitement of danger he could not refrain from following, and leaving his horse behind him, strode up the hill as quickly as his long cavalry boots would allow him. When he reached the summit, he perceived Lyell and his small party in the *sungur*, and at once ran across to join him. As soon as he arrived, he said: 'Sahib, we mustn't stop here all day. I will jump on to the top of the parapet; they will fire at me; and we shall be able to rush on them before they can reload.'

Before Lyell had time to say a word, Dal Singh sprang on to the parapet, waved his sword, and by way of rousing them to action, hurled abuse at the Khuttucks. Every one of the enemy fired simultaneously at the man; and strange to say, missed him. Then Lyell, followed by Koer Singh and Dal Singh, dashed at the Khuttucks, who had not a single firearm loaded, and consequently fled before the impetuous attack. Lyell hastening to the edge of the cliff, shouts: 'They've bolted, Turner. Make haste and come up.'

Turner was not slow to respond to the invitation; and soon the two detachments were united, and in high spirits following up the Khuttucks. So hot was the pursuit, that the Khuttucks had no time to load, and were chased up the hill and over the further edge. There Turner and Lyell prudently halted. To keep the enemy on the move, however, they fired muskets, hurled stones, and sounded bugles till the Khuttucks were descried far away quite at the foot of the hill.

Lord Dalhousie was so highly pleased with this affair, that he gave Lyell the very best appointment which could at the moment be bestowed on an assistant-surgeon, namely that of principal assistant to the opium agent at Patna. How little do we know what is for our good! The reward was fatal to Lyell. Five years later he perished at the hands of a Mussulman mob, a victim to his rash bravery. Thus ended, in the flower of his age, the promising career of the gallant, noble-minded, popular Lyell!

As to the other heroes of the fight with the Khuttucks; Koer Singh and Dal Singh were decorated with the Order of British India, and given the rank of *bahadur*. Koer Singh afterwards fell at the head of his company at Delhi. Dal Singh five or six years later got into such a scrape that unwillingly his officers were compelled to turn

him out of the regiment, and he disappeared from view. Turner, before this, had been attacked by a violent fever, which carried him off in the course of a few hours.

The *esprit de corps* of the Guides was shewn not by swagger or dandyism. They never boasted or made much of their exploits. Their pride consisted in taking it as a matter of course that any task however difficult or dangerous would be thoroughly performed. Neither did they indulge in any of the fopperies which are so common in irregular corps.

To illustrate the feeling which pervaded all ranks of this celebrated corps—a feeling which is still characteristic, as recent events can testify—we may mention, that on a certain subaltern's joining the corps, one of the older officers said to a native officer: 'Well, Lootuf Ali, what do you think of the new sahib?' The proud answer was: 'No matter what sort of a sahib joins us, we soon make a Guide of him.'

Of all the many gallant officers who have served in the Guides, none left a better name behind him than young Quintin Battye, who fell a few days after his arrival at Delhi. Almost his last words, as the life-blood was ebbing away, were: 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori' (It is sweet and proper to die for one's country). Young Battye was aide-de-camp to one of the Lieutenant-governors (we forget which), and was much petted, for he was a good-looking, most engaging lad. Fired with a love of distinction, he was not contented with a life of ease and comparative idleness; therefore, one day when the Lieutenant-governor asked what he could do for him, he eagerly replied: 'O sir, get me into the Guides; I could wish for nothing better.' Into the Guides therefore he was put. Scarcely had he joined the corps, when Lumsden the commandant received information from one of his spies that a certain freebooter would attack a neighbouring village the following night. Lumsden determined to catch him; and as the task was one requiring great local knowledge and craft, he selected not an officer, native or European, but a simple sowar. (Lumsden never allowed himself to be fettered by routine, but always selected the men best fitted for a duty, without regard to other considerations.) This man, whom we will call Peer Khan, was a small landholder, a man between fifty and sixty, and covered with scars. He would sometimes bare his right arm, and shewing the marks of numerous wounds, boastfully exclaim: 'The blood of seventy Hindus is on this arm.' Under his command, therefore, a detachment was ordered to march at dark on a secret expedition. Battye heard of the latter, and determined to join it. He had so recently joined that he had not yet got Guide uniform, so first binding him over to secrecy, he borrowed from a brother-officer a Guide coat and turban, and set off with the party as a simple volunteer under Peer Khan's orders. The next morning, the detachment returned unsuccessful, the freebooter not having appeared. As soon as he arrived in camp, Quintin Battye went to Lumsden and said to him: 'I have done very wrong sir, and I have come to tell you what I have done. I went out last night with Peer Khan. I could not help it; but I know I was wrong.' Lumsden, veiling his secret admiration for the gallant lad under a stern demeanour, reproved him severely, and

wound up by saying: 'I expect you to promise that you will never do so again.' The required promise was given, and it is needless to say faithfully observed. Our readers need scarcely be reminded that absence without leave, especially in troublous times, is a very serious offence in her majesty's service.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE INHERITANCE.

MR CHARLES RUSSEL, once the most noted lawyer of Kinton, was dead. He had passed away in the night, full of years and honour—passed away so calmly and peacefully, that even the nurse could not tell at what precise hour the spirit had left the worn-out body.

I am, or rather was, a village doctor. At the time of which I write, I was about six-and-twenty years of age, and three years previously had bought a practice in the village of Cottam. It was not a large village; but being only about five miles from the important seaport of Kinton, it could boast of a good many somewhat pretentious villageresidences. These were inhabited, some by merchants of Kinton, who travelled to and fro morning and evening; others by men who had ceased to take an active part in business, and had retired to the country to enjoy a well-earned repose. To this latter class belonged the Mr Charles Russel whose death I have just recorded. To a small inherited competence he had added the savings of a successful professional career, and retiring to Cottam, had bought a small mansion on the outskirts of the village, called 'The Willows.' 'Wills,' the country people got to call it, referring—with a vague idea of wit—to the proprietor's previous fame as a conveyancer and maker of wills. Mr Russel had never been married, but had adopted the orphan daughter of his sister. Ellen Saunders at the time of my story was about twenty-one years of age.

It was not until I had been two years at Cottam, that I was introduced to Mr Russel. During this time he had more than once required professional attendance, but had always sent for the family doctor from Kinton. One day, however, a servant came in great haste for me to go to the Willows; 'for,' said she, 'master has fallen and broken his leg.' Of course I went immediately; but fortunately found matters not so bad as represented. Mr Russel had been walking in the garden, as was his wont, when he accidentally stepped sideways upon a stone, and his ankle twisting, he fell heavily forward. The result was a very bad sprain, aggravated by the age and weight of the sufferer. I soon had the boot off, and applied the usual remedies; and, before I left he was very much easier. On my next visit he was still better; but I forbade him to use his foot in any way. Day by day I called, and each day found him improving, although he chafed considerably at the confinement, as he missed his usual walks. Gradu-

ally he began to talk of other matters—politics, literature, &c.; I found him to be an unusually well-read man; and as reading had always been one of my chief delights, we got on very well together. Mutual esteem quickly ripened into mutual friendship; and at length I was invited to visit him one evening, an invitation of which I was not slow to take advantage. When I arrived, I found him sitting in an easy-chair, with his foot on the leg-rest; for as yet he was unable to get about. Beside him was a small chess-table, with the men all in their places.

'I was just about,' he observed, 'to have a game of chess with my niece; but she has been called away for a little while. By-the-bye, do you play?'

'A little,' I answered; the fact being that chess used to be a very favourite game of mine; but not having played for years, I was somewhat doubtful of my powers, and therefore answered cautiously: 'A little—not much.'

'Do you mind playing with me? It would be quite a charity, I assure you, for I am heartily weary of sitting here alone.'

'I will try with pleasure,' I replied; and with that we commenced.

I soon found that, good player as I was, he was slightly better; and at the end of the evening, he was two games ahead. This put him in great good-humour, especially as his niece, who had now joined us, had witnessed the old gentleman's victory.

'There is some satisfaction,' he was pleased to say, 'in playing with you, as you are difficult to beat. I sometimes play with Ellen here; but it is almost like playing with the right hand against the left, where all the schemes originate in the same mind. I know all her moves almost before she takes them. She always opens in the same way, and hardly ever originates a fresh attack.'

'Well, uncle dear, you cannot expect me to be as deep as you are. You know you often used to say: "Girls never *can* reason."'

Hitherto I have hardly mentioned Ellen Saunders, although I had often seen her. Perhaps some of my readers would like a full description of her, the colour of her hair and eyes, the shape of her nose and ears. If so, I am afraid I must disappoint them. I really cannot describe her; and yet in my eyes she was one of the most beautiful creatures I had ever seen. I say in *my* eyes. Perhaps in yours, dear reader, she would not have appeared so; it depends on your taste and sex. I, however, had no doubt at all on the matter.

Well, that first evening at chess was followed by a good many more. Two or three times a week I would find my way to the Willows, and always received a hearty welcome from the old gentleman. So things went on for three or four months. During my visits, Ellen was constantly in and out of the room, ready to attend to her uncle; and when leisure permitted, she would bring her

work, and sitting opposite the chess-table, would occasionally watch the game. Sometimes she was accompanied by another young lady, who I afterwards learned was her hired companion. Miss Leclerc—for that was her name—had entered Mr Russel's family as governess when Ellen was about fourteen years of age, she herself being only seventeen. When Ellen's education was completed, the governess was transformed into the companion, and such she still remained at the time of my visits. I, however, did not see much of her, as she did not often come into Mr Russel's sanctum.

I have said that Ellen often watched the game; and I cannot tell how it was, but whenever she did so, I was almost invariably checkmated. I suppose I was nervous, and played badly. At anyrate, lose I did; and yet I would not have had her away for the world; for by this time—I may as well confess it—I was deeply in love with her; and what if I did lose a few paltry games of chess? As long as her sweet eyes watched my proceedings with interest, I was well repaid. I may say parenthetically that I always took my revenge when she was not present; for by this time I had regained my old play, and was Mr Russel's master at it.

Up to this period no word of love had passed between us; and sooth to say, I knew not whether it would be agreeable either to her or her uncle. Nay, I was almost inclined to think that it was wrong for me to entertain such a feeling, under the circumstances in which I had been introduced to the family. Right or wrong, however, I felt it to be a settled fact, and I could no more help it than I could help breathing. This deep feeling, joined to the uncertainty of its propriety and to a vague sense of its hopelessness, quite unsettled me; indeed, so much so that I resolved to stay away from the Willows—at least for a time. I think I should have persevered in my resolve to stay away; but by the end of the week I received so kind a letter—remonstrating at my absence—from Mr Russel, that my determination gave way, or rather, I may say, gave place to another. This was to speak to him, to admit my affection for his niece, and to crave his permission to address her. 'By so doing,' I said to myself, 'one source of uncertainty will at anyrate be removed.'

The same evening found me again at the Willows; and taking advantage of Ellen's absence, I told Mr Russel all—in a nervous disjointed manner, I have no doubt, but still plainly and simply. I did not praise myself, nor did I in a mock-modest style speak of 'unworthiness, &c. &c.'

The old gentleman heard me to the end, speaking never a word, but looking with half-closed eyes straight into my face; a habit acquired no doubt in his professional career.

'I am pleased, Mr Wallis,' he said at length when I had finished, 'to hear this confession, because I have seen for some time "how the land lay," as the sailors have it.'

'You have noticed it!' I exclaimed in surprise.

'Yes,' he repeated. 'We lawyers are trained to observe little signs. Many a time an almost imperceptible look of surprise, or the faintest shadow of dismay on a man's face, has given me the clue

in a difficult case. Can you think then, that signs so plain as you have given could be overlooked by me? No; my friend. I needed not your present confession to tell me that you love my niece; and yet, as I have said, I am pleased to hear it, because it confirms the estimate I had formed of your character. What that estimate is, I need not say, except that I am quite willing that you should try to win her affections. Had it not been so, I should not have written the letter of yesterday, but have found some means of causing you to cease your visits entirely.'

On hearing this my heart was almost too full for utterance; I grasped him by the hand, and thanked him most heartily for his great kindness.

'Mind,' he continued, 'I can say nothing about Ellen. You have my consent to try to win her; but beyond this I cannot go. She must please herself. My advice, however, is, do not hurry matters; continue your visits as heretofore, and you may perhaps find opportunities of observing how her inclinations tend.—But there! Whenever was the advice of a practical old lawyer—and a bachelor to boot—taken by a young fellow in love! So go and do whatever your heart, tempered by gentlemanly feeling, dictates.'

But I must hasten on; this is not a love-story, and I have very much more to tell. I took Mr Russel's advice in one respect—that is, I continued my visits to the Willows, and was happy to perceive that they were agreeable to Ellen. In short, I gradually won her regard, confessed my love, asked her to be mine; and before a year was out we were fully engaged. Had I had my way, we should have been married at once; but just at this time Mr Russel's health began seriously to fail. He never seemed to be quite himself again after the shock of his fall, and now appeared to be failing very fast. But as his health became feebler, his affection for Ellen seemed to increase, and in a minor degree for me also. I can hardly explain the liking he had taken to me, except that having no relation in the world but Ellen—at least not to my knowledge—he centered all his affection upon her; and as I loved her also, he loved me too for loving her. This may not be the correct explanation; but at anyrate it was the only one that occurred to me.

One day—I shall never, forget it—a servant brought me a message that Mr Russel wished to see me in his bedroom. When I arrived there I found him still in bed, where I had seen him in the morning, for this was one of the days—occurring pretty frequently now—when he found himself too unwell to get up.

'I am very sorry to see you like this, uncle,' I said—for by this time we had become very familiar, I calling him uncle, and he addressing me as Alfred—'I thought you looked better this morning.'

'Ah, Alfred! these east winds are too much for me; they go through me, as people say, and I find myself best in bed.—Well now, I have sent for you because I have something particular to say to you. I may not be long for this world; I sometimes think I shall never get about again. At anyrate, I thought it advisable to make my will. Of course, in doing so I, as you may well suppose, needed no assistance. Having made scores of wills for other people, it would be strange if I let any one else make mine.

Now, as I have great faith in your integrity and honesty, I am about to adopt the unusual course of shewing it to you. There it is; read it carefully through.' Not a little surprised, I took the paper, and read as follows:

'I, CHARLES RUSSEL, of the Willows, Cottam, declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath to Elizabeth Watkins, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred pounds. I bequeath to Jeannette Leclerc, the companion of my niece, the sum of fifty pounds. I also bequeath to my nephew, Charles Russel, the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. And as to all the rest, residue, and remainder of my real and personal estate, I devise and bequeath the same to my niece, Ellen Saunders, her heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns absolutely and for ever. And I hereby appoint my said niece sole executrix of this my will. In witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand, this 2d day of February 1870.

CHARLES RUSSEL.'

Then followed the attestation clause, signed by two witnesses.

When I had finished, I remained silent a few moments, and seeing an inquiring look on my face, he said: 'I have let you know this because, loving no one in the world as I do Ellen, I have left all to her. At the same time, I think she ought to have the advice and assistance of some one who knows more of the world than she does. This advice and assistance I have every confidence that you will render, especially when I consider the relation in which you stand to each other.'

'But what of this nephew?' I asked. 'I have never heard of him before.'

The old man's face grew dark as he interrupted: 'Do not mention him, I pray. I have forced myself to leave him a little, but I never wish to see or hear of him again.' Then, after a pause, he continued: 'There; put the will back in its envelope and seal it up; you will find my seal on the table.' This done, he said: 'Now, place it in the desk, and then come here again. I have another paper to shew you.'

The desk referred to was one I had often noticed standing on a table at the other side of the room; it was not a large one, only about eighteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and at the back nine inches high, with a lid sloping down to about three inches in the front. It was made of some dark wood, and was evidently very old. Having placed the will therein, I said: 'Had I not better lock it?'

'Yes; it would perhaps be as well. But lately I have not done so, as I have only kept writing materials in it; and now I am afraid the key is lost. I have not seen it for a long time. But—with an appearance of sudden recollection—'if you wish to keep the will safe, I will tell you a secret: in that desk there is a compartment known only to myself; follow my instructions carefully, and I will tell you how to open it.'

'I am all attention,' I replied.

'Well, first raise the front lid, and you will see before you, at the back, six small drawers arranged in three rows of two each. Now pull the middle top drawer quite out of its place.'

'Done!' I said, peering into the cavity thus formed. 'But I see nothing except the back of the desk.'

'Ah! what you see is not quite the back,

resting fact of the existence of a Jewish colony in Southern India, and from the circumstance that a highway was thus open between Palestine and India, we cannot be astonished at this other equally interesting fact, that when the Portuguese came to India three centuries ago, they found at Malabar a community of *Syrian Christians* who are there to this day.

To the north of the city of Madras, situated on a narrow neck of sandy land, between the ocean and an inland salt-water lake, stands Ennore. This was once the sanatorium for the English inhabitants of Madras, almost their only retreat from the fiery land-winds of their hot season, and where newly married couples were wont to betake themselves to spend their honeymoon. But now Ennore is deserted; for the English of our days are more fortunate than their fathers. Having the ubiquitous railway, they can rush away from the scorching heat of the plains to the pleasant plateau of the Mysore country and to the glorious mountain ranges of the Neilgherries. Still this deserted village of Ennore holds a place in my memory, not merely on account of some pleasant days spent there, but by reason of a melancholy incident that made a sad impression on my mind at the time, and which was recalled the other day by a paragraph in a London newspaper. That paragraph—alas! one of many such—was to the effect that three large ships which had sailed from their respective Indian ports some months before, had never more been heard of, and were therefore given up as lost. One Sunday morning, my friend, who had a bungalow at Ennore, was roused by his servants, who came with the information that three dead bodies were lying on the sandy beach, having been tossed up by the rolling waves. Having gone out, he found them to be the lifeless forms of three English sailors. Carefully and reverently he had them borne up, and laid in a large grave beneath a few overshadowing palm-trees, my friend reading over them the English service for the dead. All that could be said of these sailors was that they had perished with some ship that had foundered in the Bay of Bengal. I confess to sentimentality, if it be sentimentality, for by those graves I have more than once stood, and mournfully thought of the mother in her English home wearily waiting for the return of her sailor-boy; and of the anxious wife straining her eyes through storm and darkness for the long-looked-for ship that bore the husband of her youth, and she

Expectant of that news that never came,
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

I remember being told by a ship-captain that on an outward voyage, off the coast of Ceylon he one day counted ten ships that were in sight. Suddenly a cyclone encircled them; it became dark as midnight. The storm was fierce, but did not last long, for speedily it swept on in its devastating course. But the work of destruction and death had been wrought. Not a ship was to be seen. His own, the narrator told me, was a shattered wreck; but as to the others he could say nothing. Some of them may have passed safely through the tempest and been lost to view; whilst others it was to be feared had been engulfed amidst the foaming billows. And so perish many

of the brave and true; impenetrable darkness shrouds their death; and nothing more is seen or heard of them, save when a kindly wave washes their bodies upon the beach, as it did to those sailors whom I saw buried on the Indian shore.

TO THE LADIES.

When bills are long, and Credit low,
And things are bad as they can be,
And Banks go down with sudden blow,
And nought is sure—but Penury!
When 'Pater' in his private den
Looks sad, and savage as a bear,
Because his funds are low—O then,
Dear Ladies—of your debts beware!

Your gorgeous gown of new silk stuff—
Will surely 'do' a second time!
Of hats and bonnets, you've enough!
Your jackets too are in their prime.
No need to 'run up little bills,'
Because your last are not yet paid,
Nor multiply a thousand ills
By bringing others to their aid!

You see how 'Pater's' rugged brow
Is seamed with lines of care and grief.
The cause is plain—and even now
His case seems quite beyond relief.
His income—just five hundred pounds,
Is nothing—when a thousand's due.
Things really are beyond all bounds.
The reason, Ladies, lies with you!

'So many wants,' you always say;
'So many things we have to buy;
And money runs so fast away,
That we can't pay (although we try);
And so the bills just grow and grow
Like mushrooms, only not so good.'
And 'Pater' paces to and fro
His sanctum, in a horrid mood!

I think you sometimes might refrain
From buying—when you cannot pay;
The reason is so very plain
That 'money runs so fast away!'
Restrain expenses—stay at home;
Make 'Pater' happy if you can;
And then whatever crash may come,
'Pater' will be an honest man!

W. H.

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EYESORES.

ABOUT thirty years ago, on visiting a new and rising town at the mouth of the Thames, the first thing that invited our notice was a handsomely built terrace facing the sea. All the houses were completed and apparently occupied, except one at the middle of the row, which remained in that ghastly rudimental condition usually known as 'skeleton.' The doorway was closed by a few deal boards. The windows were open holes in the wall. The roof was on; but the whole interior was a vacuity without floors or staircases. Birds and bats could flit in and out at pleasure. The only inhabitants were a colony of stray cats, which were here visited by the resident cats in the neighbourhood; the whole in a friendly way holding cheerful soirées when the rest of the world were in bed. Ordinarily, an aged tabby, reputed to be the Queen of the Cats, sat on a lower window-sill in the pride of possession, and was ostensibly guardian of the establishment.

The question soon asked by visitors to this charming new watering-place was why the skeleton house at the middle of the terrace remained unfinished and unoccupied. No one could give a satisfactory answer. The house had so stood for years. The owner of it was well known. When appealed to for an explanation, he condescended to reply by saying with perfect suavity, but in a manner designed to close the interview: 'That house, sir, is a mystery!' And this was all that could be got out of him. In vain were all remonstrances by speech or writing to the effect that the house was a public Eyesore, that its present condition was damaging to the property in the neighbourhood. 'The house was a mystery!' With that everybody had to be satisfied. Sarcasms in the local newspaper on the subject went for nothing. The owner of the spectral house was of that thick-skinned order of beings who are impervious to assault. Wrapped up in his own notions, the world was nothing to him. He would do as he liked. Endless were the speculations concerning his intentions. Some

thought he had felt affronted in consequence of certain arrangements connected with the general plan of the terrace, and took this method of revenging himself on the other proprietors. Others less charitably thought that he was a regular 'Eyesore Jack,' and was waiting to have his ownership bought up at six times its value. How long the Eyesore lasted we cannot tell. Death, we think, must have years ago settled the matter. The mystery, whatever it was, must surely be revealed. The mysterious building, we hope, has now got in its windows, and been thoroughly furbished up like the other respectable dwellings in the row.

EYESORE JACK, of whom the owner of this strange house may be held to have been a kind of type, was no fabulous character. As a living entity, he had strutted his day on the stage. Wholly wrapped up in self, and with some capital to start with, his plan of operations was original. It consisted in making himself a general nuisance. Cunningly looking about, he watched opportunities of acquiring patches of ground, on which he would build something so hideous, that the neighbours were fain to buy him out at almost any cost, in order to rid themselves of the Eyesore. In this way, besides pocketing a large sum, he enjoyed the pleasure of a successful strategist, and was encouraged to look out for a new field of enterprise. A gentleman purchasing a landed estate for the purpose of being improved, beautified, and laid out as a choice place of residence, was viewed as fair game. Ascertaining in what direction was to be the view from the windows of the mansion, Jack quietly considered where he could manage to plant his Eyesore. Fortune was perhaps favourable for the wretch's manoeuvre. He made himself proprietor of a small spot; and there, when the mansion was sufficiently advanced, he commenced to rear his unintelligibly odious group of buildings. The owner of the splendid new mansion became alarmed at the growth of this new and unforeseen phenomenon. What is that strange jumble of brick walls, chimneys, and tiled roofs, rising up right in front of the library

and drawing-room windows? At first, there is the usual mystery; and then comes the startling intelligence that the nondescript jumble is to be unitedly a slaughter-house, a manufactory of pigs-meat, and a candle-work.

Consternation! Lawyers consulted! Negotiations, of course, ensue. Jack must be bought up, no matter at what cost; there is no help for it. The land he had acquired was a freehold, and the use he proposed to make of it was beyond challenge. Accordingly, Jack was not easily dealt with. Besides standing complacently on his rights, he had much to say for the probable success of his multifarious undertakings. He stood greatly on his project of manufacturing pigs-meat. The composition was a scientific discovery of his own, and from it alone he expected to make a fortune. 'But why should he fix on this particular spot for his great enterprise? It was quite unsuitable for manufacturing purposes.' 'Not at all; it was exactly the thing. There was a convergence of roads near the place, and room to expand as the business increased,' &c. In the negotiations throughout, Jack was cool and imperturbable. Instead of the mean sneak and rascal that he was, he appeared to be a man of enlarged views of commercial industry, and of the most perfect probity. The affair ended as might have been anticipated. Jack is bought up at an enormous advance on his outlay, and walks off with his booty. The jumble of buildings disappears. There is a sigh of relief throughout the mansion that had been so scandalously menaced.

In the works of Gilpin and 'Capability Brown,' on the laying out of landscapes, serio-comic stories of this kind cast up. Gilpin, we think, mentions a case not unlike that just referred to. It was that of an Eyesore Jack who set down a butcher's shop within view of a gentleman's mansion. Gilpin saw through the trick, and resolved to circumvent it. Allowing the Eyesore to be completed, and rejecting offers of a compromise, he planted a group of trees, which effectually shrouded the unseemly cluster of buildings from observation. Finding himself outwitted, the projector of the Eyesore gladly disposed of his property for a small part of what it had cost him. In the metropolis, cases of encroachment in the form of Eyesores for furtive purposes are continually occurring, and if not compromised, frequently become subjects of litigation.

The world was created in the exuberance of natural beauty. Man has defaced it with his absurdities. Greed, selfishness, stupidity are never at rest in introducing the element of ugliness. Even when taste interposes to do that which will be pleasing to the eye, there is always some wretch at hand who is ready to vex and interrupt. Eyesore Jacks intrude in all quarters. It is no excuse that they are only doing what they please with their own. 'The higher moral law prescribes that we are not entitled to perform acts which interfere with the rights and comforts of our

neighbours. Offence must not be given unless under some paramount necessity. It is very true that a man may do what he likes with his own property; but it is with an important qualification. He may not, without incurring the character of a savage, inflict a perpetual Eyesore on one of Nature's beauteous landscapes. See, however, what abominations are in this respect every day perpetrated, and generally productive of grumblings and discomfort.

We all admit that excavations must take place for the purpose of procuring stone, slate, coal, iron, and so forth; but that is no proper reason for creating permanent Eyesores in the shape of great heaps of mineral refuse. We have a right to complain that the heaps, in their offensive ugliness, are not in due time either hurled back into the chasms whence they came, or tastefully covered with shrubs and herbage. On a hill-side opposite a gentleman's residence is seen a rude gap with a vast heap of slaty debris poured down the slope, producing what is undoubtedly a grievous Eyesore. The hill in its rich beauty of purple heather towering to a peak is cruelly defaced by a capacious wound inflicted on its side. The slate has ceased to be dug; but there apparently, till the end of time, is that unsightly scar in the mountain-side, with its cold and barren wreckage—things of ugliness for ever. A picturesque valley, crowned with poetical and historic interest, and to which tourists of taste make a pilgrimage, is heartlessly injured through the indifference of a land-proprietor. At the outlay of a few pounds at most, the Eyesore might at least be concealed by a group of pines; but any such remedy would be beyond usual routine. Another case occurs to remembrance. The last time we passed Ballalulish, when on a visit to Glencoe, we observed that the wreckage from the slate-quarries had been so copiously poured into Loch Leven as nearly to reach the island where the Macdonalds were interred after the massacre in 1692. A scene no less beautiful than abounding in pathetic interest was in the course of being irretrievably damaged, without, as far as we know, a word of remonstrance. The defacement of scenes of this kind surely comes within the category of national disaster!

Detached Eyesores like these mentioned are as nothing when compared to what assail the traveller through the 'Black Country' and some other districts of England. Miles of odious heaps of slag, cinders, ashes, incumbering the surface of the land, and excepting where small patches have been spared, shrouding the face of Nature in unmitigated ugliness. Brooding over all is an atmosphere loaded with smoke, which the inhabitants necessarily breathe, and that envelops animal life in perpetual impurity. Swept along in the train, you have occasion to note the vain struggle which Nature has to maintain against the encroachment of Art. Little bits of hawthorn, the relics of hedges, are reduced to the condition

of gradually perishing stumps. Rills which may have been lustrous streamlets in their day, straggle on in discoloured pools. The very sparrows, the hardiest and most audacious creatures in existence, have a subdued, dirty, dragged, broken-hearted look, and seem as if they could scarcely muster up a chirrup. If they could speak, they would probably, in the fashion of the period, appoint a deputation to wait on mankind, and represent their wrongs in having the country of their old traditions shamefully laid waste. But as in the case of many other deputations, the sparrows, we fear, would be bowed out with no prospect of substantial redress. Eyesoreism is master of the situation.

To all appearance, the proprietor of any coal-pit is at liberty to cover as much of his land as he pleases with rubbish, and so let it lie a spectacle of disgust till doomsday. This is doing what you like with your own, with a vengeance. A Society has been organised to protect ancient buildings from outrage. Will nobody utter a protest against abusing the surface of the earth? We do not see how the practice of blotting out portions of the habitable globe with coal-dust or metallic débris is to be vindicated. It would not be more absurd to allow an Eyesore Jack in his fiendish whimsicality to sink a tract of fertile country under the waters of the ocean, and thus invade the means of public livelihood. We do not doubt that questions of this kind will by-and-by come up for popular debate, and we should prefer that they were averted in time.

Large towns are for the most part a combination of Eyesores. Few of them have been constructed on a plan pleasing to the sight. Confined thoroughfares, projections where there ought to be nothing of the kind, clusters of old buildings going to wreck, but rented to masses of people who furtively prey on the community. Here and there we find a city which, after a desperate struggle with opposing ratepayers, is in the way of getting rid of its Eyesores and assuming a healthy condition. Much of this kind of improvement has lately been effected in the metropolis. But nowhere have Eyesores been so thoroughly and effectually attacked as in Paris, which, with some few things to set to rights, must be allowed to be the most beautiful city in the world. What are styled the 'manufacturing towns' of England are, generally speaking, a disgrace in point of atmospheric impurity; and not less scandalous is the state of their rivers, which constitutes a new species of Eyesore, alarming in its scope and dimensions.

A curious thing about Eyesores is that they are not generally recognised as being hateful to the senses. Accustomed to venerate the humdrum or the ugly, vast masses of people are not able to discover that there is anything particularly wrong. The setting down of a candle-work or a pigs-meat manufactory in the midst of a pleasure-ground would not strike them as objectionable.

We happen to know a pretty country-town which still cherishes an antiquated abattoir in its principal thoroughfare, as if such were quite an appropriate arrangement. A certain sharpening of the intellect is required to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly, the appropriate and the incongruous, the salubrious and the unhealthful.

'Whatever,' says the author of the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' 'withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the present, advances us in the scale of thinking beings.' Well spoken, old Samuel; but the majority think only of the commonplace affairs of everyday life. When they are moved to run after sights of natural or historic interest, it is on the principle of following in the crowd like a flock of sheep. Of the many thousands of English tourists who land in Staffa every summer from Hutcheson's favourite steamers, comparatively few seem to have any distinct notion of what they have come to look at. One of these visitors, a burly well-dressed gentleman, on being shewn Fingal's Cave, sulkily murmured: 'Only a parcel of rocks—a regular imposition!' A personage of similarly neglected culture, whom we once encountered on a visit to Iona, could see nothing to interest him in the ancient stone crosses and ruins. 'I have seen,' said he, 'much better wooden crosses on the roadsides in Belgium.' 'But,' said we, interposing, 'think of these ancient stone crosses and ruins being connected with the history of St Columba.' 'Columba! I never heard of such a person. Where did he put up?' 'Somewhere hereabouts,' we replied; 'and the ruins are valued as reminding us of the dawn of civilisation and Christianity under his rule, in this part of the world more than a thousand years ago.' 'All stuff! Give me the wire and the rail; these are the true civilisers!' 'So you really care nothing about Iona?' said we to our new acquaintance on sitting down to dinner in the steamer. 'Certainly, there is nothing worth looking at in this paltry island—a lot of miserable thatched huts, and ruinous old buildings, only fit to be broken up as road-metal. I would rather see a good slab of beef before me than all the ruins in the world!' Shade of Johnson! We incidentally learned that the depreciator of Iona was a well-to-do 'Butterman' from the City.

Considering the enormous spread of railways in all directions, it is matter for surprise that they have done so little to deface the aspect of the country. Engineers, we think, have rather tried to avoid creating Eyesores than otherwise. The worst case we know of is the projection of hideously ugly, iron viaducts across some of our rivers. Nothing more offensive to the eye could have been contrived. The people in the neighbourhood offer no adverse criticism. They have not yet been schooled in æsthetics, and take it all as right. On the whole, on the score of Eyesores and inconvenient detours, the land-proprietors have been more to blame than engineers. At the starting of the railway system, many owners of land would not have the lines to come

near their property on any account. Quite as many of them endeavoured to overreach the railway companies by the most exorbitant extortions. The result has been the carrying of lines in an improper direction, damaging to the interests of the country. Some sad cases of Eyesores could be pointed out as arising from these causes. Avarice and stupidity are more to be blamed than mechanical engineering. Onlookers who charge the railways with going in a wrong direction to the injury of some agreeable suburb, are not aware that errors of this kind were unavoidable, owing to the determined opposition that was presented by interested parties. We know the case of a landowner who, by opposing the passage of a railway through his estate, caused it to be taken a long way round about; and now he is doing all in his power to have his lands and mineral fields intersected by railways. Such are among the triumphs of short-sighted stupidity.

Eyesores of a grotesque nature sometimes occur in connection with works of art. The blunders committed in setting up ugly statues in public places are becoming so notorious as to be a national evil. Clearly, some reform in this particular is required. The way to prevent these Eyesores would be not to subscribe to them, though that might be to do violence to the feelings. In a subsequent article, we may call attention to the Eyesores in connection with ecclesiastical edifices, of which the country has for some years been manfully struggling to be rid; and we are glad to think with a considerable degree of success.

Early in the present century there sprung up a laudable spirit of planting trees in bare and open spaces for the sake of beauty and shelter. Among these planters, Sir Walter Scott was conspicuous for his enthusiasm, as was demonstrated on his estate of Abbotsford. The trees employed were chiefly of the pine order, including the larch and spruce. We would not venture to say how many hundreds of thousands of acres were so planted and inclosed in the north of England and Scotland. Through such operations, extensive districts of country, formerly bare and unsightly, are now clothed and beautified. Yet, it has not been all beautiful. It is amusing to observe how, in removing one kind of Eyesore, another was sometimes inconsiderately created. So long as the arboriculturists confined themselves to operating in square masses, or belts of plantation, they did pretty well. When they attempted figures, on the ground of variety, they committed ludicrous blunders. It matters little what the figures be when executed on the level. It is very different in the case of planting on hill-sides. There, as the trees grow up, the figure, whatever it is, stands boldly in outline. We have thus no end of Eyesores in the shape of plantations. A favourite figure has been that of a fiddle. Another resembles a giant's head and shoulders, and a considerable number resemble coffins. A vast variety are so fantastic with outs and ins as to be indescribable. To ordinary passers-by, these several shapes are of no consequence. When constantly viewed from the windows of a country mansion, they become tiresomely annoying. One does not like to have a group of trees the shape of a fiddle or a giant's head and shoulders, constantly presented to him when looking out of window. The planters who perpetrated these absurdities are all dead and gone.

They passed away under the pleasing impression of being public benefactors, and so they were to a certain extent. Their only blunder consisted in heedlessly inflicting Eyesores on their unoffending neighbours. The error may be avoided in any fresh experiments in planting.

Eyesores of whatever kind arising from stolidity of character, or indifference, though often bad enough in their way, are not to be spoken of with the vehemence of detestation we would employ in cases of noted malignity and avarice. The Eyesore Jacks who deliberately plan the robbery of their fellow-creatures in the manner of which we have offered some examples at the beginning of the present paper, are only to be classed with the most worthless specimens of humanity. In their nature they partake of that demoniac agency which in the fervid language of Milton was concerned in the expulsion from Paradise. They can be thought of only with a sense of loathing. Possibly the exposure of their tricks by Gilpin and others has materially lessened their numbers. We hope it is so. There would be satisfaction in knowing that the race is extinct. At all events, there is the comforting reflection that the baser sort of Eyesore Jacks are not endowed with the privilege of immortality. They die out some time or other. And we are so thankful for it as to be inclined to compliment Death for his performances. Yes, KING DEATH! thou art in some points of view a highly estimable person, a Jolly Old Fellow. Frequently thy feats fill our hearts with anguish; but thou art likewise a kind friend, a brave deliverer from oppression. By thy means, at the appointed time, and when human laws are ineffectual in bringing relief, the world is happily rid of monsters of iniquity who, in their vile schemes, would render God's fair earth nothing short of a scene of desolation, a wilderness of sorrow and despair.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER II.—HISTORY.

There was trouble here, as elsewhere, after all.

A HOUSE with many gables. A quaint red-bricked old building, half overgrown with ivy, and bosomed high in trees. A house on an island, which joins east and west to the mainland by two rustic wooden bridges thrown across the pleasant river. The place—built at half-a-dozen different eras—has some sign of having been fortified once upon a time. Cromwell's people were answerable for a few of its gables. There was still a remnant of a gray stone wall, over which, as the country legends told, the men of Red Rose and of White fought fiercely one peaceful summer evening. It was an old old house, and of a pleasant aspect. The flush of its red brickwork was like that of a ripe old age. The ivy curled tenderly about its corners, and draped them with a beauty not their own. The river went calmly round the island, and the opulent landscape on either side smiled peacefully with many a corn-field. There is no fairer region at this day in all the fair western county. There is no place a painter might better love to study, or a wearied Londoner more rejoicingly dwell in, anywhere. And the whole scene had about it a sweet and balmy air of rest. In the trees the rooks were

caving with afternoon solemnity. The kine stood udder-deep in grass, and switched the flies from their flanks in lazy contentment. The bells of a distant church were ringing a wedding peal. One could have closed his eyes here, and lying broadcast at the river-side, have listened to the waving boughs and the laughing river, and the humming gnats and the chattering rooks, and all the sweet and grateful sounds of country-life, until at last he might have fancied that this was the sort of peace which belonged to the world in the olden time before Care was born.

The heat of summer was in the air. The peace of summer was on the river and on the fields and on the murmuring trees. Such sounds as lived could only serve to make the general silence sweeter.

But there was trouble here, as elsewhere, after all.

There were two young fellows walking up the lane which led from the neighbouring village of Wrethdale to the western bridge. They went in silence for a while, and one of them, olive-complexioned and heavily moustached, switched viciously with his walking-stick at the ferns and foxgloves. He was a handsome young fellow, with some affectations in dress which seemed to bespeak him an artist. He wore a bronze-coloured velvet jacket, for instance, and his wide-awake hat was of the same material; he carried between a daintily gloved finger and thumb a well-blackened pipe. His companion, who regarded him with a certain contempt, was by some two or three years his elder, and whilst much fairer in complexion and much slighter in build, bore a strong resemblance to him. As they walked, the younger grew more and more vicious in his cuts at the foxgloves, and the elder more and more anxious in his looks. When they reached the bridge, they paused.

'It's not a bit of use, Will,' said the younger. 'You must do it, and you must rely on me. I promise faithfully that I'll raise the money. I know I can raise it long enough before the time comes.'

'You didn't raise it last time, Frank,' returned the elder. 'I don't see how I am to help you.' He spoke very earnestly and with a very sympathetic voice and manner.

The other turned away angrily and answered: 'That's all nonsense. You have but to sign your name, and the thing's done. If that fellow should come down upon me, and the governor should know of it, it would break his heart.'

'But, Frank,' returned the elder, 'I had the greatest possible trouble in meeting the last, and this is even larger. I don't want to say anything hard, but I think I know you better than you know yourself. If you get out of this scrape, you'll just go quietly back to London, and be very careful for a week, and be very careless for three months afterwards. Then you'll suddenly wake up to the fact that there's another bill to meet, and that you can't meet it. I am sure I should not be able to meet it, if I should accept it and you should fail.'

Frank made no reply, but stooping, gathered a handful of loose pebbles, and dropped them one by one into the stream.

'Is there no other way?' the elder asked. 'Can't you get the man to wait?'

'Can't I get the tide to wait? Can't I persuade Nelson's Column to take a walk down Fleet Street? Look here! If I don't pay Tasker off at once, he either has me in his clutches for ever and drains me dry, once and twice and thrice and again; or he comes down here, coolly presents himself to the governor, and breaks the old man's heart. Because that's exactly what it means. You know that, Will, as well as I do.'

The other shook his head in a mournful way, as not at all disputing this unpleasant view of things.

'Well now, on the other hand,' the younger resumed, 'all you have to do is to put your name on a piece of paper, and to make yourself easy about the rest. I'm sure I'm sorry I didn't pay the other; but I give you my word of honour I will meet this. Now, old man, trust me. Give me a chance.'

'Frank,' says the elder, 'if I had the money, I would give it to you with all my heart. You ought to know that. And you ought to know what signing that bill may mean. You know your own affairs better than I can know them, a great deal better than you let me know them. Before you ask me to repose so much confidence in you, you should repose a little in me.'

'It's a shameful business,' said the other doggedly, 'and so much I have told you already. I won't humble myself by telling you more. You can help me if you like; and if you don't like, you can kill the governor.'

'That's a very happy specimen of your way of reasoning,' said Will, with a quiet scorn in his voice; 'and quite in accordance with what I've seen in you for some time past.'

Frank turned round on him fiercely.

'You're a pretty brother! A nice, kindly, trustful, amiable fellow! Well, take your way. I wash my hands of it. I have done. I have made the only appeal it was in my power to make. I find it rejected, and there's nothing for it but to go back and hang myself.' With that he threw his elbows savagely on the rail of the little bridge and stared moodily at the water.

'I wish you would use a little common-sense, Frank, and be a little reasonable,' the elder brother pleaded in a nervous way. 'You can't wash your hands of it, except by paying the debt and amending your life.'

Frank makes no answer, until the elder lays a hand upon his shoulder, with an appeal: 'Come, Frank, I don't want to speak too harshly, and you know that I'll help you all I can.'

'The fact is,' Frank replied savagely, 'that I'm a selfish, egotistical beast. You're quite right, Will, and you don't say to me half I deserve. But I do really believe that I'm honest in saying that I am a thousand times more concerned for the governor than I am for myself. I've acted like a fool and a villain; and if the punishment hit nobody but me I could bear it.'

'Frank! Frank!' exclaimed the elder, 'you confess too easily.'

'I know,' said Frank impatiently. 'You're right again. I'm a shallow good-for-nothing beast, and the only grace I have is that I can be sometimes brought to own it.'

'The worst of that is,' Will murmured inwardly, 'that you think an admission a repentance. Then aloud: 'Don't you think, Frank, that if you

allowed me to explain all this to the governor, the thing might be honourably arranged? I don't like this underhand way of doing things. Why should you and I go about drawing and accepting bills?'

'The governor shall never know it with my consent. Why should you ask me to shame myself in that way? Why need he know it? Why need he be grieved with it?'

'Will you give me your promise that you'll not wait for the bill to become due before you begin to think about meeting it?'

'By Jove! I'll do anything on earth,' the other answers. 'I'll live on bread and cheese—I'll work like ten men. I wish I could get you to believe me. I know I came down here and made professions of reform before; but this has been such a wearing grind of anxiety, that I shall never involve myself in this way again.'

'Will you do this?' said the elder. 'Will you promise to send me half the amount of the bill the week before it falls due? If you'll undertake to do that, I'll undertake to meet the bill, and you can pay me the balance afterwards. I shall have a little loose coin then.'

'Bill, you're a brick!' exclaimed the younger. 'Will I do it? Won't I do it? I tell you there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do.'

'Or couldn't do?' queried Will. 'I don't want to know what you are willing to do, but what you are able to do. Can you do it? Don't speculate. Be sure.'

'I can do it,' Frank replied; 'and I promise you that I will.'

'Remember, Frank,' said the elder with a grave and anxious face, and with his hand again on his brother's shoulder.

'And remember, Will,' said the other gaily, 'that I am not an utterly abandoned cut-throat yet. I shall have to grow a little in that direction before I can neglect a thing like this, and make you such a villainous return for all your kindness. It shan't cost you a farthing. I'm going to turn over a new leaf. I have had enough and a great deal more than enough of this business. I'll work like a slave when I get back. I'm to be B.A. in half-a-dozen years at the outside. Watch the career of this talented young artist, and see what becomes of him.'

And with that the handsome young gentleman cocked his velvet hat a little more than usual, and struck a theatrical attitude. At this the elder laughed. The two suddenly shook hands, and then without further parley crossed the bridge together, passed a swinging gate, and came upon the lawn of Island Hall.

On the lawn stood an old gentleman and a child. The child's face was turned to the newcomers, and with a joyful little screech she rushed past the old gentleman, and precipitated herself upon the younger of the brothers, and being lifted by him, hugged and kissed him most outrageously. Her caresses having been returned, the young lady struggled to get down to the lawn again, and being landed, danced round the young fellow like a fairy, clapping her hands and laughing. This young lady was some five years of age. Her sunny little face was brimming over with laughter, and as full of saucy humour as a face could be. The dimpled little hands hovered here and there restless and light as falling snowflakes;

and what with her golden hair and her rapid childish motion, she played round the object of her welcome like a very sunbeam. Pausing before him with clasped hands and an expression of sudden gravity, she announced: 'O Franty, I've tum home.'

'Now,' said Franty, leaning back on his walking-stick and smiling at her lazily, 'I should never have guessed that.'

The little damsel, susceptible to satire, explained with dignity: 'I've tum home for dood.'

'What!' asked Frank, 'not going back to Auntie any more?'

'No,' said the little damsel very gravely; 'I s'an't go back to Auntie's. But,' she added, with such a flash of head, hands, feet, and body as only feminine childhood can accomplish, 'Auntie's tummin' here.'

'Hillo!' Frank exclaimed. 'That's news.—Is that a fact, father?'

'Yes,' says the old gentleman, in a languid and even rather lackadaisical voice; 'she's here now, and has made up her mind to stay with us.'

'Ah!' said Frank, and walked across the lawn and into the house.

'It's rather a good thing,' said the old gentleman, with a voice so querulous that he seemed to be complaining of a very bad thing, 'that Frank's not at home so much now as he used to be. Poor Bertha and he don't get along well together. But as for you, Will,' he went on in the same querulous complaining voice, 'you are a sober-sided an' old fellow as my-self, an' we must do our best to bear with her crotchets, poor thing, and to make her as happy as we can.'

'Who's poor thing?' inquired the young lady.

The old gentleman laughed, and patted her shining head.

'What sharp ears these little people have, Will.'

His son smiled in answer; and the little damsel at the sight of his smiling face, clapped her hands and laughed aloud.

Frank emerged from the house, and took the child on his shoulder, and danced with her round the lawn.

'He's a good-hearted fellow,' said the father in his querulous voice; 'I wish he would be a little steadier.'

'I think he will be,' answered Will. 'We have had a very serious talk this afternoon, and he tells me he has quite made up his mind for hard work and quiet living.'

The old gentleman smiled wily and answered: 'I am very glad to hear it, Will, very glad. They tell me up there, you know, that he is extremely clever. I am no judge of art; but people who do know something about pictures, tell me he is certain to rise.'

Mr Farnholt made this statement with the voice and manner of a man who complains weakly of the meanness of a dishonourable friend.

'I was up at the Academy on the fifth of last month,' Will answered. 'As I was going in I met Spinks, and he carried me off to Frank's picture in a most triumphant way, telling me it was one of the cleverest things of the year and safe to sell.'

'It hasn't sold?' asked his father.

'I think not,' Will responded. Then across the

lawn: 'Frank! Has that picture of yours at the Academy sold?'

'No,' says Frank, pausing in his dance. 'But there's a noble swell after it. He's working through his agent, a fellow who always buys for him. He wants it for one-fifty, and I've priced it at two hundred. There are a lot of mean dogs who won't buy through the Secretary, but pester the painter as though he were a retail tradesman. The picture's worth the money, and I shan't let it go for less. But my noble swell is an awfully tight-fisted ruffian, and I am afraid I shall lose him.'

Mr Fairholt stood rubbing his hands together discontentedly and as though he had a fretful little quarrel with them.

'Don't take less than you think it worth,' he said. 'But two hundred pounds is a good deal of money to pay for a picture.'

'Why, bless your soul,' returned Frank, 'there are fellows who can get a thousand by slashing over a square yard of canvas with a brush like a broom. And I have put a good honest six months' work into that picture.'

Will laughed rather mischievously, and asked: 'Do you count the six weeks' flirtation at Brighton in that good honest six months' work, old fellow?'

Frank grinned responsive: 'Why not? A man must keep up the artistic fervour somehow. —Mustn't he, Polly?'

Polly, seated on his shoulder and listening to the conversation, laughed on being thus appealed to, and the dance began again. The old man after looking on for a time, went into the house, and Will lit a cigar. The scent of a brown-paper fusee reaching Frank's nostrils, he suspended the dance.

'Here, Polly! That's enough. Now run away and kiss Aunt Bertha.'

'What for?' asked Polly.

'You mercenary little creature! For love!'

Polly made one rose-leaf of her lips, and shook her head.

'Then for sixpence,' said Frank, taking the coin from his pocket.

Polly's countenance relaxed. She nodded, and having secured the coin, started off at a run; but paused in the doorway, and gave warning with a triumphant laugh: 'I shall turn back again.'

'Give me a weed, old fellow,' said Frank.

Will produced his case; and Frank having carefully selected his cigar and lighted it, tilted his hat, and said, whilst his gloved hand strayed amongst his curls: 'Will, if you can accept this bill to-night, I will drive over to Hetherton first thing in the morning, get it cashed at the bank, take train up to town, pay this pestilent villain immediately, and get back to-morrow evening.'

'That's impossible,' Will responds. 'You couldn't leave Hetherton before twelve, and the mid-day train from Hetherton reaches town at four-forty. I'll accept the bill all the same. How long do you purpose staying here?'

'I want to make a week of it,' Frank answers. 'The fact is,' he continued, throwing his hat on one side and straightening himself with a slight swagger, 'I want to see something more of Maud, and I want her to see something more of me. And now that the murder's out, I don't mind telling you, Will, that what I think and feel about

her has done more to tame me than even this confounded thing of Tasker's.'

There was a pained look in Will's face as he turned away, and a little quiver in his voice as he said: 'I hadn't fancied that you cared for her at all, Frank.'

'Well, one doesn't like to go about making a row over these things before they are tolerably certain,' returned Frank, dragging softly at his black moustache and smiling.

Will surveyed his cigar, and knocked off the ash with the tip of his forefinger. Then he whistled a bar or two from *Semiramide*. 'Do you mean to say that you are tolerably certain?'

'Yes,' said Frank, setting his feet apart, and throwing his walking-stick across his shoulders, so that he took an end in each hand. 'I'm not a vain man; but I think I could make any woman fall in love with me, provided always that she had no prior engagement—no "prior attachment," as that fellow says in the *Pickwick Papers*. The fact is, you know, that a fellow's only got to be not downright ugly and not downright stupid, and he can marry any woman for the pleasure of making love to her.' Therewith the modest and ingenuous youth passed his hand carelessly through his curls, smoothed his moustache, and proceeded, his voice being pleasantly muffled by his cigar: 'I'm not talking of those bred-and-born flirts one meets in town. I'm talking of women who are worth marrying. Now you know, with such a woman, if her heart's free, you have only to care about her, and to tell her so'—

'And she drops into your mouth like an over-ripe plum. Eh?'

'Exactly.'

'I'm not of your opinion, Frank. I think a woman who is worth marrying is won in rather a different fashion.'

Frank looked down with a glance of good-humoured and amused compassion.

Will, with his straw-hat pulled over his eyes, was very closely examining his cigar when he asked: 'Have you any especial reason to think as you do about Maud?'

'Ye-es. I feel pretty safe. I feel sure she likes me, and I'm going to make a dash for it this evening. I'll either make a spoon or spoil a horn. I have to dine there, and it's time I dressed and was off. Won't you wish me luck, old fellow?'

Will, with a not over-successful attempt at a laugh, responded: 'I'll wish you a little more humility and a little more knowledge of women.'

Frank patted him on the shoulder, patron-like: 'All right, my venerable wiseacre. I shall have news for you when I come back. Do you mind telling Jack to get the dog-cart ready? Thanks.' With that the modest and ingenuous youth disappeared with a light and airy step.

Having fulfilled his commission, Will sat down on a garden-seat and smoked for a while.

'What's to be done now?' he asked himself. 'Ought I to stand on one side and let him win? Does it matter to him as much as it matters to me? I don't know what spoiling my life might mean, but I can guess one thing about Frank. If he cares for Maud as much as I do, and doesn't get her, he'll go to the bad altogether. I wonder

whether it's because he feels more intensely, or because he never controls his feelings? I can't make up my mind about anything yet. I must wait and see—I must wait and see.'

With that he strolled in a melancholy humour back to the bridge, where he dropped pebbles into the river, and was presently startled from a dismal day-dream by the passage of Frank in the dog-cart, with the groom beside him.

'Ta-ta,' shouted Frank. 'Five to one, I win!'

Will shook his head in answer. The dog-cart turned a corner of the lane. The sound of the wheels died away, and Will went on dropping pebbles in the stream, and thinking—thinking—thinking—whilst resolve grew stronger and his heart grew fainter every moment.

At last he said: 'Why should I waste my heart by dropping them one by one? Let the lot go.' With that he threw a handful of pebbles into the stream and walked, a little moodily, home.

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

GREAT mountains never fail to exert a singular fascination upon those who come within the range of their influence. In early as in later times—among the barbarous as well as the civilised—this influence has manifested itself in a conspicuous manner. But it is only within comparatively recent times that the scaling of the higher mountain summits of the globe has been raised into something like the dignity of an art. What the mountaineer formerly did for the purposes of pleasure or the chase, the man of science now does in order to extend his knowledge of the forces and operations of Nature. The first ascent of this kind which attracted the attention of the scientific world was that of Mont Blanc by the Swiss naturalist M. de Saussure, in August 1787; and the narrative in which he embodied his achievement had for his contemporaries all that charm of novelty which a former generation had derived from the fictitious adventures of a Robinson Crusoe. M. de Saussure was not the first to make the ascent, which had been accomplished in the previous year by Dr Paccard and the guide Jaques Balmat. Until that time, the inhabitants of the valleys at its base believed the mountain to be both unscaled and unscalable; but since then, it has been ascended perhaps hundreds of times; and under the auspices of our modern Alpine Clubs, it has become a favourite and fashionable resort of those adventurous spirits who are fain to fill up the intervals of fox-hunting at home in winter, by the more hazardous sport of Alpine climbing abroad in summer. But while 'the monarch of mountains' was thus more than ninety years ago subdued by the foot of man, and while scores of his subordinate peaks have yielded to the same irrepressible power since, there was one other of the Pennine Alps which for long continued to wear inviolate his crown of inaccessibility. This was Mont Cervin, or the Matterhorn. Numerous attempts had been made upon it by the bravest and most skilful of our mountaineers, scientific and otherwise; but each and every attempt was baffled till in 1865 its ascent was accomplished by a little party of hardy English climbers. The narrative of that ascent is now before us, as told by one of its leaders, Mr Edward Whymper—(*The Ascent of*

the Matterhorn, by Edward Whymper. London: John Murray, 1880.) The book is not a scientific one. If readers go to it in the expectation of finding the natural phenomena of the Alps discussed as has been done by Professor Forbes and Professor Tyndall, they will be disappointed. They will find nothing here about the competing theories as to the structure and movements of glaciers, or much that is new even as to the superficial geology or the external aspects of the great Alpine range; but they will find instead a tale of stirring adventure, of hardy daring, of well-earned success, told with much picturesqueness and descriptive power, accompanied by pictorial illustrations that place the reader all but face to face with the scenes they portray. The ascent of the Matterhorn is not the only feat of climbing engrossed in the narrative; and if the literary effect and continuity of the main exploit is somewhat marred by the introduction of the episodes which detail the minor adventures, yet by many readers this may be regarded rather as a relief than otherwise; and it must be said, even with these breaks and disjointings, that no page of the book is devoid of interest.

In 1861, Mr Whymper made a successful ascent of Mont Pelvoux, one of the Dauphiné Alps; and of the other summits which yet remained virgin, two especially excited his admiration—namely the Weiss-horn and the Matterhorn. Subsequently, however, rumours were afloat that the former had been conquered; and the climber thereupon directed his attention exclusively to the latter. The Matterhorn, it may be here mentioned, is a peak of the Pennine Alps, nearly fifteen thousand feet high, situated between Switzerland and Italy, about forty miles north-east of Mont Blanc, and twelve miles west of Monte Rosa. Previous to 1861, numerous attempts had been made to scale the mountain; but no one had managed to reach a greater altitude than thirteen thousand feet, the remaining two thousand feet being generally acknowledged as inaccessible. The peak of the mountain, says Mr Whymper, 'rises abruptly, by a series of cliffs which may properly be termed precipices, a clear five thousand feet above the glaciers which surround its base. There seemed to be a cordon drawn around it, up to which one might go, but no farther. Within that invisible line, gins and affits were supposed to exist. The superstitious natives in the surrounding valleys spoke of a ruined city on its summit wherein the spirits dwelt; and if you laughed, they gravely shook their heads; told you to look yourself to see the castles and the walls; and warned one against a rash approach, lest the infuriate demons from their impregnable heights might hurl down vengeance for one's derision.' In appearance the Matterhorn is always imposing; and in regard to the impression it makes upon spectators, it stands, says Mr Whymper, 'almost alone among mountains. It has no rival in the Alps, and but few in the world.' Judging of the formidable-looking peak by the drawings in the book, it looks like one of the Egyptian pyramids set on a mountain ten thousand feet in height—as steep and as forbidding as any pyramid, but without the steps which in the latter assist ascent, and with great precipices of ice and snow girdling its base.

Mr Whymper's first scramble on the Matterhorn

was made from the Breil or east side, and he was accompanied by one guide only. He only reached what is called 'the Chimney,' a height of twelve thousand six hundred and fifty feet, when his guide refused to accompany him farther, and he had to return. He made other four attempts in 1862, one in 1863, and two in 1865—eight in all; the eighth, which was successful, being by the Zermatt or northern route. In one of his attempts in 1862, he had the hardihood to go alone, and even attained a height of thirteen thousand four hundred feet. But his hardihood nearly cost him his life. 'Time sped away unregarded,' and after reaching an altitude of twelve thousand feet, where he had formerly left a tent, he had allowed night to come upon him. 'The sun was setting, and its rosy rays, blending with the sunny blue, had thrown a pale pure violet far as the eye could see; the valleys were drowned in purple gloom, whilst the summits shone with unnatural brightness. . . . By-and-by, the moon as it rose brought the hills again into sight, and by a judicious repression of detail, rendered the view yet more magnificent. Something in the south hung like a great glow-worm in the air; it was too large for a star, and too shady for a meteor; and it was long before I could realise the incredible fact that it was the moonlight glittering on the great snow-slope on the north side of Monte Viso, at a distance, as the crow flies, of ninety-eight miles.' He stayed in the tent all night, and in the morning proceeded yet higher. He reached the ~~Great~~ Tower, a huge precipitous rock, standing up like the battlements of a castle. Without assistance, he could not proceed farther, and returned. In the course of his descent, he had to turn the angle of a fearful cliff, in the hardened snow of which it was necessary to cut steps for his passage. In attempting to pass this corner he slipped and fell. 'The slope was steep on which this took place, and was at the top of a gully that led down through two subordinate buttresses towards the Glacier du Lion, which was just seen, a thousand feet below.' In his fall he was dashed now upon rocks, now over ice, gathering momentum as he descended. Fortunately, he never lost his senses; and the last bound, which sent him spinning through the air, landed him on his left side among rocks, which momentarily retarded his progress; and a few frantic catches brought him to a halt in the neck of the gully and on the verge of the precipice. 'Bâton, hat, and veil,' he says, 'skimmed by and disappeared; and the crash of the rocks—which I had started—as they fell on to the glacier, told how narrow had been the escape from utter destruction. As it was, I fell nearly two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds. Ten feet more would have taken me in one gigantic leap of eight hundred feet on to the glacier below.' He was terribly cut and bruised, the blood gushing from two gashes in the head; but he managed to scramble to a place of safety, and then fainted away.

Readers of Dr Livingstone's Travels will remember a passage in which that intrepid missionary gives an analysis of his feelings in the few terrible moments of consciousness which succeeded his being struck down by a lion, and when it seemed to him that death was inevitable. Mr Whymper gives a similar analysis of his sensa-

tions at the time of the above accident. He says: 'I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow; but like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was naturally more severe than that which preceded it, and I distinctly remember thinking: "Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end." Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before; and more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more, consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost; and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced.'

Mr Whymper's eighth and successful attempt on the Matterhorn was made in July 1865, in company of Lord Francis Douglas, Mr Hudson, Mr Hadow, and three guides. On the first day, they did not ascend to a great height; and on the second day they resumed their journey with daylight, as they were anxious to outstrip a party of Italians who had set out before them by a different route. Difficulty after difficulty was surmounted. 'The higher we rose, the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off; at length we could be detached (from the rope which bound the party together), and Croz and I dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race, which ended in a dead-heat. At 1.40 P.M. the world was at our feet, and the Matterhorn was conquered. Hurrah!' They had beaten the party of Italians, whom they saw on the south-west ridge, twelve hundred and fifty feet below, and who did not prosecute the ascent farther. For an hour the successful climbers revelled in the scene which lay at their feet. 'There were black and gloomy forests, bright and cheerful meadows; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines; low perpendicular cliffs and gentle undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn, or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones, and spires! There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.'

Alas! their naturally triumphant feeling of pleasure was but short-lived. They had commenced their descent, again tied together with ropes. Croz, a most accomplished guide and a brave fellow, went first; Hadow, second; Hudson, as an experienced mountaineer, and reckoned as good as a guide, third; Lord F. Douglas, fourth; followed by Mr Whymper between the two remaining guides, named Jangwalder, father and son. They were commencing the difficult part of the descent, and Croz was cutting steps in the ice for the feet of Mr Hadow, who was immediately behind him. 'A few minutes later, a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa Hotel, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorn-gletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories; he was right, nevertheless, and this was

what he saw. Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr Hadow greater security, was taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet one by one into their proper positions. . . . At this moment, Mr Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, Old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came off us both as one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Jangwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn-gletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them. So perished our comrades!

The bodies of three of the men who thus miserably perished were afterwards recovered; but that of Lord Francis Douglas was never again seen. It is a melancholy ending to an otherwise delightful book, and may well excite a feeling of surprise that so many brave and useful men can thus be found year by year hazarding their lives for what is in many cases no higher purpose than that of pleasure or sport. The death of Lord Francis Douglas and his unfortunate companions formed the subject of much unfavourable comment at the time both in this country and on the continent; yet the fashion of Alpine climbing is in no whit abated, and the terrible cliffs of the Matterhorn have since then had still other victims. When a high scientific or other worthy object forms the incentive to such hazardous undertakings, the deed becomes heroic, whatever the issue; but when pursued—as is too frequently the case—without any adequate end, it resolves itself into something that is almost suicidal in its reckless tampering with life. This is acknowledged by Mr Whymper. Many persons, he says, get upon the Matterhorn who ought not to be on a mountain at all; and 'if the number of accidents continues to increase at the present rate, it will ere long not be easy to find a place of interment in the English churchyard at Zermatt.'

It only remains to add that the volume is adorned by wood-engravings in the highest style of the art.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—HOW IT WAS LOST.

AFTER the incidents mentioned in the last chapter, nothing particular occurred for more than a month. I had several conversations with Mr Russel; but the will was never brought out again. I also cautiously sounded Ellen as to her cousin Charles; but she could tell me very little about him, except that he was the son of her uncle David, and on

his father's death—which occurred when Charles was about fourteen years of age—his uncle took him to his office and home. He was a fine bright clever lad; but when he was about eighteen, he seemed to fall into evil courses. His uncle bore with his irregularities for some time, but at length could do so no longer, and therefore requested him to find apartments for himself in some other quarter of the town. 'From this time,' continued she, 'I saw very little of him, although he still continued his attendance at the office. It appears however, that his conduct, instead of getting better, became worse; and shortly afterwards I heard that he had been sent away altogether. I never rightly understood the exact cause of this, as dear uncle would never talk about it, and was always angry when it was mentioned. I believe, however, it was some forgery, which would have brought disgrace on the office had not uncle paid a considerable sum of money to hush it up. 'That,' said Ellen in conclusion, 'is now four years ago; and since then I have heard nothing of him, except that he is living in London; but how I have no idea.'

This was all I could learn of the nephew at that time, though I had reason to know more of him afterwards.

My readers may perhaps wonder why Ellen and I did not get married forthwith, as everybody seemed in favour of it; but Mr Russel's state gave us great anxiety, and we certainly could not think of our own happiness while his health was so precarious. It would have been really unkind to have taken her from him just at that time, and my professional duties obliged me to live in the village. We were now in the middle of March, and all hoped that as spring advanced the old gentleman would rally; but alas! our hopes were doomed to disappointment. He gradually became weaker; and by the end of April it was plain to me that his end was approaching. I now hardly left the Willows, except in the daytime, just to run round to my other patients. We had engaged a nurse to wait upon him at night, Ellen performing that service during the day. For the last few nights I slept in a chair in a small adjoining dressing-room. At length it seemed to me that the last night had come, and Ellen and I remained in anxious expectancy together in the same little room. Mr Russel was asleep, but we gave strict orders to the nurse to call us when he awoke. We waited till daylight, but the call never came. He had passed calmly and peacefully away—the loving heart and once active brain were for ever at rest.

According to his request, we buried him in the quiet country churchyard, in a plain and simple manner. There were very few mourners. Ellen and myself, together with a Mr Benson from Kinton, occupied one coach; and Mrs Watkins and Miss Leclair another. At the grave, however, the funeral cortège was joined by a tall dark young man, and Ellen whispered to me that it was her cousin Charles. He was dressed in complete black, and behaved in a proper and becoming manner. When all was over, and we had

returned to the house, I was much surprised to see him also enter. His temerity and coolness astonished me, as certainly he dared not have done so during his uncle's lifetime. As, however, he really belonged to the family, and as the will was about to be read, in which I knew he was mentioned, I told Ellen to speak to him, and invite him to stay. 'Perhaps,' I said to myself, 'his presence here may be taken as a token of repentance.' It did not occur to me just then that it was somewhat strange that he, without intimation, should have known the exact day and hour of the funeral.

Leaving them all seated in the drawing-room, I went up-stairs, opened the secret receptacle and brought out the will. It was in the long envelope, sealed as I had sealed it, and endorsed: 'The will of Charles Russel, February 2, 1870.' Returning, I passed it over to Mr Benson, requesting him, as an old friend of the family, to break the seal and read it. He took it, and holding it up in full view, asked if we were all willing that he should do so. As no one objected, he opened the envelope and drew it forth. I daresay it was an anxious moment for some there—Ellen, Charles, Mrs Watkins, and Miss Leclerc; but as for me, knowing already the contents, I was quite calm. 'I, CHARLES RUSSEL, of the Willows, Cottam,' began Mr Benson in a steady voice, 'declare this to be my last will and testament. I bequeath to Elizabeth Watkins, my housekeeper, the sum of one hundred pounds. I bequeath to Jeannette Leclerc, the daughter of my niece, the sum of fifty pounds. I also bequeath to my niece, Ellen Saunders, the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds.'—

'What!' I interrupted. 'Read that again, please.'

Mr Benson, with a look of surprise, did so, and went on: 'And as to all the rest, residue, and remainder of my real and personal estate, I devise and bequeath the same to my nephew, Charles Russel, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, absolutely and for ever. And I hereby appoint my said nephew sole executor of this my will. In witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand, this 2d day of February 1870.'

I was thunder-struck. Again I requested him to repeat; and once more it came out clear and plain, that with the exception of the legacies named, all the property was left to Charles, and he also was left sole executor. I was dumb-founded, and at last exclaimed: 'That cannot be the true will. I have seen another, the real will, and it is just the reverse of that. Let me see it myself.'—

'Not so fast, if you please,' interposed Charles. 'It seems that I am sole executor; that will therefore now belongs to me, and I do not intend that you shall have it in your hands.'

'But,' I contended, 'that cannot be the real will, as I have seen another.'

'Then perhaps you will produce that other which you pretend you have seen. You cannot, of course, because there is no other; and this gentleman'—turning to Mr Benson—'will bear witness that the seal was unbroken. Perhaps you know Mr Russel's seal, sir, and handwriting?'

'Yes,' replied Mr Benson; 'as it happens, I know both as I have had many dealings with him.'

'Then what is your opinion of the genuineness

of the will which this gentleman'—with a sneer towards me—'seems to question?'

'Oh, as to that, I cannot see the shadow of a doubt. At the same time, knowing what I do'—with a significant look at Charles—'I confess I am somewhat surprised.'

'Indeed! Well, I don't see anything surprising in it. My uncle probably discovered that I was innocent of the crime laid to my charge, and took this method of making amends; and I must say it was very handsome of him. Besides, I am the son of his brother, and of the same name as himself, and he no doubt wished to keep everything in the family.'

'All this sounded very plausible; but it was to me only the more aggravating, as I knew perfectly well that his uncle was as bitter against him at the end as ever he was, and I said so. At this Charles lost his temper, or pretended to do so, and exclaimed: 'Look here, sir; I don't know who you are, and I don't want to know. I only know that you are not one of the family, nor is your name mentioned in the will. It seems to me that you have meddled in this affair long enough. Let me remind you that this house is now mine—mine, sir; mark that; and I must request you to take your departure at once. If uncle's will has not been made as, I daresay, you would have made it, and you think you can upset it, I can only say, you know your course; the law is equally open to you as to me. I tell you plainly I shall take the will to a solicitor at Kinton to-morrow and get it proved at once; and you can take whatever steps may seem to you fitting. At present I decline to hold any further communication with you.'

I was almost speechless, as much with rage at the cool way in which I was turned out as at the disappointment I felt both for Ellen and myself; but, seeing nothing could be done, I left the room, beckoning Ellen to follow me.

'This is a severe blow,' I said when we were alone; 'and I am very sorry for you.'

'Don't say that dear; I too am sorry; for it is a severe and totally unexpected blow; so inexplicable too. But my sorrow is more for you than myself. You will have to take me now as an almost portionless girl, instead of the rich heiress you were led to expect.'

'Oh, my darling, you know I shall only be too pleased to have you, rich or poor; but do you not think it would be well for you to leave this house and take apartments in the village, until I can arrange for our marriage? It is not likely you will be very comfortable here.'

'Nay; I do not quite see the necessity for that. Charles will not turn me out; he was never unkind, though wild and, I am afraid, wicked. But dear, is it not too soon after uncle's death to talk of our marriage?'

'I know what you mean, Ellen; you think "What will the world say?" Well, under ordinary circumstances, I should not urge it; but these are not ordinary circumstances. You have no home here but on sufferance, and so the sooner you come to mine the better.'

'Well, we will talk of that to-morrow, when we have had a little time to think.'

I bade her good-night, for in truth I wanted a little time to think. That Mr Russel had really made another will totally altering the disposal of

his property, I could not believe; his whole conduct and conversation forbade it, and yet how else explain the will as it was read that afternoon? To be sure he might have done so, without saying anything to me about it; but I could not bring myself to think so.

When I retired to rest, I fell asleep, no nearer a solution. The last thing I remember was that I determined to go to Kinton the first thing in the morning and consult Mr Sparks, a legal friend of mine. This resolution I duly carried into effect, and luckily found him at his office and disengaged. After the usual greetings and a little ordinary conversation, I opened the subject uppermost in my mind; and that he might clearly understand it, I gave a detailed account of my connection with the Russel family. I recounted the old man's affection for his niece, and the confidence he reposed in me; and then narrated the incidents of the interview in which Mr Russel shewed me the will and its contents. I then dwelt upon the death, funeral, and reading of the will; the contents of which were so totally different from what I had expected. This done, I asked his advice and opinion.

'As to my opinion,' he said, 'I must have time to consider; but my advice is, that you leave the matter in my hands for a few days, and I will see his solicitor and examine the will myself. I suppose there is no question of the validity of the signature? Who were the witnesses?'

'Their names are James Dobson and William Green.'

'Ah! Well, come to me in three days, and bring them with you; or if they cannot come, bring a specimen of their handwriting. By-the-by, who were the witnesses of the will which you read in the presence of the old gentleman?'

'Unfortunately, I cannot remember.'

'That's a pity; still, it does not matter much. The chances are that Mr Russel had the same men, and you can easily find out if they witnessed his signature at two different times; or if not, Cottam is not such a large place that it would be difficult to find out if any other two men ever acted as witnesses.'

'Then you think two wills were really made?'

'Why, what else can I think? You yourself saw one, and another was produced.'

'But could not the one I saw be altered?'

'Ah! that is an exceedingly difficult matter, and almost certain to be detected. Besides, who was to do it? You say it was kept in a secret receptacle, known only to Mr Russel and yourself; so that it really does seem to me on the face of it that he changed his mind, and made another will some time between his conversation with you and his death. The old will he would doubtless destroy at the same time. But leave the matter in my hands, and I will look into it.'

As this was all that could be done, I took my leave, and returned to Cottam. The next day I sought out Dobson and Green; and as they could not go to Kinton, I asked them to give me a specimen of their usual signature. They both remembered witnessing Mr Russel's signature to a paper; but neither had done so more than once. With this information I waited upon Mr Sparks at the time appointed. He was ready to receive me, and entered upon the matter at once.

'I have seen the will,' he said, 'and I am bound

to say it seems correct in every particular—not a sign of an erasure or alteration in any part. Everything is written in the clear concise style for which Mr Russel was so noted. We lawyers of Kinton have had many opportunities of seeing wills made by the same hand, and I for one have no doubt that the one shewn me is the genuine work of Mr Russel. Whether it was made before or after the one you say you saw, is another question, which can only be decided by the production of—what I may style—*your* will, if still in existence. Until you can produce that, I see no help for it but to let things take their course.'

'But can we not oppose the proving of the will?'

I said with some heat, not being pleased at the idea of giving up the fight so easily.

'My dear sir, I should only be too happy to enter a *caveat* for you, or rather in the name of Miss Saunders, for you can have no standing in the matter, not being of kin or a legatee; but what should we gain unless we can support it in a court of law? and I confess at present I see no grounds to act upon. We cannot say on account of undue influence, when, by your own shewing, all the influence, if any, was on the other side. Nor can we bring evidence to prove that Mr Russel was incapable of making a will; the very clearness and precision of it prove that he was.'

'But,' I still persisted, 'what do you make of the will which I read with Mr Russel's sanction and in his presence?'

'Well, in truth I cannot make anything of it. Produce it, and I daresay I shall do better.' But I'll tell you what I think an opposing counsel would say. He would first say that doubtless Mr Russel altered his mind, made another will, and put it in the desk without telling you. Or, he might suggest that you read it after dinner, possibly after sundry glasses of wine, and that, in fact, you *misread* it, reversing the names, the "wish being father to the thought."

'Then is there no side on which we can attack it?'

'No; I am afraid not; and I am too much your friend to advise you to take proceedings in law with no better ground than you have. We might perhaps say that the purport of the will is against the weight of evidence as to his intentions; but what proof have we that it is so? Principally his conversations with you; and it would certainly be pointed out that your evidence could hardly be disinterested, as it is well known that you are engaged to the niece, the other devisee. Besides, a man's intentions are very difficult to gauge; what he intends to-day, he may *not* intend to-morrow. No; my friend. This plea, as against a will so properly drawn up and executed as this is, would count as absolutely nothing. Moreover, it is counterbalanced by the plea set up by the nephew, that most probably his uncle, when looking over his papers, and finding that said nephew was not so guilty as was thought, had taken this means of making amends. Again, his nephew bearing the same name as himself, he may have wished to perpetuate it in a much more effectual manner than would be done by leaving his property to a niece, who was about to marry an alien to his blood. I have more than once known such considerations have much weight.'

Plausible as all this sounded, I neither could nor would believe it, although it was evident that

Mr Sparks' faith in *my* will, as he called it, was very considerably shaken. However, seeing no help for it, I was obliged to submit; and this is how my wife's inheritance was lost.

THE OYSTER.

THE life of the oyster, usually pictured as one of utter helplessness and unbroken seclusion, is by no means spent in unvarying repose. In the spring of the year, when all Nature is full of tender love and restless activity, the mother-oyster also is visited by the ruling passion, 'the icy bosom feels the sacred fire,' and soon afterwards a large quantity of milk-white fluid, which the microscope shews us to consist of almost invisible eggs, is found to have been generated in the animal. Unlike most marine creatures, however, the oyster does not abandon her eggs and leave them to the mercy of winds and waves; for the eggs are retained in their earlier stages within the parent-shell, and are hatched within the sheltering folds of her own body. By the opening of the shell, a dense mist is spread all about in the water, and the young brood scatters far and wide.

Upon their first appearance in their new career—thrown as it were upon their own resources, these tiny atoms of ocean life are all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gaily as the butterfly roams from flower to flower. They are odd little cherubs, consisting, like the angels of the old masters, of nothing but a couple of wing-like lobes on both sides of a mouth and body of as yet exceedingly diminutive size. The wings, fashioned to rudimentary shells, are covered on the surface with countless minute microscopic hair-like processes called *cilia*, which move incessantly up and down, and thus enable the little creature to roam at will. After a period of perpetual joy and vivacity, those which have escaped their thousand voracious enemies finally settle down upon some suitable resting-place; the romance of their lives is at an end; they become steady domesticated oysters. When the brood start from their mother's safe home they number nearly a million; before they can find a new habitation, it has been calculated that at least nine-tenths of their number have perished.

After they have attached themselves to some permanent resting-place, on what is called a good 'spatting' ground, the little wings, now useless, gradually dwindle and shrink, until they disappear like the tail of the tadpole when it changes into the full-grown frog. Then they begin to grow slowly, from the size of a pin's head at two weeks to that of a pea at three months; when they are a year old they are perhaps as large as a lady's watch; and at the age of five years they are in their prime. The shell remains frail and tender until they attain the size of a crown; but is hard and complete when they become fit for the table, at their fourth year of life. If they should escape the gluttony of

man, or the wiles of certain marine enemies which we shall presently describe, they die at the appointed time, leaving their shell, thickened by old age and adorned with rings, which shew their years like the rings of a tree, to serve as a monument for times to come.

When looking at the rough shell and the shapeless mass within, we little suspect how beautiful is the structure of the animal, and at how many countless points it is susceptible to influences from the outer world. But if we put an oyster into a vivarium, and then aid our feeble sight by the object-glass of the microscope, we are struck at once by the countless tiny hairs or cilia which now are seen to vibrate incessantly on the two fringing leaflets or gills. It has its nervous system too, very simple as far as we know; a 'mantle,' in whose folds its young are so tenderly kept for a long time; and the heart itself, with its two chambers and its gentle pulsations, shewing clearly that the oyster feels and enjoys, though it may have but obscure sensibilities and limited instincts. Then there are other portions of its frame which, since we now know that nothing in created beings is the result of chance, we may safely assume to be symbols of organs more fully developed in higher animals—anticipations, it may be, of limbs and senses given to other creations, and, for aught we know to the contrary, badges of the relationship which exists between these lower and despised beings and man himself in all his sublime strength and beauty.

The oyster is not visibly endowed with the senses of higher forms, save perhaps with a low and diffuse sense of touch, and with that of hearing. The incessant motion of the cilia guide us to the belief that the animal never ceases its efforts to attract food within its domain. Like many other lower forms of animal life, the oyster may be a voracious feeder! There is no outward eye perceptible, as, in fact, there is no head to which it might lend light in its dark home; and yet the oyster is exquisitely sensitive to every change of light, and finds in this susceptibility at least one means of protecting itself against an enemy. The ear is, on the contrary, very fully developed, a strangely curious organ, consisting mainly of a number of diminutive grains shut up in a transparent prison, and there dancing in perpetual motion, which changes with every sound that strikes upon the outer walls.

The question has often been raised why this delicious mollusc should not be eaten all the year round. The prejudice, however, which forbids it during the months which have no letter R in their names—

Those four sad months, wherein is mute
That one mysterious letter that has power
To call the oyster from the vasty deep—

is not altogether unfounded. In May and June they generally spawn, and then their life-blood is essentially changed, for the benefit of their posterity, and their own flesh is lean and unpalatable. Besides, however productive they may be, a conscientious lover of the mollusc will hardly reconcile himself to the barbarous waste of swallowing, with each living parent, a million of

offspring. Hence in England they are rarely brought to market before the first days of August, when the 'common oysters' from Colchester and Faversham appear gradually; but the 'melting natives' are not seen before the beginning of October, reach their meridian of perfection at Christmas, and disappear again towards the end of April.

In the remaining months, however, they throng the markets of the world, and are 'the only meat which men eat alive and yet account it not cruelty,' as old Fuller says quaintly. 'For this is their great merit, that one may eat of them to-day, to-morrow, and for ever, and as many as one wants, and yet their presence hardly makes itself felt; while they gratify the palate, quiet the excitement of certain nerves which we call hunger, and leave no feeling of satiety, no reproach, no remorse for the following days.' The true way to eat them, profitably to taste, health, and enjoyment, is of course to eat them raw and without condiment; for vinegar, pepper, or lemon-juice all spoil the natural flavour of the bivalve. The only good dressing is its own gravy, which is not sea-water, as many fancy, but the life-blood of the mollusc, which it sheds when the shell is forced open. If dressings are not allowed, some drink to accompany the oyster on its way, is generally considered indispensable. Strong wines and liquors should be eschewed; these beverages simply pickle the oyster at once, render it indigestible, and deprive it of its best qualities as nutritious food. Lighter French wines are less objectionable; but porter and ale, and, better still, half-and-half, are considered the true liquid accompaniments of this incomparable delicacy.

Natural beds and banks of oysters are found in all the seas of the temperate and torrid zones, now stretching out miles upon miles in all directions, and now rising so high that ships are wrecked on their crests. And thus it has been apparently from time immemorial, for gigantic structures, consisting of fossil oysters, are found in many places. In Berkshire, a colony of oyster shells covers more than six acres; in the states of Massachusetts and Georgia, enormous breakwaters are formed between the firm land and the hungry ocean—ramparts twelve to fifteen feet high; the lower layers of coarse fossil, but the upper strata alive. On the west coast of the American continent, as, for example, on the Chilean seaboard, vast surfaces are covered with fossil oysters, which have been raised by volcanic and earthquake action, and now tower to the height of sixty feet or more for thirty miles at a stretch.

Among living oysters, however, there is as great difference as among the races of men. Those of the United States are generally acknowledged to surpass all others in size and luscious flavour, and even English travellers aver that they are superior to their own famous Whitstables. Next to the American come undoubtedly the 'English oysters, of which there are many varieties, the best growing on submarine-rocks, an inferior kind on sandbanks, and the coarsest on muddy bottoms. Scotland boasts of her Orkney oysters, but is even more justly proud of her 'Pandores,' so called because they are found near the salt-pans in the neighbourhood of historic Prestonpans, and caught, it used to be said, by a bit of magic. The fishing crews kept up while

the dredging went on, a wild monotonous chant, to which they ascribed great virtue, and sang:

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind;
But the oyster loves the dredger's song,
For he comes of a gentler kind.'

It may be safely said that wherever the oyster appears in sufficient quantities, human beings are found ready to consume them as fast as they can be procured; but the poor unsuspecting mollusc has enemies near home, in its own native element, and close upon its borders. The arch-enemy is the sleepy, stupid-looking star-fish, which eats them as spat, or even when grown to a considerable size. Often at the very time when the sanguine fisherman gets ready to reap a rich harvest from a well-stocked oyster-bank, he finds, upon coming to the grounds, that the foe has been there before him, and millions of star-fish have settled down, like a flock of wild-pigeons in a field of wheat. Generally, they prefer the spat or very young oysters, which they take whole into their capacious mouths, and there digest slowly. But how does a soft and tender creature like the star-fish manage to get at the full-grown mollusc in its impregnable fortress? The ancients had a story that they watched it till they found it incautiously yawning, and then slyly slipped their greedy fingers between the valves to keep them open, while they devoured the contents. Poetically rendered, the story runs thus:

The prickly star creeps on with fell deceit
To force the oyster from its close retreat;
When gaping lids a widened void display,
The watchful star thrusts in a pointed ray,
And of its treasures robs the rifled case,
And empty shells the sandy hillocks grace.

This is of course a mere fable, as the soft pulpy rays of the star-fish would be squeezed off in an instant. Its murderous assault is far more curious. The first step in the process is for the enemy to close upon its prey, folding its slimy arms tightly over it, so as to hold itself in the proper position. Then it applies its mouth closely to the victim, and as it cannot, by any artifice of its own, put the oyster into its stomach, it deliberately proceeds to put its stomach into the oyster! It begins slowly but steadily to push out this organ through the mouth—probably, as suggested by some naturalists, emitting some acrid fluid, which paralyses resisting power—and to wrap the oyster in the folds of the capacious bag. Patience always does its work, and in due time the hapless native opens its shell and surrenders the succulent contents to the devourer.

Another enemy shews, if less originality, at least equal perseverance. This is the whelk, which although endowed with very slender means of locomotion, appears in vast multitudes when least expected on the oyster-bed which it deems ready for use. It assails the shell boldly from above, and with marvellous patience drills, by means of its sharp tongue, provided with row upon row of flinty teeth, a hole in the upper valve, by which it gets at last fairly inside, and then enjoys the dainty food. Mussels come by myriads when young, and cover the luckless oyster with a fine ropy texture, which catches mud and sand, and finally smothers them. Even

the elements combine against the helpless creature; heavy gales of wind at times roll them up in ridges several feet deep, when mud and seaweeds settle on them and choke them speedily; or frost and snow and ice kill large numbers when they are not safely sheltered at a depth of at least three or four feet of water.

All the voracity of man, however, and all the persecution of enemies do not destroy enough oysters annually to prevent them from forming gigantic deposits in various parts of the globe. For if left to themselves, oysters, as we have already said, attain a considerable age; though the exact number of their years has not yet been fully ascertained. The expert fisherman, it is true, can tell at a glance and to a nicety the precise age of his flock. He examines the successive layers on the upper shell, technically called 'shoots;' and as each of them, overlapping the lower, marks a certain period of growth, he thus determines the age of the inhabitant. These layers, it seems, are regular, and laid in even succession one upon the other, until the oyster attains its maturity, which is generally fixed at seven or eight years; but after that time they become irregular, are recklessly piled upon each other, and make the shell look bulky and ill-shapen. As some molluscs in tropical seas have been found with shells nine inches thick and of enormous size, it is fair to presume that the oyster, when left to its natural changes and unmolested, may reach a patriarchal age and even outlive that of man.

ODD WAYS OF PUTTING THINGS.

PUTTING things in an odd way is the vocation of professed wits and humorists; but they are not permitted at all times to monopolise the privilege, as we shall proceed to shew.

Mr Naismyth, a celebrated Edinburgh dentist, finding himself inconvenienced by the noise made by the students of the Free Church College, wrote to request that they would be more moderate in their applause, or find some other way of expressing it than stamping upon the floor. Dr Chalmers the well-known divine laid the dentist's complaint before the offenders, and begged them to avoid giving cause for its repetition, saying he should be sorry indeed to give offence to a gentleman so much in the mouths of the public.

When President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln was inclined to a rough-and-ready style of argument.

'It is a disgrace to the country,' said a disgusted government clerk, 'that such a boor should be President!' What made him say so was this. He had asked the President to give a brother, who had been honourably discharged from the army, a place in the Civil Service. 'Let me see,' said Lincoln, 'I believe you yourself are a clerk in one of the departments?' 'Yes, sir,' said the applicant; 'I am in the Treasury Department.' 'I thought so,' continued the President. 'And your father holds an office in Washington, does he not?' 'Yes, sir; he is the chief of a bureau in the War Department,' replied the office beggar, beginning to feel rather uncomfortable. 'Is there any other member of your family holding office under the

government?' was the next query, answered with: 'Yes, sir; I have a younger brother in the Interior Department.' Whereupon Lincoln put him out of his misery by saying: 'Well, then, all I have to say to you is that there are too many hogs, and too little fodder!'

When Naples was ruled by King Bomba, his majesty one day paid a visit to the ship of an English commodore, lying in the bay. While the commodore was receiving his royal visitor on the quarter-deck, a member of the Neapolitan suite, cruising about amidships, mistook a wind-sail for a pillar, and leaning against it, suddenly went below head foremost. The only witness of the accident, an old tar, thereupon made for the quarter-deck, and having saluted, said: 'I beg pardon, commodore, but one of them ere kings has fell down the hatchway!'

The father of a Virginian girl suggesting to his intended son-in-law the advisability of his settling a sum of money upon the lady, the ardent lover, unprepared to meet such a demand, coolly replied: 'It is not my purpose to purchase a wife. When I desire to do so, I shall go to the cheapest market—Africa.' In an untenable position it is occasionally well to assume the rôle of injured innocence. An Arbroath man, over-fond of a wee drop, having beaten his wife at night, and forgotten all about the domestic difference by the morning, looked at her damaged face, and anxiously exclaimed: 'Gudeness preserve us a' lassie, whaur hae ye been?' Enlightened as to his part in the matter, he cried, as though he were the aggrieved one: 'O dear, O dear! it's an awfu' thing ye winna keep oot o' hairm's way!' Another injured innocent, quite equal to the occasion, was Silbermann, gamekeeper to the father of Louis-Philippe. Carpeted by his master for selling his game to a butcher, he boldly denied doing so. 'No,' said the master, 'you don't sell it; but you exchange it for mutton.' 'That's true,' quoth the unabashed keeper. 'You said, monseigneur, that I might eat the hares. Well, I like mutton better. It is better for me, you see, while for you it comes to the same thing.' An odd way of putting it!

A gentleman, travelling in the same carriage as the pretty daughter of a rich Pennsylvanian lumber-merchant, chatted with her until she grew drowsy, when he vacated his seat for one by the side of a shrewd-looking old fellow. As they were whirling by a high mountain, his neighbour called his attention to it, and went on: 'Six or eight years ago that mountain was covered with a fine forest, worth at least ten thousand dollars. Now there are nothing but stumps, and the land is scarcely worth a cent. The net produce of that mountain lies over there in that seat. It has taken all that lumber which her father owned to raise and educate that girl. Some of you young men, if you were given your choice between the mountain yonder, as it now stands, and the net produce on that seat, would take the net produce; but give me the stumps!'

Probably the young men looked to getting land and love, like the Aberdeen lass who replied to her sire's inquiry: 'Fet's this I hear ye're gaun to dae, Jennie?' with: 'Weel, I'm just gaun to marry that fann over by there, and live wi' the bit mannies on't;' putting the case in as matter-of-fact fashion as the American journalist who informed all whom it did and did not concern that:

'Old John Robinson's youngest son, Frank, lately made a contract, in presence of a minister, to provide for Miss Frankie Bailey for the term of her natural life.' Smarter still at euphemism was the daughter of an American judge. She happened, at a dinner party, to be placed next an unsuccessful litigant, whose cause had been heard by her father. Ignorant of her identity, he aired his grievance, and to the dismay of the company rated the judge severely. Becoming suddenly suspicious that something was wrong somewhere, he turned to his fair neighbour, and expressed the hope that the judge was not related to her. 'O dear, no,' said she; 'only a connection of my mother's, by marriage.'

Over-curious people are not easily silenced, but the feat is to be accomplished. An old gentleman complaining that his glasses were not strong enough to serve his turn, was told by the optician that they ought to be so, seeing they were 'twos.' 'What have you got after twos?' inquired he. 'Number ones,' was the reply. 'And after ones?' 'Oh,' said the optician, 'if you don't find *them* strong enough, sir, you will require a dog and a string.' The following colloquy took place outside a house in an American city, between some country visitors, unable to obtain entrance, and a German living next door. 'Jane not at home, did you say?' 'Nein, Chane's nod at home.' 'Where is she?' 'She's gone the cemetery down.' 'When will she come back?' 'Oh, she won't come back already any more; she's gone to stay; *she's det!*' A stranger, passing a churchyard and seeing a hearse standing hard by, inquired who was dead. The sexton informed him. 'What complaint?' asked the inquisitive one. Said the old man: 'There is no complaint; everybody is satisfied.' One man remained unsatisfied when he read in a Californian newspaper a paragraph respecting the vexed question of how Cain obtained a wife: 'You want to know where Cain obtained his wife. Upon any subject of a public nature we never refuse to throw the desired light. But this is altogether a different thing. It is a family matter, with which we do not care to meddle. Cain died some time before many of us were born, and such idle curiosity respecting the family affairs of a deceased person we regard as most reprehensible, and calculated to violate the sanctities of domestic life.'

Sheridan once declined to take a walk with a troublesome feminine admirer, on the plea that the weather would not permit; and being caught by the lady as he was sneaking out for a stroll, countered her remark that the weather seemed now to have cleared up, with the bold asseveration: 'Yes, madam, enough for one, but not enough for two.' Enough for one would, however, have been held enough for two, had the lady been as attractive as the fair one to whom a youthful admirer wrote: 'I want you to come around to our house. If you cannot get anybody to come around to your house, and fetch you around to our house, I will come around to your house, and fetch you around to our house.' He evidently meant business, although his method of putting things was as odd as that of the gentleman who would not hear of sharing his fortunes with a partner because: 'If you make anything, you don't get it; and if you lose, you have to lose it all;'

or the wit who fought shy of crossing weapons with Lady Ashburton, not, as he said, that he minded being knocked down; but he could not stand being danced upon afterwards.

A DIALOGUE.

'DAINTY little lady,
Listen, pray, to me;
Canst thou ever love me?
Canst thou? say to me.'

'Ere I tell you that, sir,
You must prove to me
That my heart with you, sir,
Safely kept will be.'

'Prudent little lady,
Thou hast stolen mine,
Surely, while thou hast it,
I must value thine.'

'That is proof enough, sir.
Further would I know
What about me 'tis, sir,
Makes you love me so.'

'Simple little lady,
Hast thou not been told
That thy silken tresses
Shine like burnished gold?'

'Answer that is none, sir;
I need scarcely say
Even golden hair, sir,
Quickly turns to gray.'

'Modest little lady,
Clearest summer skies—
Blue, and calm, and cloudless—
Pale beside thine eyes.'

'Ah! but you must own, sir,
Though that may be true,
Age will never spare, sir,
Eyes of deepest blue.'

'Cruel little lady,
Shall I praise thy lips,
Or thy fairy fingers,
With their rosy tips?'

'There will come a day, sir,
When these hands shall lie
Quiet, and these lips, sir,
Never frame reply.'

'Then, my little lady,
I can only say
That it was thy goodness
Stole my heart away.'

'Goodness not my own, sir,
Given each day anew;
Lov'st thou me for that, sir?
Then I love thee too.'

M. M.

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SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.

SUCH is the title given to Mrs Brassey's new work, consisting of an account of cruises in the Mediterranean in 1874 and 1878.* The book being two distinct narratives of journeyings over nearly the same ground, is much less compact in character than the authoress's voyage round the world, nor is it so interesting in its detail of sea adventures. There is, however, the same lively off-hand manner, and we are introduced to scenes in connection with affairs in the East which are still under discussion. In looking over the volume, with its numerous finely executed wood-cut illustrations, one feels almost envious, not only of Mrs Brassey's good-luck in being able to make such delightful excursions in the 'Sunbeam,' but of her singular facility in presenting so faithful a record of what she saw and experienced. There is something more than this to excite surprise. It is her industry and power of endurance. She encounters storms with the fortitude of an 'old salt,' fills up every spare moment in writing or finding subjects for illustrations, and on all occasions on landing at strange ports, sets off with members of her family on horseback, to see places of interest—if need be, bivouacking in tents on the journey. No ordinary fine lady would be fit to undergo a tenth part of what, with apparent cheerfulness, she managed to overcome.

After remaining only a few days in England, on returning from a cruise to the Arctic Circle, Mrs Brassey proceeded on her voyage to the East. The 'Sunbeam' started from Hastings, 4th September 1874. There was a fine run to the Straits, and an opportunity was taken to visit Tangier and Ceuta, on the African side of the Mediterranean. On the 18th October, the 'Sunbeam' reached Constantinople, of which a vivid account is given. The Turks had not yet experienced the horrors of the Russian invasion, and everything was going on in the old heedless way; so that Mrs Brassey was favoured by seeing the

Sultan's court and palaces in all their glory. The bazaars were in full swing. It was amusing to observe the Turkish ladies with their attendants 'admiring and bargaining for second-hand dresses, all very smart in trimming, and of the most gorgeous colours, though somewhat soiled. I have often wondered what became of old ball and dinner dresses; but now that I have seen the enormous quarter of the bazaar devoted to the sale of these articles of apparel, I cease to do so.' From this fact we should imagine that the now impoverished state of affairs in Stamboul will have told seriously on the English export of ladies' second-hand dresses. We learn that on all hands young Turkish ladies were beginning to adopt European usages, and to rebel against the old-fashioned Turkish restrictions.

Mrs Brassey had excellent opportunities of gathering facts concerning the domestic affairs of the Sultan which would not have been afforded to any male writer. Some of the particulars are curious. 'The Sultan,' she says, 'is not allowed to marry; but the slaves who become mothers of his children are called Sultanas, and not allowed to do any more work. The Sultanas may not sit at table with their own children, on account of their having been slaves, whilst the children are princes and princesses in right of their father. The princesses may see men, and choose whom they like for their husbands. If they fix their affections on a married man, he is obliged to get rid of his wife or wives, and is not allowed any wife but the princess, who keeps him in the strictest order, and either disgraces him or has him bowstrung should he offend her seriously.'

The children of the Sultan are indulged and pampered in a way that seems perfectly monstrous. A droll incident is related. The youngest son of the Sultan, a boy nine years of age, would be an Admiral, with a gorgeous uniform and sword corresponding. In this whim he was indulged; but the child also insisted on having a war-ship on which he could hoist his flag; and that was not so easily managed. There was a bridge building which would prevent the ship

* London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1880. 1 vol. 8vo.

from floating up to the palace. The contractors were ordered to open the bridge to let the ship pass. To this they very naturally demurred, as the work of two or three months would have to be undone. But the orders of the Sultan were imperative. Afraid at the risk of losing their heads, the contractors obeyed. The bridge was taken down; and a large ironclad being brought out from the docks, was moored in view of the nursery window, to gratify the child with the sight of a flag being hoisted—thus causing enormous inconvenience to the whole town for months, to say nothing of the waste of money, of which the Sultan paid very little, and for the loss of which, I imagine, he cared still less.' As appropriate to the story, a wood-cut likeness is given of the child-admiral in the full uniform of the Turkish navy. From this and similar follies, we learn how the enormous loans made to the Porte were squandered without any consideration as to consequences.

The descriptions given of court-life and of visits to places near Constantinople are among the most interesting parts of the book. Early in November, the 'Sunbeam' heaved up anchor, and proceeded down the Dardanelles to the Greek islands, amidst which there was some agreeable sailing—the scenery of Zante, Cephalonia, and Corfu being specially charming. We learn that since the gratuitous cession of these islands by England to Greece, things have not turned out so well as the natives expected. The roads are not kept in repair, and the taxation is excessive. 'Every respectable person to whom we have spoken bitterly laments the departure of the English from their occupation of the islands, and gives the most dreadful account of the Greek government, which in these islands is hardly a government at all, but simply a system of bribery and corruption.' At Corfu, the authoress adds: 'The poor islanders lament the loss of British rule, under which at one time they used to complain that they were only slaves. They find the difference now, when the Greek government neglects them utterly, except to impose enormous taxes; and the patriotic idea of being governed by a Greek king does not seem to console them much.' It is to be hoped that matters have since mended with these Greek islanders; but if not, they have only themselves to blame. After visiting Greece, the yacht was turned towards Naples, and the voyage terminated at Marseilles. The party on board, thence travelled homeward through France, and arrived in England on the 2d January 1875. So ended the first cruise.

The second excursion was designed to embrace a wider range in the Mediterranean, including a visit to Cyprus. On the agreeable principle enunciated by Moore, that 'when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, we may order our wings and be off for the west,' the intention had been to start in the summer of 1878; but Mrs Brassey was unwell, and the wings were not put in motion till the 20th September. As usual, the 'Sunbeam' was equipped with all that was needful for the trip. With three masts and powerful sails, this handsome private yacht could match any sailing-vessel in point of speed; but when occasion required, the sails could be lowered, the funnel raised, and steam brought into play. This,

we would call the perfection of sea-travelling. Living, as it were, in your own house, and able to rest or go forward in every clime according to fancy, the enjoyment is complete—

'Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a delay,
That the night only draws a thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.'

The following were the members of the party: Thomas Brassey, M.P., owner and captain; Mrs Brassey, Mabelle Annie Brassey, Muriel Agnes Brassey, and Marie Adelaide Brassey (the two last being young children, ordinarily spoken of as Mynie and Baby), Dr Hoffmeister, and the Hon. A. Y. Bingham, by whom the very beautiful sketches in the work were executed. To these might be added three female domestics, with stewards and cooks; besides a crew consisting of mates, coxswains, engineers, and store-keepers. All told, there were thirty-eight persons on board. The saloon sitting-rooms are described as being fitted up with great elegance, and provided with books and musical instruments, for the solacement of the party. There was a stock of medicines for any emergency. By previous arrangements, letters and newspapers were to be posted to the principal places it was designed to touch. Mr Brassey appears to have been well qualified as a sailing-master and commander. Observations were daily taken, and a reckoning kept of the miles travelled; so that those on board could at any time know where they were. The yacht was, of course, furnished with Marryat's signals, by which questions could be asked or answered with vessels passing. These signals, which consist of small slips of bunting, that can be instantly run up to the mast-head, are a kind of maritime wonder. As arranged by the late Captain Marryat, and now universally adopted, vessels within sight of each other can keep up a conversation to the extent of many hundreds of questions and answers—the whole defined in a dictionary, which is ever ready at hand. When properly worked, these signals add immensely to the comforts of life at sea, independently of their value for nautical purposes. The reputation of the 'Sunbeam' led to no end of courtesies. On all occasions, the party and crew of the yacht kept Sunday according to English customs. Mr Brassey acted as chaplain, by reading prayers and a sermon. As to music for the service, Mabelle presided at the piano; and the sailors, some of whom had good voices, joined heartily in the singing. We have thus a pleasant picture of life on board the 'Sunbeam.'

There was rather rough weather at starting, but by the 24th September the yacht had run 224 miles, with scarcely any sail set. There was a short stay at Vigo, on the coast of Portugal, to give exercise to the children, and to allow of Mrs Brassey picking up in health. All were benefited by the sunshine and walks among the trees. The next landing was at Cadiz, in Spain, whence there was a run by train to Seville, at which the grand object of attraction is the cathedral, a building of matchless beauty, over which Mrs Brassey waxes quite enthusiastic. 'Every time one comes back to this beautiful building, whether the interval has been long or short, it affords increased pleasure and delight. A special interest and grandeur

are attached to the place, I think, from the fact that the name of the designer is entirely unknown. He worked for the love of God and of his art, not for the sake of personal fame; and the creation of his brain is now admired by thousands as each year rolls on.' Such is a just tribute to this marvellous Gothic edifice, which, with its marble fountain and environing orange-trees, contributes so materially to substantiate the saying, that 'he who has not seen Seville has seen nothing.' The party returned to the hotel exhausted with sight-seeing, their way being through a suburb 'where all the inhabitants were enjoying the evening air, sitting on their door-steps, singing and laughing, their hair always elaborately dressed with flowers, however squalid their attire might be.'

On the 8th October, the yacht dropped anchor outside the New Mole at Gibraltar. Visits to various places ensue. 'We went to lunch with Lord and Lady Napier at the convent, and heard a good deal of interesting conversation about India and Afghanistan. Lady Napier had an afternoon reception. It was a pretty sight in the semi-tropical garden, to see the people moving about, or sitting on the bright-coloured chairs and sofas under the trees, or enjoying lawn-tennis in the cool of the shady court. The children of the party, including our own, were entertained at the other end of the garden.' In the evening, Lord and Lady Napier with suite made a return visit to the 'Sunbeam,' and had tea. Everybody at Gibraltar is delighted with them. Moving on in a day or two, the yacht proceeded along the African coast. One of the stopping-places was Oran, a French town, where the hotels and cafés are said to be 'excellent and very cheap.' Good view here of the Atlas Mountains. From the African coast, the 'Sunbeam' shot across to the island of Sardinia, where an opportunity was taken of viewing the old Greek and Roman remains near Cagliari, the site of the ancient Caralis. Then proceeding to the coast of Italy, the party enjoyed a visit to Paestum and Vesuvius. At Pompeii they were specially favoured by being allowed to see some new excavations.

Next was the cruise to Cyprus, the western point of which island, near the ruins of the ancient Paphos, was reached on the 7th November. A considerable part of the narrative is devoted to Cyprus, and for this we must refer readers to the work of Mrs Brassey, who while doing justice to its beauty and fertility, laments the tendency of its climate to produce typhoid fever. The island has to all appearance been ruined in every possible way by the disgraceful mismanagement of the Turks. Its towns are in ruins, its mountains stripped of trees, its marshes left undrained, and its harbours choked up. Riding across the island, the party reached the British encampment at Nikosia, where they were hospitably entertained. At Famagousta, where there is a proposition of improving the harbour, a sad scene of desolation is presented. 'If Famagousta presents a melancholy appearance from the outside, the spectacle within is still more depressing. In the midst of the dust and ruins of the houses and palaces, once containing a population of three hundred thousand souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud-huts, the habitations of some three hundred people. Three churches remain standing

where once there were two hundred; and in the streets, only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts.' At the Government House, all the servants were down with fever. As regards a tendency to fever in Cyprus, there is something quite incomprehensible. Malaria, owing to want of drainage and defective cultivation, may have much to do with it. The strange thing is that, as Mrs Brassey was told, 'even at a height of three thousand feet above the sea-level the fever asserts its sway.' How this insalubrity is to be remedied, is somewhat puzzling. We doubt not, English physicians and engineers will get at the cause of the evil. Meanwhile, from the poverty and scarcity of population, native produce is surprisingly cheap. In doing some marketing, a large quantity of tomatoes, onions, and other vegetables sufficient for all on board the yacht cost only two shillings, and a 'nice fat sheep' was bought for thirteen shillings.

Farewell was bid to Cyprus, November 20. The weather was fine, the sea smooth. The evening was so warm that the party played cards on deck by moonlight, a circumstance which contrasts with the cold foggy condition of the weather in England at this season. Onward the 'Sunbeam' plied its way to Rhodes, celebrated for having once been the residence of the Order of the Knights of St John, and whose vacated palatial dwellings are still in tolerably good condition. The party lodged for a week comfortably, at a neat little inn—a quaintly arranged place with a mosaic pavement, kitchen in the yard, bedroom in a veranda, everything where it was least expected to be; and charming little peeps of scenery from every quarter.' Off again at sea, and passed Patmos, where St John wrote the Apocalypse.

The yacht arrived off Seraglio Point at Constantinople on the 1st December. What a change since four years ago! The Sultan deposed, and another in his stead. The harem dispersed. Evidences of misery on all sides. 'Constantinople,' says our authoress, 'has lost much of its glitter and glory; but the mud, squalor, and misery remain, and are increased tenfold.' The bazaars in a half-deserted condition. 'The slaves from the harems are constantly bringing valuable jewels and plate to be disposed of for a little money, not having themselves the least idea of their value. In this way we picked up some beautifully inlaid turquoise belts, carved ivory cups, old silver, and other things, by the merest chance. A friend of mine saw five splendid hoop gem rings, each worth nearly a hundred pounds, sold by a slave to a Jew for one pound each. . . . No more gorgeous silken-lined carriages, drawn by white horses, and guarded and attended by eunuchs, slaves, and soldiers; no more less pretentious equipages, from which step ladies attired in silk and satin, and sparkling with jewels, their bright eyes imperfectly concealed by their yashmaks and feridgees. All these are past and gone, and all that can now be seen are a few poorly dressed ladies making their small household purchases.' Such is the graphic picture presented of the desolation that has at length deservedly overtaken the most atrociously miscondacted government on the face of the earth. The sins of the Turks have assuredly found them out. But things are not yet at their worst. More terrible humiliations await the Porte and all belonging to it.

Space does not permit us to extend our notice of this agreeable work, which from its attractiveness will be found, we presume, in every public library. Only a word at parting. In returning from Constantinople, the yacht experienced some heavy gales, but fortunately without any disaster. The party left the 'Sunbeam,' not without regret, at Malta; and again returning home through France, were once more in England on the 8th January 1879. The reception at Battle Abbey was as usual marked by a merry peal of bells, every one, dogs big and little included, testifying their happiness on the safe return of the family. Mrs Brassey is happy in the few lines of verse with which she heads her chapters; the last being about the most appropriate in the series:

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.'

Our feeble voice may be permitted to mingle in the general chorus which welcomes Mrs Brassey into the list of English writers, and also to congratulate her on the wholesome and cheerful choice of subject which she has so successfully struck out for general entertainment. W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER III.—HISTORY.

Costly and cumbrous vulgarities choked these gilded salons.

THE Hartleys were new people, and were not yet entitled to call themselves 'county.' No man knew exactly how rich old Hartley was, though he passed as a sort of Croesus. But his mansion was new even to rawness. His coat of arms was original even to absurdity. The whole style of the man was too brassy, too obtrusive, too florid, too everything but gentlemanly. He was an old man and an ugly and a vulgar, and his dress was loud and ostentatious. He had bought a huge estate down there, and had christened it Hartley Park. He had 'built unto himself a gorgeous mansion, and had christened it Hartley Hall. He had provided himself with a stud of horses, the like of which the county could not shew. His servants were attired in an overwhelming livery. His greenhouses rivalled my Lord Chesterwood's. He kept open house, or something very like it, the whole year through; and he gave on his first coming numerous entertainments for the benefit of the county people, from which the county people coldly stayed away. The rooms of Hartley Hall were more plenteously furnished with buhl and ormolu than a west-end upholsterer's warehouse. Costly and cumbrous vulgarities positively choked these gilded salons. Pictures from the hands of the first modern artists—for art was here as new as everything else—graced the wall in such profusion as almost to hide the very papering. Everything was on a scale of barbaric and unregulated splendour.

Benjamin Hartley of Hartley Hall had two sons. One was still at Cambridge, and the other was an extravagant Lieutenant in the Fourteenth Plungers. That gallant regiment lay just then at 'Cahir, and County Tipperary knew Lieutenant

Hartley well. Lieutenant Hartley, of Hartley Hall, possessor of unlimited cash and unlimited credit, and heir-expectant to a colossal fortune, was well-enough received among the county people here; and Horace St John Hartley of Jesus found little difficulty in the gratification of his desire for the companionship of the noblest swells just then known to Cambridge. For both the Lieutenant and the student had gotten that air of age their father lacked. Their father would be new to the end of his days, and would continue new if he could live to be as old as Methuselah; but both the lads had a rare power of adaptability. In the days when their father sent them to Eton, there were fewer of the sons of the newly-rich within its walls, and the two young fellows were not long in acquiring the airs of *ton*. The opportunities thus offered, and acquired, had tended to make them somewhat ashamed of their father and of his newness. They were rarely seen at home except at unavoidable seasons; and when forced to meet the author of their being and the contriver of their fortunes, they bore themselves with a distant hauteur in which the old man rejoiced.

'For'—so he sometimes mused—and so in the genial after-dinner hour would sometimes openly declare—'I ain't a gentleman, and I know it; but both Arthur an' Horace are gettin' to be regular tip-top swells. It ain't natural as they should look with a lot o' respect on me. I should despise 'em if they did. But I don't stand no nonsense, mind you. They do as I tell 'em; I take care o' that. I don't know as Solomon was so remarkable wise after all. He says he don't know whether a wise man or a fool is to come after him and collar his coppers. Well, I do. I've got two as sharp lads as you'll find anywhere, with a good eye to the main-chance, both of 'em; and a regular swell style about both of 'em as would ha' made my hair stand on hend to look at twenty year ago. And when I've dropped off, the lads'll come in an' put things straight. These county folks, with their high-strung notions, won't cut *them*, I bet. No, no. It's different with me. I've been in coal and iron and taller, and cotton and stocks and shippin', and pretty nigh everything. They call that sort of thing low, down here. And so it is low. But it's a bit hard lines on a fellow too. The man as does the work and gets the money can't enjoy it. At least he can't enjoy it thorough. But them as comes after him, them as he's scraped for and worked for, and toiled for and moiled for, they'll be able to come in with their Heton lingo and their eye-glasses, and run the rig with any of 'em. And as for coin, they'll go beyond 'em. In point o' coin, I ain't far off shakin' hands with old Coutts, and that's a fact. Big houses ain't always the warmest, and I don't know as if I was to go and tick off thousand for thousand along with him, as I mightn't have something to spare after all.'

So the old heathen communed with himself and with divers of his chosen. He had his good points. Like many men who have striven after money all their lives and have denied themselves greatly, he was, now that his fortune had grown secure, lavishly generous. His good-nature was genuine. His pretty niece had not even to wheedle in order to find liberal comforts for her favourite poor. The clergyman of the parish

never appealed to him in vain. 'No; hang it! Mister,' said old Hartley, when the parson first called on him and let loose upon him the simple annals of the poor of those parts—'No; hang it! Mister; I won't have that in *my* neighbourhood. But I'm not agoin' to keep the thunderin' village either. Look here,' continued Benjamin with a wink. 'Tell the beggars as I'm a hard-fisted dog as parts with his money like blood. Just keep up that bit o' gammon between ourselves, will you? But you can exercise your influence, you know, an' grind a fi'-pun' note out of me once in a way; don't you see?' The cleric departing, gave it forth that Mr Hartley was one who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame; but when this statement got back to Benjamin's ears, he grinned satirically, and surmised that the parson was not a man of business. 'It's a fine thing to have a reputation for hardness,' said the old gentleman. 'It saves a deal o' trouble.'

How came Benjamin Hartley with such a niece as Maud? How, in the name of all that is wonderful, came such a dainty flower to grow from such a rough and gnarled old stock? For rough and gnarled the stock must surely have been which produced Benjamin Hartley, Esquire. But years before this story opens, Benjamin's sister married—very high in life, as people who knew her then fancied; securing no less a person than the young Dissenting minister of the Black Country village she dwelt in. She was a woman of much innate refinement; and her husband—spite of the fact that he was a Dissenting parson—was a scholar and a gentleman. He was dolefully poor, and died young; and his wife followed his example early. Thus their one child, a daughter, was left to the mercies of Providence; and, said Uncle Benjamin, 'Providence turned up trumps in the shape o' me.'

There was another sister who had married later; who married a man whose affairs were flourishing, and who was so very far above the family, that he looked down upon it with a bitter disdain, and never, after his marriage, by a word acknowledged it. His name was Campbell, and he was a wealthy iron-master. Somehow or other, he came to grief, and died utterly penniless, leaving behind him one son, aged three years. Old Hartley was ignorant of this child's existence. Had it been otherwise, he would have given him a home with Maud; for he was not a man who bore malice, and had long since forgiven and forgotten John Campbell's disdain, and had never lost his affection for John Campbell's wife. But the years had come between them, and he knew nothing of their fall from prosperity, or of their death.

Just now—on this especial summer evening—Mr Hartley stood in his drawing-room in expectation of Frank's arrival. The Fairholts were the only county people who might be at all considered caught. Old Hartley knew well enough that they cared very little for him or his house, or even his money. He recognised the magnet which drew the two young fellows to Hartley Hall, and watched their attentions to Maud with much complacency. 'There's Mr William'—so he thought over matters—'has got a very pretty little estate. I know it's entailed, and he can have Maud if he wants her. But I'm rather in favour o' the young un. He'll have next to nothin'; but I like him. He's a

fine handsome chap, with lots o' spirit and fun in him, an' there's no takin' him for anything but a swell, anywhere. I've got two lads o' my own to look after, so they can't expect to get much along with her; but I shall hand her a cheque for a quiet little ten thousand on her wedding-day, and they can set up on *that*, anyhow, even if the young un gets her. Let the gell please herself—that's how I look at it.'

'Maud!' said the old man aloud, waking from his reverie. 'Ain't it time young Fairholt was here?'

At this moment young Fairholt was ushered in, and met with a loud and vulgar welcome.

'Aha! How d'ye do? Thought you wasn't comin'. Glad to see you, Mr Fairholt. And how's the Hiland? And ow's all at the 'All?'

'Everybody is well, thank you,' Frank answers; but he is already turning to shake hands with Maud. That young lady blushes a little as she comes to meet him, but receives him with great cordiality. A gorgeous menial announces dinner, and there are half-a-dozen other gorgeous menials distributed over the desert of Turkey carpet in the dining-room. Warm as the weather is, there is an aspect of arctic coldness about this huge apartment, and there is a sense of desertion in the very look of the great table. It would seem as though a score or so of people had been invited and had not come; and the three sit down in the Turkey carpet desert, before that table-land of snow, as in a magnificent but enforced isolation.

Will you look at Maud through her lover's eyes or through mine? For my part, I am free—in parliamentary English—to confess that I have seen prettier faces, though I have not seen many more lovable. Of what use is it to attempt to draw a portrait in words of a pretty young Englishwoman? How can the pen catch those gracious little turns of the head—those marvellously minute modellings of cheek and nose and lips—those tender graces of the eyes—those helpless yet fearless and endearing ways which go so far to make the charm of sweet eighteen? I can tell you that Maud is tall and slim and graceful. I can tell you that she has brown hair and hazel eyes. 'But girls with hair and eyes are everywhere.' I can tell you that her complexion is most daintily clear and sweet, and that her mouth is most eminently kissable. I could catalogue a score more of her graces; but what would this suffice you? My brother of the brush goes beyond me in this matter altogether, and Frank in twenty minutes could present you with a random smutch in colour which would tell you more about her in this regard than Dickens himself could have told you in a twelve-month.

Dinner is not a matter of much account to female eighteen and male four-and-twenty, when they chance to be at the same table and are in love with each other. Old Hartley's presence troubled the young people little, for he said nothing he could avoid saying, and seemed buried in his own fancies. Just a little tell-tale shot was fired across the table now and again from Frank to Maud, and from Maud to Frank, and they both grew a little shy.

Dinner being over, the millionaire broke silence: 'We'll take our wine up-stairs, if you please, Mr Fairholt. The ladies is very near a fiction in this here instance.'

So Maud's rising was the signal for host and visitor to follow. Maud's taste had evidently been busy about the room they now entered. There was no barbarism of splendour here. Everything was quiet, refined, and graceful. The windows of the room looked out on the park. A sweet prospect. The evening was still young. The blue of the sky was a little more tender, the gleam of the sunlight a little mellower on the park landscape and the pleasant river.

'For my part,' said the retired capitalist, arranging himself comfortably in an arm-chair, 'I don't take wine after dinner. I'm contented with a drop o' brandy an' a bit of ice. But there's anything you like here. Try that there sherry. My Lord Chesterwood himself can't beat that, I'll bet. Melted gold, it looks like, don't it? And by Jove! sir, that's pretty well what it amounts to. Now I shall just take my nip, and then I shall take my nap, and leave Maud to take care of you, sir. I can't do without my snooze after dinner.'

The old gentleman's appetite had been diminished by no such cause as that which had spoiled the dinner of his young companions. He had well eaten and drunken, and his nap came readily. A bassoon-like note again and again repeated, monotonous but mellow, accompanied and proclaimed his slumbers, and Maud and Frank were left to their own devices.

'Would you?'— Frank began, and stopped there.

'Would I?'— said Maud, hinting a continuation.

'I wanted to suggest a stroll in the gardens. It's dreadfully hot here.'

'Shall I rouse Mr Hartley?' Maud asked.

'Nonsense, Maud! Do you care to walk? It looks so peaceful and calm outside that it seems almost a sin to stay indoors.'

'It does indeed,' Maud answered, and for a moment disappeared. When she returned, she had thrown over her head a something of dark lace, the edges whereof fell to her waist—the merest pretence of preparation for out-of-doors. She and Frank were on very close and confidential terms of friendship, and were perhaps nervously inclined to parade this to themselves, because they both knew very well that there was something more than friendship, behind its pleasant mask. They chose a shady walk which led through well-laid gardens to the Park. At the Park gate they stopped. The silence had grown a little embarrassing, for neither had spoken since they had left the house.

Frank broke the bonds of quiet with an effort: 'I go back to town in a day or two.'

'Indeed!' Maud said. 'So soon?'

'Yes. It goes sorely against the grain; but I have some matters of importance to see to, and I must get back almost at once.'

'It is too bad, Frank. You are more than half pledged for the picnic on the first. You are a very faithless and inconsiderate person.'

'If you are going to scold, Maud, I must smoke. I can endure the ills of life with greater philosophy when behind a cigar than under any other circumstances. Are you provided?'

'Yes sir; I am provided,' responded Maud, producing a cigar-case. 'Knowing that we could not possibly spend five minutes together without quarrelling, and knowing that you can never

quarrel with decent politeness unless you smoke, I have stolen Uncle's case.'

'You are a very accommodating antagonist,' Frank answered, accepting the proffered cigar. He did not light it at once, but leaned with his elbows on the gate and looked thoughtfully across the Park.

'Well sir,' said Maud with a pretty air of harmless impudence. 'Get your battery in order. The enemy advances in full force.'

'No,' returned Frank, looking round upon her; 'I shall not fall back upon my reserves until my present forces are expended. I shall withhold my fire.'

'Very good,' Maud answered gaily. 'The enemy's advance-guard declares itself. Why were you so stupidly silent during dinner?'

'I plead guilty to the silence, but deny the stupidity.'

'You change ground already, sir, and try to escape from the battle-field to the law-court. But I am willing to encounter you there. On what ground do you deny the stupidity?'

'On the ground that I was mentally engaged in a wise admiration.'

'A wise admiration? The admiration of your own face and figure in the glass behind me? I caught you twice.'

'I am grateful for the complaisance which pronounces such an admiration wise.'

'And I,' returned Maud, 'am astonished at the vanity which accepts so absurdly false a compliment.'

'I return to the old simile,' Frank replied. 'My outposts fall back for the protection of the main body, and the artillery prepares for action. Will my courteous enemy assist me?'

'Your courteous enemy has stolen a box of vestas, and now proffers them.'

'My courteous enemy is thanked for her courtesy. But now a truce to truces. There goes the first puff from the artillery. The action begins in earnest, and the forces of the Frank make reprisals. Why were you so stupidly silent during dinner?'

'The enemy grows insolent.'

'Maud!'

'Sir!'

'Let us be serious.'

'I am more than serious. Come sir. For

Front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.'

'Oh, bother Tom Campbell and his dreadful line! Maud, let me speak. I'm going back to town almost directly, and I have something I must say to-night. I shall not see you again for heaven alone knows how long.' He throws his cigar over the gate, and takes both her hands in his: 'Maud, I love you!'

The saucy eyes were lowered. Maud made no answer. Frank relinquished one hand and stole an arm round her waist. She attempted no repulse. He kissed her, and her head dropped down upon his shoulder. So they stood for a while.

I can scarcely find the heart, in pursuance of my function as story-teller, to take them from each other's arms. They will never be so happy as they are at this blessed moment, any more. There was a something which welled up in Frank's

heart and surprised him. An infinite protecting tenderness. An emotion at once vast and vague; comprising within it all possible loves; of fatherhood and brotherhood and childhood. He thought of his own follies and his own unworthiness, and his eyes were a little dimmed with tears. There was a sharp compunction in his breast as he laid a hand on each cheek and gently forced back the blushing face until the shy eyes were raised to his and dropped again, and the shy sweet face was nestled at his heart.

'Look here, Maud!' said Frank very earnestly. 'You don't know what a pack of imperfections you have taken hold of. I've been an idle, careless, butterfly sort of fellow: I have never been in earnest in my whole life about anything but you; and I want to make confession; and I want love to absolve me; and I want to promise that I'll be a thousand times more industrious and more manly in life than I have ever been before. I want to promise this; and I want to have it on my mind always that I have promised. And when I think of you, darling—and that will be always—I shall think of this confession and this promise. And just to make the promise all the more sacred, give me your hands, dear. Tell me for the first time that you care for me.' And so, by love, and love's confession, Frank Fairholt vowed himself to manhood.

The lovers lingered in the garden. The light grew softer and fainter. Through a long vista in the Park they could see the pale summer moon low on the horizon. It was a time and a place of peace, and joy had no tumult now. They talked—as happy lovers will—of the future. They filled it with bright visions of home and of homely joys. Was there any sorrow in the sky at all? None. There was no cloud even so large as a man's hand.

But Time will not stay his course, even for happy lovers. Parting came at last. A pleasant parting. Good-bye and Good-bye often repeated. A tender warfare in which each was resolved to bless the other last. Good-bye. Good-bye.

Was there any sorrow in the sky? Was there a cloud so large as a man's hand? Yet did these happy lovers meet no more for ever.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In the year 1851, the *Nautilus*, a barque of three hundred tons burden, was chartered by the Chilean government, and placed under the command of Captain Lopez de Ferrande of the Chilean navy. The object was to make a fresh survey of the Strait of Magellan and the adjacent coasts. Among those who sailed on board this vessel was the writer of this present paper.

On the 13th of September—early spring in the southern hemisphere—of the year above mentioned, the *Nautilus* sailed from Valparaiso, and arrived off Cape Desolation, at the western entrance of the Strait, on the 29th of the same month. It is not my purpose to furnish any report of the survey; therefore I shall merely mention that the vessel remained on the service until the 1st of

August of the following year, when the task having been completed, she sailed to return to Valparaiso. During our long sojourn in that gloomy region of the earth, it was the chief relaxation of the officers of the ship to go on shore to shoot *guanaco*s, a species of alpaca which abounds on both shores of the Strait. It was on one of these excursions on shore that the circumstances occurred which I am about to relate.

On the 4th of May 1852, the *Nautilus* lay moored to a rock in deep water close to the cliff, in a narrow creek on the Tierra del Fuego or south shore of the Strait; and early in the afternoon of that day, a numerous party, consisting of Captain de Ferrande; the surgeon of the ship; Don Enrique de Guzman the second officer, who was the son of the chief owner of the vessel; myself, and others, went on shore on a shooting expedition. We had capital sport; and it was still early in the evening when we prepared to return on board. While, however, the sailors in attendance were collecting the spoils of the chase—comprising eight guanaco's, ten or twelve foxes, and several birds of different varieties—Don Enrique, who was standing by my side, apart from the others of the party—from whom we were concealed by the 'bush'—espied a herd of guanaco's on the side of an acclivity near by.

'Look yonder!' he exclaimed in English, which language he spoke fluently. 'Our rifles are loaded. Let us have another shot before we return to the ship. That is the finest herd we have met with to-day.'

He crept cautiously towards the herd, and I followed him. Guanaco's, though very timid, are not keen of scent, and may be approached without much difficulty, if the hunters can keep out of their sight; but before we got within rifle-range of the herd, the animals took alarm and started off at full speed. Still we followed, forgetful of our companions in the ardour of the chase, until, having plunged into the heart of the bush, and missed the path, we had to own ourselves completely lost! To increase our difficulties, the dense gray fog or mist, called by the Spaniards the *músgo*, was rising in the east, and rapidly increasing in density. This mist is peculiar to the shores of South America, or at all events I have never met with it elsewhere. It is most frequent in the fall of the year—that is, in the months of April, May, and June; and it usually rises suddenly at nightfall, sometimes advancing with great rapidity, but oftener creeping over the ground at as it were a snail's pace. Though very light in colour, no object at any considerable distance off can be seen through it; while objects near by that are visible assume a shadowy aspect, and are enormously magnified.

Don Enrique called my attention to the shroud-like mist that was approaching, and that threatened speedily to envelop us in its folds.

'Let us make our way towards the coast,' said I. 'If we follow the line of cliffs, we shall find the ship. Otherwise, we may wander about in this confounded bush all night.'

We soon reached the cliffs, and then continued our course westward, the mist still slowly approaching, but as yet a considerable distance in our rear;

and despite the unpleasantness of our position, we stopped for a few moments to gaze upon the prospect presented to our view—fascinated as it were by its melancholy aspect. Perhaps there is no scenery in the world so desolate, so gloomy, so savage in its features, and withal so melancholy as that of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. I have stood in the Pass of Glencoe while a wintry storm was raging around me; I have visited in the fall of the year some of the wildest fiords on the west coast of Norway; and have stood on the summit of the cliffs in Iceland when night was closing in, and gazed upon the bleak surrounding rocks and crags, and upon the stormy waves of the Atlantic rolling far down beneath my feet. But though in each and all of these places the scenery is savage and gloomy as need be, it lacks the utter desolation that is the chief feature of Patagonian scenery.

Already the air was growing chilly, though during a few hours at noonday the sun had shone brightly, and the heat for a while had been oppressive; for the nights are always cold on these dreary shores, alike in summer and winter, and summer snow-storms are by no means infrequent. Usually, however, whether in summer or winter, the sky wears a dark leaden aspect, and seems to hang strangely near the earth; while the generally stormy sea is of a muddy, greenish hue, different in appearance from any other part of the open ocean. The cliffs rise to the height of from seven to fourteen hundred feet, almost perpendicularly from the waters that wash their base—the black rugged rocks of which they are composed appearing to be heaped carelessly one upon another—Ossa piled on Ossa in wild confusion, and threatening to fall at any moment.

The Strait of Magellan, three hundred miles in length, varies in breadth from a mile and a quarter to thirty and thirty-five miles; but in the narrow creeks in one of which the *Nautilus* lay moored, the towering cliffs, viewed from a short distance off, seem almost to touch one another. The island of Tierra del Fuego narrows almost to a point at its western extremity; and now, standing on the cliff above the creek, we had a view alike of the opposite shore of Patagonia and of the Pacific Ocean to the southward. It is frightful to gaze down into one of these narrow creeks from the summit of the cliffs. Often when on shore we were accustomed to crawl on our hands and knees to the edge of the cliff and look down into the dark abyss, shuddering as we gazed upon the waters—looking almost black as ink—that rolled beneath.

Little did Enrique or I think at such times that the time would come when we would stand together midway above the fearful gulf, a narrow ledge of crumbling rock alone preserving us from falling into its terrible depths!

Now, though we were anxious to outstrip the approaching *músgo*, and get back on board the ship ere night closed in, we still lingered, gazing upon the mournful prospect, ever changing, and growing more and more gloomy as the shadows of evening crept over it. Notwithstanding the gradual approach of darkness, we knew that there would yet be nearly an hour of twilight; and we watched the flight of the albatrosses and Cape pigeons and other sea-fowl peculiar to the latitude, as they hastened in from

seaward to their dismal eyries in the crevices of the cliffs, filling the air with the sound of their discordant screams. Seemingly near to us, though in reality many miles distant, was the island of Cape Horn, with the singularly curved cone rising from its centre, a dismal, storm-lashed beacon, warning mariners not to approach too near the fatal coast. It had been nearly calm, but the wind was beginning to rise, and though still light, was howling mournfully as it swept through the numerous creeks and inlets. The shudder of the dying day was upon land and sea alike.

A short distance from the shore, between the island of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn, two huge grampuses had risen to the surface to breathe and to amuse themselves with their clumsy gambols. Every now and again the huge monsters raised their black, arched backs high out of the sea, each time spouting a vaporous jet high in air, and then falling back with a tremendous splash—faintly audible at the spot where we stood—dived down, and disappeared from our sight, to rise again, in an incredibly short space of time, a quarter of a mile distant. The noise produced by the spouting sounded, in our fancy, like the long-drawn sighs of some giant Titan bemoaning the sad fate that compelled him to wander for ever amidst the desolation of a ruined world.

Turning about, we beheld, on the other hand, close beneath our feet, the dark abyss of which I have spoken, and the gloomy shore of Patagonia, over which the shadows of night were now gathering rapidly. But the *músgo* was creeping nearer and nearer, and the ever increasing chilliness of the atmosphere urged us to hasten our return to the ship.

Don Enrique, who was a few paces in advance of me, hastened on, calling upon me to follow. I obeyed the call; but scarcely a minute elapsed ere my companion, with a cry of terror, suddenly disappeared. I thought that he had stumbled into one of the numerous holes or crevices on the summit of the cliff, and sprained his ankle or otherwise hurt himself, and I hurried on to his assistance. In an instant I felt my feet slipping from under me, and found myself sliding swiftly down. In vain I tried to stop myself—I only slid the more rapidly. Presently I felt as though I had slipped over a ledge, and was no longer sliding but falling into the dark depth beneath the cliff. The horror of those few moments—they could have been but a few moments—is indescribable. I gave myself up for lost, and my whole life from childhood upwards seemed to pass in review in my memory. I thought of home, so far away; of friends whom I should never see again, and who probably would never know my fate; of my shipmates on board the *Nautilus*, so near by, yet from whom I should soon be separated for ever; of the warm, snug, well-lighted cabin where they were enjoying themselves, and vainly looking for me to rejoin them. It is said that the wild fancies in dreams occur only at the moment before waking. In those few moments I lived a lifetime. I was brought up suddenly with a jerk that almost precipitated me into the gulf beneath; and I found my feet resting upon a narrow ledge of rock not more than eighteen inches wide, which appeared to extend upon my right hand

along the whole line of the cliff. I had slipped down one of the slopes which here and there break the level line on the top of the cliffs, the short moss-like grass with which they are overgrown becoming slippery as ice or frozen snow, when slightly damped by the dews of evening, after the sun has shone warmly upon it during the day.

My first thought after I recovered from this shock was of Enrique. I could not see him, and I believed that he had fallen to the bottom of the abyss.

'Enrique! Enrique!' I shouted several times in vain. At length, to my great relief, he faintly responded to my call. He too had been brought up by the same narrow ledge of rock to which I owed my safety. But he was separated from me by a slight projection of the cliff, around which the ledge appeared to run; though, at the distance of a few yards to my left, it broke off suddenly, the cliff at that spot appearing to rise perpendicularly from its base to its summit, which I judged to be at least a hundred feet above my head.

'Are you on the top of the cliff?' cried Enrique.

'No,' I shouted. 'I slipped down the slope. I am standing on a narrow ledge of rock. I was afraid that you were lost.'

'O Dios! what will become of us?' he exclaimed.

'We must try to regain the summit,' I replied. 'Can you come to me, or shall I try to reach you?'

Enrique made no reply; and fearing that he had fainted, I determined to try to get to his assistance. In the first place, however, thinking that it would be best for both of us if I could regain the summit, as I might then make a rope of a portion of my clothing, and let the end down to my companion, I tried to climb up the slope, though for several feet above my head—to the spot where I had fancied I was falling perpendicularly into the abyss—the cliff was almost straight up and down. Still I tried my utmost to clamber up. I dug my finger-nails into the rocky earth, and strove to find a foothold on the little projecting points of rock. But though I broke my nails in the attempt, I could obtain no sufficient purchase whereby to raise the weight of my body, and I slipped down immediately. However, I made a second attempt, and this time climbed a few feet above the ledge; but I slipped down again, and so heavily, that a portion of the ledge near its edge crumbled away with the shock of my fall, and I tried no more. The risk was too terrible to venture a third time.

'Are you still safe, Enrique?' I now inquired; and this time he faintly answered: 'Yes.'

'I'll try to get to you,' I said.

But this was no easy task, for the ledge did not run in a straight line. In some places it rose slightly, in others it fell, while it narrowed in spots from eighteen inches to not more than half that width. I now took off my shoes, and left them where I stood. Fortunately, both Enrique and I wore thick-ribbed worsted socks, which enabled us to obtain a firmer foothold than we could otherwise have secured. My rifle, to which I had clung while slipping down the slope, had been jerked out of my hand by the sudden shock

when I was arrested by the ledge, and had fallen into the dark depth beneath. But though I afterwards grieved sorely over its loss, I thought little of it at that moment. Having nothing now to encumber me, I endeavoured to grope my way along the ledge, pressing my body close to the side of the cliff, while I placed one foot before the other with the utmost caution. I did very well until I reached the projecting point which concealed Don Enrique from my sight. But at this point, though it projected but a few feet, the ledge inclined slightly upward, while it narrowed so much that I could not have placed my feet side by side. Yet round this point I had to make my way, pressing close to the side of the cliff on my right hand, and conscious that a mis-step, or the slightest feeling of giddiness, or the least crumbling of the ledge itself, would hurl me headlong into the now invisible depth—seven or eight hundred feet. I scarcely dared to draw my breath. I dreaded lest each successive moment should be my last; but I succeeded in rounding the point, when the fearful footpath widened; and in a short time I stood safe by the side of Enrique, who seemed to have hardly yet recovered from the first effects of the shock he had experienced.

I had no little difficulty to persuade him to move onward. He would have remained where he was; but the ledge at this spot was little more than twelve inches wide, and had we remained where we stood, it is not likely that either of us would have seen the morning light. If we had been seized with vertigo, or if for a moment we had closed our eyes in sleep, we would surely have fallen from our giddy perch, while the slow but sure approach of the mûsco rendered every moment of delay more perilous. I could not possibly have passed my companion and gone on by myself, even had I been inclined to do so; but at length I persuaded him to move onward. Frequently, since that terrible night, have I marvelled at our escape, and shuddered to think of the fearful peril in which we were placed. For a long time afterwards it haunted me in my slumbers, and I would start up in terror from a dream in which I fancied that I had slipped from the ledge, and was falling—falling into the awful abyss! At such times of great peril, however, men dare and accomplish deeds that at other times appear utterly impossible to them. The love of life, or the necessity for exertion at all hazards, or the excitement peculiar to such occasions, supports them, and imparts to them a degree of courage and energy that they would not otherwise possess.

We were both young and active, and accustomed to climb to or look down from dizzy heights, and were frequently placed in a position in which we as it were held our lives in our hands. We hoped ere the mûsco should close around us or ere darkness should set in, to discover some spot on the side of the cliff up which we could clamber to its summit, which we judged to be about a hundred feet above our heads; and with the utmost caution, placing one foot before the other, we moved slowly along the ledge, seeking, for a long time in vain, for such a spot as we hoped to find.

I have said that the ledge rose and fell at intervals, and was also of unequal width; but in no spot was it more than eighteen inches wide,

while it was frequently not more than half that width. The ascents were not difficult to make; but the descents, though generally very slight and gradual, were dangerous in the extreme. It was difficult to prevent our feet from slipping, and sometimes we fancied that the ledge itself was giving way beneath us. We had advanced perhaps a quarter of a mile from the spot where we fell—though in the circumstances in which we were placed it is difficult to judge of time or distance—when the method employed by our shipmates to guide us back to the ship came near to bring about our destruction.

As we afterwards learned, our shipmates, finding that we had not returned to the ship with them, naturally supposed that we were lost in the bush; and Captain Ferrande ordered a gun to be fired, thinking that the report would guide us towards the creek in which the ship lay. The report was echoed and re-echoed through the Strait, the sound reverberating amongst the glens and inlets like rolling thunder. It almost startled us off the narrow ledge, and caused several large pieces of overhanging rock to detach themselves, and to fall crashing and thundering into the gulf beneath. The sea-fowl too, the albatrosses and Cape pigeons, alarmed at the unusual noise, came forth from their roosting-places in the side of the cliff, and flew, screaming in terror, through the inlet; and one large albatross, as though it resented our intrusion upon its dreary domain, rose screaming discordantly high above our heads, and then swooped down directly upon us, its tremendous wing almost touching us as it descended. So near it came to us that it was a miracle we were not swept from our precarious foothold.

These, however, were not the most alarming results of the report. A huge piece of rock fell heavily upon the ledge a short distance from us and crumbled it completely away, leaving a gap of nearly three feet in width, over which we had to pass. To leap or stride across such a gap on level ground is easy enough even to a child. But it is a very different matter to cross a gap three feet wide with a perpendicular wall of rock on one side, and a chasm seven hundred feet deep on the other, with a consciousness that the least slip or mishap of any kind must prove fatal. The ledge at this spot was not sufficiently wide to enable us to put our feet together, and the fact that the fall of rock had been sufficient to crumble it away, shewed us how precarious was our slender foothold, and led us to fear lest our weight, even if we safely crossed the gap, should cause it to crumble beneath our feet. To turn round on such a narrow foothold was impossible; and if we could have turned and gone back to the spot whence we started, it would have served no purpose. We could not run to take a leap that would carry us well clear of the crumbling edge. There was no alternative but to step as lightly and actively as we could across the fearful gap.

For some moments we both hesitated. To take the leap in our position seemed like an act of suicide, yet to remain where we were until we should become enshrouded in the mist would be equally fatal to us. At length Enrique, who was in advance of me, and was younger and lighter than I, ventured to make a leaping stride across the gap, and was successful. I followed, and also

succeeded in crossing safely, though, as I landed on the narrow foothold, I heard the rocky earth at the edge of the gap crumble and fall rattling down the cliff. We had escaped a fearful peril. But darkness was now rapidly closing in. We could see but a very short distance ahead, and the mist in our rear was rapidly overtaking us. We strove to encourage one another; but hope of eventual escape was almost dead within us. Again we moved onward for a time that seemed considerable to us, and still, though the ledge was now much wider, the side of the cliff against which we pressed rose perpendicularly, high above our heads. At length I was startled by a cry of joy from Enrique. I could scarcely see him now through the gloom, though he was but a short distance ahead. He, however, waited until I came up, and then joyfully pointed to a gentle slope in the side of the cliff, leading apparently from the ledge to the summit. We commenced the ascent immediately. It was full of projecting pieces of rock, which sometimes gave way beneath our weight, and went crashing down the cliff's side. But we stepped with great caution, following the sailor's rule of never letting go our hold with our hands till our foothold was secured, and thus succeeded in reaching the top of the cliff in safety. Then Enrique, who, since the moment when he recovered from the first shock of his fall, had behaved himself bravely, sunk down to the earth and wept and sobbed hysterically. Poor fellow! he had not been a twelvemonth married, to a young and pretty girl, when the ship sailed from Valparaiso.

'O Inez, Inez!' he sobbed forth in Spanish; 'what would have become of you if I had perished?'

I attempted to offer no consolation; for though I struggled to control my feelings, I felt nearly as bad as he. After a while, he grew calmer; and we both expressed our gratitude to heaven for our almost miraculous escape from a terrible death. It soon became dark, and the mist wrapped us in its folds. It was bitterly cold, and the mist in a short time wetted us completely through our clothing. Nevertheless, we were both so overcome with fatigue that in a few minutes we both slept soundly, nor did we wake until day was breaking and the rising sun was gradually dispersing the mist.

We still felt the effects of our terrible adventure of the previous evening, and our limbs were numbed and stiff. However, as the sun rose higher in the heavens and shone forth bright and warm, our wet garments dried upon us, and the stiffness in our limbs passed away. Approaching the edge of the cliff cautiously on our hands and knees, we peered down into the Strait, in the hope of seeing the ship; but we could see nothing of her. Enrique had let go his rifle when he first felt his feet slipping, and of course had lost it, as I had lost mine, or we would have fired off the pieces to attract the attention of our shipmates. But as we could not do this, we again plunged into the bush, and sought to discover the native path from which we had strayed on the previous afternoon, though we found it difficult to pick our steps—without shoes to protect our feet—amidst the prickly shrubs and fallen branches of trees which covered the ground. Still, though we were beginning to feel hungry, we kept up our spirits,

feeling confident that our shipmates would come in search of us, and that if we failed to discover the lost path, they would find us before the day was very far advanced.

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—HOW IT WAS REGAINED.

I RETURNED to Cottam saddened and disappointed, but by no means convinced. I had, however, no choice but to leave the mystery to be solved by time. In due course Ellen and I were married. She received her two hundred and fifty pounds; and opportunity just then occurring, I bought a practice at Kinton, to which place we removed. We saw nothing of Charles, but heard that he had gone abroad. And so days and months passed on; I was happy in the love of my dear wife, and we both tried to forget 'what might have been,' or that we had ever looked forward to the possession of a fortune.

One evening about twelve months after I had settled at Kinton, I was called into the surgery to attend a lady. Of course I had no other thought than that it was a patient; nor was my opinion changed when I saw her, for her cheeks were hollow and her eyes sunken; but what was my surprise on looking closer to recognise in that wasted form the once passably fair, if not brilliant Miss Leclerc.

She saw I recognised her, and without waiting for me to speak, said: 'You are surprised to see me here, doctor; but I have something important to say to you. Can we be alone?'

'We shall not be disturbed here,' I said; and still not doubting that it was medical advice she required, I added: 'Well now, tell me your symptoms, and I will prescribe for you.'

'No, doctor; your medicines would do me no good in the purpose I have in view. I require your help, not medicine; and let me say, that in helping me, you will help yourself in a way you little expect.'

'Tell me how; and if I can do it, I will.'

'You can do it, I am sure; and equally sure you will, after you have heard my story.'

'I am all attention.'

'Well then, listen. I must go back to the time of Mr Russel's death. You were very much surprised and disappointed at the disposition of his property; were you not?'

I bowed assent.

'In fact the will was a complete mystery to you?'

'It was indeed a deep mystery.'

'I can explain it.'

'You!' I said, springing to my feet—'you! Why, you had very little communication with Mr Russel in his last illness.'

'No; and yet I tell you I can explain the mystery; and on two conditions, I will.'

'Name them. They must be onerous indeed if I fail to comply with them.'

'Oh, they are not difficult; they are simply these. First, that in consideration of this my assistance in obtaining your rights, you will not have me punished for the part I myself took in the matter; and secondly, that you will supply

me with money enough to go to America, where I have friends.'

'But if a crime was committed, have I the power to promise you immunity from punishment?'

'Be content. You have; for the crime—and I won't deny that there *was* a crime—injured no one but you and Miss Ellen; and if I make restitution by enabling you to secure the real culprit, you can surely let the tool go free.'

'Well, I promise,' I said, after a few moments' consideration. 'Do what you have said, and I pledge my word that neither I nor any one on my behalf shall bring you to justice for your share in the transaction. That being granted, the other condition is easily fulfilled.'

'That is enough. I will now proceed. But first I must tell you why I do this. It is not, as you might suppose, out of consideration for you, or even for Miss Ellen, although my conscience has often troubled me for my ingratitude towards her. No,' she said; 'I have a purpose to serve, and that purpose is—*Revenge*. Nay; start not. It is the desire for revenge that nerves me to the confession. You remember what I once was. Look at me now. See my hollow cheek and wasted form; hear of my blighted life, and then cease to wonder that I crave for revenge on the cause. But pardon me; I must begin at the beginning. Soon after Mr Russel's death, and the affairs were all settled, Charles left England for Paris. This you knew; but you did not know that I went with him.—As his wife, do you ask? No! Poor silly fool that I was; I trusted to his promise, that we would be married in Paris. Well, we lived gaily enough for two or three months; the marriage put off on one pretext or another, until one day he went out, and never returned. He had left me—left me almost penniless—to starve or die, not caring which. It was some days before I could realise the fact that I was indeed deserted. I thought some accident had befallen him, and made inquiries in all directions. I even visited the dreadful Morgue, but without avail. At length I heard that he had gone to Lyons, on his way to Venice; and thither I determined to follow him, but on the road was struck down by illness. When I recovered, all trace of him was lost. How I got back to England, I hardly know; but I was buoyed up by the hope that after all there might be some mistake, and that I should find him here, glad to receive me back. I did find him; but how? The Willows has now both master and mistress. Yes; he is married, notwithstanding all his promises to me. Another reigns in the house where I ought to be supreme. Oh, but he shall regret it. Little did he know my power, or he would have sacrificed his right hand ere he offended me. I did not tell him, because I wanted his love, not his fear; and when I would have told him, it was too late, for he had gone, gone, and left me the wreck you see; married another, after the most sacred promises to me. But I will be revenged. Yes; revenged to the uttermost. He has known my love; now he shall learn my hate. I will drag him down—down, even as he has dragged me.' It is impossible to convey the emphasis with which all this, especially the latter part, was said. I could see that the spirit of revenge was in her, its fire burning her very life out.

'Still,' I said, 'you have not yet told me anything about the will. I am anxious to hear about that.'

'I am coming to it now; but I cannot talk any more to-night. See here; in this packet I have written a full history of the transaction. Take it and read it, and I will come again to-morrow at this time to complete the evidence. Now let me go, for I am very weak.'

In truth she appeared weak and almost ready to faint; so I gave her a cordial, and sending for a conveyance, handed her in, and bade her good-night.

Need I say that I hastened to my room to peruse the packet. I was far too anxious to delay. I found it addressed to myself, and inside headed: 'The History of the Will of Mr Charles Russel, as related by Jeannette Leclerc.'

(To be concluded next week.)

THE AMERICAN PENCIL-TRADE.

THE pencil-works of the Dixon Company of New Jersey, established a few years ago, present to the visitor many of those novel features in the application of machinery which appear to be characteristic of nearly every industry in the United States. Graphite of great purity is found at Ticonderoga, N.Y., both in the form suitable for the manufacture of crucibles, and for the production of what are erroneously known as 'lead-pencils.' The graphite is reduced in mills to a fine impalpable powder, almost as mobile as water, and making the fingers as smooth as if they had been oiled. A process of mixing with a peculiar description of clay is then used, according to the degree of 'hardness' desired in the pencils; and the substance having been reduced to a dough form, one of the most curious processes of the manufacture is seen. The dough is placed in a cylinder, within which a screw works a well-fitting plunger, and at the bottom is a plate having holes of the shape and size of which the 'lead' is to be cut. As the coils of tenacious material issue from these holes, they are cut up in lengths equal to three pencils, straightened, flattened, and baked. It has been found possible to run a coil four thousand feet long without breaking; such a length of unbroken pencil material having been shewn by the Dixon Company at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

The Americans have in their own territory that Florida cedar which makers in Europe use so largely for pencils, and great quantities of the necessary timber are cut down for the Dixon Company. The cedar is brought home to New Jersey, not in logs, but in blocks seven inches long, and these again are cut into strips measuring three and a half inches wide by three-sixteenths thick. This last fact reveals two differences between the methods usually employed in Europe, for the pencil-slip is in this factory made of a width to yield six pencils, instead of being cut singly; and both halves of the pencil are alike; and not, as in the older method, one portion narrower than the other. Both sides of the pencil-slip are equally grooved; and the process of filling

the slips, which is done by hand, is exceedingly interesting. Each girl engaged in filling takes up a grooved slip in one hand, a bunch of the straight 'leads' in the other, and with a dexterity begotten of practice, very rapidly inserts six of the stalks in the slip. This being handed to a second girl, the latter receives from a third worker the second half of the slip, over which a brush of hot glue has just been passed. The two halves are brought together, each one, it will be remarked, embracing half of the 'lead,' and then, when a row of these slips has been filled, they are pressed under a screw-frame till the glue is dry. The next process is to smooth the ends where the 'leads' project, and then we reach another very interesting machine. In this machine a revolving cutter seizes the slip, and with two cuts removes the superfluous wood, separates the pencils, and rounds them into shape. The pencils fall from this machine in a continuous stream, or rather in six continuous streams, each pencil finished for use, and so smooth, it is alleged, that the finest sand-paper would scratch them.

American ingenuity is also seen in an arrangement by which the chips falling from this machine are sucked away by a 'blower' into the engine-room and consumed as fuel, with the result of keeping the place perfectly free from rubbish. The next curiosity is the 'counting-board,' a grooved board or table, on which, by rubbing a handful of pencils over it, and seeing that each groove is full, a gross of pencils can be accurately counted off in five or six seconds. Other ingenious machines are in use for staining and varnishing the pencils, stamping marks and names, and finally packing them in a singular and convenient method, the package being oval in shape. By the use of checks on the quantity of material given out, the Dixon Company boasts of being able to secure that if even one pencil of the eighty thousand made daily is abstracted it will be missed; and incidents are not wanting where this fact, being unknown and unsuspected, has brought people into trouble who thought that one pencil might be removed from amongst such large numbers. The rule of the house is, that if a pencil is missed from a room, every one employed in that room is discharged unless the pencil be found; and as there is a further rule that no one discharged shall in any case be re-employed, every one in the place is interested in securing the honesty both of visitors and co-workers.

A curious story is told of Mr Dixon, founder of the crucible manufactory to which the pencil-trade has within the last few years been added. In 1830 he proposed to make pencils, and actually shewed some in Boston, Mass., where he was told he must put European labels on them if he wished them to sell. Unlike most American inventors, he took such offence at this, that instead of persevering, he went home and resolved never to make another pencil. Now, the successors to the crucible business, having resumed the attempt, make pencils in such abundance and of such excellence, that while they can offer a cheap pencil at one-third of a cent, they make in all about four hundred different styles, in shape, quality, hardness, &c., and turn out so many pencils that it is calculated they produce one-third of the entire number used annually in the United States. This success in supplanting pencils of European make is attributed

to the adoption of that characteristic to which reference has already been made, the determination of American manufacturers to use machinery wherever possible in every branch of their work.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

FIRST SERIES.

I NEVER remember the time when I did not love all living things. When a little child, I believed that trees and flowers had a sort of consciousness. I had a garden of my own—a little plot in my father's large one; but all the lovely flowers he could procure for me were planted there; and as I tended them with the greatest care, I thought every individual plant knew me, and looked to me for love and attention. I could not have passed them by without a kindly word, and never failed to give to each its proper share of the treasures of my watering-can.

For some years I had not any particular pet of my own; I do not know why, but such was the case, until one evening when, as I was watering my spring flowers, I heard a loud noise in the kitchen-garden. I listened; and hearing the voices of one or two boys I knew, and thinking there must be some mischief on hand, I hastened down the garden, and found eight of them pelting something with stones. At first I thought it was a poor stray kitten. There had been a pit dug for some purpose, and when I looked down, I saw a toad lying at the bottom. This was what they were persecuting. My heart swelled with indignation. But what was a little girl against eight cruel boys! I tried in vain to reason with them, when a sudden thought came into my mind: Can I bribe them? I named one, and said: 'What shall I give you to go away and leave the toad alone?'

'What have you got?'

'I will give you sixpence.'

'No; that won't do.' And another stone was flung.

I knew if I left to get the gardener to help me, the poor toad would be worse used for my interference, so I said: 'I will give you all the money I have if you will come with me. You shall have my money-box just as it is. There is a shilling and threepence-halfpenny. Will you come?'

They hesitated awhile, and then one of them said: 'Let the lass have it, and we'll go and buy toffy and gunpowder.'

When they were gone, I looked down into the pit and saw the creature moving. It was the first time in my life that I had been called to feel pity and sorrow. Many years have passed away, and often since then has my heart been stirred to its inmost depths; but that night I believe God awakened in my bosom that horror of all oppression and cruelty that became a part of my being. Before this I had always felt a strong dislike to creeping things. I was not frightened at them; but had a shrinking objection to come in contact with them. What was I to do? If I asked the servants to help me, I knew they would laugh, and perhaps even kill the toad outright, to put it out of its misery; so I summoned courage, got a short ladder, and went

down to its rescue. It was sorely battered and crushed, and covered with mud; but I took it in my hand, covered it up in my pinafore, and went into a sheltered place to look at it. Having cleansed the mud from the poor creature, my next impulse was to hide it. There was a quiet place near my garden; so I fetched a small box, and gathering some of the grass that had been mown from the lawn, I placed my little sufferer in safety. Not daring to go and visit it before I went to school next morning, for fear of attracting attention, it was late in the afternoon when I saw it again. It was almost dead. I took some bread and milk, and placed it near; but I never knew if it partook of the food I gave it. However, I made a friend of the gardener, who promised to see that no one harmed it; and with his assistance we made it a very comfortable sheltered home, which seemed to revive my rescued one.

There were some very pretty fields near my father's house. It was my custom to go and sit on a stile leading into them, and learn my lessons, or read some favourite book. One bright Saturday afternoon I had gone there, and having by this time overcome all my early scruples regarding 'creeping things,' I took my now companionable toad with me in a covered basket. I sat and talked to it, watching all its movements, and now and then singing to it a low soft song. I saw two gentlemen coming towards me; and rising to let them get over the stile, one of them stopped and said: 'Well, little warbler, what have you in your basket? Is it a pet kitten?'

'No sir,' I said. I felt very awkward, and somewhat ashamed. But as I saw his kind eyes looking down upon me, my heart gained strength, and I lifted the lid off the basket.

'A toad! Where did you get it, and why do you keep it? I thought little girls ran away and screamed when they saw frogs and toads.'

'I bought it,' I replied.

'Bought it, child! Why did you buy it?'

'Because it was so hurt and so helpless! I gave all the money I had to save it from some cruel boys, and now I love it dearly.'

I shall never forget the kind look of George Moggridge, who, under the name of 'Old Humphrey,' has written some charming works on natural history. 'My child,' said he, 'as you go through life, always be the friend of the injured and the helpless. May God bless you!'

He asked my name; and as he knew my father, it was not long before he came to see me. We had many long talks together, and to him I owe more than I can tell. He told me to make animals, birds, and as far as I could all living things, my study. Adding: 'You will never find any two even of the same species alike; all have their separate characters.' This I have found to be true in every respect. Each has its own individuality.

Autumn passed; winter came; and I had a severe illness which kept me from the garden. I was in sore trouble about my little friend; and as the gardener never saw it, we concluded it had disappeared altogether. At length, one evening in spring, while walking in my little garden, I perceived something moving. I looked, and then called very gently: 'Toadie, toadie! Is it you?'

Gradually the something moved from its shelter among the primroses, and came close to me. The

toad! I talked to it until I heard some one coming, when it moved away, for its hearing was evidently as acute as mine. Often I saw it. It would always come if I called, unless, as I supposed, it had strayed away from its usual haunts into the kitchen-garden.

About this time I was absent from home for some time. When I returned, my first inquiry of the gardener was: 'Have you seen my toad?'

Nothing had been seen of it, so I almost despaired of ever seeing my little favourite again. It was my custom to go with my father in the evening to cut asparagus for supper. The place was close to the strawberry beds. I had gathered the asparagus and was returning, when I thought I would pluck some strawberries; and while I was doing so, I saw something moving among the leaves. I pushed them on one side. There was a toad! Could it be mine? I looked, and then gently called: 'Toadie, toadie! Is it you?'

The creature looked—came slowly along. I placed my hand upon the ground. It drew itself upon it, and gazed into my face, with what I could not help thinking was a look of loving gratitude, as I raised it.

I carried it in triumph to shew to my father, who said laughingly: 'But are you sure it is your old friend?'

I had only to point to the cruel scar upon its back. He looked at it and at me in mute astonishment.

Soon after this I went to London, and was absent twelve months. When I returned, my father had left his house and gone to reside in another part of the country. So I never saw my little friend again.

Before passing on to other animals, I should like to refer to the power of music upon them, affecting them so differently. Some rejoice, and are evidently happy when listening to it; while others shew unmistakable dislike to the sound, suffering from nervous distress. A remarkable instance of a toad's enjoyment of music came under my notice some years since. I was on a visit with my husband and one of my daughters to my father, who lived in the south of England. He had a very pretty garden and lawn; and it was his delight in the evening to sit at his drawing-room window while I played on the piano, and sang to him. One evening he said to me: 'My dear, here is a toad under the window. It has been here a long time without moving. I believe it is listening to your singing.'

When I ceased playing, the toad slowly crept away; but every evening when I sang, the creature came, took its place under the window, and there remained. One evening, at my father's request, I suddenly stopped the music, and in a few minutes it went away. We watched it until it reached the path; when commencing another song, it stopped, listened, and then slowly returned to its place under the window. When I left and went home, there was no more music. The toad was never again seen.

Some years previous to my marriage, my father lived in an old Hall in the neighbourhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of

studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come quietly to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener Willy, he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when Willy appeared streaming with perspiration.

'What is the matter, Willy?'

'Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best pears off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the pear, kicked up his heels, and off he is laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow.'

I was very sorry for the old man; but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

'Well, Willy, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know.'

'Ay, but Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a toon on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken to you, for he is always a-doing that; and maybe I can slip behind and catch him.'

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played *Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*. The halter was soon round his neck; and he went away to be harnessed quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played *Scots, wha ha'e*, he would listen well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in *The Land o' the Leal*, he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say: 'That is not my sort of music.' Changing to something martial, he would return, and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: 'She is the most contrariest beast under the sun.' If she were in one of her ill-humours, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking-time. Nancy be milked with *them*!—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-can and its precious contents. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing, she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—*The Land o' the Leal; Home, Sweet Home; Robin Adair*, any sweet tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening singing to mamma. It was a double room, with folding-doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There sitting on the stand was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window, and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came, and sat upon the stone outside, listening.

My father's poultry-yard was divided into one for the fowls that were kept for domestic use, and into another for those that were laying, together with fancy poultry of all kinds. I was fond of feeding them, and studying their various habits and dispositions. I soon observed both in them and other animals a marked likeness to human beings. One very ludicrous resemblance I found in a large white cock to a fussy old gentleman of our acquaintance who was tall, gaunt, and selfish. The white cock was the same. I never saw him give a bit of food to any of the hens. He ate more than all the others, but he never grew fat. He walked about, taking no notice, that I ever saw, of anything but himself. He was a hateful bird. One day I had been watching him, and the resemblance to old Mr P—— struck me forcibly. I called to the cook, and said: 'Lizzy, who is that white cock like?'

She looked, and then replied: 'Why, old Mr P——.'

'Don't say anything, and I will see if any one else notices the likeness.'

I asked papa and mamma to come into the yard, and see if they recognised a resemblance to any one.

'Old Mr P—— to the life.'

Some time after this, my father told the gardener to kill the white cock. He meant a fine young one that was in the same yard. When the cover was removed at dinner, the bird was trussed as the custom was with its head under the wings—I suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, that is old Mr P——.'

Willy the gardener had killed him by mistake. I need scarcely say no part of its body was eaten at our table; and upon being removed to the kitchen Old Willy chuckled when it was placed before him, saying: 'I dunna care how many cocks and hens our young Miss calls after her friends, as long as I can have them for my dinner. I reckon it is the only thing old P—— was ever good for in his life.'

In the other yard was a game-cock, the most beautiful bird of the kind I ever saw. He had several wives, and it was a curious thing to see the different airs and graces of the ladies in his train. He was an inveterate fighter, if he could escape from the yard, which was surrounded by a high wall. By some means, an accident had happened to his foot, and he became lame. My brother, who was a medical student, advised us to poultice it. Mamma undertaking this, Ralph came every morning to have his foot dressed, and

though evidently suffering very much, allowed her to attend to it. But no improvement came, and the poor proud bird began to droop. One day we heard a loud noise; a famous game-cock had come into the yard when the gate was left open, attacked Ralph, and had beaten him severely. He was sorely injured, though he had defended himself well. Mamma picked him up and carried him away, but next morning he was out in the yard, warning himself in the sun. I was very glad I was there to see what I then saw, or I could not have believed it. Ralph had been beaten! He was no longer to be honoured by his faithless wives. They came first one by one, and then all together, looking with all the contempt they could display. One and another pecked at him; and at last the prettiest, and his favourite, went straight up to him and gave him a severe dab near his eye. But there was one faithful friend among them, an awkward bustling brown hen, with no pretensions to beauty, who flew to his rescue, stood resolutely before the prostrate bird—for he had sunk to the ground, as if heart-broken—and sheltered him with her wings. It was useless to leave him in the poultry-yard, so he and his faithful brown hen were placed in the garden, the tool-house being left open for them through the night. Some weeks passed, and Ralph grew weaker, till one morning we found him dead. A grave was dug, and his faithful wife saw him placed in it. She was taken back to the yard; but she never rallied; and a few days after we saw her lying cold and lifeless on the spot where the friend of her generous heart lay buried.

THE INTOXICATING PROPERTIES OF THE HEMP-PLANT.

It is known to many, though not perhaps a matter of general knowledge, that the hemp-plant supplies Asiatic natives with a cheap intoxicating stimulant. Mohammedans, Hindus, Sikhs, and others whose religion forbids them the use of alcohol, find in this plant a substitute so perfect as to reconcile them to keeping the letter of their law; not caring much in this or any other respect for the spirit thereof.

Hemp has nothing pleasant in its taste, and therein lies at a disadvantage with many forms of alcohol; and when mixed with tobacco and smoked in the hookah, it has an exceedingly unpleasant smell, that clings for some time to buildings.

Its effects are very different from those of alcohol, acting powerfully on certain parts of the constitution when taken in excess, but being less generally injurious, though in extreme cases it produces temporary madness. It may also be taken in decoction, or in a solid form is put into sweetmeats. In ordinary doses it is merely a gentle and pleasant stimulant, and excites none of the brutal coarseness produced by alcoholic excess, though quarrelling sometimes results from over-indulgence.

Probably there is nothing so powerful as hemp for annihilating fear. It is very generally taken by the sepoy of India before entering into action, and

Mohammedan fanatics brave death under its influence. This latter excitement has been common in Afghanistan lately. Afghans believing that paradise awaits them if killed while fighting the Infidel, have deliberately intoxicated themselves with this drug and rushed into our camps—to which the country-people were allowed entrance for the purpose of selling provisions—cutting down all who came in their way till they were themselves killed, or taken alive to be tried by drumhead court-martial. In our petty wars with the hill-tribes in that region determined rushes have often been made on us by small bodies of men similarly deadened to fear by the free use of hemp!

Sometimes the effect of the drug is very curious. The writer saw a trooper of a Bengal Lancer regiment one morning on the line of march, while the horses were at the walk, suddenly wheel his horse round, and bringing his lance to the charge, gallop down the ranks from his place near the head of the regiment, scattering the men right and left, who, however, all managed to get out of his way, as he made no determined aim at any one. He continued his career down the road, till he was chased and caught. He was quite mad for the time being; and on arrival in camp, not knowing what to do with him, they tied his arms and legs, and then fastened him by a rope to a tent-peg firmly driven into the ground. He then fancied himself a horse, and commenced grazing, which they allowed him to do, as it kept him quiet. By evening he was all right again.

Not far from Cawnpore there was a large tank where two or three other men and I used to fish. One evening while so engaged, a native from a village close by came quietly behind one of our party who was intently watching his float beginning to bob, and deliberately hurled a great brick-bat at him, which luckily only grazed his head without doing any damage. The ruffian was soon in the hands of the village policeman, who put him in the stocks, and then informed us that the wretch was under the influence of hemp, which a certain set in that village were particularly addicted to, and for whose benefit the stocks had been introduced.

A young English officer at Delhi once thought he should like to try the effects of hemp on himself, but unfortunately took more than he intended; and bareheaded, on a scorching day in May, he sped down the road, armed with a large knife, and attacked a poor bullock, which was the first thing he met. Luckily, a guard of the Rifle Brigade was at hand, so he was quickly disarmed, taken home, and put in charge of the doctor, who shaved his head and applied ice, which brought him round. At the native Indian nautch or dance performed by professional dancing-women, hemp is often handed round in sweetmeats to the guests, to add to the dreamy mesmeric effect which it is the object and intention of the rhythmic motion of hands and feet of the dancers with their monotonous song, to produce. This intention of the dance is generally unknown to Europeans in India, who do not therefore lend themselves to the effect, and find the affair extremely wearisome and slow; while to those who understand it, it is not at times unpleasant, though of an enervating tendency if frequently indulged in.

EFFECT OF COLD ON THE NATIVES OF THE TROPICS.

A striking commentary on the effect of cold upon natives of the tropics is to be found in *My Chief and I*, a book just published by Chapman and Hall. Colonel Durnford, colonial engineer, was on the Drakenberg with a party of Basutos, and a number of prisoners of the Putini tribe, who were employed in stopping the passes into Natal. A snow-storm with a bitter wind came on, and at once the natives collapsed. The Putini men felt it most. Nothing could induce them to stir. They lit no fires, cooked no food. It was impossible to do anything with them even for their own comfort. At last, finding that even when the order was given to march down into the warm valley, they did not move, the Colonel had the tents pulled down over their heads. Still they lay helpless, crying: 'Let us die, Nikos; only let us die.' The white men of the party were ordered to force them out, and they were found perfectly paralysed. There was no sham about it; 'their brown skins were white with cold.' It was with the greatest difficulty they were got down the mountain to the valley, where there were plenty of old bushmen's caves for them to shelter in.

Natives of the Hindustan plains are even less able to endure sudden cold than Africans are. The present writer has known cases of coolies, the honestest and most faithful messengers in the world, actually dying in the Ghauts through being caught in a piercing wind such as they, Madrassees born and bred in the low lands, had never before experienced. While, therefore, hasty reasoners were hard in the case of the *El Dorado* lascars, better informed people felt that the real fault lay with those who put the poor fellows into a position for which they were by nature wholly unfitted. Let any one who has a garden try to gather a few turnips or cabbage leaves when they are covered with frozen snow, and he will be able to form some notion of what it must be for those who were nurtured in latitude fifteen degrees, to be for hours handling frozen ropes.

T-O-O S-O-O-N.

SHE came, how sweet and fair she came
To our rude earth, and stayed awhile,
A tender spirit, free from blame,
And lit with an angelic smile.
Ah me! that smiles so sweet should fade
From lips that in the grave are laid.

She was so young, the light intense
That seemed to guard her from her birth,
Spoke but of stainless innocence,
And purity too great for earth.
Ah me! that light so pure should fade
From eyes that in the grave are laid.

And then she left us, as a bark
White-winged sinks dimly from our sight,
Or as some sweet song-burdened lark
Soars upward to the realms of light.
Ah me! that youth and hope should fade
When beauty in the grave is laid.

R. C. LEHMANN.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY CHARLES W. MONTAGUE, MANAGER OF NEWSOME'S CIRCUS.

FIRST PAPER.

THERE has been no attempt to adhere to any special plan in the arrangement of the following anecdotes. They are written in almost the same order in which the memories themselves have recurred to mind in moments of leisure; and that those moments are not too plentiful, must be some excuse for shortcomings.

The aim of the equestrian performer is to amuse and to interest, and that is all; while the actor goes far beyond this; at one moment splitting our sides with mirth, at another reading us a moral lesson, and at another harrowing our souls with the dread outpourings of the tragic muse. To no such heights as these does the equestrian aspire. If he amuses, he is content; and no loftier ambition prompts the writer of these pages. To interest and amuse is his sole desire, and he will be well satisfied should the verdict be that in this he has been successful.

In the great majority of cases, the members of my profession are brought up to it from their childhood, one might almost say from their cradle. For even before the junior members of the company are brought into actual training, they are in many ways absorbing into their nature a strong predilection and aptitude for the pursuits of their parents. But at the same time, our ranks are largely recruited from without by people of various ages, and under circumstances quite as various.

Speaking more particularly of my own early career, I was during my youth entirely unconnected with circus matters; but I was when quite young brought into frequent contact with horses at my father's extensive stables, and attribute to this circumstance the tastes which afterwards grew upon me. I was born in the City of London, 'within the sound of Bow Bells,' at an ancient hostelry which had been in the possession of our

family since the Great Fire of London; the premises having been built the year after that catastrophe, and pulled down only a few years ago, to make way for local improvements. It was a great coaching-house; and in addition to that, my father kept a large number of post-horses and vehicles, a branch of which business he also conducted at Reading. I remember well, when a mere lad, watching with particular interest the daily arrival of the Dover mail with its steaming foam-covered team, as it entered the large courtyard of the inn, with its dark wooden gallery, leading to the many rooms of the straggling premises. It was from this house that the Dover mail started regularly until a few years ago, when the opening of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway rendered its services, even its existence, no longer necessary. So far as I am aware, this was the last mail that ran out of London.

Whether here or at Reading, I was always in the stables—except when at school or in bed—watching and helping the grooms, or tending my favourite horses, which I would feed and caress and occasionally ride about the yard. As I grew up, I not only acquired a thoroughly practical knowledge of the horse, of his ailments and their remedies, of his tempers and how to manage them; but I likewise imbibed a genuine love for that noblest servant of man. In after-years, having been brought into frequent intercourse with many who were connected with circus life, it so fell out that, by the time I was eighteen years of age, I had acquired as great a knowledge of circus matters as some who had followed the calling all their lives.

I must not omit to mention one circumstance of an interesting nature connected with my boyhood. Though born in London, and a freeman of that city, I passed my early life, as I have already said, partly at Reading; and was there educated at the well-known school belonging to and conducted by the Misses Welch. The school is still carried on, though under different management. Whilst I was there, one of the assistant tutors was a Miss Harper, whose father

had formerly kept a school at Barnard Castle, Yorkshire. When Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby* was published, with its description of Dotheboys Hall, of its owner the immortal Mr Squeers, and his daughter Miss Squeers, of brimstone and treacle celebrity, it was at once perceived, or supposed, by those who were acquainted with Mr Harper's school, that it was the veritable prototype of Dotheboys Hall, and that the proprietor and his accomplished daughter were the great originals of Mr and Miss Squeers. Parents of the pupils there made inquiries into matters, and withdrew their children. The school was ruined; and 'Mr Squeers' brought an action against the publishers of the offending book. 'Miss Squeers,' finding her occupation gone—so far as Barnard Castle was concerned—had to find a suitable field for her labours elsewhere, and entered the establishment where I was a pupil at Reading.

In a wandering life like ours, the vicissitudes of fortune are endless. At one time the strolling 'professional' may be down on his luck, as it is called; at another he may get an unexpected lift which, if taken due advantage of, may for the time-being alter the whole tone of his life. The following anecdote is a case in point. I have entitled it Harry Graham as a Wizard.

Before I joined the circus of the younger Ginnett, of circus celebrity, in 1860, I had made the acquaintance of several members of the company travelling with Mr Ginnett's father. Early in the spring of 1859 some business took me into the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, and while passing the *London Apprentice* public-house, I heard my name shouted, and looking round, espied Harry Graham, whom I had known as a clown in the elder Ginnett's circus. He was doing a conjuring trick outside a miserable booth, at the same time inviting the public to walk in, the charge being one halfpenny. On the completion of the trick, he jumped off the platform, and insisted upon adjourning to the public-house, where he explained the difficulty he was in through having been laid up all the winter with rheumatic gout. On his partial recovery, he was compelled to accept the first thing that offered, which was an engagement with the owner of the booth, a man known in the profession as the 'Dudley Demon.' Poor Harry begged me to give him a start; so, knowing him to be a fair hand at conjuring tricks, I came to an arrangement to take him through the provinces as M. Phillipi the Wizard. This was on a Friday. On the following Wednesday, so quickly had our arrangements been completed, my conjurer appeared at Ramsgate to morning and evening performances; the former netting eighteen pounds, and the latter fourteen pounds; our prices being three shillings, two shillings, and one shilling. Yet in Whitechapel this same man would not have earned five shillings a day!

Among other places we visited was Dartford, where I took the *Bull Hotel* assembly-room, which had been recently built, but not yet opened. Mrs S—, a lady of considerable distinction, kindly gave me her patronage, and I arranged for a band from Gravesend. On the day of the performance, towards the afternoon, as the band had not arrived, I sent my assistant to Gravesend with instructions to bring the musicians with him.

At half-past seven, the time announced for opening the doors, a large crowd had assembled, as much out of curiosity to see the new room as to witness the performances; so in a short time every seat was occupied. Just before the clock struck eight—the time for commencement—my assistant came rushing in with the intelligence that the band had gone to Dover to a permanent engagement. I ran round to the stage-door and told Graham. He said it was impossible to give the entertainment without music of some sort to carry it off. In my despair I rushed into the street, intending to go to Reeves the music-seller and hire a piano-forte. But I had not gone far when I heard a squeaking noise, which upon approaching closer, I found to proceed from three very dirty little German boys, one playing a corneopean, another a trombone, and the third a flageolet. On accosting them, I found they could not speak a word of English; so I took two of them by the arms and dragged them along, leaving the other to follow his companions to their fate. On reaching the building, I could hear the impatient audience making a noise for a start. Harry Graham, on seeing my musicians, said it would upset everything to allow them to be in sight of the audience. 'I can manage that,' I said; 'we will just put them under the stage, and I will motion them when to strike up and when to leave off.' In another moment M. Phillipi was on the stage and received with shouts by the audience. At the conclusion of the performance, I went to the front and thanked my patroness, Mrs S—, for her kindness. 'Ah!' said that lady, 'he is very clever. But oh! that horrid unearthly music!'

On finishing the watering-towns, I returned to the metropolis and took the Cabinet Theatre, King's Cross, where M. Phillipi appeared with success. One evening, to vary the performance, we arranged to do the 'bottle-trick,' and specially engaged a confederate, who was to change the bottles from the top of the ladder through one of the stage traps over which the table was placed. By some error the man took up his position there the moment the bell rang for the curtain to go up, instead of waiting until the commencement of the second part of the entertainment. Commencing his usual address, M. Phillipi explained to the audience that he did not use machinery or employ confederates as other conjurers were wont to do; and to convince them, he leaned over the front of the table and pulled up the cloth which hung to the ground, exclaiming at the same time: 'You see there is nothing here but a common deal table.' To his surprise, the audience exclaimed: 'There is a man there!' But he was equal to the occasion, and went on with his address, taking an early opportunity of giving the confederate a smart kick, which sent him into the depths below with more haste than he had bargained for.

At this establishment, while under my management, the earthly career of Harry Graham was brought to a close. For many years it had been his boast that his *Richard III.* was second only to Edmund Kean's, and that he only lacked the opportunity to astound all London with his impersonation of the character. Now, when the opportunity had arrived and he had determined to play it for his benefit, the excitement caused by the realisation of this dream of years was too

much for him; he died, poor fellow, a few days afterwards. Those who are curious about the last resting-place of this really admirable showman, will find his grave in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery.

At the end of 1860 I joined Ginnett's circus at Greenwich, and found the business in a wretched condition; the principal cause of this being that the circus had only a tin roof and wooden boarding round, and owing to the severe weather, could not be kept warm. I was at my wits' end to improve receipts when, being one day in a barber's shop getting shaved, the barber remarked: 'There goes poor T——'. Upon inquiring, I was informed that the gentleman who had just passed the window had been M.P. for Greenwich; but owing to pecuniary difficulties, had been obliged to resign. My informant added that he was a most excellent actor, having performed *Richard III.* and other plays with great success. What was more, he was an immense favourite in Greenwich and Deptford, having been the means while in the House of Commons of getting the dockyard labourers' wages considerably advanced. It immediately struck me that if I could get the ex-M.P. to perform at our circus, it would be a great hit. With this object in view, I waited upon Mr T—— the next morning, and explained my object. 'Heaven knows,' he said in reply, 'that I want money badly enough; but to do this in Greenwich would be impossible.' I did not give the matter up, but pressed him on several occasions, until at last he consented to appear for a fortnight as *Richard III.* upon sharing 'terms.' The next difficulty was to provide actors for the other leading characters in the piece, there being no one but Mr Ginnett and myself capable of taking a part. This difficulty, however, we got over by cutting the piece down, and 'doubling' for the parts; Mr Ginnett and myself appearing as Richmond, Catesby, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Stanley, and the ghosts. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the business proved a great success; so much so, that Mr T—— insisted upon treating the whole company to a supper. Shortly after this he went to America.

We now made immediate preparations for our journey by road to Cardiff, which had been arranged some time previously. In summer, such a journey has many attractions; in winter, it is as a rule dreary, uncomfortable work. But in such a winter as that of 1860-1 it was something to be remembered for a lifetime. A month's frost had preceded Christmas; snow lay deep on the ground; a partial thaw, followed by a frost still more intense, had rendered the roads almost impassable for any kind of traffic, more especially so for the large and cumbrous vans with which a circus moves from place to place. To make matters still more uncomfortable, the ample funds placed at my disposal for the entire journey to Cardiff ran out more quickly than they should have done, and as a natural consequence I had afterwards to cut and contrive in various ways, not adding very much thereby to the comfort of our company. But I am anticipating.

Our first resting-place was Maidenhead, a town which we reached on Sunday. Going straight to the *White Hart*, the principal hotel of the place, we applied for admission, but were refused. In

face of this unexpected rebuff, I tried other hostels, but these all followed the lead of the *White Hart*. My only resource then was to go to the superintendent of police, who, after receiving my statement, accompanied me to the nearest magistrate. This gentleman, with great courtesy and promptitude, immediately sallied forth into the bitter cold, and came with us to the *White Hart*, outside the closed portals of which the members of our company were awaiting my return, like Peris at the gate of Paradise. The magistrate at once ordered the premises to be opened to us, which of course was immediately done. The moment the other hotel-keepers saw the *White Hart* throw wide its doors, they flocked round me with pressing offers of entertainment for man and beast. But I at once decided that as all the hotels alike had refused to take us in, and the *White Hart* alone had suffered the ignominy of magisterial coercion, the *White Hart* alone should benefit by our presence.

Departing from Maidenhead, we continued our westward course. Funds, as I have already suggested, were being expended more rapidly than was warranted by the distance we had travelled, considering that I had to make what I had last the whole journey, or be censured for a bad manager if I applied for more. The commissariat was in a woful plight; an insignificant matter in genial weather, but a most trying hardship when exposed to all the severity of an arctic winter. In the midst of such trials as these, however, we could make our joke, good-humouredly comparing our journey with the disastrous westward flight of Napoleon across the Russian wastes; and as the 'Retreat from Moscow' this episode has ever since been alluded to by those who took part in it.

Continuing on our way, we passed through Cheltenham, where we found Myers's Circus performing; then through Gloucester and Newport; and finally brought our tedious and wretched journey to a close at Cardiff. We had lost six valuable horses on the road, victims to short-comings and severe weather combined. Ginnett, however, in spite of these unpleasant drawbacks, was sanguine and full of the coming business. So we set to work with a will, to make amends for past ill-luck, and secure a successful season in our new location.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER IV.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Suddenly, I beheld the stranger, bodily, of yesterday afternoon.

ALL day I was haunted by the memory of the face. It moulded itself so severely that afternoon, and so terribly in the night which followed, that to this very day I remember it more clearly than I remember any other countenance I ever saw. It was less the figure than the face. The figure was blurred and dim even then; but every line and tint of the face was cruelly clear.

That afternoon, Sally took me to the neighbouring town, and to a huge emporium of ready-made clothing there. In a retiring-room of that establishment I was wedged tightly into a suit of clothes, in which I reminded myself vaguely of a

rhinoceros, whose pictured semblance I had somewhere seen. A great many other purchases were made, and for Sally the day was a busy one. It lay somehow upon my childish conscience that I had allowed one of my school-fellows to be accused of a crime he had not committed; but I was so perfectly assured that Sally would not in the least understand me if I tried to tell her what had really happened, that I forbore from saying anything at all about the stranger. Possibly he was with me all the more on account of the very secrecy in which I felt myself compelled to harbour him. At least I know now that his face, in some strange inexplicable way, mingles for me with the rolling noises of a great town's traffic; with the first glimmer of the gas-lamps in a crowded street; with the rattle of a railway journey; with a hundred of the new experiences of that afternoon, which have since renewed themselves countless times, as such experiences will.

The face identified itself then, and remains identified now, with the flickering of the fire; with the quiet of the room; with the solemn ticking of the clock; with the voices and the footsteps of casual passers-by outside; with the winding stairway; with the sparsely furnished bedroom; with the glimmer of the departing light; with the darkness and the silence which ensued. As I can see it now, I can translate it as the face of a man with no settled purpose possible. I can read in it nothing but blind fear and horror and despair. And if it touches me so now, is it a thing to be wondered at that it haunted me so many years back, like an evil ghost?

When, by Sally's aid, I had rewedged myself into my unaccustomed garments, and stood cumbrously in the middle of the kitchen, awaiting the advent of yesterday's visitor, the face seemed to be still there. But when we were all three inside the cab and I was seated on the stately lady's knee, and we had reached the station door, suddenly I beheld the stranger, bodily, of yesterday afternoon! I knew him directly, though he was much changed. He was no longer well dressed, but was attired in a suit of moleskin, and a pair of clay-soiled boots, and an old battered wide-awake hat, and a dirty flannel shirt. I noted too that the stranger recognised me.

I had not up to this time been able to realise in any measure the relationship between the stately lady and myself. If she had been younger, my knowledge of fiction might have come to my aid, and she might have been the Fairy Peribanou, or the Princess Badroulbador, or any of the thousand-and-one *inamorate* of *Gil Blas* or *Roderick Random*. How innocent the childish fancy is! How incomplete and how complete at once! The better part of a book read in childhood is a legacy left by the child to the man. It is only the man who can find the dross of it and the folly of it, and can incorporate that dross and folly—not the child.

But she had talked to me in such a kindly and

motherly way, and her face was so eminently lovable and gracious, that I had already overcome my first shyness, and with that impulsive certainty which is the best dowry of the childish heart, had already thrown myself, quite securely, upon her love and protection. And so it was something of an added wonder to notice that the eyes of yesterday's stranger, when they left mine and rested for a moment on her face, should assume a double horror, and that with a sudden exclamation the stranger, turning, should beat an instant retreat, and be speedily forgotten by all but me.

We all three rode together; Sally sitting stiffly upright and rigidly unobservant in one corner of the railway-carriage, and I seated for a considerable part of the journey in the lady's lap. I cannot remember that up to this time I had known any of those playful endearments which mean so much to children. I have no memory whatsoever of my parents; and Sally, though I can never underprize her affection, had not many of Love's outer graces. Personally, she was of a broad and bony pattern, and had more angles on her than I have ever seen upon a human structure since. She was very hard and red in face and hands and arms; and had a curious roughness on her skin, as though she were in the habit of drying herself with a file whenever she washed herself. She was a tearful creature too, and when she felt any especial affection for me, would take me on her lap and would put those rough red arms about me, and cry over me for half an hour together. So that, upon the whole, I am afraid I rather evaded than courted any demonstration of her love. But the lady, as we rode together, pointed out this, that, and the other object on the way which she thought might interest my childish fancy, and had, for all her stateliness, a thousand of those endearing and graceful ways which make a woman the proper guide and companion of childhood. And thus it came about that the phantom face was destined to represent and to be associated with one other experience; and thus, even now—so firmly do these childish memories cling—that face is mixed with my first experiences of the pleasures of affection; and even now—so firmly does the childish memory cling—the pleased laugh of a child brings back that sombre phantom to my mind.

There was another association which the face took during that journey, and which I have not yet forgotten. Sally, inspired, I suppose, by a sense of the new character of our relations, addressed me whenever she spoke as Master Campbell, and alluded to me always in the same distant phrase. There was to my young spirit something so forlorn and alien and foreign in the sound, that after it had been repeated once or twice I lay down, and under pretence of going to sleep, covered up my head and had a cry about it. But Sally—bless her kindly heart!—saw it all, and when my aunt had left the carriage in pursuit of refresh-

ments at a great station at which the train rested, and took its own refreshment in the shape of coke and water, the faithful creature lifted me from the corner in which I lay, and said: 'There; I won't do it again, deary. Wipe your eyes. Here's your aunt comin'. There; run and look out o' window. It shall be Johnny when we're by wereselves.'

Somewhat comforted by this assurance, I stood at the carriage-window and looked out on the landscape until I made myself believe that we were standing still; whilst the near country waltzed quickly by us to a lively tune, and the distant country paced slowly on to a sad one. Both the sad tune and the lively one were made by the rolling and rattling of the wheels, and the sad tune came in with a single note at the end of every second bar of the lively tune. I amused myself by keeping them distinct, and by making both the near and distant country keep time to their rhythmic throb. Then I invented a new joy which was almost equal to that of the clay pit. I closed my eyes until I found myself undetermined for a moment as to the direction in which the train was going, and then, by an effort of will, reversed its motion. When the delusion was complete, I opened my eyes, and the delicious delirious shock with which the panting monster of an engine suddenly reversed himself, and bore me onward, instead of bearing me backward, was a thing not to be described.

At a station at which a red-whiskered and sanguine-complexioned porter bawled out 'Hether-ton,' we alighted, and a man on the platform touched his hat to my aunt. He wore a queer black star at the side of his hat, and was dressed in a drab livery. He was the first liveried servant I had seen. I took him for some tremendous functionary, and his evident respect for my aunt made her almost awful in my eyes. What my aunt said to this man I did not catch, but I heard him answer: 'No ma'am. Mr Fairholt's coming down by the next train from town, ma'am, and I'm here to meet him.'

'Very good,' said my aunt, and so left the platform, and walked before us through the station and stepped into a cab. She said nothing to the cabman; but he went into the station and brought back with him our luggage, which my aunt had already pointed out to a porter. When he had put the luggage on the top of the cab, he mounted, and drove us away without a word of instruction; from which I argued that my aunt was well known there. The road ran for some distance between fields; some of these were newly ploughed, and in others the stubble was still standing. The hedges were almost bare of leaves, and the roads were wet with recent rains. The skies were gray, and the clouds hung low; and the wind tossed and tousled the boughs as if it had a restless spite against them. Then for a time the road ran past a broad and turbid river, and then through lanes again, until we crossed a wooden bridge, passed through a wooden gate, which the cabman

got down to open, and went by a firmly gravelled carriage-way round the lawn, which lay in front of a large and stately house of red brick. This house was quite invisible, by reason of the trees which thronged about it, until we came upon the carriage-drive; and was half hidden, even then, by a thick and clustering growth of ivy.

The cabman having been dismissed, I was taken by my aunt into a room on the ground-floor. I had never until that day consciously dreamed of such an apartment. It seemed to me unspeakably magnificent. It had pictures and a piano and a rich carpet and a marble mantel-piece and a great mirror, and a number of articles of furniture of which I knew neither the uses nor the names. Curiously enough, in the midst of all its strangeness, I was as perfectly certain that I had seen it before as I was that I was there. There was a bright fire burning in the grate; and notwithstanding what seemed to me the grandeur of the room, it looked very homelike and comfortable. The whole of one wall was lined with books.

'You must stay here for a little while,' my aunt said as she kissed me and smoothed my hair. 'Can you read?'

I answered shyly: 'Yes.'

'Can you?' she said. 'Let me hear you;' and took up a book from the table.

It chanced to be a volume of Coleridge's poems, and opened naturally at the *Ancient Mariner*. I began:

'It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.'

She laughed a little, partly in surprise, and partly, I fancy, at my uncouth accent, and said: 'O yes. That will do nicely. You can go on reading, if you like.—This book,' she said, tapping a volume with her finger, 'is full of pictures. You may look at it.'

But I had no appetite for the pictures just then, and was eager to know more of the *Ancient Mariner*, and so buried myself in that story, and mixed my ghost up with it all, until with the weirdness of the poet's fancy and the terror of my own I grew quite frightened. How long my aunt had left me alone, I cannot say; but I had just come to the end of the *Ancient Mariner's* story, when the door opened and a gray-headed old gentleman with a peevish face entered.

The old gentleman advanced towards me, and putting a hand on each knee, bent down to look at me, and asked me in a peevish voice: 'Well, my little man, and who are you?'

It came across me suddenly that my aunt was an embodied deception, who had inveigled me away from Sally, and had left me here as a prey to the gray-headed old gentleman. I was very frightened and nervous and unhinged, and I began to cry.

'O dear,' said the old gentleman, with face and voice more peevish than before; 'I can't have this—I can't have this.' Then he struck a gong, an action which filled me with the direst forebodings. The summons, however, produced nothing more dreadful than a pink-cheeked damsel in cotton print who had received us when we arrived.

'Who is?—Who is?'—So the old gentleman began in a nervous, fretful, irritable way. 'Who is?'—He seemed to give up the idea

of indicating me verbally, as an impossibility, and threw a hand towards me instead.

'I don't know, sir,' said the girl. 'He came with Mrs Campbell, half an hour ago.'

'Where is she?' asked the old gentleman in the same irritable way.

I heard the rustle of a dress outside, and the damsel answered: 'Here sir;' and my aunt appeared.

'Good-day, Robert,' she said.

The girl retired; and the old gentleman, indicating me again by a wave of the hand, asked: 'Who is this?'

My aunt settled herself in an arm-chair, arranged her dress, folded her hands, drooped her head back negligently, and responded: 'A protégé of mine.'

The old gentleman gave a feeble and a peevish start.

'Now, Robert,' said my aunt in a very calm tone, but with a decision and certainty which seemed quite natural to her, 'we will not discuss that question just at present. He ought to have been here—— Let us say, for example,' she said, arresting herself suddenly, and casting a glance at me, 'X. has been grossly neglected by A., whose duty it was to provide for him, and who knew perfectly well of his whereabouts. B. discovers A.'s neglected duty, and brings A. face to face with his responsibilities.' Then with a change of tone and another glance at me, she continued: 'This is your nephew, Robert—poor John Campbell's child.'

'Dear me, Bertha,' said the old gentleman, rubbing one hand fretfully with the other. 'Ties of blood are ties of blood.'

'That's a proposition I don't in the least dispute,' my aunt intercepted. 'I am glad to find that you admit it.'

'But I can't go about the country searching out all the paupers who happen to be within fifty degrees of me by marriage. Bless my soul!' said the old gentleman with anything but a voice of benediction, 'it's impossible.'

'If John Campbell,' said my aunt, with the same calm decision of tone, 'had said "Impossible!" when Robert Fairholt wished to borrow ten thousand pounds once on a time'—— She did not close the sentence, but waited as if watching its effect. The old gentleman walked up and down the room, taking three or four steps each way, and then pulling himself up with a jerk. There was an air of helpless exasperation about him, and he harried his gray hair peevishly with his hands.

'I suppose you will have your way, Bertha, since you have brought him here'——

'Since,' said my aunt, intercepting him again—'Since X. has been discovered by B., A. is left without option. Don't worry yourself over so simple a question, Robert.'

The old gentleman walked jerkily up and down the room again. It seemed to me as though every time he started, he had made up his mind to go for something in a great hurry, and that he pulled himself up less because he came to the wall, than because of a spiteful contradiction within himself of his own first purpose. After half-a-dozen turns, he suddenly abandoned this contradiction of his own design, and went out at the door. My aunt laughed in a short triumphant way.

'Come with me, John,' she said a moment afterwards, and led me to a room at the top of the house. In this room sat a little girl, a golden-haired, blue-eyed, pretty little creature, who gravely employed herself in cutting out a fantastic pattern from a sheet of brown paper with a tiny pair of scissors. To this young lady my aunt introduced me as a cousin.

'Cousin Mary and Cousin John,' said my aunt. 'Now, you young people must be very fond of each other. Won't you?' she asked, kneeling down between us and putting an arm round each.

I think I should probably be less embarrassed by an introduction at this time to a lady of my own years, though the introduction were couched in precisely similar terms, than I was then; and my embarrassment, so far as I remember, arose from a feeling that it was somehow a piece of dreadful presumption in me to be there at all, listening to a suggestion, and giving countenance to it by my silence, that such a young lady in such a house could possibly accept me on terms of equality, or could under any circumstances condescend to be fond of me. I felt as though in my own person I had been guilty of this invitation of her affections, and I hung my head. When I looked up, I saw that the little girl was surveying me in a critical but not unapproving way. She confirmed my impression of her opinion by saying calmly to her aunt: 'I like him,' and instantly crossing over and kissing me. 'He's like Franty,' she said, as if in explanation. My aunt laughed, and kissed each of us, and went away. I stood in shy silence when she had left me, and Cousin Mary went back to the fantastic pattern in brown paper.

'How old are you?' she asked, with quite an air of years and patronage.

I told her.

'What's your other name?' she asked.

I answered again as nervously as though before a queen.

'Are you clever?' she questioned further. 'Do you know any tales? I shall like you if you know tales.'

This emboldened me, and I said Yes; I knew a good many. She dropped the fantastic pattern and the scissors on the floor, settled herself in her chair, cross-legged like a Turk, leaned back with closed eyes, and said with a sort of languid imperiousness: 'Tell one now.'

This sudden command more than renewed my first shyness, and I stood and hung my head before her, as though she had been a full-blown Sultana, and I the meanest of her subjects. She opened her eyes and said with languid impatience: 'Oh, what an awkward boy you are. Go on.'

Thus commanded, I made an effort, and plunged desperately into my last read narrative—the *Ancient Mariner*. I had just got so far as to state that the man who was going to the wedding was afraid to move because the old gentleman with the gray beard stared at him so, when she stopped me.

'I don't like that,' she said. 'Do you know about the three bears?'

I muttered a confession of my ignorance.

'Nor about Red Ridinghood?'

I did not quite know Red Ridinghood; but I knew Bluebeard and Jack the Giant-killer, and Aladdin and Jack and the Bean-stalk.

Whether the Sultana's mind would have continued in favour of story-telling, I cannot say, for the door opened just then, and a gentleman entered the room. He nodded at my companion, and said: 'Well, Polly.' She nodded back at him and laughed. The gentleman regarded me with an air of good-humoured amusement for a minute or two, and I felt sure of him at once. He was many years younger than my aunt, but was strikingly like her. He was very handsome too, and had a soft engaging manner. I liked his kindly gray eyes and his candid face, at once. He sat down and took me on his knee. 'Well, my little man,' he said, 'how do you like your new home?'

I said I didn't know.

He set me down again, and laid a hand on each of my shoulders, and so held me at arm's-length, and laughed. 'I must get to know this gentleman's tailor,' he said. 'I wonder whether this is his normal aspect, or whether Aunt Bertha has trussed him up in this way? What a funny little figure! We must mend all this, or we shall have the villagers burning him for a Guy on the Fifth. Frontal development, good; general expression, dreamy. Education, up to this time, I should say calculated to spoil him. Wonder if the governor's seen him?' All this he said less to himself than as if addressing some invisible fourth person. He sat and looked at me for a moment longer, and then asked me: 'Do you know what a frontal development is?'

'No sir,' I answered.

'Do you know what a Guy is?'

'No sir,' I responded again.

'That's all right then. Do you know what a shilling is?'

'Yes sir.'

'What would you do with it, if I gave you one?'

I told him I should give it to Sally to keep for me.

'Sally?' he said with a laugh. 'That's the bony importation I saw just now, I suppose. There you are. Now, you needn't give it to Sally; you can spend it, or do what you like with it.'

At that moment my aunt entered the room again. 'What, Will?' she said. 'You are beginning to spoil the child already?'

'I say, aunt,' he said, rising, 'what a spectacle the infant is! Who chose that dress?'

'It's not a very successful choice,' my aunt responded. 'But it will do for one of the village children. I ought to have seen to that myself, but was too busy.'

'What does the governor say about it? About your bringing the child here, I mean?'

'He says very little,' responded my aunt. 'In fact I think he says nothing at all.'

'He has seen him, I suppose?'

'Yes; he has seen him.'

'That's all right then. It was a clear duty; but his ways are so methodical and settled, and anything new about the house disturbs him so, that I was rather afraid he might be annoyed.'

With that they both went away, and Cousin Mary and I were once more left alone together. At her bidding, I kept shop until tea-time, and she came in at intervals and bought my whole stock, on credit. The tea-board was presided over

by the pink-cheeked damsel in the cotton print; and after tea, Mary and I played at keeping shop again until Aunt Bertha came, with Sally in her wake, and saw me tubbed and night-gowned, and heard me offer up my quaint evening petition. Then she took me in her arms and carried me to a tiny bedroom, with a sloping roof, and with white curtains and a dormer window. There was a fire-grate in the room, and the wood that burned and crackled in it made a cheerful flicker on the walls and roof and on the white curtains and the bed. My aunt kissed me and laid me down, and arranged the clothes about me with a kind and gentle hand, and then sat down beside me, and sang softly some verses of a Christmas hymn about the good King Wenceslas. It was raining outside, and the trees were moaning; and as I lay there with the flicker of the firelight in my eyes and a sense of caressing softness in the bed, the pleasant voice, and the comfort of the room, and the noises of the wind and rain outside, and the moaning of the trees, and the charms of Cousin Mary, and the dread and terror of the stranger's face, and the weird story of the Ancient Mariner, seemed all to mingle wavingly together, as though their lights and shadows flickered with the flickering of the fire, until they rounded and were softened to a dream, and lost themselves in sleep.

THE CATTLE-RANCH IN COLORADO.

My first visit to a Colorado stock-ranch brought me into contact with a dozen booted, spurred, and bronzed men, who wore flannel shirts, wide hats, and no collar. They were riding over the country, shewing a rich Englishman the 'cows.' My host had one of the finest ranch-houses in Colorado, and the aforesaid flannel-shirted men had brought the gentleman down from Rabbit Ear Ranch to call. My first knowledge of their approach was a whir, a sweep of horsemen rapidly approaching—although the hoofs made no noise on the soft turf, and then a loud whoop at the door. To one but recently from the land of gates and door-bells, this salute was singular. The visitors did not dismount, but dropped their reins, leaned from the saddles, and talked to the host, who had at the whoop made for the porch, the while their wild-eyed ponies stood with heads thrust into the roofed gallery. The broken sentences that fell on my ear contained mysterious syllables—cow-horses, cow-boys, cow-punchers, mavericks, carry-yards, round-ups, cutting-out, range, trail, outfit. The visit lasted an hour or more, refreshments and cigars being freely indulged in; then, with abrupt good-day, the cavalcade rode pell-mell away, across the breadth of wild-flowers and brown grass that spread on every hand far as the eye could reach.

There was no fence about the house; its piazza faced the mountains seventy miles away; the prairie blossoms leaned against the boards, as though the dwelling were a big thistle grown up in their midst; the sod had not been disturbed; there were no trees, no rose-bushes, no garden—none of the litter and rubbish of a new house in the East. Neat and complete as a pasteboard

box, it stood alone in the vast prairies, thirty miles from any other dwelling. The big herds of the owner were nowhere to be seen. They, with the horses and mules, were out in care of the cow-boys on the range. Afar out on the prairie, the tinkling bell of the leader, with the weird songs and shouts of the herders, now here, now there, as they headed off some refractory animal with wide detour and whizzing folds of the lariat, was one of the most peculiarly Western and fascinating of the many strange experiences of the ranch.

In Colorado there is a class of highly educated men engaged in the cattle-trade. The men are sun-burned, and wear flannel shirts while on the ranch; but none need mistake them for common or ignorant persons. They are in very many cases gentlemen of culture and standing. In the circle of ranchmen whose acquaintance I formed during my stay, there were several of considerable wealth and of scholarly attainments who, travelling in the West for health, had become interested in the cattle business, and enchanted by the wild open-air life; and who had invested in stock, roughed it, and were enjoying the climate, the freedom and the excitement, as well as the money it brings. One gentleman—mine host—had been in the royal navy of Great Britain; but he now likes the billowy prairies better than the deep blue sea. A neighbour was one of the best special geologists in America. Travelling in pursuit of his profession, he saw there was 'money in cattle,' and so left his æsthetic Boston home for a tent on the plains. Another scientist, whose name is known on two continents, has during the past year gone heavily into the business. Two Harvard graduates are on ranches adjoining. Two young Englishmen, educated in Germany, herd their own flocks, and live temporarily in a dug-out. At the ranch where I was entertained, I saw three youths, brown and bashful, come every evening home with the horses, and ride away in the early dawn, at break-neck pace, after the snorting herd. They looked like any farm-boys; yet in the evening, when work was over, and they sat on the steps with the family, their talk was wonderfully bright and interesting. Two of them had travelled in Europe. One was the son of an ex-Senator of California; another was the nephew of a general officer of the United States army; and the third was the son of a distinguished citizen of New York. They are as well-read boys as one can find anywhere. In delicate health, they left the city to 'rough it' in the prairies, and are stout and well now. Being busy from morning until night, riding all day over the blossoms and the fresh grass, and learning the cattle business from the beginning, these lads will no doubt in a few years own ranches and herds of their own.

The man wishing to engage in stock business in Colorado buys so many head from a Texas herd, from men just in on the trail—that is, who have just driven a herd up from Texas. So many year-

lings, either male or female or steers, and so many two years old and cows, are called 'stock-cattle;' three years old are 'separate stock-cattle;' over three years old are stock-'beeves.' The yearlings average nine dollars apiece; for two years old and cows thirteen dollars; for three-year old steers fifteen dollars; for beeves twenty dollars. The stock-man selects his range, builds his corral and shanties by contract, takes his cattle there, brands them, turns them loose, and pays his herders thirty to forty dollars per month, and his foreman seventy to one hundred dollars. Prices are higher farther north in the Indian country; but around where I was, that was the average.

The ranches are government land. Anybody can graze their herds thereon; but by common custom the man who has long had range in a certain place is not driven away by new-comers. A man can, if he chooses, pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres near a stream, build his house there, and allow his herds to range around for forty or fifty miles. The general pasture-land of this region is an immense triangle, bounded by the mountains, the North and South Platte, and the Arkansas. Very few cattle ever get over the mountains or across the rivers; therefore practically this range is inclosed by these natural boundaries. The customs concerning the range vary in different localities. On the Arkansas a man owns a certain number of miles of river-front; back of that he claims his range. The country on the South Platte is older, well settled, and every man's range is as well known as if it had a high wall about it.

In winter the cattle graze on land which from want of water is unavailable in summer. In winter the snow quenches their thirst, and under the snow the nutritious grass serves them as their daily food. They are never sheltered, or watched, or herded during the winter. Left to take care of themselves, they wander off, are driven by the storms far from home, and by spring scattered over the whole triangle inclosed by rivers and mountains. Every man's herds are mixed up together. Then comes the grand 'round-up.'

In Colorado, the time and places of the round-ups are established by law, or rather determined by county commissioners, who publish in the spring the names of places for the round-ups for every day during the six weeks, usually beginning in the middle of May. Every ranch or neighbourhood then fits out a squad of men to go and pick out their own cattle. Generally, a neighbourhood club together for the great spring frolic. There are busy times then after the long winter's rest and isolation. Though the mountains are still white with snow, a profusion of the daintiest wild blossoms carpets the prairie; and from the bleak plains which the frost has scarcely left, hardy floral pioneers peep forth from out the tender grass. Preparations are made for the grand ploy with systematic exactitude. Harness is overhauled, wagon-covers mended, provisions laid in, and at last, on a bright spring morning, the wagons and

outfit are seen starting from every ranch in the country towards a common meeting-place on the unfenced plain. For an outfit of one hundred and fifty men, thirty wagons is the average number; and at the round-up, at least seven hundred head of horses are seen.

Each squad elects a foreman or captain; and all the captains are under the control of the commander-in-chief, who, for the nonce, is a greater man than a major-general in the army. The men are picturesquely clad in warm flannel shirts and buckskin trousers, and present a gay appearance as they dash off in advance of the canvas-covered wagons, that contain the beds and food. Each outfit has its distinctive name. One is known as the Owl Creek Squad; another is the Wild Cat Outfit; a third, the Lone Tree Company. The places of round-up are usually about twenty miles from each other.

The men from the ranches on the edges of the grazing-land—that is, at the foot of the mountains or nearest the rivers—sweep around the boundary, and start the cattle toward the centre of the range, the main place of the round-up. It takes weeks to get them together. During that time, what with driving wild steers by day, and night-herding or keeping them from scattering at night, no man gets over four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. After arriving at the place of rendezvous, the commander issues his orders: The Wild Cat men are to take the outer circle; the Owl Creek men the next circle of cattle; and so on until the herds are subdivided into patches on the plains, and thus more easily handled. The cattle are roughly sorted on the way to the place of the next day's round-up. The confusion is lessened each day; and in due time each neighbourhood gets its cattle. Then each man in the neighbourhood-squad separates his brand from his fellow's; so that by the time the home-range is reached, each ranchman has repossessed himself of his own brand, and the young calves which run by the sides of the branded mothers. After the home-range is reached, the first thing is to brand the new additions to the flock.

Sometimes a calf old enough to leave the mother is found mixed up with the herd. Its parents being necessarily unknown, it is an alien and a subject of dispute, and is known as 'a maverick,' a name which thus originated: Mr Maverick, a Texan, had a small herd on an island, where they remained scarcely thought of until the close of certain hostilities. When he went to look after them, they had increased to such an extent that the small island was crowded. Without taking the precaution to brand the little strangers, he had them conveyed to the mainland, where they broke away and scattered over the whole state. Every quadruped unbranded, or whose owner is uncertain, has in Texas since that time been called a maverick; and the name coming to Colorado with the Texan drovers, has taken root in the grazing plains of that state. The law directs that in the South Platte section all mavericks shall be turned in for the benefit of the school-fund.

In the season the ranchman lives in his wagon most of the time, and is going over his range constantly. A wagon, ten men, a foreman and cook, fifty saddle-horses, provisions for two weeks—and they start from home, and go from one end of the range to the other. As they go along they

collect the beef and unbranded calves, take them to some corral, and brand the calves; they then turn them out, select beeves for shipment, and keep an eye on the general condition of the herd. They move about ten miles a day. When cattle enough are selected for a trainload of twelve to twenty-five cars, containing from two hundred and eighty to four hundred head of beeves, they take them to the nearest railroad point, invoice them to the Union Stock-yards, in charge of a trustworthy man, who delivers them over to a commission merchant of the Yards, who sells them, and sends the money by draft on New York to the owner.

A few days after my arrival I witnessed what they call 'cutting-out.' A drove of two thousand cattle that had been selected as beeves from the herd, stood in a close bunch on the plain a couple of miles from the ranch-house. We drove over to see the fun, and standing well out of the way of the racing horses, swinging lassos, and scattering cattle, watched with interest. The fattest beeves were 'cut out' from the herd and driven into a separate bunch, which was guarded at a little distance by watchful horsemen. One by one the finest cattle were separated. Some thirty horsemen were riding in all directions, swinging the long horse-hair ropes from their saddle-horns, digging their spurs into their horses' flanks, heading off the steers that were making for us, turning them from the herd, and driving them toward the bunch across the plain as though there was not a moment to lose. One of our party (a lady), excited over the chase of a rebellious cow that bore down upon us, waved her handkerchief, and came near causing a stampede. In a moment after the white signal fluttered, every cow in the herd was facing her, heads up, horns high in the air. The foreman shouted to her to hide the handkerchief. He told us afterwards that an unusual sight, especially of anything white, sometimes caused a great herd to break away and run for miles. At such times they will sweep over every obstruction, trampling down men and horses alike. The way to turn a herd is not to head them or dash up in front of them, but by wide circling detours, turn them gradually in a semicircle.

In handling cattle, one man is of little use. It takes four mounted men to herd seven hundred; and eight men to drive and night-herd a bunch of two to three thousand cattle at one time. Mr Isliff, a well-known ranchman who owns a herd of forty to fifty thousand cattle, has sixty men employed, and a proportionate number of wagons and horses.

The cattle-man has to be moving from the time the grass is strong enough to feed a horse the length of his tether, until the month of November. Then the stock not shipped is turned adrift, wagons put under the shed, harness hung up, men discharged—except two or three to take care of the horses and do odd jobs about the place; and the ranchman, brown as a berry, stout, hearty, and vigorous, goes into winter-quarters at home, or puts on his store-clothes, takes a run East, and meets old friends. The stockmen to whom I have talked say too many are crowding in. From a profit of from fifty to one hundred per cent. it has gradually dwindled to twenty and twenty-five per cent. The old-timers want plenty of room, and aver that when ranchmen are settled

nearer than thirty miles apart, it crowds too close for comfort. The dealers have in the past few years been improving the quality of their cattle by the introduction of thoroughbred Durhams among the Texas stock.

The assessment returns credit Colorado with five hundred and fifty thousand head; Wyoming, two hundred and thirty-five thousand; Utah, three hundred and fifty thousand; Washington, two hundred thousand; Montana, two hundred thousand; Oregon, one hundred and seventy-five thousand; California, six hundred and fifty thousand. When it is remembered that the assessment is never over fifty per cent. of actual amount, an idea may be gathered of the immense cattle-trade in the country west of the Mississippi. The great feeding-grounds of the world are transferred from Texas to the wide buffalo ranges of the plains, the sheltered mountain parks, and the fertile pastures of the Pacific slope. Those who see cattle only in the crowded stock-cars or in the slaughter-yards of cities or villages, can have no conception of the splendid time the cows have of it in Colorado. Running-water, unlimited range of juicy buffalo-grass, and in summer-time a new bed every night of velvety prairie blossoms—what more could the most fastidious bovine desire!

MY WIFE'S INHERITANCE

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III. CONCLUDED.

MISS LECLERC'S History of the Will ran as follows:

'In order that you may comprehend all the circumstances of the case, I must go back nearly seven years, to the time when I first entered the family of Mr. Russel, as governess to his niece Ellen. I was then only seventeen years of age, and my pupil fourteen. The family consisted of Mr. Russel, Ellen, and a nephew Charles. This nephew was about a year younger than myself, and a fine handsome lad. There were whispers that young as he was, his habits were very irregular; and it may have been so. I had no means of judging. I only know that to my girlish mind he seemed all that a young man ought to be, and so when he began to take notice of me and make love to me, I lent a very willing ear. This went on with more and more warmth, until, for some reason or other, he was compelled to leave his uncle's roof; but even after this we managed to meet at frequent intervals, although of course all unknown to Mr. Russel or Ellen; indeed they neither of them had the slightest idea of there being anything between us. At length Charles left his uncle's office altogether, and decided to go to London. I well remember the last night before he went away. People said he was wild and wicked; but I only knew that I loved him, and he declared that he also loved me. He said that when he got a situation in London, he would send for me; in the meantime, he wished me to remain in Mr. Russel's service, and keep him informed of all that occurred. I faithfully promised; and when on the completion of Ellen's education, I was asked to remain as her companion, I gladly agreed, for Charles's sake. Well, time passed on, and nothing particular occurred. Mr. Russel retired from business, and

we removed to Cottam; then came his illness, and your introduction to the family. I was ever on the watch for any scrap of information that might be interesting to Charles, and I did not fail to tell him of the growing intimacy between you and Ellen, as well as Mr. Russel's partiality for you. These last items seemed to give him considerable annoyance, and he requested me to redouble my vigilance.

'One day I heard a servant tell you, that Mr. Russel wished to see you in his bedroom. You remember how these rooms were arranged; that opening out of the bedroom was a small dressing-room, which itself communicated with the servants' staircase, to afford facilities for lighting the fire, bringing water, &c. Now, as you went up the main stairs, I very quietly slipped into the dressing-room by the others, as I thought it possible that something might be said touching the interests of my dear Charles. I thus managed to overhear enough of the conversation to gather its import; especially did I take note of the directions for opening the secret place in the desk; and when I got to my own room I wrote them down, lest I should forget. Well, I immediately wrote off to Charles; and the news must have troubled him considerably, for in a very short time I had a letter saying that he would arrive at Kinton the next day, and appointing a time and place for me to meet him. I did so; and after making me repeat as well as I could all that I had heard, he boldly proposed that I should get possession of the will and bring it to him. He proposed (to facilitate matters) that as he was quite unknown in Cottam, he would go there and engage rooms at an obscure inn called the *Red Lion*, and I should find him there any evening. I confess this proposal startled me, partly because of its difficulty, and partly because it was my first step in crime. However, he overcame my scruples, and I promised to do what I could; at any rate I would visit him at the *Red Lion* at seven the next evening. Fortune favoured me. The next day, just at dusk—it was the latter end of February—Ellen asked me to sit by the bedside a few minutes until the night-nurse arrived; of course I agreed, secretly delighted, for Mr. Russel being asleep, I had little difficulty in securing the will. I remembered perfectly the directions: "Top middle drawer, and a penholder through the top right-hand corner, then look at the back." In fact, I had opened the secret panel more than once, to see if I had heard aright. Soon after, the nurse arriving, I was at liberty, and hastened to meet Charles. I found him alone in an upper room of the *Red Lion*, and the table strewn with papers.

"Have you got it?" he eagerly inquired, the instant the door closed behind me.

"My only reply was to hand it to him. Without a word he broke the seal, and having read the contents, said: "You were quite right. It is as you supposed. He has left the whole of his property to Ellen, except a few paltry legacies. Now, you shall see what I will do."

"Do. Why, I suppose you will burn it, and then you will come in for an equal share with Ellen. But mind, there is something left to me in that will, and it is only because we are to be married that I agree to its being destroyed."

"Fear not; you shall be made all right. But I think I can do better than what you suggest.

I was not five years in my uncle's office for nothing."

"He then searched amongst the papers until he found a blank sheet as near like the one the will was written on as possible. "You see," he continued, "the old fellow was so methodical in all his ways, that I was pretty sure he would make his will on a certain sort of paper and in a certain way. I provided myself accordingly; obtained similar paper, wax, &c. to that which he always used, and had a copy of his seal made—I had plenty of impressions by me—you know you can get anything in London. Now see me write."

"He then began to copy the will, word for word, and I was astonished at the similitude. Five years' practice under his uncle's eye and with his uncle's writing constantly before him, joined to a natural aptitude for imitation, enabled him to copy every stroke and turn exactly. "There," he said, when he had finished. "A fair exchange is no robbery. I have written everything as it was before, except that Ellen's name now occupies my place, while I have taken hers. Not a very great change, but one that will make considerable difference to us both, I reckon. Now for the most difficult part, and that is to copy the signatures of the witnesses. I have practised uncle's often enough; but of course I did not know theirs; however, I must try."

"He did try, and succeeded so well that I could see no difference."

"There now," said he; "just you compare these two, while I go and get a glass of brandy."

"He left the room; and I, placing the two side by side, could only distinguish the one from the other by the change of names."

"Well," he said as he re-entered—"will it do?"

"Excellently well," I replied. "I cannot tell which was written by you and which by your uncle."

"Well, then; now to fold them;" and from a heap of various sorts of envelopes, choosing two, he took up the original will, sealed and indorsed it as before, but putting a small, almost imperceptible mark in the corner. He then took the new will and did the same, but without the mark.

"Now," said he, "listen carefully to my instructions. When you get home, replace the original will in the desk. You will know which it is by this mark;" pointing to the corner. "It is extremely unlikely that Mr Russel has been out of bed and missed it during the two hours you have been absent, so that will be all right. This other envelope you must keep by you until he is actually dead, and then take the very first opportunity of changing them. The old will you may bring to me, and I will destroy it."

"But why not make the change at once? I could as easily put one in the desk as the other."

"No; no. We must not risk it. There is just a chance that uncle may get about again and take it into his head to open the will, and then where should we be? No; make the change when that is impossible, and we are all right."

"I see, I see," said I, half-sickening at the dreadful deception, and yet too far committed to draw back; "as I shall gain equally with yourself, I promise to do all you wish."

"When I arrived at home, all was quiet, so I presently went into the sick-room. "Nurse,"

I said, "supper is ready. If you would like to go down, I will sit here half an hour for you."

"She gladly accepted my offer; and as Mr Russel was dozing, with the curtains drawn and the lamp turned down, I silently and quickly replaced the old gentleman's will."

"Well, time went on. Mr Russel, as you know, got gradually worse, and towards the end was more than half his time unconscious. One day you gave it as your opinion that he could not possibly live till the next, and it was during that last night that I stealthily made the change. In the morning he was dead; and so far our plot had succeeded completely. The result I need say nothing about, as you are so well acquainted with it."

"But now I must tell you of a little scheme of my own. I loved Charles, and would have done anything for him, and had no compunction in helping him, as I thought doing so was a means to love, marriage, and fortune. Still, he had taught me to be almost as wily as himself, and to take every precaution; so I determined to have a hold upon him, in case he should endeavour to play me false. To this end, when I got possession of the original will, I went into my bedroom, and with a sharp penknife, cut carefully the end of the envelope, drew out the contents, which I carefully transferred to my pocket, and then replaced them with blank paper the same size and thickness, gunning the edges of the envelope together again with pale gum. I daresay it was not very skilfully done, but it answered my purpose very well. Afterwards, when I gave it to Charles, he glanced at it, saw the seal was unbroken, and suspecting nothing, committed it to the flames. We both watched it until it was consumed, Charles exclaiming: "Now I am really master of the Willows."

"And I soon shall be the mistress," I added.

"Oh, that of course," he replied.

"I have told you how he kept his promise—villain that he is!"

Thus finished this remarkable confession—a confession which to me was as acceptable as unexpected. Of course there was now no mystery, and I am only surprised that something of the sort had not occurred to me before; but it must be remembered that I knew very little of Charles, and no one had even hinted—even if they knew—of any connection between him and Miss Leclerc. I read the confession all over again to Ellen, and we both rejoiced at the turn events had taken. Miss Leclerc came in for a certain amount of pity; yet we could not but remember that had it not been for her connivance and assistance, Charles would have been unable to carry out his nefarious scheme.

"Still," said Ellen, "I am not sorry that you promised to allow her to escape punishment. If we get our own again, we can well afford to let her go."

In the morning I called upon Mr Sparks, my legal friend, and somewhat triumphantly laid the matter before him. He was very pleased, and at once offered to assist me all he could. We both agreed that after my promise to Miss Leclerc, it would be better to try to settle the matter amicably with Charles too. We therefore decided to wait upon him and tell him that all was dis-

covered; and if he confessed and gave up the property, we would then arrange without publicity or exposure. If, however, he resisted, we determined at once to proceed to law. It was Ellen's wish that, for the sake of the relationship between them, we should be as lenient as possible in case he yielded.

Miss Leclerc duly kept her appointment, and brought the oft-mentioned will with her. The conditions were again insisted on, and again agreed to; in fact I gave her fifty pounds on the spot, and promised another fifty pounds when all was settled. She then gave me the will, and was about to go, when I said: 'There is just one difficulty. Suppose Charles determines to defend the case, he might say this confession was altogether a trumped-up tale, this will a forgery; and as he has possession, I am not sure but that with a good lawyer he would beat us.'

'Ah! I don't think he will attempt to stand when he knows that I have told you all. But in case he does, then—with sudden energy—'then, will I attend and give evidence against him, ay, even if I have to stand in the dock beside him. No; no. He must and shall disgorge his wealth. Yes; that shall be my revenge.'

Next morning Mr Sparks and myself went over to Cottam, and were ushered into the presence of Charles. He was not too well pleased to see us, and his manner towards us was brusque and abrupt.

'May I ask why I am favoured with a call so early in the morning?' he said with an attempt at hauteur, although I thought that in reality he was not quite at his ease.

'We have called on a very serious matter, Mr Charles Russel,' I said gravely.

'State it then please, as quickly as may be, or I cannot stay to hear you, as my time is precious.'

'Not more precious than your liberty, I presume?'

'My liberty! What do you mean? What has your presence here to do with my liberty?'

'Simply this. If you refuse to hear us, we shall have you arrested at once.'

'Arrested! Are you mad? On what charge?'

'On the charge of forging your uncle's signature and changing the wills.'

'I—I—don't understand you.' These were his words; but they were belied by his ashy-pale face and starting eyes.

'Oh, you don't understand. Perhaps you have forgotten. Then let me remind you of that night at the *Red Lion*, of the new will you made, and of the instructions you gave to Miss Leclerc—instructions which she so well carried out.'

'It is false! I know nothing of what you are talking about. You have evidently come here to insult me. If so, you have come to the wrong place, I can tell you; and the sooner you pack off to Kinton again, the better.' All this with an attempt at bravado, which, however, did not deceive either of us, as we saw in his face plenty of evidence of the real terror behind.

'Ah well, perhaps you do not remember these things. Then I have only one other bit of information for you, and that is—looking him straight in the face—'we have possession of the original will.'

'It's a lie—an infamous lie! for I myself saw it bur'— But here his courage failed him, and

he could hold out no longer; he saw the fatal admission he had made; and after that we had very little trouble with him. He whined for mercy, and prayed that he might not be sent to prison. As it was not our wish to proceed to extremes, we were as lenient with him as possible; and it was eventually arranged that the two hundred and fifty pounds paid to Ellen should be returned to him, and that he should emigrate to Australia. This he did; and I think that not the least bitter portion of his punishment was the knowledge that it all came about through the instrumentality of the girl he had first tempted, and then so cruelly deserted.

Miss Leclerc was paid another fifty pounds, and joined her friends in America. We were never troubled with either of them again.

All that the world knew of the matter was, that a new will had been discovered leaving the property to Ellen. All the legal formalities were complied with, and we took possession; happy that at length my Wife's Inheritance was Regained.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF AN UNKNOWN FAMILY.

No signs of the lost path could we discover, and we wandered on we knew not whither. In fact, as soon as we left the 'open' on the summit of the cliff and entered the, in many places, impenetrable bush, we met with the fate of all wanderers in the forest, and unconsciously walked round in a circle, finding ourselves at the end of an hour's ramble on the very spot whence we had started; and before long I struck my foot violently against some impediment that seemed to be firmly implanted in the earth, over which I stumbled and fell. I rose immediately, though I had hurt my foot badly, and assisted by Enrique, searched amongst the long coarse reedy grass, with which the spot was overgrown, for the object over which I had stumbled. This we soon discovered; and to our great surprise, found it to be a piece of stout board or plank about six inches in width, firmly implanted in the ground, from which—though it was now in a slanting position—it had originally risen to the height of fifteen or sixteen inches. It had the appearance of a piece of plank brought on shore from some vessel, though it was completely sodden with the damp from the long rank grass which had concealed it from our sight, and was black and rotten with age. Three or four feet apart from it, we discovered another piece of board, also firmly planted in the earth, but rising only to the height of five or six inches.

It was evident that the two pieces of board were the head and foot marks of a grave—the grave of a child, from its small size—for on tearing up the grass, we perceived that the space between the two boards was slightly raised in the form of a mound. The remains that lay interred beneath

this mound were assuredly those of a European ; for the wretched aborigines of Tierra del Fuego—perhaps the lowest beings upon earth in the scale of humanity—do not bury their dead, but cast the bodies into the sea, when they do not devour them, as, it has been positively asserted by some voyagers, they not unfrequently do. I was still examining these boards—on the larger of which I fancied that I could perceive a portion of some inscription—when Enrique, who had wandered on, shouted to me that he had discovered another, and yet another, similar grave. Our curiosity was now fully awakened ; and on further search we discovered two more graves ; making five in all, within a circle of not more than forty yards in diameter. Though these graves were all of different dimensions, one only appeared to be that of an adult ; and it was plainly apparent that the head-boards of each and all bore some inscription, though the letters—which appeared to have been burned as well as cut into the boards—were almost wholly obliterated, or had been rendered indecipherable by the decay of the boards themselves.

‘Who could they have been,’ we asked ourselves, ‘who lay thus buried in this lonely desolate spot at the extremity of the earth?’

Three hundred and thirty years had elapsed since 1519, when the Strait of Magellan and the adjacent shores were first discovered by the Dutch mariner who gave his name to the Strait : but only within the last fifty years, and during that period but rarely, had ships made the passage through the Strait or had mariners landed on the bleak shores. It is true that from the date of their discovery the Strait and shores had been visited, at intervals far apart, by the early mariners—Dampier, Byron, and others ; and by Cook when on his voyages of discovery ; but these navigators of former days had but touched on the coast—the very name of which was dreaded. None had penetrated to any distance inland, or knew anything of the shores, save that they were described as being the very abode of desolation ; or of the inhabitants, of whom they gave the most absurd description ; and even since the commencement of the present century, those mariners who had passed through the Strait had not tarried on their way, if they could possibly avoid so doing, and had felt relieved when the passage was safely made, and they had left the perilous coast behind them. Only those on board surveying vessels despatched by the governments of Great Britain or Chili—beginning in 1830 with Captain Fitzroy, in chief command of the *Adventure* and the *Beagle*—had lingered on the coast, and had mingled with the natives on shore ; and these vessels had left none of the crews they carried, behind them. Who or what then was this family—to judge from the appearance of the graves—that had lived and died on this desolate spot of earth ?

Beyond doubt, we thought, they must have been some unfortunate family that had been shipwrecked on the coast ; perhaps of the crew of the vessel, they alone having escaped death. Or more probably, some master-mariner who had his wife

and children on board his vessel, had been set on shore with his family, and had been deserted by his mutinous sailors. But if either of these suppositions were correct, the circumstances must have occurred at some long distant period ; for people cast or left on the shores at any period during the present century would surely have found some means of making their existence on the lonely island known to mariners passing through the Strait, or landing on the shores, before they had died, one after another, as appeared to have been the case with these, until the last unhappy survivor, who left no one to perform the last sad duty for him, disappeared from the scene.

Forgetting for the moment our ship and ship-mates, we searched the spot for some vestiges of a hut or dwelling-place of some description ; for the wretched natives of the island have no permanent dwellings, but content themselves with erecting a sort of tent, with branches of trees covered with bark, and raised but three or four feet from the ground—something resembling the gipsy tents often seen in an English lane or common—beneath which they shelter themselves in cold and stormy weather. For a considerable time our search was made to no purpose. At length, however, just beyond the natural clearing in which the graves had been made, we came to a spot which seemed to us to have once been the site of a hut or dwelling-place. At any other time it would not have attracted our attention, for the earth—as in other parts of the bush or forest—was overgrown with coarse rushes or grass and rank prickly shrubs ; but Enrique accidentally stumbled into a dry ditch concealed beneath the long grass ; and on examining the ditch, we discovered that it formed a circle some five or six yards in diameter, and that the ground within the circle was raised in the centre, while it sloped gradually towards the ditch, doubtless to allow the water from the rains to run off into the hollow, and thus keep the ground within the circle dry. We searched this spot of ground diligently, and found several other pieces of board or plank, so much decayed that we could crumble some of them to dust between our fingers.

At length Enrique picked up a crooked ten-inch nail, so much eaten away with rust, that when the rust was scraped off, it was scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle ; and shortly afterwards I picked up from the bottom of the ditch what had once been the claw-head of a hammer, in a like rust-eaten condition. The finding of these articles made us still more eager in our search ; and in the course of half an hour we found in the ditch and within the circle, several other rust-eaten nails, and various other articles so sodden and decayed that it was difficult even to surmise what many of them had been—but which went to prove beyond doubt that the site had once been inhabited by Europeans. Among other things, I found what appeared to have been the cover of a Family Bible, though the leather was so much decayed—in fact it was reduced to a mere mass of pulp—that I could not even have guessed what it had been, had there not been still adhering to it a clasp black with age and exposure, but which on being scraped with the blade of a penknife, proved to be brass. It had

resisted the action of the atmosphere, which had almost worn away the iron nails.

We were still prosecuting our search, when Enrique suddenly started up from a stooping posture. 'Hark!' he exclaimed. 'Listen! What was that?' The next moment the faint distant report of firearms was heard.

'It is our shipmates,' said I. 'They are out searching for us.'

Again the report was heard. We were loath to quit the spot; for we knew how difficult it was to find a given spot in the heart of the bush when once quitted, unless some measures were taken to guide the searchers to it.

'Go you, Enrique,' said I. 'Follow the sound of the muskets. I will remain here. Captain de Ferrande would be greatly vexed if he were not to visit this spot.'

Enrique left me alone, and I employed myself for some time in collecting such trifling articles as I could find. Then I lay down on a grassy mound to rest. I heard the reports of firearms from time to time, sometimes distant, sometimes drawing nearer, and then again farther off. At length they ceased altogether, and I knew that Enrique had found the searching party.

Enrique had left his match-box with me, and it had been arranged that I should collect such dry leaves and grass as I could find and set them on fire, in order that the flames or smoke might guide the searchers to the spot. This I now did by kindling a bonfire on the highest spot near by. There was little flame; but the smoke soon rose in a vast black column, which towered high above the bush ere it dissipated itself in air. In the course of another hour I heard the report of firearms at no great distance, and soon afterwards Enrique appeared with the surgeon and two sailors.

'They sent parties out from the ship at day-break, in different directions,' said Enrique as he drew near. 'Captain de Ferrande is with this one. He will be here directly. Caramba! you made a famous smoke. We saw it two miles off!'

He had hardly spoken ere we heard the approach of others through the bush, and presently a party of seamen, headed by the third officer, appeared. Captain de Ferrande followed a few yards to the right and a short distance in the rear. Suddenly he appeared to stumble, and then gathering himself up, uttered an exclamation, and stooping down picked up something from the ground. If he had purposed to scold us for the trouble we had caused him and the rest of our shipmates, he forgot his purpose in the discovery he had made. The article he had picked up was the thigh-bone of a human skeleton—evidently, from its size, that of an adult male. In a few moments we had all gathered round him. The bone which he had trodden upon was part of a skeleton which lay near the decayed trunk of what had once been one of the largest trees in the bush. The bones must have been separated before he approached the spot, but he had inadvertently scattered them further apart with his foot. The skeleton was that of a man above the average stature, and although the bones were much decayed, all of them were there.

One of the sailors picked up something and handed it to the Captain. It was a small chain, to which what appeared to be a locket was attached,

and which had been attached to the neck-bones of the skeleton. Chain and locket were both almost as black as ink, but they were not worn away; and on being scraped with the blade of a penknife they proved to be gold. The locket had to be forced open, not without much difficulty; but inside it contained two locks of hair plaited together, in perfect preservation, and as soft and glossy as if they had but lately been severed from the heads of the owners. One of the locks was of a dark auburn hue; the other flaxen, and from its texture and appearance, it had been severed from the head of a young child. Placing the chain and locket in the pocket of his jacket, the Captain joined the rest of the party in the search for such articles as might throw some light upon the condition of those who had, at some far distant date, evidently lived and died on this lonely spot. But nothing could be found save a few more articles similar to those that Enrique and I had picked up in the first instance.

I then spoke of the grave-boards and the inscriptions that I believed they had once borne, and the entire party forthwith proceeded to the burial-ground. Captain de Ferrande was of the same opinion as Enrique and I with regard to the inscriptions on the head-boards; and it was determined to remove some of them from the ground and to examine them carefully in a better light. The board over which I had stumbled—evidently the head-board of an infant's grave—was the first that was removed. As Enrique and I had imagined, it bore an inscription that had apparently been originally cut with a knife or chisel, and then burnt into the wood. It had evidently been of considerable length; but was now almost obliterated, the board being so much decayed that it would hardly bear handling. We perceived, however, that the inscription was in English; and after a little study of the characters, we were enabled to decipher the name of 'Annie.' This was the only complete word that was decipherable; but we made out the following letters and figures and portions of words: '— th. mem... f d... l. ttl. Annie, .g. tw. — M. re. — An. D. 1. 93.' There had originally been a great deal more than the above; but where I have placed the long dashes, the letters were utterly indecipherable. As it stood, we made out the inscription so far to have been: 'To the Memory of dear little Annie, aged two years — March —, Anno Domini 1.93.' This left us in doubt as to the century in which the interments had taken place. But this doubt was solved by the inscriptions on the board at the head of the longest grave and on the head-boards of two others. The inscription on the first mentioned of these boards had apparently once covered the entire surface; but very few of the letters were now decipherable. All that we could make out were the following portions of words, and date: '— — B. lo... d W. f., .g. d 4. — 16.4.' As we supposed—'To the Memory of my Beloved Wife, aged 4— —1694.' We did not remove any more of the boards, the inscriptions on the others being almost wholly obliterated, though we made out on one the complete date, 1691, and on another the name of 'Willie.'

After we had taken notes of the decipherable letters, names, and dates, we replaced the boards

firmly above the graves from which we had removed them; and then, before we quitted the spot, carefully collected the bones of the skeleton, and buried them alongside the grave of the long-deceased wife.

Thus, after the lapse of one hundred and fifty-eight years—for it was now apparent that the previous interments had taken place between the years 1691 and 1694—the remains of the unhappy man were laid to rest beside those of his wife. Beyond a doubt he was the last survivor of the family, who having no one to perform for him the last sad duty of humanity, had laid himself down to die, alone and uncared for, beneath the tree, which while his bones were rotting in the air, had itself decayed.

Captain de Ferrande had at first decided to retain possession of the gold locket and chain, which contained the cherished locks of the unhappy man's wife, and of one—probably of the youngest, of his children—little Annie. But after some consideration, he placed the locket and its contents in the grave, along with the bones of the husband and father who had treasured them to the last. Some of the other worthless articles were carried on board the ship as mementoes—but were soon forgotten and lost—and we quitted the spot, never again to visit it.

How this unfortunate family came to live and die in the island of Tierra del Fuego, at a period so distant as 1691-4, when few vessels had visited the dreary spot, may never be known. But it is mournful to picture their unhappy fate; to fancy them dying one after another—the children first—dying probably through the lack of the necessities of life, with no one to afford them relief during their illness, until at length the wife succumbed, leaving her unhappy husband alone—for how long, none can tell! Perhaps but for a short space of time, perhaps for long weary years! It is sad to think of the poor man lying down to die alone at last; but it is probable that he found in death a happy release from his sufferings. We endeavoured to learn from the miserable natives of the island, something of this unfortunate family. We thought it probable that they might have some record or tradition of a family of white people who long ago had lived and died on the island. It was, however, with very considerable difficulty that we were able to make them understand what we meant; and when at length they appeared to comprehend, they seemed to be afraid or to entertain a dislike to speak of the matter. They would shake their heads, point to the sea, the earth, the sky, and then again shaking their heads, would become obstinately silent. On one occasion, Captain de Ferrande tried to induce one who appeared to be a chief, or at least to exercise some little authority over the rest of the people of the island, to guide and accompany him through the bush to the spot where the remains of the family of white people lay interred. But the fellow shook his head and ran away, shouting as if seized with sudden terror; and as I have said, none of us ever again visited the spot.

Had this unfortunate family been cast or left on shore in Patagonia, on the opposite shore of the Strait, their fate would in all probability have been less miserable. They would have mingled with and found help from the natives; and most

likely, would have found some means of getting away from the desolate region; for the Patagonians, though but scantily civilised, are not savage, and are in all respects an infinitely superior race to their wretched Tierra del Fuegoan neighbours.

THE ASSOCIATION OF GERMAN GOVERNESSES IN ENGLAND.

SOME time ago, the German ambassador, Count Münster, formally opened a Home in London for German governesses. This Home (16 Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square, W.) is the result of the united labours of a number of ladies, called 'The Association of German Governesses in England,' assisted by lady patronesses, and is another gratifying example of patient adherence to a desired object.

The great increase of the study of the German language and literature has naturally led a considerable number of educated German ladies to come over to this country as teachers in schools and families. In the year 1877, one of these ladies, specially gifted with tact, energy, and what we in England would call 'pluck,' originated the idea of the German governesses and teachers throughout the country forming themselves into a *bund* or society for the circulation of various German and English educational and scientific journals amongst themselves, and at the same time to procure engagements without the assistance of agents. In a few months the number of members increased to seventy-five, and now it has reached upwards of four hundred.

Previous to the formation of this Association, situations were for the most part obtained through 'agents,' who charged a considerable percentage on the salary of a lady for whom they had obtained an appointment. This plan, which obviously entailed a certain degree of dependence on these intermediaries, is now entirely done away with by the working of the Association. By members reporting vacant places and patronesses recommending their friends, a means of interchange is thus kept up which is highly serviceable to all concerned. When a member—to become which a certificate from a clergyman and good testimonials are requisite—makes application to the Secretary for an appointment, a form is sent, containing a list of questions to be filled up by the applicant, giving an exhaustive summary of her qualifications. This schedule being drawn up by the Committee of the Association, is to a certain extent technical; and by this means a great deal is elicited about the acquirements, &c. of the governess, which the lady engaging would no doubt wish to know, but which she could not possibly be expected to remember at a personal interview. Ladies have thus much more chance of being suited than if they attempted to conduct matters for themselves.

In a short time after the formation of the Association, it became necessary to have an office, with a regular Secretary to conduct the business affairs, which had up till this time been managed by specially industrious members in situations. A place was therefore selected as near the abode of

the President as possible, which has now developed into an established Home, to which new members arriving from Germany can go at once on landing, and to which sick members and those out of employment can turn at all times. The affairs of the Association are conducted by a President, Secretary, and six of a Committee of governesses, each of whom has been from ten to sixteen years in England.

Since the opening of the office in April 1878, the work has proceeded most satisfactorily, and several hundreds of German governesses have obtained engagements. Members placed by the Association pay two per cent. of their first year's salary towards the fund for the sick, as compared with five to ten per cent. charged by agents. Each member also pays an annual subscription of seven shillings and sixpence towards the maintenance of the Home. The list of patronesses, which is a large one, is headed by the name of the late lamented Princess Alice, of whom the Committee say in their annual Report, 'her energetic efforts and lively interest in the Association have chiefly promoted its extension and success.' The whole undertaking has been conducted from its commencement with patience, energy, and business-like intelligence.

To assist in raising funds for the opening of the Home, the Duke of Westminster twice kindly opened the reception-rooms at Grosvenor House for concerts arranged by patronesses. The task these ladies have so successfully accomplished is increased when we remember the busy lives governesses in most cases live, and the fact that they were all foreigners; and the necessity for it is clearly proved by the fact that the Home, although only opened some months ago, is already full.

'EXPECTANT ATTENTION.'

From an article on Mental Physiology which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* we extract the following remarkable instance of animal intelligence. 'The well-known astronomer Dr Huggins, had a four-footed friend dwelling with him for many years as a regular member of his household, a mastiff of noble proportions who bore the great name of "Kepler." This dog possessed many rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances, and amongst these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner, Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room, and set himself down at his master's feet. Dr Huggins then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted offhand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of nine, Kepler replied by three barks; or, if the question were the square root of sixteen, by four. Then various questions followed, in which much more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as "Add seven to eight, divide the sum by three, and multiply by two." To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still, in the end, his

decision was always right. The reward for each correct answer was a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived at, Kepler never moved his eye from his master's face. The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake.

'This notable case of canine sagacity, however, in no way militates against the remarks which have recently been made in reference to the ideomotor character of the quadrupedal mind. Dr Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr Huggins himself. The case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the numbers to Kepler, and being, therefore, aware of what the answer should be, expected the dog to cease barking when that number was reached; and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog. The instance is strictly analogous to the well-known case in which a button, suspended from a thread and held by a finger near to the rim of a glass, strikes the hour of the day as it swings, and then stops—that is, provided the person who holds the button, himself knows the hour. The explanation of this occurrence is that the hand which holds the button trembles in consequence of its constrained position, and in that way sets the button swinging; and as the attention of the experimenter is fixed upon the oscillation, in the expectation that a definite number of strokes upon the glass will occur, his own brain-convolutions take care that the movements of the finger shall be in accordance with that expectation.'

'The mathematical training of poor Kepler has unfortunately come to an untimely end. The interesting arithmetician died of an attack of typhus fever, to the great sorrow of his large circle of friends, and he now sleeps under the shadow of the telescopes at Tulse Hill. The memory of his high attainments and of the distinguished success with which he upheld the reputation of his name, however, remains. His most intimate friends also enjoy the consolation of an excellent portrait of his thoughtful face, lit up with the exact expression which it bore when he was engaged with his arithmetical problems.'

ROSES.

A CRIMSON rosebud into beauty breaking;
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose-leaf—that is all.

A maiden's heart that knoweth not love's darting;
A voice that teacheth love beyond recall;
An hour of joy—an hour of bitter parting;
And then, a broken heart—and that is all.

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RECENT PROGRESS IN MANITOBA.

THE agricultural possibilities of Manitoba have recently attracted so much attention, that we propose to offer a few words on the subject. It will be known to most of our readers that Commissioners were despatched by government to America to report upon farming and agricultural exports; and that farmers' delegates from various parts of Great Britain were sent across to Canada to look about them and furnish full accounts as to its eligibility as a field for farming enterprise. These accounts are now before us, as are also some interesting observations made by Lord Elphinstone, in a lecture which he delivered after his recent visit to Western Canada.

Manitoba is one hundred and thirty-five miles long east and west, by one hundred and four miles in breadth, its area being fourteen thousand three hundred and forty square miles. But this is only a small fragment compared with the great North-west Territories, which have been estimated to comprehend an extent of two hundred million acres of available land, alone capable of supplying all the grain required for the United Kingdom.

Since Manitoba was organised as a state of the Canadian Dominion, it has entered on a career of progress and prosperity. A census taken in 1823 gave a population of six hundred; that of 1871, immediately after the transfer, was twelve thousand; now Winnipeg, the capital, alone boasts of a population of about ten thousand. Fort Garry, the nucleus round which the town of Winnipeg has gathered, was long, as it is still, one of the most important trading stations of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Winnipeg, the capital of the province, is situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and stands fifth in commercial importance amongst cities of the Canadian Dominion. It was incorporated as a city in 1873, is connected by rail with Chicago and Detroit, and will shortly possess railway communication with the United States by way of Duluth and the Lakes; while it will have

the benefit of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will run through Manitoba, North-west Territory, and British Columbia, on to the Pacific. Three years before its incorporation as a city, Winnipeg consisted of a few rude houses with about two hundred inhabitants. Now it has a well-settled appearance, with several wide and well-kept streets. Many of the houses are of wood; but others, built of cream-coloured brick, give it an attractive appearance. It has several hotels, a club-house, and various other places of entertainment. The Post-office, governor's residence, Court-house, City Hall, and Custom-house are the chief public buildings of the place. The University of Manitoba is governed by a council of representatives of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches. The Red River abounds in fish, and occasionally excellent wild grapes are to be found on its banks—a good indication of the warmth of the climate, at least in summer. Garden flowers grow well, with hues as brilliant as any to be seen in Italy.

The climate of Manitoba is one of great extremes—very hot in summer, and very cold in winter; but Lord Elphinstone did not find any of the settlers who were willing to exchange their cold dry winter for the bleak, damp, and changeable climate of England. During the five months of snow the settler has abundant opportunity for cutting his trees and fencing; while he draws his heavy material on sledges. Ponies are left to shift for themselves, but cattle must be housed and fed on prairie hay, which can be cut in summer, and stacked for winter use, at about one dollar per ton. The intense frost of winter, penetrating about three feet into the ground, is invaluable for the purposes of agriculture, forming a store of congealed moisture, which melts when the sun gains power, and so nurtures the root-crops in the hot summer months. The soil is black and loamy, four to twelve feet deep, and of the richest description; and instances are known where the land has been sown in wheat for forty successive years, the latest crop being as good as the first.

Some idea of the wonderful productiveness of

the soil may be gained from the results of the Agricultural Show held in Winnipeg in 1876. The extraordinary dimensions and weight of the following vegetables are vouched for by a friend of Lord Elphinstone. Thus, he measured and weighed: Turnip (Swede), 36½ lbs.; turnip (white), 20 lbs.; mangold, twenty-five inches long, twenty-one inches circumference, 19½ lbs.; carrot, fourteen inches long, twelve and a half inches circumference; cabbage (drum-headed), 23½ lbs.; cabbage, early (without leaves), 16 lbs.; cauliflower (without leaves), 12½ lbs.; sugar beetroot, 8 lbs.; radish, thirteen inches long, eleven inches circumference, 5½ lbs.; three onions (white), 3 lbs.; six potatoes (early rose), 12 lbs.; six potatoes (white), 11 lbs.; pumpkin, twelve feet in circumference, 39½ lbs.

Potatoes seem to thrive amazingly. Thirteen 'eyes' were planted and yielded four bushels: next five bushels were planted, which yielded three hundred bushels. Grain is usually sown in May, as soon as the weather permits, and is above ground in a few days afterwards; and in August, within seventy to ninety days after sowing, the harvest is gathered in. Wheat has been known to produce as much as 40 bushels to the acre, of 66 to 68 lbs. weight per bushel; oats, 75 to 90 bushels; barley, 50 bushels. The cost of production is calculated at 1s. 8d. per bushel only. One of the farmers' delegates makes the statement that, on fairly good land, on an average, a yield of 24 bushels of wheat per acre may be calculated upon for twenty years, and without using any manure; though we would here remark that the use of manure to a certain extent, is now being recognised as an important factor in the continued productiveness of the soil.

At present the absence of railways or other easy modes of transit is a serious drawback to the Manitoba farmer. Hence a proposal for the export of grain to Europe by way of Hudson's Bay, has been under the consideration of the Dominion government; one apparent drawback, however, exists in the fact that this water-way would be blocked up with ice for about eight months of the year—a difficulty which will tax human ingenuity to overcome. Powers have been asked from the Dominion government for the construction of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay, and also for a line of steamers thence to England; and the statement has been made on good authority—significant for the British agriculturist—that the best wheat will be landed in England at thirty shillings per quarter, when the railways are in full operation.

A word may now be said about the conditions of settlement in Manitoba. In certain parts of the territory a government grant of one hundred and sixty acres of surveyed land is given for the nominal fee of ten dollars, to any one who really proposes to settle. He must be above eighteen years of age, and must stay and cultivate the land for three years before the government will grant the patent or title-deeds for it. The farmer can at the same time have the pre-emption of another hundred and sixty acres of neighbouring ground, for which one dollar per acre is charged, payable in instalments, the first of which is due at the end of three years. These terms do not, however, hold good in the case of certain belts of land immediately adjoining

the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, when the line runs through the prairie-country, will be thus rendered more valuable.

According to the Dominion Lands Act, the lands are divided into quadrilateral townships, comprising thirty-six sections of one mile square in each, with necessary allowances for roads. Each section of 640 acres is again divided into quarter-sections of 160 acres, and all townships and lots are rectangular. No purchase of more than one section or 640 acres shall be made by one person, and payments must be in cash. The free grants consist of quarter-sections of 160 acres, as already mentioned. It may interest some intending settlers to know that timber-lands are disposed of so as to benefit the greatest number. Such of the sections as contain belts or tracts of timber are subdivided into wood-lots of not less than ten or not more than twenty acres in each lot; as much as will afford wood for each quarter-section prairie-farm, in each township. Coal-lands cannot be taken as homesteads; but no reservations are made regarding gold, silver, iron, copper, or other mines or minerals. We might mention that coal is to be had in abundance, extending over a belt of more than two hundred and fifty miles in breadth, and chiefly in the Saskatchewan district. Deposits of copper and iron also await, as they will no doubt reward, future enterprise.

In order to make a fair start on his hundred and sixty acres, a man should have at least one hundred pounds, sixty pounds of which would be spent on the purchase of stock and farm implements, leaving forty pounds available for the building of a house and stable. The men who succeed are those who go out in spring, select their land, and at once engage themselves as labourers. The wages of labourers vary from one and a quarter to two dollars per day; female servants get from five to six dollars per month, with board; while ploughmen get one and a quarter dollars per day. While thus labouring, the intending settler is earning wages and his board, and is perhaps able by the following spring to buy what is necessary for a small start on his own land. His first work is to build a hut or house, after which he will break up and sow a portion of his allotment. After securing their crops, intending settlers again engage themselves for the winter as labourers, returning to their allotment in spring; and so by degrees work themselves into the happy position of being master of their own land.

Here, however, as everywhere else, and in every other undertaking in life, thrift and labour are indispensable essentials to success. 'It is folly to think,' says Lord Elphinstone, 'that fortunes are to be made in Canada or elsewhere without labour. A man, in order to succeed, must be prepared for hard work and many inconveniences, especially in a young country. But if he goes determined to fight his battle and determined to win his battle, that man is perfectly certain to succeed, and to gain a position for himself and his family better, far better, than anything to which he can even hope to attain at home.' As a proof that there are such provident settlers, no less than three million acres of wheat-land were allotted during 1878 to men of this class. Some came from Ontario and the eastern provinces of Canada, while two thousand were from the United States.

As giving some idea of the nature of the houses built by settlers, Lord Elphinstone gives a pleasant picture of a homestead, called Mount Pleasant, on a height overlooking the Little Saskatchewan River. It was occupied by a Scotsman named Geikie, who had left Perthshire three years ago with two of his brothers, and was now proprietor of nearly a thousand acres of his own. Their house was built of logs from the neighbouring forest, and internally had only one good room, with kitchen and servants' room adjoining. In this room there was the usual accumulation of stores, consisting of soap, tea, tinned meat, pots of jam, whips, bridles, guns, carpenters' tools, &c.; with a stove in the centre, and underneath was a large cellar for keeping potatoes.

His lordship's remarks as to farming prospects are interesting. Alluding to the enormous grain-produce, he says that 'for many years to come the surplus produce will all be consumed on the spot by the new settlers; but by-and-by as the land becomes cultivated and the country is opened up by railways, affording greater facilities for exportation, there is no doubt that an enormous amount of grain and other produce will find its way to this country. This must affect, and seriously affect, our farming interests. . . There can be no doubt that there is a great future in store for that country; and it will be well to look to the future prospects of our own country, as it may be affected by Canada, fairly in the face. From all I saw, I am driven to the conclusion that the value of land at home cannot maintain its present high standard.'

In the light of all the foregoing details it is evident that the struggling British farmer, with a little capital, would place himself in a vastly superior position for getting on, by settling in Manitoba. There he could have, to begin with, a free grant of land of extraordinary fertility, with the pre-emption of another section of land, should he require it, at the price of an ordinary year's rental of moderate land in the home country. Or he could purchase, if he chose, improved land in an eligible locality, in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, where all kinds of agricultural implements, &c. may be purchased; or on the proposed route of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at moderate rates. A large family, instead of being a burden, will be an assistance to the settler; the sons may help in home farm-work in the first place, and by-and-by may acquire homesteads of their own.

In land-purchase it is always best to deal directly with the government agent, avoiding secondary or interested parties, care being taken to examine the land before concluding the bargain, and to see that the title to it is indisputable. Shippers look confidently for a large immigration to America in the course of the present spring; and it has been calculated that upwards of forty thousand settlers will be added to the population of the North-west Territories during the present year.

Testing the foregoing inducements by the experience of those who have been settled for some time in Manitoba, we find them amply borne out. Farmers who have settled as recently as 1877 have no hesitation in inviting plucky, industrious young men with from £500 to £1000 to go there. They report that every kind of crop is doing well,

and that the most eligible land is rising in price. On sheltered farms, cattle may stand out of doors all the season, and on many farms take the place of horses for field-work. They are fed on prairie hay, which in summer is cut for the winter supply; and occasionally a little crushed corn. All settlers agree that they have many discomforts and inconveniences, with hard work in seed, hay, and harvest time; and in summer black flies and mosquitos, which for a couple of months are a torment to new settlers. On the other hand, settlers have much to sweeten their lot: they may farm as they will, sell what they choose, and when they choose, and indulge in field-sports to their hearts' content.

Intending emigrants can receive accurate information as to fares and routes from almost any American shipping agent. We give several addresses to which applications may be sent: Silver & Co., 67 Cornhill, London; Finn, Main, & Montgomery, 24 James Street, Liverpool; J. P. Oliver, 16 Thistle Street, Edinburgh. Full information as to assisted emigration to Canada for agriculturists, tenant farmers, and all who intend to follow the occupation of farming, may be had from the Dominion of Canada Emigration Offices, 31 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. On application to A. V. H. Carpenter, general passenger and ticket agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, an illustrated pamphlet of Manitoba will be sent post-free.

Lord Dufferin, the late Governor-general of Canada, in speaking of Manitoba, termed it 'the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which span the entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.' The picture he drew of the country was equally just and happy, with its streams which 'flow for their entire length through alluvial plains of the richest description, where year after year wheat can be raised without manure, or any sensible diminution in its yield, and where the soil everywhere presents the appearance of a highly cultivated suburban kitchen-garden in England.' He closed, as we would do now, by hoping that Manitoba and the North-west Territories may eventually become happy and prosperous homes to millions of the human race.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER V.—HISTORY.

Your obedient servant, Aminadab Tasker.

MR CRISP, managing clerk of the branch of the county bank at Hetherton, sat on a sweltering summer morning in the bank's retiring-room. Mr Crisp had nothing particular to do, and had exhausted that day's *Times*. The weather was oppressive; and notwithstanding that the window was opened and the blind down, and that Mr Crisp, for further ease, had discarded his coat and sat in his shirt sleeves, he perspired dreadfully. He mopped his damply gleaming baldness and his jolly face with a scented handkerchief of yellow silk, and fanned himself with the *Times* supplement, and yawned. Mr Crisp was a mighty angler, and he yearned just then for a quiet cast in his favourite stream, and could almost fancy himself standing knee-deep in grasses, with the

broad landscape dozing round about him, and the airs of the river blowing in his face. He awoke from this vision with a sense of added heat and aggravation, and went viciously for a blue-bottle with his ruler. The blue-bottle took refuge on the manager's gleaming baldness, and Mr Crisp rising in a sudden heat of temper—as the quietest of men will do under this sort of aggravation—whipped the blue-bottle from its refuge, and, taking a towel from a cupboard, pursued it with deadly intent to the window. Fiery hot, perspiring, and shirt-sleeved, he flogged the blue-bottle from coigne of vantage to coigne of vantage, and chased it from stronghold unto stronghold, until, as he held himself in readiness for a final blow, whilst the blue-bottle walked impudently across a pane in the very centre of the window, the door of the room opened, and Mr Frank Fairholt entered.

Mr Frank Fairholt was exasperatingly cool, and Mr Crisp was most aggravatingly hot and flushed and untidy, and felt himself taken at a disadvantage. He regarded Frank for a moment as though he would include him in a common anathema with the blue-bottle; but thought better of it, and returned his visitor's greeting cheerily enough.

'I have a little business, Crisp,' said Frank. 'Come across to the *Chesterwood*, and have some hock-and-soda, and cool yourself, and talk it over.'

'With pleasure,' responded Mr Crisp; but before starting, he went into the cupboard from which he had taken the towel, and after a pleasant splashing there, emerged rosy but cool. Struggling into his coat, he grew hot again; and his baldness, before he covered it with his hat, once more gleamed damply. They walked across the sunny street together and into the old-fashioned hotel.

'Jenny, my dear,' said Frank, nodding familiarly to the pretty barmaid, 'let me have a bottle of hock and two bottles of soda, and a ton of ice, and some good cigars. Send them up to the coffee-room at once. There's nobody there, I suppose? Mr Crisp and I want to talk business.'

'There's no one there, Mr Frank,' responded the pretty barmaid; and Mr Crisp and Frank went up together.

'Did it ever strike you, Crisp?'—said Frank.

He got no further, for Mr Crisp, arising with a look of settled determination upon his face, took a napkin from the buffet, unfolded it, and approached the window with a stealthy step. 'You know how you caught me, Mr Fairholt,' said the managing clerk, with a dark and tragic look. 'I was after a fellow then; but I'll finish him this time.' A blue-bottle buzzed harmlessly on the pane, and Mr Crisp, with one dexterous flick of his napkin slew him, and bore his body triumphantly to the table, where he inurned it with-cigar-ashes.

'I beg your pardon,' said Mr Crisp. 'You were saying—Had I ever noticed'—

'I was saying,' returned Frank, 'that here comes the prettiest girl in this division of the county, bearing in her fair hands the best of liquors for a day like this.—Your health, Jenny.—Yours, Crisp. Pretty tippie! Try a weed.' Frank strolled to the mirror, and admired himself, with a tall tumbler in one hand and a cigar in the other. He laid down his tumbler in order to

smooth his moustache and to arrange his hat and his curls, and swaggered calmly round on Crisp.

'What's the business, Mr Fairholt?' asked the managing clerk lazily, from a cloud of smoke.

'Oh, it's not much,' Frank returned. 'I've been going rather too rapidly up in town, and I don't care about falling on the governor; and so my brother Will has just done this for me.' He produced a purse, and took therefrom a piece of stamped paper, and threw it across the table to Mr Crisp.

'M-m-m,' said Mr Crisp, taking it up and looking at it. 'Two hundred? And four months? I wouldn't do this kind of thing too often, Mr Fairholt. Do you want me to cash it?'

'Yes,' said Frank carelessly, 'if you will be so good.'

'Well, of course I'll do it,' Mr Crisp responded with expostulatory voice and manner. 'But I wouldn't try this game too often, if I were you. It's a bad game. Of course Mr Will's name is good enough for two hundred here, and it shan't pass out of our hands.—Cresus Brothers? Yes; they're our London agents.' Mr Crisp turned the blue paper over in his hands and continued: 'You can't work a dead horse, you know, and it's just like trying to do that, to work for money when you've spent it already. So I'd just advise you, Mr Fairholt, to do as little in this way as you possibly can.'

'I don't think I shall trouble you again, Crisp. In point of fact, I've been going the pace up there to such an extent that I was obliged to do it now. But,' added Frank jauntily, 'I'm going to settle down, and train for matrimony. By the way, I have to start by the 12.10. We'll finish our hock, and then go over to the bank together.'

Mr Crisp nodded acquiescence; and they talked about indifferent matters for a time, and then, the cigars and the wine being both finished, returned to the bank, where Mr Crisp handed over notes and gold to the amount of the bill, minus interest at three and a half per cent. per annum, and Frank shook hands and departed.

The train flashed through the peaceful western country, and Frank, as he looked lazily from the carriage, determined to take this, that, and the other scene for a picture some day. But in an hour or thereabouts he fell asleep, and did not awake until he found his ticket demanded. The train panted into Easton Station shortly afterwards, and the young artist took a hackney-coach and trundled to his rooms in Montague Gardens. Arrived there he found several letters awaiting him, and amongst them one which ran thus:

7 ACRE BUILDINGS, CITY.

SIR—When last I saw you, I gave you a week to look about yourself. That was a fortnight ago, and if things are not settled by Thursday next, I shall have to make a row.—Your obedient servant,

AMINADAB TASKER.

P.S.—I shall wait for you here not later than six o'clock on Thursday evening.

'Confound the fellow!' said Frank, pulling at his curls and surveying his own reflection in the mirror above the mantel-piece. 'And it's five o'clock already. I suppose I must go down and see him. It's a horrible nuisance, now that I have money in my pocket, that I must turn it out so

soon. One hundred and sixty to him, and I'm left with only fifty pounds in the wide wide world, and with this affair of Will's hanging over me. Well, it's got to be done, I suppose.' So Frank emerged from his chambers, hailed a passing coach, was driven to the city, and reached 7 Acre Buildings.

Acre Buildings lay off Cheapside. They were houses of that old and stately fashion with which the city once upon a time abounded, but which are growing rarer now. Notwithstanding their stateliness and age, there was something of an air of *bourgeoisie* about them; and they had something of the aspect of prosperous citizens, whose station being secured in life, had fallen a little from the noise and bustle of common business. Passing from crowded Cheapside into the court that led to Acre Buildings, you passed from noise to quiet and from heat to shade. The Buildings stood round a square flagged court, with a dial in the centre. The finger had rusted and fallen from the dial long ago, as though Time stood still in Acre Buildings, and needed no finger to mark his progress any more. The dial was defaced and broken, as if Time's reign were over, and the image of his rule destroyed. But nowhere did Time move onward with a quicker step or a more certain one than at No. 7, and with those whose needs might lead them to its presiding genius. There were a few trees in the court, and the aspect of the whole place was calm and countrified and pleasant.

In No. 7 Acre Buildings there was an office on the second floor. The black outer door bore in white letters the name 'A. Tasker'; an inscription on the glass panel of an inner door dumbly requested the passer-by to walk in. Obeying this voiceless injunction, Frank found himself confronted by a small boy, with a dry sandy complexion, and a head of dry sandy hair.

'Is Mr Tasker at home?'

'Yes,' responded the boy aggressively; 'he is.'

'Tell him I wish to see him.'

'You can't see him; leastways not yet,' returned the boy, contemplating a fly-spotted almanac on the wall. 'He's engaged. You'll have to wait.'

'Give him that, and tell him that I won't wait.'

The small boy, with some hesitation, took Frank's card, and passed with it into an inner room, and returning after a minute's absence, said: 'Please to come this way, sir.'

Frank followed, and found Mr Tasker alone. He was a short and thick-set man was Mr Tasker, with gaudy thick-set rings on red and thick-set fingers. He wore a burly watch-chain crossed and re-crossed several times above a burly waistcoat. As Frank entered, a whiff of macassar and musk, proceeding from the sleek head and flourishing bandana of Mr Tasker, assaulted his nostrils—a mingled odour like that which greets the loungeur in the Strand as he passes Rimmel's on a languid day. Mr Tasker's eyes were bright and beady. Mr Tasker's nose was magnificently Hebraic. His lips and teeth were eminently carnivorous. His face was clean shaven except for a black imperial on the chin. His manner was one of uneasy self-confidence.

'I was told you were engaged,' said Frank.

'A mistake, sir,' Mr Tasker answered through that magnificent Hebraic nose. 'Will you take

a chair? You have called about that little matter?'

'I have called,' said Frank, in his most contemptuous manner, 'to take myself out of your Hebrew clutches, Mr Tasker, and to tell you how much you deserve a caning for this piece of insolence.' He threw Mr Tasker's note carelessly on the table, and produced his pocket-book.

'No sir,' said Mr Tasker, insinuating remonstrance through the Hebraic nose; 'not insolence, my dear sir—not insolence. A little friendly reminder.'

'Do me the favour not to be friendly, if you please,' Frank answered. 'Produce your bond. Here is your pound of flesh.'

Mr Tasker smiled—a little tiger-like. 'Gentlemen say what they like to me, sir.'

'So I should suppose,' Frank returned. 'Is this the promissory-note?'

'I hope, Mr Fairholt,' said Mr Tasker, creasing out the tigerish smile from his lips with his thick-set jewelled fingers—'I hope you are not displeased with my way of doing business. I do all I can to oblige you, sir—everything. Mr Tasker gathers up the bank-notes, and continues: 'This was only our second transaction, sir; and now that I see how punctual you are'—

'Don't trouble yourself, Tasker. Do me the favour not to know me when you see me; and good-day.' With that Frank swaggered from the room; and as Mr Tasker took the thick-set hand from his own lips the tiger-like smile came back again.

'Go your way, young gentleman; but if I lay my hand upon you again, I will pay you.—Do not be friendly, Tasker? Do me the favour not to know me? Here is your pound of flesh? Your pound of flesh?' snarled Mr Tasker, becoming more German as he gave his wrath free vent. 'I will haf my pound of flesh when I get my jance.' And what with the tigerish smile, and the thick-set lips, and the carnivorous teeth, and the beady eyes, Mr Tasker really looked as though he employed no hyperbole, but meant that pound of flesh in downright gastronomic earnest. Having locked his cash-box and patted it comfortably on the top, and stroked it with all his thick-set jewelled fingers, Mr Tasker opened a door opposite to that by which Frank had entered, and said to some one in the inner room: 'This way, sir, if you please. The gentleman is gone.'

In answer to this summons appeared Benjamin Hartley, of Hartley Park and Hall. 'I didn't catch the name,' says Mr Hartley. 'Who was that, eh, Tasker?'

'A Mr Fairholt, sir—a Mr Francis Fairholt.'

'Eh? eh? eh? Come now, Tasker, I've never seen his name in them there books of yours.'

'Well, the fact is, sir,' Mr Tasker explained, 'I knew the gentleman was a neighbour of yours, and I thought it would be best to be quiet until the thing was paid.'

'Now, look here, Tasker!' says Mr Hartley, shaking a warning finger at him—'I know your little game too well. You ain't goin' to humbug me! This ain't the first time, Tasker, as I've found you tryin' that fist an' loose dodge on. Do you know how much of my coin you've got in this little business?'

'I cannot tell you at a moment's notice, sir.'

'Then I can. Seven thousand five hundred

pound. I'll draw it, every farthin', and smash you, if you come them games with me. Fact. I've more than half a mind to do it now. This kind o' game's low, and I've got no business to be mixed up with it.'

'If you will not be too sudden, sir,' says Mr Tasker in nasal supplication. 'I have saved a little; I could carry it on in a small way on my own account—a very small way.'

'I don't know why,' says Mr Hartley, chewing a gloved forefinger—'I don't know why your people trust you. But I tell you, Tasker, I wouldn't trust you. No—not with a bad farthin'. Not as far as I could fling a bull by the tail.'

'My bonds,' said Mr Tasker, extending the jewelled hands.

'Your bonds!' returned Mr Hartley. 'Your bonds is straw.'

'I kept this secret,' said Mr Tasker, 'from the best of motives, sir.'

'Don't talk to me about your motives. I make a point of knowin' this business and all about it. I will know. It pays me in a hundred ways, as you can't guess of, and ain't goin' to be let to guess of. Now, you do this again, and I'll keep my word.' Mr Hartley rose to go, but paused at the door. 'Twelve to-morrow at my hotel. And just remember what I've told you. Do you hear? Remember! Our terms of business is these: Ten per cent. per annum, payable quarterly to me, and me to have full knowledge of the way all moneys is expended. You seem to have forgot that, Tasker. Just you remember it. Remember it!' With that he went away, and Mr Tasker was left alone.

'I will remember,' said that gentleman, darkly to himself—'I will remember. I can snap my fingers at you.' Mr Tasker's scowling face changed as his patron re-entered.

'I've got one thing as I want to mention, Tasker,' said Mr Hartley, closing the door behind him and advancing. 'You've been dealin' with Mr Francis Fairholt. How often?'

'Twice.'

'How much?'

'This time one-sixty with expenses. Less, last time.'

'Well, don't you have any more truck with him. If he wants money, he deals with me. That young gentleman belongs to a good old county family. He's the son of a neighbour and a friend o' mine. I believe,' says Mr Hartley, with a slightly oratorical manner, 'as his 'onse will shortly be alloyed with mine in matrimony. So you leave him alone.' Having given this injunction, Mr Hartley softened, and said: 'Good-day, Tasker;' and so went out and down the stairs.

Left alone, Mr Tasker darkly closed the cash-box with his hands, and darkly meditated. 'It is a good thing to hate some one,' says Mr Tasker, with the tigerish smile flashing out again. 'It ztirs the blood and makes a man lively.' With this pleasant reflection Mr Tasker opened a safe, consigned the cash-box to its depths, locked the safe, took his hat and cane and gloves, threw a 'nosy word of dismissal at the sandy-complexioned boy in the anteroom, made the outer door secure, passed up Cheapside, and through St Paul's Churchyard, Fleet Street, and the Strand, and turned into a club near Covent Garden. Here he made a dinner of the best the place afforded, and afterwards repaired to the smoke-room, where he

drank a good deal of brandy-and-water, and smoked a cigar over the money columns of the morning paper. He sat alone for nearly an hour, when he was joined by a languid and over-dressed young man of three or four and twenty. The new-comer was almost as plentifully jewelled as Tasker himself, but carried off his finery with a better grace. He wore a light flaxen moustache, and his long and light brown hair was parted in the centre, and fell upon his collar. His hands were singularly white and delicate. The expression of his face was very feminine and innocent. His clothes were cut in the extreme of fashion, and his small feet were cased in patent leathers.

'Ah,' said the new arrival, 'my Tasker!' He settled himself on a lounge beside the money-lender, and regarded him with a look of amused curiosity. 'My Tasker smoking of the best, and reclining as is his wont in gorgeous ease and jewelled opulence. What new spoil from the Philistines? What new booty from Egypt?'

Mr Tasker looked upon him with a frown, and inquired whether he couldn't leave 'shop' behind him.

'Most worthy of Israelites,' returned the other, 'master of Golconda's mine, priest of Ormuz' golden shrine, I have no shop. But you, Tasker—pardon the simile—resemble the patient snail, and carry your shop about with you. Or shall I withdraw that, and say that you carry your profession in your face, which is in itself a most potent letter of recommendation to all good fellows who can spend money and have no money to spend?'

Mr Tasker waved the subject off. 'Talk about that to-morrow, Mr Hastings, at Acre Buildings.'

'Most worthy Tasker, to-morrow is not now. I am impecunious.'

'I cannot do business now,' responded Mr Tasker.

'Really, Tasker,' said the other carelessly, 'you may perform works of necessity even upon the Sabbath. You may lift your ass from the pit, for instance. I invite you to lift him, and to let me have a fiver till the morning.'

'It is against my rule, Mr Hastings,' Tasker responds.

'Rules, my Tasker? We are Hebrew and Christian who change like water, not Mede and Persian, who alter not.'

'I gannot do it, and I will not,' said Mr Tasker.

'Now, my Tasker,' said the other with a languidly curious admiration of him, 'I know you to be in earnest. I recognise that Teuton tone, that voice of stern resolve. I shall have to be down on somebody else.'

The money-lender shifted in his chair, and took a great gulp at his brandy-and-water.

'Try one of my weeds, Tasker? I guarantee them good. A man in my position can't afford to owe for bad cigars.'

'You are going at a good rate, Mr Hastings,' said Tasker, taking a cigar. 'You will land somewhere in time.'

'Is Tasker among the prophets? I shall land somewhere in splendid company. Pay for a liquor, Tasker, and I'll tell you something.'

'Tell me something,' returned Mr Tasker, with his tigerish smile, 'that is worth a liquor, and then I may.'

'Don't bring things down to this base commercial level.—Do you know Fairholt?'

'Do I know Fairholt?' repeated Mr Tasker, turning suddenly round, whilst his black eyebrows were drawn almost over his beady eyes.

'Once more he is Teutonic. Has he sold you?'

'No,' said Mr Tasker, sliding back into his former position, and biting his nails, as he regarded the other through half-shut eyes. 'He has not sold me. But I will sell him, if he comes again into my hands.'

'Yes; we will sell him—to the Egyptians—for a mess of pottage. The allusions are mixed and inappropriate; but in a world of follies, what is one folly more?'

'He is an in-zo-lent dog!'

'I rather thought you had had a row, because when I met him in the Strand an hour ago he pitched into you to me. I mentioned your respected name, my Tasker, and instantly—to employ the words of the poet—black anger all his visage clouded. If you deny the validity of that quotation, I myself will don the poet's robe and ape a Bourbon in a crown of straws.—To return. Mr Fairholt brings certain accusations against you. He says you are a blood-sucking Shylock; that you are a cringing abject rascal; that you are a bullying ruffian. These are the heads of his indictment. Don't you think all this is worth a lieur?'

At none of this did Mr Tasker by word or sign express displeasure; but as he sat, looking with those half-shut eyes at his companion, his heavy hand found as much as it could do to smoothe the creases of that wicked smile about his mouth.

'Your admirer, Tasker, has invited me to his rooms to-night. We shall have a quiet little band at *vingt-et-un*. There are two or three fellows coming to join in—shall I say the mazy dance? That seems to round the sentence off. But I can't play *vingt-et-un* without coin, my Tasker. Have you ever known, you Cræsus, that want of pence which vexes public men? No. He has never known it. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and my Tasker is no kinsman of mine, in this regard. The wounded is the feeling heart. My Tasker, unwounded by the shafts of poverty, smiles on the sufferings of her victims. What saith that victim of the roseate god, young Romeo? "He jests at scars that never felt a wound!" Have pity, Tasker. Let me have a fiver, and I will revenge you on Fairholt. The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge. Let it be ten, and make the vengeance deeper.'

'Leave 'shop' until to-morrow morning, Mr Hastings.'

'Won't he,' said Hastings looking on him as though he were some curious and unknown creature brought there for scientific examination—'won't he buy vengeance at so cheap a rate? Here is a first-class practical revenge offered dirt-cheap, and not accepted.'

'Who tells you,' said Mr Tasker, speaking more through his nose than ever, 'that I want revenge?'

The other laughed mischievously, but returned no answer; and Mr Tasker rang the bell and called for more brandy-and-water. He drank it savagely, while the waiter stood there, and then asked for more.

'You'll be tipsy, Tasker,' said his companion.

'What is that to you?' returned that worthy with a nasal snarl. 'You have egged me; you have annoyed me; you have made me angry with his name. He is an inzolent dog!'

'This does you credit, Tasker! Try Shylock at Drury. Kean is not worth his own carving-knife and scales, compared with you. Oh, answer to the Muse's call! It is the Muse, the jolly Muse!'

The money-lender, still regarding his companion darkly, raised his glass to his lips and imbibed its contents. He fell back slowly as he drank, and threw back his head; but he maintained that fixed look until he regarded Hastings through the bottom of his glass. Hastings, lolling on the settee, looked across at him in return with a mild expression of interested curiosity. 'Come over and join your admirer, Tasker. He will be glad to see you. 'Come.'

Mr Tasker produced a pocket-book, and took therefrom two crisp five-pound notes. He laid them down upon the table, and took from another compartment of the pocket-book a little strip of blue paper with a raised stamp at one end. Taking pen and ink from a stand on a table at the other side of the room, he returned, and seating himself near Hastings, filled up the form. 'Fifteen, at four months.'

'Hail, worthy Timon! That's at the rate of a hundred and fifty per centum per annum.'

'It will pay you if you win,' said Mr Tasker darkly and thickly. 'I hope you may.' With that he rose, and allowing the evil smile full play for once, put on his hat, and tapping his companion lightly on the shoulder, proceeded: 'Ztrip him, and zend him back to me. If you will do so much, you are welcome to those.' And with this fine expression of feeling Mr Tasker went a little unsteadily from the club, hailed a passing coach, and was driven home.

Mr Hastings looked at his cigar as if he questioned it while he said: 'I can employ the words of my friend Mr Puff of *The Critic*. "Well—pretty well; but not quite perfect; so, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow."'

(To be continued.)

INGENUITY MISAPPLIED.

WHO that views in detail the career of the successful swindler by whose involved proceedings extensive frauds are perpetrated, is not struck with the knowledge of human nature, and the ability for commercial enterprise often exhibited—an ability which, applied to some better purpose, might have raised the clever thief to a position of usefulness and importance! But apart from the efforts of the commercial swindler, with his forgeries, false entries, and years of deceit, what instances are there not on record of, on the one hand, the ingenious plans of him whose energies are directed against the property of his fellow, and on the other, of a marvellously foolish credulity, which frequently enables the most shallow con-triver to create for himself a time of harvest.

If what is known of the operations of swindlers were more extensively published, no doubt the

effect would be to diminish in some degree the national stock of credulity; though, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, it would seem that for every swindler who exists, there are hundreds who are ever ready to be swindled. In the police reports there are cases almost daily of the most paltry tricks, against which people would need to be constantly on their guard. We throw together a few incidents of this kind, which, the reader will remark, are not without their comic side.

Some years ago one of Her Majesty's judges, taking his seat on the bench a little later than usual, in the course of an apology to the legal gentlemen in his immediate vicinity, remarked that he had not come direct from home, and having left his watch under his pillow, had not been aware of the exact time. This observation was not entirely lost on at least one person in court, for when his Lordship returned home, he found that an obliging gentleman had been kind enough to call for and obtain 'the judge's overcoat, and the watch left under his pillow!'

Some time ago a base fraud was perpetrated at Chester. On the occasion of the races, when every place was thronged, a man, apparently a barman, entered the smoke-room of one of the hotels, and flourishing what he termed a twenty-pound note, desired to be informed whether any of the company would be kind enough to change it, or to lend his master twelve pounds till he should obtain change. Twelve sovereigns were soon forthcoming; and the pseudo-tapster, saying he would have the note changed as soon as possible, made his exit, donned his overcoat and hat, which he had placed on the stairs, and disappeared.

Fortunately for jewellers, transactions of the kind now to be described have not often occurred. Some time ago, a fashionably dressed lady swindler carried on her operations on a gigantic scale, but was soon detected, as she deserved to be. Her mode of procedure was as follows: Arrived in a strange town, and in possession of the information necessary for her purposes, she repairs to the residence of say Dr Brown, to whom, with tears in her eyes, she tells a most pathetic tale of her husband's mental aberration, their needy circumstances, and her consequent inability to procure reliable medical advice; finally prevailing on the doctor to consent to see the lunatic, one of whose hallucinations, he is told, is that he has perpetual possession of a valuable parcel, for which he requires payment. She then proceeds to the establishment of the jeweller honoured by her choice, and selects a large quantity of jewellery, which she desires to be sent to the house of her uncle, the well-known Dr Brown, who will pay for it on delivery. This seems all right, and an assistant reaches the medical mansion at the appointed time. The shady niece is careful to be there too, and again interviews the doctor, whom she mournfully informs that her poor afflicted husband has arrived,

worse than ever about his parcel. To obtain possession of the valuables is the work of a moment on the part of the sham niece; and when this has been accomplished, the unsuspecting tradesman is ushered into the presence of the physician, as a lunatic! Naturally he refers to the articles which are to be exchanged for the doctor's gold, and the doctor has no idea of exaggerating his patient's mental condition by contradiction. Let the reader imagine the rest—the swindler speeding from the spot with her precious plunder—the embarrassed jeweller reiterating the object of his visit—the doctor informing him that it is all right, he will have a cheque directly—the victim growing uneasy perhaps, and endeavouring to force his way out—the doctor's henchmen rushing in and securing the madman—his shrieks and frantic struggles proving, to the satisfaction of his captors, that he is not only a madman, but a dangerous one—the binding of him hand and foot; and in earlier days, when the process of 'making a lunatic' was much less difficult than now, his forcible removal to an asylum!

The establishments of jewellers appear to enjoy an inconvenient share of popularity amongst swindlers. On one occasion, a well-appointed equipage drove up to one of these, and the occupant—a gentleman who carried his right arm in a sling—descended, entered the shop, and commenced negotiations. These were conducted to a successful issue; but at this period of the game, the purchaser discovered that he had forgotten his purse. Under the circumstances, of course the tradesman was kind enough to write at the dictation of the wounded customer: 'DEAR WIFE—Please give bearer my cash-box.—Yours, WILLIAM,' pleasantly remarking as he did so: 'Oh, we are namesakes.' The footman, who was ostentatiously pacing up and down before the door, was summoned, and drove off with the note; while his master departed to attend to other business till the carriage should return with the cash. It is scarcely necessary to add that the cash-box was readily obtained, when the jeweller's wife was presented with the note in her husband's handwriting: 'Please give bearer my cash-box.—Yours, WILLIAM.'

Hotel-keepers, it would appear, rival jewellers in the affections of the sharper. Here is a swindler's way of paying the reckoning of 'mine host.' Two gentlemanly looking men, apparently of substantial means, but who in reality depended for a livelihood on their fraudulent ingenuity, after having spent a week at a small country hotel, where they lived upon the best of everything, at last determined to make a move, and watching their opportunity, invited their unsuspecting host to assist in the consumption of a bottle of his own wine; an invitation which was readily accepted. After a suitable prologue, one of the guests expressed his willingness to bet the landlord fifty pounds that the latter could not stand before the clock in perfect silence for half an hour, moving his weight from one leg to the other and winking, at every tick of the pendulum. Delighted at the prospect of such a speedy addition to his capital, 'mine host' immediately closed with the offer, and enthusiastically commenced his undertaking; during the performance of which, it is scarcely necessary to add, the swindlers contrived to set

out in quest of a new field for their operations. The landlord was soon found at his novel task, and created no small surprise amongst the members of his household as he speechlessly alternated from leg to leg. In vain they spoke to him; in vain they told him that customers were awaiting the pleasure of an interview; he motioned to them to keep away; he struck at them, and as they persevered in their efforts to dislodge him, he grinned at them in powerless desperation, while silent anathemas flowed from his winking eyes. The news spread. The neighbours poured in. 'Poor man! Suddenly gone mad! What a pity for his poor children!' But the time was up—the self-imposed task was ended; and the inn-keeper ceased from his labours to find his wager a myth, his cash-box gone, and himself the laughing-stock of the village.

Perhaps it was the same sharpers who, when desirous of changing their abode, summoned the waiter, and craftily induced him to join in 'blind-man's-buff,' each being blindfolded in turn. The waiter's turn to be the blind man came, when, if he caught either of his two playmates, he was to receive a guinea and a bottle of champagne. He crept about. He searched the corners. They were crafty hiders; but he would find them. He groped under the table; he tried the chimney and every place which could afford concealment to a rat; and at length jerked the bandage from his eyes, found the room deserted, and rushed downstairs to discover that he had been duped and his employer swindled.

This reminds us of the story of two fellows whose money was almost entirely expended, and who determined that a wealthy hotel-keeper should be the means of replenishing their purses. Accordingly, one of them giving up what money he had to the other, entered the premises of the selected victim, while his confederate kept out of sight. The visitor inquired for the landlord, to whom he propounded the query: 'Can you give me a good dinner?' Of course the resources of the establishment were equal to such a demand, and in a few minutes the 'good dinner' was served and duly discussed. Then came the question of payment; but the guest had no money, and pointed out to his host that, had he possessed the 'needful,' he should have ordered what he had consumed, in the usual manner; that he had simply sought information concerning the ability of the house and the inclination of its owner to supply him with a good dinner, and was much obliged for the same. A policeman was called in; but his decision leaned towards the impecunious diner—it might be considered a debt, but the criminal law could do nothing. The guest departed. The landlord ground his teeth. Not long after this, number two arrived with the query: 'Can you give me a good dinner?' A smile of terrible meaning crossed the landlord's face. 'Yes, yes,' he replied; 'take a seat.' He hastened out, and returned with a bucket of water, which with his own hands he dashed over the applicant for the good dinner; who thereupon jumped to his feet and demanded an explanation of such extraordinary treatment. 'Ha! ha!' laughed the incensed Boniface, as he glared about for something wherewith to chastise the object of his wrath—'ha, ha! you fellows can't fool me twice in the same way.' The visitor appeared

astounded; the irate landlord appeared anxious to kick the visitor out. A violent scene occurred. The would-be guest was denominated a swindler and a robber. The officer of the law was again summoned. Each made charges against the other. The infuriated host called in his solicitor. The visitor declared that he was perfectly able and willing to pay for what he required; exhibited his money, threatened proceedings for assault and battery, and vowed he would bring his action for slander as well. The landlord's solicitor considered his client was getting cheaply out of the scrape by paying down fifty pounds as a *solatium* for the wounded feelings and the wet clothes of swindler number two!

A swell-mobsman once made a wager with a gentleman that the latter could not carry a ten-pound note from the hotel at which both were staying to a place indicated, along a specified route. The bet was accepted; and the gentleman, with a grim smile placing the note within the lining of his hat in the presence of the swindler, started to accomplish his object. He had nearly arrived at his destination, when passing a place encumbered with brick, timber, and other building materials, his attention was attracted by a little boy searching amongst the impedimenta and crying piteously. The gentleman approached, and desired to know the cause of his grief. The boy had lost a ten-pound note, which had been given him to get changed, and he was afraid his father would kill him. By this time a crowd, attracted by the roars of the unlucky lad, had assembled, and the builder's materials were being thoroughly overhauled. A confederate among the crowd now managed, while engaged in the search, to knock off the hat which contained the coveted note. Its owner naturally stooped to pick it up, and replaced it on his head. Instantly the confederate collared him. 'Give it up! Give it up!' he cried. 'Give up what?' demanded the gentleman, endeavouring to set himself free; while the crowd, leaving off the search, began to throng round the sharper's victim. 'Give the boy his money—his ten-pound note, you thief!' shouted the swindler. The gentleman angrily protested; but the swell-mobsman cut him short by exclaiming: 'He's got it, men! I saw him put it in the lining of his hat.' The hat was instantly examined, and conclusive proof obtained, for why should any one be found carrying his money in his hat? And despite the struggles of the real owner, the note was handed over to the boy-confederate, who immediately made off with it; while, had it not been for the arrival of a constable, the victim of the conspiracy would have fared badly at the hands of the infuriated crowd.

The kind of swindle which has for its preliminary stage an invitation to young men to inspect an apparently valuable pipe or article of jewellery, alleged to have been found by the vender, is very frequently practised in the streets of large towns, particularly the English metropolis, and no doubt proves very profitable, and realises many times the real value of the article. The questionable morality of such a purchase must, however, materially detract from our sympathy with the deluded.

What compunctious trouble the conscience of the swindler as he spreads the net for his unwary victims, may be gathered from the senti-

ments said to have been recorded in the note-book of one prominently before the public a few years ago: 'Some men have plenty of brains and no money; some men have plenty of money and no brains. Surely men with plenty of money and no brains were made for men with plenty of brains and no money.' Unfortunately for his personal comfort, however, the law was at variance with his philosophy; and he was found worthy of a prolonged term of imprisonment, which is being accorded to him at the present time.

Quite recently a paragraph went the round of the papers which, if true, revealed a fraud accompanied by no ordinary impudence. Mrs Gladstone, the wife of the ex-Premier, acknowledged by advertisement the receipt of a ten-pound note from an anonymous donor, among the subscriptions to a charitable institution in which the lady takes an interest. Some days afterwards she received an epistle requesting the return of the note, as the writer, on reflection, considered he could not consistently give the donation, he not agreeing with Mr Gladstone's politics. The note, according to the paragraph, was forwarded to the address given; but it was subsequently discovered that the individual whose conscience was so very tender respecting political matters, had evinced no scruple in cancelling to his own profit the subscription of a more honest man.

Apropos of certain extensive forgeries of ten-pound notes in Dublin, by which so many respectable merchants were defrauded, the following ingenious mode of getting rid of a forged note may not be uninteresting: A few years ago, on the afternoon of a certain day, whilst a well-dressed man was looking into a jeweller's plate-glass window in College Green, Dublin, and leaning half on the glass, half on the stone pillar, he received from an evil-designed passer-by a tremendous push, which sent his shoulder through the glass, but without injuring him in the least. The proprietor, with some of his assistants, rushed out, seized the unfortunate man, pulled him into the shop, and insisted that he should pay the damage done, which was estimated at nine pounds odds. The man protested—said it was no fault of his—that he had been knocked through the window against his will, and pay he would not under any circumstances. A policeman was called in, who seemed a little doubtful as to whether he ought to take the offender in charge; but the proprietor would hear of no compromise between paying and being removed to prison. The policeman therefore informed the offender that he must accompany him to the police-office, where an inquiry would be made into the circumstances of the breakage. The man still protested strongly, and point-blank refused to pay. He said that he had occasion to leave by the mail-steamer to Holyhead for London in the evening, and vowed that if they attempted to keep him, it would cost them ten times the sum demanded; and characterised their action as monstrous and unjust. But the proprietor would take no denial; so seeing no other course open, the man agreed to pay the nine pounds odds under protest, but threatened a speedy vengeance for their insolence. He tendered a hundred-pound note, and received his change of ninety pounds some shillings, and took his departure, raging like a madman at the unfair treatment he had been subjected to. The hundred-

pound note was afterwards found to be a forged one; and the clever scoundrel had succeeded in getting over ninety pounds for it by an ingenious trick worthy of a better cause.

A FEW HINTS ON DOMESTIC NURSING.

BY THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY.

THERE are many little useful hints in nursing the sick to be gained only by personal familiarity with illness; and as my boys have obstinately persisted in having almost every form of infantile infectious disorder, I shall jot down a few of the points which I found to be most useful to me during the long weary time we were kept in the nursery.

When my little boys Percy and Louis were suffering from scarlet fever, I had every article of furniture save Percy's little bed, Louis's cot, two chairs, and a boxful of toys—which were afterwards burnt—carefully removed, all curtains and carpets rigorously excluded; while I had two print dresses, which I wore alternately during the dreary time. I used to be so sorry for the little patients; for of course all visitors were strictly prohibited, and children naturally like a change both of people and places. It is always advisable, if it is possible to have a choice of rooms for illness, to choose a large airy apartment with a south aspect; for there is nothing like sunshine for keeping one cheerful, as well as acting most beneficially upon the health of the patient; besides it is invaluable as a disinfectant, worth bushels of chloride of lime. In cases of infectious disease, people cannot be too careful in communicating with the outer world. Many and long-continued were the efforts I made to prevent the spread of scarlet fever; and truly thankful I am that I never heard of any one catching it from us. I placed an old saucer nearly full of cold water, in which I poured a little carbolic acid, in each room, the hall table, stairhead window, in fact, on every available spot in the house. At first the strong gaseous odour was highly offensive; but that soon wore off, and in a very short time its presence was almost unnoticed.

My boys used to hate the sight of their 'bokkles,' as they called their medicine; so I placed a little round table, which I covered with a clean napkin, outside the room door; and thereon I put the bottles, spoons, liniments, &c. which were needed; and found it such an improvement on the old plan of keeping them promiscuously on the chimney-piece, that I have adhered to it ever since. Every utensil as soon as used should be carefully removed and well rinsed out—cups, spoons, glasses, all should be at once cleansed, and not suffered to lie about in disorder. It is rather more trouble; but surely the little extra labour will not be grudged when the comfort of the patient is increased.

In these enlightened days it is almost an insult to write about the value of fresh air, yet there are some people who carefully keep their rooms shut up; and what a fatal mistake it is thus to exclude one of God's best gifts to man! If the patient be kept warm and free from draughts, plenty of fresh air may be admitted without the slightest danger. In most modern houses the upper window-sash lets down, and may be kept open a few inches.

If there is the slightest draught, it may be prevented at a very trifling cost, by having a light wooden frame from six to eight inches in width made to fit the upper part of the window, and a single thickness of flannel tacked on each side of it. I find it a capital plan to fold a sheet in two, lay it across the bed, above the under sheet, with the upper edge just touching the pillows, and the ends tightly tucked in under the mattresses. It does not wrinkle or crumple up, as single sheets will do; while crumbs can be readily brushed off, and it can much more easily be changed than a large one. It is best to fold the upper end of the quilt under the blankets before turning down the top sheet, as it helps to keep them in place; and as there is nothing more fidgeting to a healthy person than to have the chin grazed by blankets, the annoyance must be doubly great to one lying on a bed of sickness.

The greatest care should be taken to keep the beds clean; so the linen ought to be changed twice, and the blankets once a week; those that have been removed hung in the open air for a few hours, then thoroughly dried in a warm room, and put away to replace those in use, which must be similarly treated. There is nothing easier to an experienced nurse, or more difficult to an inexperienced one, than to change the bed-linen when a patient is in bed. I once noticed a capital plan in an American paper, which I have followed in scores of cases, and never found to fail. I shall copy it here *in extenso*, for the benefit of those who may be placed where such a scrap of advice may be useful: 'In the first place, everything required must be at hand before beginning; then move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower and cross sheets, and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared the same way; lay it over the under one, and tuck it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared. The soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled, and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead, and kept wrapped round the patient. To change the upper sheet, take off the counterpane, and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins. Standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled linen; replace the former, and put on the counterpane; lastly, change the pillow-cases.'

I found it most refreshing to my little patients to sponge the entire body with vinegar and warm water, and was very careful not to let them catch cold while doing so, just sponging over a small portion at a time; while the bed and the patients were equally protected by a large blanket, which I carefully pinned round their shoulders. It is a great mistake to have large quantities of fruit, biscuits, &c. lying about a sick-room. A very few grapes, an orange peeled and divided, and two or three milk or water biscuits are quite enough to have displayed at one time. The same may be said of food. I have often been pained, when visiting some of my sick pensioners, to see their

friends, with well-meant but mistaken kindness, bring large basinsfuls of horrible compounds, which they dignify with the name of gruel, or sago or tapioca, as the case may be. The mere sight of the food seemed to set them against it. Whereas if a little care had been bestowed upon its preparation, and a small cupful provided instead of the large quantity I name, they probably would have partaken of it with pleasure.

Another error, committed with the best of intentions, is to keep asking the patients what they would like, if they could take this thing or the other. The sickened, wearied expression I have often seen flit over the faces of people who are recovering from a lingering illness, when their officious relatives come teasing them as to their requirements! During the lingering illness of a dear relative, I verily believe we made her often eat, just by providing dainty morsels of food, displaying them temptingly arranged, and taking them to her bedside quite unexpectedly; when if she had been asked *could* she eat anything, I feel confident the answer would have inevitably been: 'No; thanks. I don't feel at all inclined to eat.'

A very simple and expeditious way of cooking a little bit of chicken or fish is to butter a paper thickly, place the food to be cooked within the paper, and place it on the gridiron over a clear fire. A very short time suffices to cook it thoroughly; and I have often found that to be eaten when all other modes of invalid cookery have been tried in vain.

I always find Percy and Louis take refuge in milk when they are ailing, and truly thankful am I that such is the case. Once when Percy had a very severe attack of bronchitis, I felt in despair, for all the tempting food I could contrive failed to make him eat; for several days—eleven if I be not mistaken—he lived almost entirely on milk; and when I mentioned to our medical attendant my fear that the child would die of starvation, he quite laughed at the idea, and said: 'As long as he can take the milk, the child will do very well.'

In conclusion, I would earnestly impress upon my readers the great importance of having every article in the shape of body or bed linen thoroughly well aired. The slightest trace of damp may undo the careful work of days or weeks, may even cause all our nursing and attention to prove in vain.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

MANY years ago there lived at the little village of Bakewell in Derbyshire a quiet labouring family of the name of Arnold. The old man and his wife had only one daughter, Annie, a bright-eyed, dark-haired girl of sixteen. She was good-looking, and though possessed of many feminine graces, she could almost do a masculine amount of work, and was therefore a great support to her father and mother. She could manage farm-work of most sorts, and when that was not to be had, she would find something to employ her in a neighbouring mine. Necessarily she came into contact with a good many of the rougher sex, and being a good-natured willing girl, had already made several conquests over their susceptible hearts, but had never yet seen the one she would have liked to marry.

In those days, superstition was at its height, and any difficulty that wanted solving was submitted to the power of spells for divination. Most of the ignorant implicitly believed in their efficacy, and practised them to a great extent. Annie was no exception, and young though she was, she had a strong desire to know her future fate. Perhaps it was chiefly the knowledge of the supposed means that incited her; but she certainly left no stone unturned in trying to discover her fate. Once she had even exhorted a priest who passed that way to solve the secret for her, but he warned her not to tempt the Virgin or pry into the unknown. Gipsies had told her fortune, but it was never fulfilled. All manners of charms and incantations had she tried, yet without success; but for all this she did not despair, and placed as much trust in every succeeding trial as she had done in the first.

On St Thomas's Eve, she took the prescribed but unpoetical large red onion, and stuck nine pins in it, according to the custom. This she did by making a little circle of eight of them, and placing the ninth in the middle, naming it 'true love.' This she put under her pillow, and repeated the all-powerful verse:

'Good St Thomas, do me right;
Send me my true love to-night,
In his clothes and his array,
Which he weareth every day.'

That night in happy dreams she saw the young man who was to be her future husband; but the features were strange to her, though he wore labouring clothes. Ever after, she looked intently at every fresh face, to discover a likeness to her vision, but without success.

When New-year's Eve came round, she invited some of her young friends to come and join in merry homely pastimes. All sorts of curious games they played, and the pleasant joke passed freely round in a manner that would put to shame many of the sham, cold, and uncomfortable *receptions* of the present day. As a conclusion to the evening's entertainment, Annie brought out a large substantial dish, filled with what was called a cold posset, of her own making. It was made of milk, ale, eggs, currants, and spice; and lastly, but not least, her mother's wedding-ring was thrown in. Then each guest took a ladleful out, and in so doing attempted to catch the ring, for whoever did so was certain to be married before the next year was out. Whether Annie had prepared it with a charm or not, certain it is that she was the lucky one who fished up the ring; and loud were the congratulations on all sides, for she was much beloved by her companions.

These repeated predictions only increased her curiosity, and she lost no opportunity of further solving her destiny. On St Valentine's Day, therefore, she peeped through the keyhole before opening the outer door, in the hope of seeing two or more persons, in which case she would have a sweetheart very soon. But better still, she saw a

cock and hen, which denoted, according to Derbyshire belief, that she would be married before the year was out. Everything seemed to concur in promising her married felicity that year, and yet, inquisitive girl, she did not know who was her sweetheart! She was sure it was no one she had ever seen before, for the face in her dream was totally different from any she could remember.

Thus time went on, and she was no wiser than ever. Midsummer Eve had arrived, and she determined to carry out a bolder project than any she had before attempted, to confirm her former dream. It was one which very few girls dare do, and the last one that had performed it five years before was a wild runaway whom they did not care to emulate. But Annie was a brave girl, and dared to attempt it for her own satisfaction. Her parents were not averse to it, but let her have her own way, foreseeing no harm; they placed great trust in the girl, and so feared nothing.

The charm she intended to perform was this: to go to the churchyard at midnight, and when the clock struck twelve, to run a similar number of times round the church, repeating:

'I sow hempseed—hempseed I sow.
He that loves me best,
Come after me and mow.'

The figure of the young woman's lover is then supposed to appear and follow her.

As the time approached, she felt rather nervous; but being a girl of good spirit, she braced herself up for the occasion, and at half-past eleven o'clock bade 'good-night' to her father and mother with a cheerful heart. Although superstitious, she was not afraid, and had often gone at night to strange places where a man would have feared to venture near. But a churchyard at midnight is not a very congenial spot, though upon this night the moon shone brilliantly, and she could see the old church quite plainly in the distance. Though fancying she saw figures flitting here and there as the moon was temporarily obscured by the white fleecy clouds, she went on undaunted till she reached the little porch, and the gate creaked open at her touch. Though she was alone, and almost wishing she had not come, her curiosity and pride resolved her. She waited uneasily till the old bell clanked out its dismal sound—the ghostly signal of spirit revelry—and the wind rustled in the trees with an eerie sough. Round and round the old familiar graveyard she sped, peering into the dark shadows she was unable to penetrate, and trembling with excitement. Once she stopped and looked intently at the shadow of a tall shrub where she thought she saw some bodily form. Her imagination was so strong that she could make out the features she had seen in her dream; but the moon gleaming forth at that moment, dispelled the illusion. Vexed with her disappointment, she again sped on, construing every shadow into a spectre. She had been round eleven times, and was despairing of success, when

in the moonlight she saw, this time quite plainly, the figure of a young man whose face seemed to resemble that of her dream. He wore ordinary working clothes, and was watching her in intense excitement. It was no ghost, but a real live human being. She stopped, breathless, while the young man, seemingly desperate, walked towards her. She did not recoil but waited his approach. Nearer and nearer he came, and all his features appeared familiar to her. At last he touched her, and the fascinating spell was broken; both were then perfectly certain of the other's bodily existence. His was an honest, frank face, and she trusted him instinctively. He was delighted with her modest beauty; and a series of mutual explanations followed; and after a little difficulty he fathomed the secret of the blushing girl. Both considered it a decree of fate that they had thus met, and plighted their happy troth in the old churchyard, sealing it with the time-honoured kiss.

His appearance, however, at the church was due to an entirely different cause, which he explained to Annie as he joyfully led her to her home. His name was Richard Random, and he lived at the little village of Sheldon, four miles off; but curiously enough had never before seen Annie or she him, though he had been to Bakewell several times before. He had been suffering acutely from the philosophy-defying pain, toothache, for a long time, and had unsuccessfully tried many means to cure it. The last cure he had attempted was one peculiar to Derbyshire, the pain being supposed to be caused by a worm—an old belief mentioned by Shakspeare in *Much Ado about Nothing*. To extract it they have recourse to a curious method: a small quantity of dried and powdered herbs is placed in a cup, and a hot coal dropped on it; the sufferer then holds his or her open mouth over the cup, inhaling the smoke as long as it can be borne. Then the patient breathes hard into another cup full of water, when it is said the grub or worm can be seen in the water. This, however, Richard had tried without success, and was at a loss what to do next, when a new arrival from Durham told him of another charm which was practised in that county. This he was only too glad to try, to cure if possible the 'love-pain,' as they call toothache in these parts. The horrid charm was this: The patient must go to the churchyard at midnight and bite a tooth from an old skull, and the pain would leave him for ever. We have seen how he came to the churchyard, and how doubtless his 'love-pain' left him, and by a much more agreeable process. He had seen the girl running round the church long before he reached it, and had wondered what it could be. Then he remembered the old Derbyshire custom on Midsummer Eve, and determined to find out whether it was a spectre or not. The rest Annie knew, and how agreeably both had been surprised! and when they arrived at her home, matters were explained to the entire satisfaction of all.

It was such coincidences as these, and sometimes perhaps preconcerted plans, that sustained the old belief in these customs and superstitions. Many of the village girls were now ambitious to try this sovereign sweetheart charm, and for some years after, the churchyard at Bakewell presented a lively 'spectral' appearance on each Midsummer

Eve. Annie's curiosity was now satisfied; and three months after her strange *rencontre* she was married to Richard Random at the ancient church she had so successfully circled. Loud and long were the acclamations of joy that were raised in the village, and the old bell clanked with a merrier tone than it had ever done before. All rejoiced that Annie was happy, though many wreaths of flowers were hung on the doors of her unsuccessful lovers, according to Bakewell custom. It only remains to add that Annie became a dutiful wife, and took events as they came, without attempting to peer too far into the future; while Richard Random was never again troubled with the toothache or 'love-pain.'

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE old year closed with news of a scientific experiment which excited lively interest among chemists and mineralogists—namely, that real diamonds had actually been made by experiment in the laboratory. The old and oft-repeated prediction seemed at length accomplished by a clever chemist at Glasgow. But though real diamonds are said to have been scratched by the manufactured ones, and rubies and other precious stones have been engraved by them, the inventor meanwhile only claims that he has produced a crystalline form of carbon, irrespective of the question of whether this is the diamond.

As a set-off to this there was Dr Richardson's account of a diver who, equipped in a diving-dress, could go down into deep water and stay there an hour without any supply of air from above. This remarkable personage, Mr Fleuss, is described as an Englishman, of the merchant service, and who has discovered a way by which breathing can be carried on under water. Dr Richardson states that in the first dip at which he was present Mr Fleuss remained under water twenty minutes, and came out free from oppression, his pulse steady, his breathing free, and his complexion natural. A subsequent dip in twelve feet of water lasted an hour, during which Mr Fleuss moved about, picked up small objects, and reclined on the floor of the tank. When he came up his pulse was beating nearly double the natural rate; but his face was clear of any sign of asphyxia, and, as in the former case, the breathing was free.

Though it has been surmised that Mr Fleuss has condensed air concealed about his person, the precise means by which he keeps himself alive under water is a secret; but that endeavours will be made to turn it to account may be taken for granted. To be able to take long walks in a river or at the bottom of the sea, independent of air-pumping from above, opens a wide sphere of usefulness for divers. And if life can be maintained under water, so can it also in a noxious atmosphere, and Fleuss' apparatus may render good service in dangerous coal-mines and in burning houses.

Researches made by Messrs De Candolle and Pictet of Geneva on the degree of cold to which seeds of plants can be subjected without impairing their vitality, present very remarkable results. It is not the first time that such experiments have been tried; but the means now available for maintaining a low temperature for a long time, impart to present investigations a degree of certainty never before possible. Seeds of cabbage, mustard, cress, and wheat were separately inclosed in glass tubes, hermetically sealed, and were then exposed during six hours to a course of refrigeration, in which the temperature was reduced to fifty degrees below zero of centigrade. No precautions were taken to restore them gradually to the ordinary temperature. They were sown, and all except seven grains of wheat, which had been damaged, germinated in the same time as seeds which had not been refrigerated. Another experiment was made with thirteen different kinds of seeds. It lasted two hours, and during half that period the temperature was brought down to eighty degrees below zero. They all germinated except three sorts, which were proved to be bad, by the fact that non-chilled seeds of the same kind did not grow.

These results are deserving of attention. We shall have additional particulars by-and-by, for the experimentalists intend to continue their researches, to prolong the period of cold, and to try its effect on a larger number of germs, as well animal as vegetable.

Dr Hagen, Professor of Entomology in Harvard College, Massachusetts, has revived an old question—*The Destruction of Obnoxious Insects*. From observation and experiments carried on under his advice, he has come to the conclusion that the vine-pest (*Phylloxera*), the potato-beetle, the cotton-worm, the Colorado grasshopper, caterpillars, and greenhouse pests generally, may be destroyed by sprinkling them with diluted yeast. The fatal ingredient is the mould or fungus which grows on yeast and on the surface of brewers' mash. 'The liquid,' says Dr Hagen, 'should be applied either with a syringe or with a sprinkler; and the fact that infected insects poison others with which they come in contact, will be a great help. Of course it will be impossible to destroy all insects; but a certain limit to calamities could be attained. The quantity to be applied, and the manner of the application, can be known only by experiment.'

In an experiment tried on potato-beetles, all that were sprinkled with the diluted yeast died within twelve days, and the fungus was found in the vessels of their wings. It is known that the common house-fly is often killed by a fungus. Dr Hagen states that, in baking and brewing, this fungus acts as a ferment equally well with yeast. Once at a meeting of German naturalists, a cake was eaten and beer drunk both of which had been fermented by the house-fly fungus.

A map of Mars, on Mercator's projection, con-

structed by Professor Harkness, from observations made at the United States Naval Observatory, Washington, is published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Royal Astronomical Society. It shews ten dark spots, one Y-shaped, one having the form of a leather apron, one a bullet, the others generally resembling willow-leaves, ranged in parallel lines from east to west. The south polar ice shews an important segment in the upper border of the map, and is, as seen through the telescope, pure white; while the colour of the planet is a golden yellow, and that of the spots or markings is a light indigo blue. The spots are by some observers supposed to be land. So far as it goes, this map is a very interesting representation of Mars. Professor Harkness hopes to improve it greatly during the opposition of next autumn.

At a meeting last session of the Anthropological Institute, the President referred to an explanation that had been given of the way in which the huge and heavy stones standing as monoliths, or in groups as tombs and temples, had been lifted into place: a long-standing and puzzling question. Among the hill-tribes of India there are some who still erect big stones as memorials; and, as is reported, they recently carried a stone weighing twenty tons up a high hill in the course of a few hours. The ponderous block was inclosed in a wooden framework so arranged that a large number of men could lift all at once, and in this simple way was it borne to the hill-top, a height of four thousand feet. That such a practice still exists is fair ground for assuming that it prevailed in the primeval ages. And that enormous weights are transported by mere manual labour, is stated by Captain Basil Hall, who at a port in India saw a number of natives lift and carry a ship's anchor of the largest dimensions.

Mr Rivett-Carnac, who has explored many of the barrows and burial-mounds in India, finds confirmation of the views of those explorers who have pointed out the extraordinary resemblance of the Indian barrows and their contents to those of Europe. Some years ago, a barrow in Northumberland was examined, and was found to be in nearly every respect a counterpart of the sepulchral mounds of the Deccan of India. Similar evidence has been found in France and other parts of the continent. In the East, as in the West, the shape of the tumuli is the same, and they are always placed on the slope of a hill facing the south. Brahmans, Buddhists, and Druids, as has been inferred, had a common belief.

A new map of Turkestan in four sheets, drawn and zincographed at Dehra Dun, has been published by General Walker, Surveyor-general of India. It extends one degree of latitude to the north and south beyond the former edition, and includes part of Afghanistan crossed by our troops during the recent campaign, and much information has been obtained from the Survey officers attached to the army, and details of the routes between Khelat, Quetta, and Kandahar. The course of the

Upper Oxus is more clearly made known than before; beyond the Himalaya, some important rivers and affluents of the Indus have been traced to their sources in Kohistan; and Tirich Mir, the highest peak of the Hindu Kush, provisionally estimated at twenty-three thousand four hundred, is now assumed to be from three to four thousand feet higher. And this new map with its rectified particulars shews in the north-east 'what a large extent of *terra incognita* still remains to tempt any enterprising explorer—be he Russian or Englishman—to visit those regions.'

Bishop Caldwell, in an address to the graduates of Madras University, pointed out that there lay open to the educated natives of India a rich field of research in which they could work to more advantage than Europeans. This field is the history of their country as contained in inscriptions on the walls of temples in almost every village. By study of those ancient records, light would be thrown on what is at present a very obscure subject, and more or less legendary and mythical. Natives have no reason to fear the sun, and can therefore search for inscriptions without the risk to which Europeans would be exposed; moreover, they can explore without exciting suspicion, and antiquities and private evidences, concealed from strangers, would be shewn to them. Search might also be made for old vernacular books that are supposed to be lost, with a view towards a history and comparative study of languages. And for this the neighbourhood of Madras affords ample scope. The Dravidian family includes fourteen languages and thirty dialects, and in addition there are Sanskrit and Hindustani. In Calcutta and Bombay, where educated natives have applied themselves to these studies, the results have been valuable and encouraging; and if vernaculars are compared, and ancient forms with modern, it would soon be found that language has a history of its own, throwing light on all other histories. 'A further advantage,' as the prelate remarked, 'might be realised in time in the commencement and development of a good modern vernacular literature—a literature equal—if that were possible—to the ancient literature in beauty of form, and superior to it—which would be possible enough—in the value of its subject-matter.'

In the northern part of Scotland, the shire of Sutherland occupies an area of eighteen hundred square miles, comprising for the most part mountains, moors, and bogs, penetrated by great lochs of sea and fresh water, which occasion 'a dampness at all seasons of the year, more favourable to the growth of grass than of cereal crops.' Brooks and streams are almost innumerable; and yet at the beginning of the present century there was but one bridge, and scarcely a thoroughfare which could be called a road. Love of work and cleanliness were unknown among the inhabitants, who dwelt with their live-stock in miserable huts built of turf and poles, which, when they became too filthy even for Sutherlanders, were abandoned, and the poles pulled out were used in the erection

of others after the same pattern. Squalor and starvation were the common lot.

The wonders effected in the shape of agricultural improvement on this large territory by the present Duke of Sutherland, were described some time ago in these pages (December 19, 1874). Improvements are still proceeding. An interesting paper on the subject by Mr Roberts of Haslemere, is given in the last number of the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. The present Duke, who, as is well known, delights in mechanical operations, having seen some years ago the ineffectual endeavour to till bog and moorland by means of an ordinary plough driven by a portable steam-engine, substituted two fourteen horse-power engines, and a plough carrying a single huge turn-furrow, in place of the four usually employed. This plough is 'never overturned, and the steadiness with which it tears its way through inequalities of surface, over sharp ridges and abrupt hollows, is marvellous.'

To enable the heavy engines to travel over soft ground, the wheels are made five feet diameter with a tire twenty inches broad, which, by movable rings applicable at pleasure, can be increased to three feet eight inches. The difficulties would have disheartened anything short of the most resolute and intelligent perseverance: big boulders and old bulky roots of firs stopped the plough repeatedly, and were hauled out bodily by the engine, or started by a sixpenny charge of dynamite. To save the plough from injury, the Duke's Secretary invented a revolving coulter, a vertical steel disk, which when it met a stubborn obstruction lifted the plough over; and the Duke suggested the adoption of a large iron hook similar to the fluke of an anchor, which, trailing behind the plough, acted as a subsoiler, stirring the land to a depth of from eight to eighteen inches. At times, prodigious quantities of stones, likened to the refuse of a quarry, lurked beneath the surface; and from one of the fields one hundred and fifty tons of stone to the acre were collected. Here the steam-power rendered signal service by hauling the stones away over soft ground on sledges at the rate of two hundred tons a day. In like manner, when trees were to be removed, a chain from the engine passed round half-a-dozen stems, speedily uprooted the whole group.

From these few particulars, some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the work of reclamation in the wilds of Sutherland. Similar ingenuity has been shewn in the laying out of roads, in fencing, and the erection of suitable buildings. Nearly three thousand acres have been reclaimed, and the work begun in 1873 is still progressing. The results are thus described: instead of 'moor and bog, there are now to be seen large and well-cultivated farms, each with a well-built and ample steading, surrounded by large rectangular fields, well fenced, and covered with luxuriant crops of oats, turnips, and grass. Good roads give access to each field; and here and there, amid grazing sheep and cattle and the ordinary features of farm tillage, smoke rises from engines employed for traction on the roads or in cultivating the land. Scattered over the plain are numerous labourers' cottages, a smithy, workshops, a school-church, and a post-office—a scene of fruitfulness and rural activity instead of a dark lifeless expanse of moorland.'

the same old precept which has come down from the days of chivalry. The Sutherlands for some generations to come will be able to testify that in the present instance it has been nobly verified.

The same *Journal* shews that waste hill-lands can be turned to profit in the breeding of ponies; and further points out a way by which a farm labourer may keep a cow, and thus provide milk for his family. Milk is so essential in building up the bones and muscles of children, and is so nutritious generally, as thereby to furnish inducement enough towards cow-keeping. At Loton Park, Sir Baldwin Seighton's estate in Shropshire, four labourers out of six have grass-lands and keep cows. Their wives attend to the cow and do all the labour required. The net profit to them from a cow has been five or six shillings a week.

The government of Prussia is considering over the means of improving water communications by 'regulating' five of the principal rivers of the monarchy—namely, the Rhine, the Elbe, the Weser, the Oder, and the Vistula. It will be a mighty task, for the Elbe alone takes in the drainage of all the rivers of Bohemia, and carries away in a year five milliards of cubic metres of water, containing 455,950 tons of suspended matter, and 518,900 tons of dissolved substances.

A Committee of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, have reported favourably on a machine for dressing hemp, flax, and other fibrous plants, which was invented in France in 1874. It occupies a floor-space of about ten feet by eight, and is so constructed as to carry on at the same time the distinct operations of 'breaking' and 'scutching.' By a combination of fluted rollers and a fan, the fibre is delivered free from husk or straw in straight untangled lines in less than a minute from the time of feeding in. Besides being rapid in its action, this machine is free from delicate and nicely to be adjusted parts, requires comparatively little power to drive, and does not need skilled labour to operate it. To quote the Report: 'The introduction and general use of this machine would without doubt tend to restore and extend the cultivation of such fibrous plants as flax, hemp, jute, and others of a similar nature, by enabling producers to deliver these several fibres in a clean, straight, long-line marketable shape, at low cost. Unlike cotton, which is comparatively a delicate plant, that can only be grown profitably in the southern and south-western States, flax and kindred plants may be grown readily throughout our entire country. Light soils are more suitable for its development; but good crops may be gathered from strong and clayey ground.' The inventor of this praiseworthy machine is Norbert de Landtsheer.

At a recent meeting of the French Physical Society, a description was given of the speaking-machine, invented by Mr Faber, who has earnestly devoted himself to the production of artificial speech. The machine comprises a larynx, movable lips, a buccal cavity in which a tongue is free to move, an ivory reed in place of vocal chords, and a nasal cavity. Diaphragms of different form vary their position by means of keys or pedals, and by varying the forms of the cavities in which they operate, produce the vowel sounds, while the consonants are brought out by the movement of the lips and tongue. Fourteen keys suffice for all

the articulations; the pitch can be modified at pleasure; and the imitation of the human voice is said to be sufficiently satisfactory.

That the different colours of the spectrum have an influence on vegetation, has long been known. Plants grown under green glass soon die; under red glass they live a long time, but become pale and slender. Mr Yung of the University of Geneva has placed the eggs of frogs and fishes in similar conditions, and found that violet light quickens their development; and blue, yellow, and white also, but in a lesser degree. Tadpoles on the contrary die sooner in coloured light than in white light. As regards frogs, Mr Yung has ascertained that their development is not stopped by darkness, as some observers have supposed, but that the process is much slower than in the light.

We have the pleasure of acknowledging the following donations in behalf of the Fallen Women Mission: Alexander Semple, Maida Vale, L.3; A Friend, L.5; J. R., 1s. 2d.; Mrs Gordon, 12 The College, Northfleet, Kent, L.1.

'I'LL HOLD BY YOUR HAND, MOTHER.'

'Shouldst not thou like, my child, to be
With Him in that blest land
Where He is gone to make for us
A home not formed by hand?'

'I do not know,' she answered me,
That little simple child,
Whose lesson for the Sabbath school
A half-hour had beguiled.

'My pet,' I said, 'suppose our Queen
Had sent to bid you come
Into her palace bright and rich
To make for you a home—'

'Suppose that toys, and food, and dress,
And all things rich and rare,
Were there provided for your use,
And joys beyond compare—'

'Wouldst not thou gladly leave this home,
With all thou carest for here,
To dwell in that far better one,
That bright and joyous sphere?'

'And heaven, my child, is brighter far!
Nor could my words declare—
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
The joys that wait us there!'

'Wouldst not thou like, then, little one,
To go to that sweet home
Where all God's own shall surely meet,
All Christ's redeemed shall come?'

A smile lit up her little face,
As gently she replied:

'Yes, mother; by your hand I'll hold,
And enter at your side.'

C. S.

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THE RESTORATION MOVEMENT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN the olden time, Scotland, as may be supposed, could not present such a grand array of ecclesiastical structures as England; still in some instances those which it did possess were of an imposing character, in the best styles of Gothic art from the twelfth till the fifteenth century. Scotland was rich in abbeys, especially in the southern part of the kingdom; and it had a fair number of cathedrals, most of which still survive. It is a common belief that the ruin, which to a greater or lesser extent overtook the ecclesiastical edifices, was effected by infuriated mobs at the Reformation. No doubt, much damage was done by this irregular agency; but it was trifling in comparison with the destruction by military violence in the course of invasions from England. Passing over casual raids of this kind, the era of deliberate ruin was in the reign of Henry VIII. Armies were sent into Scotland in 1544 and 1545—twelve to fifteen years before the Scottish Reformation, and on one or other of these occasions the Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Kelso, and Coldingham were partially or wholly destroyed; while in the more remote parts of the kingdom English agents prosecuted similar acts of barbarity.

Coming next in order were the ravages committed by bodies of native reformers, whose rage, however, was chiefly expended on the internal decorations of churches and the dwellings of the monks; the fabrics still standing being for the greater part left intact. As following these proceedings came the armies of the Lords of the Congregation, who authoritatively swept away the cloisters and other dependent parts of the monastic buildings, as well as such internal fittings in the churches as had been left. Such was the manner in which the outworks of the Abbeys of Paisley, Kilwinning, and Dunfermline were treated in 1559. Excepting, therefore, as arising from the indiscriminate destruction inspired by Henry VIII., the church part of the monastic establishments,

and the cathedrals, suffered comparatively little damage. For the ruin that laid so many grand old buildings in the dust, more is to be ascribed to neglect than to wilful violence. Here and there, as in a few cases that will come under notice, the public authorities did their best to keep the violated buildings in a state of repair; but in most cases they were left to sink to decay. For want of care, roofs fell, the rain got into the walls, which gradually sunk to the ground, and to finish the melancholy tale, the materials were often stolen under cognisance of those who ought to have prevented such dilapidations.

Elgin Cathedral, a building of magnificent proportions, constructed in the best style of Gothic architecture, and profusely decorated, survived the Reformation ten years, when (1568) by an order from the Scottish Privy Council, it was stripped of its lead to raise funds for paying the soldiers of the Regent Murray. This scandalous transaction met with its merited punishment; for the ship employed to transport the metal to Holland for sale sunk with all its cargo. The result was the gradual decay and ruin of the building, which neither the local magistracy nor any one else took effectual care to avert; and only of late years have means been adopted to prevent peculation from the remains of this beautiful structure. By a reasonable degree of care and a small outlay of money, Elgin Cathedral, a building which might have been the glory of the north of Scotland, would have been saved to the country. The Abbey of Arbroath, which was more spacious than the Cathedral of Elgin, also suffered from neglect, and even worse. The municipal authorities were in the habit of selling its materials, by which means little of it has been left, and it would have disappeared altogether but for the interference of the government.

From the combined causes now summarised, much valuable property was lost. Buildings which would now be artistically priceless, have sunk to the condition of weather-beaten and mouldering fragments. Such, after the lapse of three centuries, being frequently all that remain

to attest their architectural beauty, and to draw a sigh of regret from the passing tourist. Among those buildings which were preserved from the worst forms of outrage were the Abbey Church of Paisley, the Cathedral of St Mungo, Glasgow, the Collegiate Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, and a few others. Some which had partially suffered, such as the Cathedrals of Dunblane and Dunkeld, the Cathedral of St Magnus, Kirkwall, in Orkney, and the Abbey of Dunfermline, have been put in repair, and now respectively serve the purpose of parish churches.

Glasgow Cathedral, happily saved, and classed as property pertaining to the crown, has from the days of the Reformation downwards enjoyed the protection of the Magistrates and Town Council, who, as appears from their records, have often expended money to keep the building in repair, and to adapt it to the wants of the community. For general accommodation, it was partitioned and allotted for different congregations—one in the choir, another in the nave, and a third in the crypt, a curious semi-underground portion beneath the choir. In this last-mentioned place of worship took place the mysterious meeting of young Osbaldiston with Rob Roy, as fancifully described by the author of 'Waverley.' The choir, known as the Inner High Kirk, was the place of meeting of a more real and momentous nature. Here met the General Assembly of the Scottish Church in 1638, which abolished the Episcopacy of Charles I., re-established Presbytery, and ratified the National Covenant. Shortly after the Restoration of Charles II., there was a statutory resumption of Episcopacy (minus the canons and Service Book), in which Robert Leighton, one of the most amiable and enlightened theologians of his age, was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow, 1670; but he held the office only four years. Disgusted with the violent proceedings of the Scottish administration, he retired into private life, and died in 1684.

At the Revolution settlement, Scotland reverted to the Presbyterian polity, 1690, when the ancient fane of St Mungo lost its status as a cathedral. Irrespective of ecclesiastical distinction, the arrangement of the building into three churches under one roof continued till 1798, when the congregation that assembled in the crypt removed to another church which was provided for it. The other two congregations remained until 1836, when, to make way for a general restoration in conformity with modern tastes, one of them was provided for elsewhere at the cost of the civic corporation, and the only one left was that in the choir. That the Restoration Movement should have spread to Scotland, might, all things considered, be matter for surprise; but the wonder is the greater that it should have been first manifested in Glasgow. No fact could be more significant of the general spontaneity of this new and remarkable movement. There had latterly been growing up a spirit of emulation as regards

tastefulness in the building of churches, and to this the desire to see the ancient Cathedral of St Mungo restored to something like its original grandeur, was probably due.

Being crown property, the work of restoration was effected by government at an expense of twelve to thirteen thousand pounds, spread over a number of years. Though the cost was comparatively small, the restoration was well executed. The division walls, galleries, and staircases were removed. The building was opened up throughout, shewing the fine rows of pillars and other graceful points in the architecture. The choir, which is reached by some steps from the nave, was alone fitted up for service. Including the crypt, chapter-house, and clerestory windows, there are nearly a hundred windows in the building, the most of which have been filled with stained glass on a well-considered general plan, at the cost of private donors, chiefly connected with the west of Scotland. There being no Dean and Chapter, the custody and supervision of the building has been placed by government in the hands of the magistrates and council. On two days of the week, visitors are admitted on paying a fee of twopence to officers appointed by Her Majesty's Board of Works; and on four days the entrance is free. No monumental tablets can be placed in the cathedral without the sanction of the government, by which scrupulous arrangement there is a guarantee that the building will not be filled with monuments to persons of inferior note.

Usually styled a cathedral, in virtue of its ancient character, the building is ecclesiastically only a parish church (technically St Mungo's), which in its improved form was opened for public worship in 1856. No stranger arriving in Glasgow, with a few hours to spare, should omit to visit this very interesting edifice, which presents admirable specimens of ecclesiastical architecture from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

Next in the order of restoration was the Abbey of Paisley, a fine Gothic structure of the twelfth and thirteenth century, which had been sacked and partially destroyed at the Reformation, when its rich endowments were gifted by the Regent Murray to Lord Sempill, and subsequently came into the family of Abercorn. The nave, which had been saved, was subsequently fitted up as the parish church. Its condition in later times is described by the Rev. Dr J. Cameron Lees, in his scholarly and very interesting work, 'The Abbey of Paisley' (1 volume 4to, 1878). He says that 'In 1859 the church was in a most disreputable state. The burial-ground outside the building covered the whole basement of the church up to the windows. The interior was like a vault in a graveyard. Water ran down the walls, and an unwholesome smell pervaded every part of the church. Heavy galleries round the place cut the pillars in two. The clerestory windows were blocked up, and whitewash was freely used. The

whole of the moulding at the base of the pillars was hidden out of sight in the soil. Round the floor of the church was a wide circular passage, with huge iron stoves placed in it at intervals. This passage formed a promenade for stragglers during the time of service, who perambulated from one end to another, occasionally lighting their pipes at them before going out, which they did whenever they were tired of listening, a frequent enough occurrence. A more dreary place of worship could scarcely be imagined. A street of disreputable pawn-shops and public-houses abutted on the church, which was entirely hidden by the squalid buildings around it.

This graphic picture is consistent with our own recollections. The strange thing is that although Paisley had grown up to be a wealthy manufacturing place, and had produced more men of genius than any town of its size in Scotland, nobody thought of rescuing the building from the degradation into which it had sunk. At length came the dawn of improvement. In 1862, a restoration committee, chiefly organised by the Rev. Mr Wilson, one of the ministers of the parish, set vigorously to work. The unsightly galleries were taken down. The floor cleared of the accumulated rubbish of centuries. The body of the church re-seated. The clerestory windows opened up. The transept walls and windows restored, and the turrets rebuilt. Finally, the mean dwellings in the neighbourhood were removed, and the surroundings beautified. Men of all creeds, says Dr Lees, contributed to the work; the total cost of all that had been done being estimated at not less than about thirty thousand pounds. The architect employed was Mr James Salmon of Glasgow. The Abbey in its restored state is now a grand Gothic structure befitting its history, a credit to those benefactors who, generously lifting it out of its deplorable condition, clothed it in the solemn beauty which had been the admiration of kings and men of learning who have long since been resolved into dust.

Among the minor restorations of recent times in Scotland, may first be placed that of Roslin Chapel, as it is commonly called, an exquisitely beautiful relic of fifteenth-century art, situated about seven miles south of Edinburgh. It consists of the choir of a building designed to be a collegiate church, which was left unfinished by its founder, William St Clair, a member of the ancient baronial house of Roslin. The choir had not been long finished and used for religious service, when it was sacked at the Reformation. It was further despoiled by a mob at the Revolution of 1688, from which times till our own days it remained in a desolate condition, merely roofed from the weather, but always an object of interest on account of its elaborately decorated architecture. For richness of ornament its pillars may be designated perfectly unique. It was likewise attractive from historical and poetical association. Beneath its paved floor lie the barons of Roslin, said to have been buried in their armour, a circumstance not unnoticed by Sir Walter Scott in the ballad of 'Rosabelle':

'There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.'

Thus in cold vacuity stood Roslin Chapel

throughout the eighteenth and far on in the nineteenth century, when by the revival of taste, it was cleansed and restored in all its original beauty by the late Earl of Rosslyn. It is now fitted up for public worship. Along with Hawthornden on the opposite bank of the North Esk, it forms an object of pilgrimage to tourists with a taste for the picturesque when visiting Edinburgh.

Another of the minor restorations is that of the ancient church of St Bride, in the town of Douglas, and close to Douglas Castle, the seat of the Douglasses, in the upper ward of Lanarkshire. Violated at the Reformation, and with so much of it destroyed that the only remnants of the original building were an aisle and spire, it still remained the burial-place of the Douglasses. Recently, the building has been dressed up and re-roofed, due regard having been paid to the preservation, as far as possible, of its original appearance and character, the whole being executed by Lord Dunglass, who succeeded in right of his mother as the lineal representative of the Douglas family. In the inside of the church, the repairs and restorations are extensive, costly, and beautiful. Among the old and partially defaced monuments which have been tastefully restored is that of the Good Sir James Douglas, the friend of Bruce, and the hero of Scott's 'Castle Dangerous.' A new monument, far excelling in splendour any of the old ones, is that erected to the memory of the late Countess of Home.

A more important restoration was effected on the Abbey of Jedburgh, one of the group of monastic establishments, including Melrose, Dryburgh, and Kelso, situated in a pleasant part of the south of Scotland. Of these the Abbey of Jedburgh, which alone has had the good fortune to be repaired and put in order, dates from the twelfth century, and exhibits specimens of architecture from the Norman to the decorated period. This variety is partly due to the vicissitudes it had the fate to undergo. In the first place, it suffered severely in the wars which ensued on the death of Alexander III., 1286. Next, from its proximity to the Border it was always in the way of being injured by invading armies from the south. And as has been said, it suffered heavily from the invasions in the reign of Henry VIII. After these successive attacks, there were costly repairs to be executed on doorways, turrets, or something or other, which formed a heavy drain on the resources of the ecclesiastical community. Hence the remarkable difference of styles of Gothic which crept over the building; for the older architects did not ordinarily execute serious repairs or make additions in the style of the original, but introduced work of a more ornamental character, according to what was prevalent at the period. In this manner Jedburgh Abbey may be taken as a good specimen of different varieties of Gothic, from the plain to the richly decorated, over a space of three hundred years. The building might be said to embody a large section of history in its devices and stone carvings. Thus, we hail it as an enduring and very precious memorial of the past.

Though sacked at the Reformation, the building was not destroyed. A portion of it was appropriated as the parish church, which church was within our recollection a hideous huddle of pews

I could but notice that she and I were included in a common pity and tenderness. People lowered their voices to speak to her, as they did in my own case, as though she too were weak, and coming slowly back from some heavy illness.

On all half-holidays Gascoigne came to me, with news of my school-fellows—who was trying for this prize and who for that—who was captain of the second cricketing eleven, and who made top score, and who took most wickets in the last match against the neighbouring school at Dean. He was an enthusiastic cricketer, and I knew how much he sacrificed in spending all these summer afternoons with me; but he would not be forbidden.

The last of all my little circle to be admitted to my chamber was Polly. The Doctor had decided that I might be taken down-stairs next day. He was an odd-looking man, the Doctor; not unlike a jackdaw in outward seeming; and he stood by my bedside with a bird-like eye upon me, when the door opened, and Sally made a dart at it with a warning finger raised. The Doctor looked round. 'Aha!' he said—'the little lady. Let her come in, nurse. Let her come in.'

Polly came in with round blue eyes wide open; and climbing the bed, gravely sat down upon the pillow.

'Nurse,' said the Doctor, limping across the room, 'you will ask this young lady to be very quiet, if you please.—You will be very quiet, won't you?' He turned on Polly with his bird-like eye, and using his club-foot as a pivot to turn on. 'Eh, my dear? Eh?'

Polly nodded gravely.

'That's well,' said the Doctor, and pivoted himself round on Sally. 'No draughts to-morrow, nurse. We mustn't have the little man catch cold.'

Pursued by Sally with assurances that the greatest care should be taken of me, the Doctor limped from the room, and Polly and I were left alone. In answer to all I asked her, Polly said simply 'Yes' and 'No,' and comported herself altogether with a most supernatural and weighty gravity. The evening was advancing, and the room was growing gray with twilight. Since I had ceased to question Polly, she had spoken never a word. I was a little wounded. Perhaps illness had made me fretful and exacting, but I could not help thinking that Polly might have been better pleased to find me growing well again. We kept silence until Sally returned, bearing the lamp with her.

'Now, Miss Mary,' said Sally, 'it's pretty nigh time as you was in bed.'

'I s'an't go to bed,' Polly answered with calm decisiveness; and looking at her then, I saw that she had been crying, and was crying still.

'Why, Miss Mary,' said Sally, 'you wouldn't make a worrit in Master Johnny's room, I'm sure, an' him that poorly.'

'Jack,' said Polly, suddenly breaking into sobs, and flinging herself upon the bed, 'don't be an angel! Oh, don't, don't, Jack!'

'Why, bless your pretty little heart alive, my darlin', no!' ejaculated Sally, raising her.

But Polly would have the assurance from my own lips, and I gave it seriously. I was as unconscious of any element of comedy in that assurance as Polly herself was.

'They'm hearts o' gold,' said Sally caressingly—'they'm hearts o' gold, they am, both on 'em.'

'If oo goes for an angel,' said Polly, fixedly regarding me, 'I'll never be a good girl any more.' Then she relaxed, and kissed me fondly; and I again announced my intention not to be an angel, and so we said good-night.

Next morning I was dressed and carefully wrapped up and carried down-stairs like a parcel. I had not seen Mr Fairholt since the beginning of my illness, and I have learned since then that he had asked no questions about me, and had been apparently oblivious of my existence. When I saw him that day, I was amazed to find how old and gray and withered he had grown. He looked as if he had been as near Death's door as I had. I took occasion to ask Sally if he had been ill. She shook her head in answer, and said 'No;,' but I heard her murmur something about a 'peck of trouble' and 'poor old gentleman,' as she turned away.

Later in the day, when Maud was reading to me, and Polly was sitting on a footstool at my feet, Cousin Will came in, and stayed to hear the finish of *The Ugly Duckling*. When the story was read through, Maud crossed over to him and sat beside him in the window-seat. They spoke together in low tones for a time; but I heard one fragment of their talk.

'It is possible,' he was saying, 'that we may learn something from him.'

'I fear not,' Maud answered.

'We must wait awhile,' said Cousin Will.

'It would be unwise,' said Maud, 'to question him until he grows stronger.'

There they both looked at me, and I saw that the latter part of their conversation referred to me. Next day Maud said 'Good-bye,' and I was wheeled to the window to see Cousin Will drive her home. She had promised that she would come again and see me very soon; but a fortnight elapsed before we met again. I had not even then recovered my full strength, but all fear of a relapse was long since over; and Sally had told me in the morning that I was to have a good long drive that day. Maud came in a dainty little carriage, drawn by two charming ponies. She had driven alone, as I learned that she was fond of doing; but when we went away together, Cousin Will came with us. I was well wrapped up, and the autumn air was balmy and warm. Oh, the quiet yet exquisite delight of that escape from prisoning walls—the rousing motion as the two bay ponies swept along! The jingle of their harness made a merry tune, and their feet came down in time to it, and the wheels hummed to it, and birds and trees warbled and murmured in rare harmony. The free wide fields, the rolling river, and the bounteous air, what fresh delight filled them all! A road, so white it made me wink to look at it as we dashed along in the dazzling sunshine, led us at last to a pair of enormous gates of open ironwork, with much gilded scrollwork, and many gilded spikes—the veritable gates of fairyland they seemed. And a veritable fairyland it seemed within, with the vast house in the distance, whose every window shone so in the sun, that it might have been filled with diamonds and gleamed no brighter; with countless plants and flowers of strange and splendid form and hue on either side, as we swept up the

broad path leading to that noble mansion; and far away to the right a lovely sheet of water, with the latest friends of The Ugly Duckling, gliding to and fro upon its placid surface. These things all led to one conclusion; and when a gorgeous creature received us at the door, a being with white hair and white stockings and canary coloured breeches and a sky-blue coat, and instead of ordering us off the premises, received us with all evidence of deep respect, I should have been less than a child had it been less than fairyland, or had Maud been other than a fairy princess.

Within the house we were encountered by a stout elderly man with a bald head and a red face. 'Hallo, Fairholt!' this gentleman shouted. 'How de doo? This the patient, eh? How's the little feller, now?—Better? That's right. Come in an' pick a bit o' somethin' or other. Lunch is on the table, an' I'm hungry enough for ten men. No blessin' like a appetite, when you've got the stuff to let it loose on.' Talking thus, he led the way into a great room, before whose glories those of Mr Fairholt's house grew pale in memory. If I had at this time nothing but memory to fall back upon, I should probably still think this apartment the most magnificent in the world. But my later knowledge of the gilded splendours of Hartley Hall has shewn me that they were a little worse than vulgar.

'No news?' asked Mr Hartley—so Will called him—Maud was mincing chicken on my plate, and the old man gave one swift glance towards her as he said it. Cousin Will shook his head in silence; and I looking at Maud, saw that her lips trembled faintly.

Mr Hartley ate gravely for a time, and looking up, caught me in the act of staring at him. He dropped his knife and fork with a crash, and laid his great red hands on the cloth and looked at me. 'By Jove!' he said slowly, looking round at Will and Maud, 'I never saw such a likeness in all my life afore. Never!'

'Such a likeness, uncle?' said Maud. 'Where?'

'Wheer?' exclaimed Mr Hartley. 'Why, theer.' And taking up his knife again, he pointed at me. 'Why, he's the very livin' image.'

'Be calm, Mr Hartley,' said Cousin Will, rising and walking round the table to me. 'You alarm the child. He is far from strong yet.'

'Calm!' said Mr Hartley, taking up his fork and attacking his plate again. 'I'm calm enough. But it's the most extr'ordinary strikin' likeness I ever set eyes on in all my born days.' He looked at me again, and arose from the table.—'Take care o' the little chap, Maud,' he said with a gentleness which contrasted strongly with the haste with which he had arisen.—'Here, come with me, Fairholt; I want to speak to you a minute.'

Will left me with a reassuring pat upon the shoulder, and followed Mr Hartley to the far-end of the room, where they talked eagerly together for five minutes.

'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Will, as they came away together towards the table; 'I'll drive over at once and bring her with me.'

'Finish your lunch first,' said Mr Hartley, ringing the bell.—'Order the dog-cart round at once,' he called to the servant almost before the door was opened.

The meal was finished in silence. The footman announced that the dog-cart was in readiness;

and Mr Hartley and Cousin Will left the room together. Maud, in evident surprise and wonder, led me to a couch near the window, and made me lie down there in the sunshine, setting up a firescreen to shade my face.

'Are you strong enough to talk, dear?' she asked me.

I answered that I felt quite strong and well.

'Shall you be troubled if I ask you what frightened you on the night when you fell ill?'

'No,' I answered. 'I saw a face at the window.'

'Gascoigne, your playfellow,' she went on, 'said that you cried out "The face!" Had you ever seen the face before?'

I told her everything then; much as I have set it down at the beginning of this narrative.

She heard me to the end, and then said with voice and eyes of appeal: 'If ever you should see him again, dear, don't be afraid of him, but speak to him. No, darling, no; he will not hurt you. It is not in his heart to hurt anything. But he is most unhappy—oh, most unhappy! If ever you see him again, speak to him, and tell him that everybody has forgiven him. Tell him that unless he comes back again, our hearts are broken. Tell him that unless he comes back again, I shall die.' There she fell forward on her knees, and drooped her head against the couch on which I lay, and broke into passionate weeping. The intensity of eagerness with which she had spoken these last words, and the uncontrolled agony of tears in which she knelt, alarmed me beyond measure. I could think of nothing to be done except to put my arms about her neck and soothe her and promise that I would—I would indeed. After a time she cried less passionately; and when she had partly resecured her self-control, she arose. 'Don't tell anybody of this, darling,' she said. 'But never forget what I have asked you.'

I promised faithfully; and she left the room, still crying, but quite quietly. I sat alone and wondered at it all, as I think I well might. The unaccustomed exercise of the drive, the hearty meal I had eaten after it, and the agitation of mind I had twice experienced, were too much for me, and by-and-by wonder lost itself in sleep. When I awoke there were voices in the room, and I had a shawl thrown over me.

'Oh,' said Mr Hartley's voice, 'so you've known him since the day he was born, eh?'

'Yes sir,' said a voice, which I knew at once to be Sally's. 'I dressed him the very second time as ever he was dressed, sir.'

Hearing this, I put aside the shawl which covered me and sat up. Sally, Cousin Will, and Mr Hartley were standing together on the rug before the fireplace, and Sally's face wore an expression of anxiety and fear.

'Did you know his mother before her marriage?' Mr Hartley asked.

'Yes sir; pore dear, I did sir,' Sally answered. 'My mother nussed her when her was a baby.'

'Hay?' said Mr Hartley. 'What did you say your name was?—Ah, Troman; of course, of course. Are you old Troman's daughter, that lived in the cottage by the quarry?'

'Yes sir, please sir,' Sally answered, courtesying.

'Well, what was his mother's maiden name?'

'Isabella Hartley, sir,' said Sally.

'Who did she marry?'

'Mr John Campbell, sir, at the Baker's Green ironworks, sir,' Sally answered.

'And he's their only child, is he?' Mr Hartley went on.

'For sure he is, sir,' Sally answered.

'That's what you'd call a chain o' evidence if you like.—Ain't it, Fairholt?' said Mr Hartley turning round upon Cousin Will, and thrusting a forefinger at his waistcoat.

'It's certainly complete enough,' Will answered.

Mr Hartley turned back to Sally. 'Did you ever see his mother's brother Ben, young woman? A blackguard bit of a chap, as run away, an' was never heard on for 'ears an' 'ears?'

'I seen him once, sir,' said Sally; 'but I never knowed no harm of him, sir. They was all decent people.'

'What'll you bet you haven't seen him twice?' Mr Hartley asked with a twinkle in his eye.

'Well, I never!' ejaculated Sally, in a tone of sudden recognition and surprise.

Mr Hartley burst into a great roar of laughter, and catching sight of me, stopped suddenly. 'An' if here,' he said, 'ain't my new-found newew a-listein' to it all! Why, blame me if it ain't as good as a play.—Come an' kiss your uncle, Johnny.—Bless my heart alive, missis, sit down, an' have a glass o' wine.—O nonsense, nonsense! Don't stand curtcheyin' as if you was afraid o' me. Why you an' me ought to know each other. Your mother an' my mother brought me into the world together, between 'em. Well, well, well! Bless my heart alive! An' who'd ha' thought it?'

Sally explained everything to me that afternoon as Mr Hartley's groom drove us home. When we were landed there, Sally carried me bodily to my bedroom, and setting me down upon the bed wept over me according to custom. 'And oh!' she cried at last, holding me at arm's-length by the shoulders, 'if Heaven ain't a-raisin' up friends for him everywhere.'

My aunt Bertha went over to Hartley Hall next day, and for a week or two there was a great driving to and fro between the houses. Finally, Sally was added to the list of Mr Hartley's domestics, on the understanding that she was engaged solely for my behoof and benefit; and I was transferred from the house of Mr Fairholt to that of Mr Hartley. Polly and I were alike inconsolable at first; but frequent visits were promised on either side, and once more the barque of Childhood's Hope sailed free before the wind.

COMMONPLACE-BOOKS.

THE practice almost universally followed by the great scholars in olden times, of making copious extracts from the books they read, seems to have fallen into comparative desuetude in our day. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries everybody who aspired to the character of a scholar was most assiduous in transferring to his volumes of *Adversaria* choice passages met with in the prosecution of his studies. Thus it happens that so many commonplace-books are to be found in the great collections of manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the University Library at Cambridge, the Vatican

Library at Rome, and indeed in all the public libraries of Europe.

A commonplace-book may be described as a book in which things to be remembered are ranged under general heads. In a properly ordered volume of this kind all the entries should be duly arranged under their *Loci Communes*—common 'places' or 'topics.' A great number of the classical writers of antiquity were most diligent in collecting and arranging *excerpta*. Cicero, for example, himself informs us that he never passed a day without reading and writing something at home; constantly taking notes and making comments on what he read. Plutarch always carried a commonplace-book with him, and preserved with the greatest care whatever judicious observations fell in the course of conversation; and Pliny the Younger says of his illustrious uncle, that he never read a book without making extracts from it; for he used to remark that there was no book so bad but that something interesting could be found in it.

It might perhaps be imagined that this practice of laborious transcription, though absolutely necessary in an age when literary productions, being all in manuscript, were very rare and costly, would gradually decline and die out when the printing-press had made books much cheaper and more accessible. The reverse was the case. The scholars who assisted in the revival of learning outstripped their classical predecessors in the zeal with which they betook themselves to the filling up of their ponderous commonplace tomes.

In the *Advancement of Learning*, Lord Bacon writes: 'For the disposition and collocation of that knowledge which we preserve in writing, it consisteth in a good digest of commonplaces; wherein I am not ignorant of the prejudice imputed to the use of commonplace-books, as causing a retardation of reading, and some sloth or relaxation of memory. But because it is but a counterfeit thing in knowledges to be forward and pregnant, except a man be deep and full, I hold the entry of commonplaces to be a matter of great use and essence in studying, as that which assureth copie [that is, copiousness] of invention, and contracteth judgment to a strength.'

It has been said that the practice of extracting has a tendency to cause a torpidity of recollection; for, say the objectors, a person would not have so great a care to retain a fact in his memory if he were aware that he could find it in his note-book. There is a show of reason in this objection; but it can apply only to those who make extracts from the mere love of scribbling; certainly not to those who make a proper use of their *excerpta* with the design of improving and refreshing the memory. For this purpose the notes should be frequently reperused; and by this means it cannot be denied that many facts may be preserved which would otherwise have entirely faded from the memory. As a matter of fact, many of those scholars whose powers of memory have been developed to a remarkable degree, have been most assiduous in regularly posting up their commonplace-books. The historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has indeed expressed an opinion that what is read twice is retained better than what is once transcribed. But surely this reasoning confutes itself, because, before a passage is copied into a commonplace-book, it is necessary

to read that passage, which is consequently read twice and written once. It is particularly worthy of remark, that while Gibbon professed to reprehend the system of commonplacing, he was most industrious in putting it in practice. This inconsistency reminds one of the witty remark of Dr Thomas Fuller, who in his *Holy State* observes: 'I know some have a prejudice against commonplace-books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what publicly they declaim against. A commonplace-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.'

Among other eminent men of modern times who have kept commonplace-books may be mentioned Bishop Jewell, Dr Donne, Milton, Leibnitz, Locke, and Count Joseph de Maistre. Robert Southey was an incessant maker of notes, and selections from his commonplace-books have been published in four thick quarto volumes. Benjamin Franklin commends the practice when he says: 'I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a book short notes of what you find that is curious or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility; or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity.' Finally, Dugald Stewart remarks: 'What improvements in science might we not flatter ourselves with the hopes of accomplishing, had we only activity and industry to treasure up every plausible hint that occurs to us! Hardly a day passes when many such do not occur to ourselves, or are suggested by others; and detached and insulated as they may appear at present, some of them may perhaps afterwards, at the distance of years, furnish the keystone of an important system.'

It must not be supposed that erudite scholars and antiquaries were the only class of men who kept commonplace-books. The purveyors of light literature did not disdain this useful aid to study. Butler made large collections before he began his *Hudibras*; and Addison filled several folio volumes before he ventured to undertake the task of writing the *Spectator*. Again, a writer in the *Tatler* says: 'I turned to my commonplace-book, and found his case under the word *Coquette*.' Mr George Augustus Sala, one of the most brilliant contributors to the light literature of our own day, has filled with his marvellous minute handwriting a vast number of elaborate commonplace-books. The example of Mr Sala, whose published works are so voluminous, and who has spent a considerable part of his life in active travel as a special correspondent, shews what may be done by acting on the principle of constantly taking notes.

If a student begins early in life to arrange extracts, and if he perseveres without intermission, he will find himself the possessor of an immense amount of valuable and workable literary material. The pasting of printed cuttings in a scrap-book or the purchase of a commonplace-book ready-made will not answer the purpose. The extracts must be selected, arranged, and copied by the person who is to turn them to profit. The earlier in life the work is begun, the better. The celebrated John Sturmius in old age used

to lament, with tears in his eyes, that he had neglected to keep commonplace-books when he was young; and Isaac Casaubon in the evening of his life used to say how deeply it grieved him to think that he had read many curious things which he had omitted to transfer to his *Adversaria*. Memoranda, extracts, and suggestions accumulate in a wonderful manner under the hand of the diligent student. Thus the late Mrs Jameson, in her *Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies* remarks: 'For many years I have been accustomed to make a memorandum of any thought which might come across me—if pen and paper were at hand—and to mark and remark any passage in a book which excited either a sympathetic or an antagonistic feeling. This collection of notes increased insensibly, from day to day. The volumes on *Shakspeare's Women*, on *Sacred and Legendary Art*, and various other productions, sprang from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which, I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.'

Enough has been said about the utility of keeping a commonplace-book; a few words may be added as to the method of arranging it. The following plan is a modification of that recommended by Drexelius, who wrote in the seventeenth century. Take two books—small quarto is the most convenient size—and entitle one of them *Adversaria* (notes or memoranda), and the other *Lemmata* (subjects or titles). The first is the receptacle of all long passages, and also of short extracts where no other matter is likely to be met with relating to the same subject. The heading of each entry should be written in the margin in a larger character than the rest, in order that it may attract attention. The extracts are to be entered as they occur, no particular order being observed. *Lemmata* is arranged on another plan. The headings are written in the margin in the same manner as the *Adversaria*, but between each a blank space of a page or half a page is to be left, for the reception of additional references. The entries in this book should consist chiefly of references and brief extracts, all long ones being inserted in the *Adversaria*. The headings need not be inserted in any regular order. When a space is filled up, a reference should be made in the margin to the page on which the subject is continued. A complete index, which must be carefully posted up in a third octavo volume, will furnish a ready means of referring to the treasures in both collections.

THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE I.

THE embers falling from the logs in the fireplace of the Vicarage parlour make comfortable sounds and sleepy; and the flames, playing a soft accompaniment, flicker, and wane, and flicker again. The fitful light deals tenderly with the furniture, treating it with chivalrous respect, as having seen better days; unlike the saucy sunbeams which, earlier, took delight in disclosing the rifts in the carpet, the battered condition of the chairs, the nudity of the wainscot. 'The unhealthy gloss

of newness is gone,' the Vicar would say when the nakedness of the land forced itself obtrusively upon his notice; this contentedly, and with an affectionate glance round. The remark was in sooth superfluous, but it seemed to afford satisfaction to the speaker. And though the furniture is shabby, there is an air of refinement withal. Here are we in the presence of books—books dispersed, pleasantly disordered, reposing in odd corners; faithful servants which perform double office, ministering intellectually, and distilling a subtle air of scholarship around. These the Vicar loves.

This morning an ominous stillness had reigned without. The sun had risen blood red, and its rays, expending force in breaking through the opposed phalanx of cloud, had reached the earth spent and exhausted. The clouds had flushed angrily, portending mischief; though the sunlight had triumphed at the first onslaught, the contest was not concluded. Later, on the lurid horizon great inky piles had gathered steadily from the eastward, banking themselves one upon another in mighty columns. Though the wind yet lay still, elemental strife impended. By rustics plodding homeward, soil-smeared and weary; by sun-tanned fishers making their boat garniture taut and ship-shape on the ferry beach, the foreboding stillness had been felt. Dennis Ladbroke, from the plough, had sung greeting to Harry Winn, bending over his nets. 'Wha' cheer, Ma'aster Winn? Looks main stormy!' And Harry, glancing skyward with puckering brow, had replied: 'It deu that!'

Before gloaming fell, the wind moaned, and sent forth a few fitful puffs to herald its approach. Boardsey Ferry answered responsive; with wavelets first, dimpling its face, presenting uneven surface—child's play this. Then the dark-green waters turned black. A gust or two more and the wavelets were fairly set by the ears; amongst them, confusion reigned supreme. They jostled together, slapping noisily; making great commotion when the wind blew their foam-caps into spray. Then child's play ceased, and the storm burst in earnest. Wavelets were engulfed; great rollers came surging up from the eastward, gathered in strength and volume, and fell with deafening thunder on the beach. Lightning, forked and jagged, gleamed from the cloud-rifts, intensifying the heavy pall of darkness which succeeded. Heaven's artillery roared; heavy sheets of rain beat on the seething waters.

On shore too the strife raged. Leaves whirled through the air, seeking resting-place, and finding none. Into nooks and crannies, through new-discovered apertures, the wind shrieked and screamed. Sturdy branches creaked and groaned in protestation at the disturbance; to spreading roots the strain was transmitted, and they had work to hold their own.

Yarrick is an old-world village on the east coast, where men struggle for existence in elementary fashion, unaided for the most part by mechanical appliance. Some seek the waters, and draw a precarious livelihood from them; others till the soil and sow the life-sustaining grain. Simple souls, yet none the less embodying much of the poetic tenderness of life; capable of feeling much in the soft mysticism of the autumn moonlight; to wit more gratitude than their lips can

express when the ripened ears grow heavy at golden harvest-tide. And in an old gambrel-roofed house which nestles under the North Wold hill in this pastoral parish, dwelt the Vicar. Far removed from the turmoil of great cities, his life had glided by comparatively eventless. His it had been to minister to the poor, and by the poor he was beloved; imperceptibly but steadily he had won his way to their hearts. Where trouble had fallen heaviest, he had been ever at hand to relieve; ready in thought, quick in action, he had long since won fealty alike of the hardy sons of the soil and of the toilers of the waters.

Once when the signal had boomed from the lifeboat station on the beach, only half the crew had assembled; two were down with fever, and the rest were away. Harry Winn, master, after calling the muster-roll, had stepped forth from the boat-shed into the darkness again and again, peering in vain through the driving sleet for the missing ones. He had seen a recurrent flash far to the eastward, and he knew that a doomed vessel was on the deadly Trull Bank. Then he had returned to the shed where his mates sat silent. He was not one to display much feeling, but he was sore troubled; he had traversed that awful three miles before when the boat was fully manned, and he well remembered the terrific fight between maddened waves and straining muscles. When he was seating himself in despair, the Vicar, telling him in a few earnest words how the use of the oar was new neither to himself nor to the friend who accompanied him, volunteered service. Winn had looked up doubtfully, but the Vicar's face had compelled trust. And when the first burst was over, and the boat, quivering in every plank, had emerged from the breakers, the master found that he had relied on no broken reed. Solid muscle and steady nerve were there; and henceforward the hardy coastmen opened their hearts to him whose spirit they felt had communion with theirs.

Again, when the village community had opposed an obstinate resistance to sanitary reform—such a steady dead-weight of opposition as only a village community is capable of—and when the sweet Yarrick air had been poisoned by the rotting heaps of garbage in the back-yards of the inhabitants, typhus had swooped down with bared fangs. The defenceless village became a hotbed of infection; work stood still, families were decimated, and great sorrow fell upon Yarrick. And in this time of trial too, the Vicar was at hand; where trouble was sorest, he confronted it; his was the ready hand to succour, his the glowing sympathy to cheer. The time of trouble passed away, and now where he goes there is sunshine; tanned faces glow ruddier and smile greeting when he passes; mothers' lips move to bless him; children toddle towards him, and place baby hands in his.

As the logs in the fireplace fall together and emit a sudden blaze, his face may be studied by its light; thought characterises it, gentleness softens it; it is the face of one taking retrospect—the Vicar is looking back. And his pupil, sitting by his side, is looking forward. Gerald Herrick is about to start on his career in the army; and loving his country, he has taken mental oath to work and, if need be, to die for her. Slight and well-knit in figure, eager and intelligent, he

seems well fitted for the path he has chosen ; to him life is a romantic mystery, filled with glorious and infinite possibilities. The attitudes of the two are expressive of that pleasant lassitude which steals over those who have eaten and are sheltered after having been long out of doors. They have been discussing some recent event interesting to both, and are occupied with thought.

Now Gerald speaks. 'You really think the answers I gave will have passed me, sir?'

The Vicar smiles pleasantly. 'I do, Gerald. From the report you give of them, you appear to have managed your paper most artistically.'

'Passing this examination would save me six long months. Who knows, sir, what chance of active service may not depend on it. I cannot but feel anxious.' And Gerald sighs.

'Your nervousness is only natural, Gerald, though I really believe there is no reason for anxiety. At anyrate you have worked bravely and steadily ; and whether you have won your cadetship or not, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your best.'

The boy's eyes brighten ; Gerald honours his master, and a little discriminating praise comes sweet after toil. He glances up quickly at the Vicar's face, then looks down ; at sixteen the emotions are more apt to be expressed mutely than articulately. 'Denny was to wait at the post-office at Boardsey for the telegram ; Winn promised not to cross the ferry without him, sir, he says.'

'Then if he is not already over, Gerald, he will have a wild crossing.'

Gerald rises, and walks towards the window. The wind without deals it a succession of heavy blows, causing it to shake noisily ; and the rain, like discharged handfuls of shot, lashes it. Suddenly, through the clamour of the storm, borne fitfully but still distinctly audible, comes the sound of pealing bells. The Vicar raises his head, and his face flushes as he listens. 'Kind and thoughtful,' he murmurs ; 'they have not forgotten !'

'Why are the bells ringing at this time, sir?'

'Ella was born six years ago to-night, Gerald. They ring to commemorate the little sunbeam's advent.' The Vicar's eyes have a dreamy far-off expression. Again the peal is heard ; now his lips move. 'Sweet-voiced messengers, shaping their notes to Nature's moods. Well-loved sounds and sympathetic ; sporting with the raging winds ; borne to me in the bosom of the storm !'

Gerald holds his peace, and waits till the broken utterances cease. He has known his master in abstracted moods before this, and at such times he will listen sympathetically, in part understanding. 'How you love the bells, sir!'

'Their music is weft inseparably with the sweetest recollections of my life.' A pause, during which the Vicar gazes dreamily into the fire. 'When I sit listening to them, it all comes back to me—my father's home, my childhood, my past ! When I came to Yarrick, I lost their music. I never dared to hope for its sweet companionship again ; the parish was too poor to allow of even a dream of it. And then my father's friend, the patron of the living—peace be to his memory !—presented these bells to the church. Old friends come back to me—their voices pealed forth on my

marriage ; and their music fell upon my ear when my child was born.'

Gerald's heart is moved towards his master ; he rises and takes a step towards him, and his feeling finds outlet. 'To me too, sir, they are grown dear. I feel that when I am far away from Yarrick, I shall weave the memory of them with that of you, and shall so remember them for all time to come.'

The Vicar, recalled from his reverie, looks up into the boy's eager face ; then he stretches out his hand, and says : 'Your words sound pleasantly, Gerald.' After a pause he adds slowly : 'And so you will never forget Yarrick, nor your old master?'

And Gerald answers : 'Never!'

A noise, as of the opening and closing of doors ; then of voices, female treble and male bass, holding dispute concerning rain-soaked garments. The treble protestations appear to be overborne.

'That is Dennis,' remarks the Vicar, with a smile.

Then a knock, to which Gerald breathlessly responds. Set in the framework of the doorway stands the weather-beaten figure of Dennis Ladbrook. The rain trickles from his garments and collects in a little pool on the mat. As he confronts Gerald, an intense satisfaction manifests itself in every lineament of his beaming face. 'The telegram, Denny ! You've brought it?'

'I hev, Ma'aster Gerald !'—a rustic chuckle of delight, then a sudden drooping of the corners of the mouth—'ef un bean't melted !' The sodden cap is removed, and a piece of pulp carefully extracted from its lining. On its appearance, consternation is depicted on every face. Denny glances up from it in dismay, and then regards it with a look of deep contrition. Suddenly his face broadens out into such a beaming smile as only a rustic's is capable of producing ; he takes a step forward, and in his enthusiasm brings down a heavy wet hand on Gerald's shoulder. 'Et doan't make much difference, far as I see, Ma'aster Gerald ; yeu's a cadet, a cadet in Her Mayjesty's sarvice, spite o' rain an' weather !' and Denny dwells on his words in a mild ecstasy.

Gerald gives a gasp of relief, and sits down.

'But how do you know, Denny? ' asks the Vicar.

'Cause, sir, we overhauls this yere telagraft 'fore we puts it inteu its cover !' replies Denny with modest pride. Fixing his eye on the ceiling, he adds reflectively : 'An' a more flimsy ill-reg'lated cover than it's preuved I never did see, that I will say !'

At Yarrick, telegrams are evidently regarded as the common property of the village. The Vicar appreciates the humorous side of this, but seeing disadvantages, thinks it well to register a protest. 'It is as well that the postmaster should be told that telegrams are private property,' he says mildly ; adding with a smile : 'Notwithstanding, that disclosure has in this case certainly brought relief.'

'So yeu's tould us 'fore now, sir ; an' hed the telagraft come to any un but Ma'aster Gerald, 'twould 'a been different, sir. "He belongs teu us," says t' poastma'aster ; "doan't he?" An' Winn an' me says : "He deu so." "Then we'll read his telagraft," says t' poastma'aster ; an' he reads un. Then he says to me : "Denny, doan't

you tell t' parson what I's done!" an' I says: "No, I wun't." But comin' along, I thout 'twould be more honourable like so to deü; an' that's the long an' the short of it, sir.' And Denny twirls his moist headgear with the air of one who has achieved moral triumph.

The Vicar has by this time turned to congratulate Gerald; and as he does so, the door is gently pushed open, and a golden-haired maiden enters, aged seven, blue-eyed. The Vicar catches her up in his arms, and facing round, says: 'Sunbeam, congratulate the conqueror! Gerald has passed his examination, and is become a great man—a soldier!'

Ella eyes the great man coquettishly, and the great man blushes. 'Will you play the drum, soldier?'

'I am afraid not, Ella.'

The interrogator, nestling on papa's shoulder, grows thoughtful. 'Will you wear spurs?'

'Yes; I hope to have that privilege, Ella.'

She looks more content, but still thoughtful; parity of circumstance is causing her to recall a scene from her last Christmas pantomime. After a pause the fair face is upturned, and the eyes seek the ceiling; tragically raising a dimpled hand she says slowly: 'And will you fight for me and my country?'

Gerald is growing a little embarrassed. 'O yes, Ella; that I will, when there is occasion to,' he answers.

'Then I do cong'at'late you, dear soldier!' Both the rosy hands are extended; and the boy, after pausing for a moment, steps forward and chivalrously kisses them.

The Vicar's eyes brighten at the enactment of the little comedy. Gerald crosses to the far side of the room, lights the lamp, and makes endeavour to spread out the paper pulp which was once a telegram.

Ella's eyes now rest in consternation on Denny. 'Oh! Denny, how vewy vewy wet you are; and on the fur mat too!' (Ella was inexact; the fur had long since disappeared.) 'Have you weally come from Boardsey to-night, Denny?'

'Yes, Missy, I hev.'

'And have you cong'at'l—g'at'lated Gerald, Denny?'

'I's now goin' teu, Missy.' Denny makes preparation by clearing his throat and restlessly glancing over to where Gerald sits. Gerald looks back with a smile; the Vicar leans an arm on the chimney-piece; Sunbeam gazes at Denny in expectation, much impressed by his attitude.

The twirling of the hat is recommenced, the eye becomes fixed on a remote spot, as before, and Denny thus delivers himself: 'In a few days, Ma'aster Gerald, you'll be leavin' Yarrick, an' you think you's goin' away from th'ould place all lonely like; but you an't. Why? 'Cause you's mistaken, Ma'aster Gerald. Mebbe you don't mind the time when you fust come t' Yarrick, an' I larned you rabbitin', an' that ould doe ferret bit yer finger bad; you was a little un then, Ma'aster Gerald.'

'O yes, Denny, I remember it, murmurs Gerald.

'Anyways, I han't forgot those days. I's been turnin' an' turnin' 'em over in my mind o' late; an' yesterday I goes up to Uncle Ben, an' I says to him: "Uncle Ben, did I larn Ma'aster Gerald

rabbitin', or did I not?" "Yeu did so, Dennis," he says. An' I says to him: "Then shall I let Ma'aster Gerald go out soldiering all alone to furrin parts?" An' Uncle Ben says: "Yeu beem right, boy, yeu shanna'!" An' then he an' me goes into the bar-parlour of the *Three Mariners* to see t' sergeant wi' they ribbins who was there. An' we all has a drink together—porter it was; an' then Uncle Ben he ups an' asks t' sergeant whether I could 'list. "Ay, ay," says the sergeant, as he slips a shilling into my hand; so that where yeu goes, Ma'aster Gerald, there I goes teu.' The rotary movement of the cap accelerates; Denny's face has become very red, and his voice quavers like the village flute. 'An' so, Ma'aster Gerald, whether it bes Rooshia, or whether it bes Prooshia, or whether it bes Injy, yeu'll al'ays have me to look arter yeu!'

'Bravely said, Denny!' exclaims the Vicar.

Sunbeam focuses and reflects the distributed enthusiasm; she clasps her dimpled hands together and cries: 'Bwavo! dear Denny; how welly bwave of you!'

And Gerald, with his face aglow, has risen and clasped the honest fellow's hand. 'Denny,' he says, 'I cannot express all I feel.'

The orator is overcome. 'Nor me neither, Ma'aster Gerald!'

The Vicar becomes absorbed in the contemplation of an ornament on the chimney-piece. Suddenly he is recalled to consciousness by a vivid gleam of lightning eclipsing the soft glow of the firelight, and making every object in the room stand out sharply in its dazzling light; it is followed by a deafening peal of thunder, and a gust of wind which shakes the house to its foundations. As though this were a last despairing effort of the elements, a sudden calm falls, the fury of the storm seeming to have exhausted itself.

Ella has buried her face in her father's shoulder.

'Tis as wild a night as Yarrick has seen sin' I's lived here!' comments Denny, awe-stricken.

'The storm is passed away now, Sunbeam,' at length whispers the Vicar.

Sunbeam looks up blinking. 'Are you quite sure it is past, papa?' she says. 'Is it gone to Boardsey, I wonder?'

The group are still together in the Vicar's parlour when a hurried knocking is heard at the door; and in another moment Harry Winn, drenched, breathless, and with the face of one who bears news of sad catastrophe, appears on the scene. 'Thet last hev been teu much for't, sir,' he gasps. 'The belfry's gone by the board, and nary a whole bell's left to tell the tale!' and the rough fellow turns that he may not see the sorrow he feels is writ on the face of him to whom the chimes have been the music of half a lifetime.

And he, the Vicar? Sweet associations of the past had caused those inanimate bells to become to him ministers of divine sympathy, and to him the light seems suddenly to have gone out. He attempts to meet his trouble with a smile, but his face refuses to misrepresent the sorrow of his heart. In a moment Ella steps towards him, and a soft little arm steals round his neck in mute sympathy. Then he turns, catches her up in his arms, and kisses her twice. 'Run, Ella, and tell

nurse to wrap you up,' he says. 'We will go out and see if perchance there be any merely wounded left amongst the slain; if not, we must find a fitting resting-place for them.' He pats the sunny head and smiles down. 'We must bury Angelus and Silvertongue side by side.' And Ella trips away. Turning, he says: 'Go, Winn, and you, Dennis, to where they are fallen—I will join you directly.'

'We will, sir!' the two cry, experiencing instant relief on being put into action.

The Vicar nods cheerfully, and closes the door on them, then draws his chair up to the fire and sits down. His face is thrown back, his hand is passed across his forehead, and his lips move. In this brief moment he takes leave of the loved messengers now lost to him.

Gerald steps forward, and his master asks dreamily: 'Is that you, Gerald?'

'Yes sir.'

Then the Vicar looks up. 'The death of the bells must not banish your success from our minds,' he says. 'You will recollect the coincidence of their fall with the commencement of your new career; it seems that the last sound they uttered was a joy-peal at the news!'

'Sir, Yarrick is poor, and cannot replace them.'

'No, my boy; they are gone for ever.'

Gerald is strangely moved by complex feelings, gratitude for the years of patient care in the past preponderating; he takes a step forward, and his voice shakes as he speaks. 'You refer to my success, sir, and I would tell you how doubly dear it is to me now, and why. Wherever my fortune may lead me and however I may be occupied, I will never, never forget this night!' The boy's face glows with enthusiasm as he continues. 'In distant lands, fighting for my country, I will win rank and fame; and directly I have the means, I will gratify the dearest wish of my heart; and the sounds that you love, sir, shall once more fall upon your ears, to remind you of me!'

And the Vicar listening, is content. He thinks that the loss of the bells has indeed brought ample compensation.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

BY A LADY.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

I now come to my last notice of animals—Dogs. Before I give an account of those I have known, I will relate a circumstance which took place in the south of England. The facts were well known to my father, who when a young man, resided in Somersetshire. An old couple, man and wife, kept a toll-bar; and their sons were accustomed at certain times to come and take away the money to the neighbouring town. A farmer who lived near was in the habit of passing through the bar when he drove his gig; but when on horseback, he took a shorter way across the fields by a bridle-path. He was generally accompanied by a dog, a very intelligent and powerful mastiff. The old woman kept a small store of gingerbread, nuts, and tobacco-pipes, and often gave the dog a cake, as she was very fond of the animal. One evening the farmer having some business to transact

before he returned home, left his coat in the room of the inn he frequented, telling his dog to remain until he came back. The business being over, while he was putting on his coat he observed three rather evil-looking men sitting drinking; but he gave no particular heed to them, whistled to his dog, and mounting his horse, rode away. Avoiding the road and the toll-bar, he was crossing the last field near home when he missed the dog; but supposing the animal had gone on before, he did not trouble himself. Meanwhile the dog, instead of following his master home, had gone straight on to the toll-bar and scratched at the door. The old woman opened it, and the dog walked in and lay down before the fire. She wondered to see him, as it was getting very late, but presently remembered that the farmer had not passed through that day. She opened the door and tried to send the dog home; but he would not go; so the old man told his wife to let him alone, and when they went up-stairs to bed, the dog followed them and lay down.

Early in the morning they were roused by the breaking of the casement window, and by the voice of a man who, standing on a ladder, opened it, and speaking to the woman, said if she would be quiet and give him all the money that was in the house, he would not hurt her or her husband. He jumped into the room; but no sooner had he done so than the dog sprang at him, seized him by the throat, and held him fast. It was market-day, and as the country-people came, they guessed something was the matter, as the gate was fastened, and no one answered their call. They went to the back of the house, where they saw the ladder. A young man climbed up and looked in, and beheld the poor old couple sitting up in bed, and almost paralysed with fear at the scene which had been enacted on the floor: the man, who was afterwards recognised as one of the three who were together in the inn, lay dead in the grip of the faithful animal. They must have been talking of the intended robbery at the toll-house; the dog must have in some way comprehended, and gone to the rescue.

The first dog of any note that my father possessed was a black Newfoundland. He was a very powerful and intelligent animal. My father trained him well, and taught him to go from our country place to the town with a basket fastened round his neck, with notes inside for the different tradespeople, who understood that he would readily give them up, and if required, would bring anything sent, safely back. He was often despatched for a car to an hotel about a mile distant. Hector would go into the yard, and the hostler knew at once what was wanted. One day there was a strange man in the yard, who could not understand what Hector meant; but the dog would not be baffled. He went straight to the bar, and gently barked to gain attention. 'Ah!' said the girl, 'Hector wants a car,' which settled the business.

At that time it was very dangerous to walk

at night in the country roads. It was before the rural police were appointed. When my father was absent of an evening, Hector was always sent to meet him. A spiked collar was put on, to protect his throat. He was told to wait at a certain place, and he never failed to be there. One evening I was walking home with my father; it was so dark we could scarcely see anything. My father said: 'We ought to have met George by this time. I told him to come with the lantern.'

We walked on a few yards, and Hector met us. He was half a mile ahead of his accustomed waiting-place. My father was a strict disciplinarian, and spoke sharply to the dog, scolding him for coming on. But I begged him not to do so, thinking there might be some good reason for his coming. When we reached the stile to cross the fields the dog was restless, and growled savagely.

'Back, Hector, back!' said my father; but the dog would not obey him, and bounded over first. 'There is something the matter,' said my father, as he took out his clasp-knife, and opened it, whispering to me: 'We may have a fight. Be sure you do not lay hold of my arm.' He then struck a light with his flint and steel, whereupon a man sprang up and moved on before us.

'Mind yourself, father,' said I; 'Hector will take care of me.' The dear creature came close to my side and put his nose into my hand. I knew he would fight for us to the death; for though as gentle as a lamb to those he loved, he was fierce as a lion in defence of them. My father was a very powerful and fearless man. He had his daughter to protect, and his spirit was thoroughly roused; but he knew it would be well to trust to the sagacity of the dog, and see what he would do. When we reached the stile he stood still and growled. My father said: 'Come, you fellows, come at once over this stile. I know you are there. Come at once, or I will set my dog upon you, and he will shew you no mercy.'

There was a movement, and one, and then another man came grumbling. Hector stood firm, uttering a low continued growl.

'Come along,' exclaimed my father; 'there are more of you. You had better be quick.'

Another came, saying 'that he had as much right to the road as we had.'

Still the dog would not cross the stile.

'There is another of you. If you do not come at once, my dog will kill you.' He saw the animal's patience was well-nigh exhausted. The last then slunk over, and the dog bounded over the stile into the lane. Then we knew the brave creature had saved us. When we came to the public-house, George, our man-servant, was sitting comfortably in the porch waiting for us with the lantern. He had seen *two* men, and was afraid to come on!

I could tell many interesting stories of this noble animal. His end was sad. When we were removing to another house, he was taken to protect some of the things that were put in the loft above the stable; the stupid man who put him there tied him up; the poor creature's feet had slipped, and when the door was opened next morning, our faithful friend was found strangled.

We had at the same time with Hector my

Blenheim spaniel Flora, the one who rescued the kittens from the pond. She was a lovely little creature, perfect in beauty; and was very fond of Hector, whom she delighted to patronise. He was roaming about the fields one day, when espying Flora in the pond he jumped in, and took her safely to the bank. This liberty the spaniel resented by barking and scolding, after which she leaped into the water again. Hector looked very humble; but still he seemed to think he must be there, lest any harm should come. A happy thought occurred to him, and walking into the water, he quietly waited till Flora climbed upon his back, and enjoyed herself, while he swam about. When she was tired, she walked quietly home. But after this, it was a constant source of amusement to let Hector loose with Flora upon his back in the water.

We had also two terriers—one a black and tan smooth-haired; the other a wire-haired, one of the bravest, most honest dogs I ever knew. The smooth-haired was called Tan. He was a thorough aristocrat, proud and haughty; very good and clever in a rat-hunt when excited and others were working too. But he was a perfect contrast to honest-hearted Tip. Near our house was a farm occupied by a strange sort of man, low, vulgar, and savage. This Farmer Oldacre had a dog the counterpart of himself, that was the terror of the neighbourhood. One day he was loose, and by some means he got hold of poor Tip and almost killed him. We saw him torn and bleeding in the yard. Everything that could be done for the poor animal was done. It was a pretty sight to see little Flora sitting by the side of and comforting her injured friend; and many a delicious morsel was given to her to take to her patient. In about six weeks Tip was better and able to run about. One day our man-servant, who had been to a distance to fetch some hay, informed us on his return that he had seen Tan on the road, and that on whistling, Tan took no notice of him. In the afternoon, we suddenly heard a noise of barking dogs. Off started Flora, and joined them. There had assembled about twenty of all sorts, who proceeded to Farmer Oldacre's, flew at his dog, and tore it to pieces. Our man-servant, who followed them for Flora's sake, told us she in her revenge was the last to be taken off from him, while Tip sat looking quietly on, taking no share in the attack. Must not these animals have communicated with each other, and thus punished with death the savage brute? These dogs had been collected together from a radius of five miles, and it was quite evident that information regarding the farmer's savage dog had something to do in gathering them together.

Tip was one of the most faithful animals. He devoted himself to our old gardener Willy. At haymaking-time he was employed to take charge of the basket of food and the beer that were sent into the field for the labourers. No one but Willy was allowed to come near while the animal guarded Willy's coat. His faithfulness, however, cost him his life. One evening in October a sudden sharp frost set in while Willy had left Tip in charge of his coat in the garden. The old man had been persuaded to go to the public-house, and was so intoxicated that he could not return home; but the dog remained still faithful to his charge; My father went to the dog to try to get him home;

but he would not come. He covered him up with a thick horse-cloth; but next morning poor Tip could not walk. He was almost paralysed; and was in such agony that they were compelled to have him shot.

Flora was so clever that I professed to teach her the multiplication table. I used small biscuits; and without any mistake she would answer my questions by pushing the right number of biscuits with her paw. Of course I never tried high numbers; and as a reward at the end of her lesson I used to say: 'Now, Flora, we will play at subtraction.' She would put her pretty head on one side, and—if there were, say, four biscuits upon the table—I would ask: 'Now, Flora; four from four, how many?' In a moment all the biscuits disappeared. Whereupon she would give a happy little bark, and run away well pleased with her performance. She was devotedly attached to my father, and in a severe illness he had would never leave him except to take a short run in the garden. One day she was taken from his room into another where the servant did not observe that the window was open. She had become so susceptible to cold from her long confinement in a warm room, that she caught a severe chill, which ended in rapid consumption.

I will now conclude with an account of Juno, the most singular dog I ever knew. When we were in Staffordshire, some years since, a female puppy was given to one of my daughters. She was a month old when we brought her home. She was partly of the hound and Lyne Hall mastiff breed, and developed into an animal of rare beauty. Her colour was a light golden brown, with jet-black muzzle, and a little white upon her throat. Her eyes were large and lustrous, resembling a fawn's. Hydrophobia being very prevalent in our neighbourhood, we were afraid of her coming in contact with any other dogs; and as she grew up, the fear of losing her compelled us to be very careful, so that she never went out without a leash. When she came to us, we had a kitten, to which she attached herself; and they were constant companions until the little creature was accidentally killed. Some time after this she saw a cat, and ran up to play with it. But puss flew at Juno and scratched her severely on the ear. She never forgot this; waited her opportunity, and killed it. From that time all cats were doomed that she could lay hold of; and our back-yard, which had been much infested by them, was kept clear of their presence for years.

Juno soon became so completely identified with us, that she did not care to associate with any other dogs. She was a most affectionate and loving creature to us all, and also formed strong attachments to various friends.

She was remarkable as a watch-dog; indeed she became quite 'a terror to evil-doers.' We felt quite secure from burglars, though the houses of many in our neighbourhood were attacked. She never barked unnecessarily. When the gate was left open for the early-morning men to empty the ash-pit, it was quite sufficient to tell her so before retiring for the night, and then she never uttered a sound. Her sense of smell was so keen that it was impossible to administer any medicine to her. Once only was this done, and it required such severe measures that those who witnessed the

scene in the yard of the veterinary surgeon have never forgotten it. One summer she was very unwell, suffering from an eruption of the skin—we supposed from a fight she had had with a cat. It occurred to me that ripe pears would do her good. She ate them with a thorough relish; and in the course of three weeks she was completely cured!

Her love for me was very great, though it was to her master she evinced the deepest devotion. When he was absent from home, she would eagerly watch for the postman, and fetch to me her master's letter, without touching any other. I had a severe illness, and while confined to the house she was my constant companion. One day I was very depressed, and had been weeping. She came to me, looked into my face, whined, patted me with her paw, and licked my hand. Seeing this had no effect in drying my tears, she 'snatched my handkerchief, and ran away with it to the other end of the room. When she saw me smiling, she came slowly back again, and after a little coaxing, returned it to me. Though so brave and fearless, she was highly nervous, and suffered dreadfully in a thunderstorm. If I were near her, she would hide her head in the folds of my dress. When alarmed, her face perceptibly paled. We saw a remarkable instance of this one day when my husband returned from a funeral. Juno hearing his voice, as usual ran to meet him; but started back as if in horror when she saw him with a long black silk hat-band, and a scarf of the same material across his shoulders. Her colour left her, and it was some minutes before she recovered.

It has often been to me a matter of inquiry how much of reasoning power as distinguished from instinct is to be found in animals. The more I have studied them, and watched their various ways and acts, the more I am convinced that they are not so far in this respect removed from man as some would have us believe. Their sense of humour is great, and we all saw this frequently in Juno.

But it is useless on my part to attempt to give a true description of what she really was. Dear creature, she is gone. A sad blank is left in our home, which no other can ever fill! I like in memory to look back upon 'Animals that I have known and loved,' convinced that to a great degree they are endowed with the same faculties as ourselves; the same passions that influence us are shared by them—love, hope, joy, courage, fear, and jealousy; and above all, they possess devotion and constancy. Deceit and treachery have no part in the character of a true and faithful dog. He shews no distrust, no wavering in friendship, no faithlessness in love. The love of a friend may grow cold; children may be alienated from parents, and parents from children; even between husband and wife who have been fond and confiding, 'whispering tongues' may come, and cause severance and bitter sorrow. But make a noble dog your friend, and nothing can break the bond which unites him to his benefactor. Should we not then seek to promote the welfare and happiness of all animals? We know that God has made nothing in vain. He has clothed the earth with beauty, and given to us these wonderful companions, endowed with fidelity and affection. Let us see that we use these gifts

aright, remembering our Saviour's words, that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without the knowledge and care of our Heavenly Father.

A RUSSIAN ICE-HOUSE.

WE have received the following description of an ice-house from a gentleman resident in Moscow: he says:

The pleasure-seekers of Moscow have this year been gratified by a spectacle which, for novelty at least, has not been surpassed by anything they have witnessed for a long time. This spectacle is a house built entirely of ice. It is a copy of the one the Empress Anna Ivanovna constructed in St Petersburg on the river Neva, and the plans and description of which are kept in the archives of Moscow. From these papers, the enterprising managers of the Zoological Gardens here have obtained the details necessary for constructing a miniature copy of the imperial ice-palace. The cost of erection has amounted to three thousand roubles, or at the present rate of exchange, a little above three hundred pounds sterling; but this has already been more than covered, as the first six days of the exhibition brought in something like eight thousand roubles. The appearance of this structure is most attractive in the evening, when lit up with electric and Bengal lights. It is built on the pond of the Zoological Gardens, and occupies about fifty feet square, including the space inclosed by the ice-railing. Entrance inside is prohibited, owing, no doubt, in great measure to the damage the steps would suffer from the visitors continually passing up and down. The house itself is about twelve feet high, with a roof some nine feet higher. It is built in the form of a parallelogram; and with all due respect to the Empress Anna and to the authorities of the Gardens, reminds one more of a barn than anything else. This, however, is only an accident of shape. Looking at it when illuminated by electricity, the sight is one well worth seeing. The ice in front is of the purest, and glitters with almost dazzling brightness, and where a corner catches the light, the onlooker might imagine that it was set with precious stones. One end of the house is built of alternate pieces of dark and clear ice—a combination which, whether brought about intentionally or not, produces a very good effect, and irresistibly reminds one of a chess-board. Both at the front and back, there is a doorway in the centre of the house, and on each side three windows. Round each of these is a cornice, and between the windows plain flat columns without any capitals. These, with a large shallow shell over the doorway and a balustrade running along the edge of the roof, are the only attempts at decorating the building itself. About half-a-dozen steps lead up to the doorway in front. At the foot of these, on blocks of ice, repose two dolphins, one on each side; they in their turn are flanked each by a mortar, and at each extremity are two cannon—all of ice. To complete the building, two chimneys grace the roof. In front of the house and a little to the side are two ice-lodges, in the form of square towers. The execution of the work is worthy of all praise. The preparation of the window-panes,

made to resemble plate-glass, is said to have given some trouble, as it was first necessary to get blocks of ice of a suitable size, and then, by means of hot-irons, to reduce them to the proper thickness—about a quarter of an inch. They have the appearance of frosted glass. The preparation of the other parts, though easier, has required great care; the bestowal of which, however, has been repaid to those on whom fell the responsibility of the work, by the consciousness of having performed their task well, and by the general pleasure afforded to the public. On Saturday the 14th of February the Prince of Bulgaria, Alexander I., visited the Gardens to inspect the ice-house.

Perhaps some who read this may feel inclined to make a similar experiment on a small scale. How far it is practicable in Scotland or England, is another question; but I may mention another icy production which it would be worth trying to make—pictures in ice. Take a block of ice, smooth the surface, and paint some scene on it. The paint will soon dry; and then water should be poured over it until the block is some inches thicker. A friend of mine a short time ago saw a specimen of this, and declares the effect was very good. He at first thought the picture was on the outside; and it was only after examining it more closely that he found out his mistake.

THE ELVES.

WITH the noiseless beat of fairy feet,
Merrily race, without a trace,
The fays athwart the green;
While overhead the moon rose-red,
Showers the light of noonlike night
The charmed boughs between.

The bird may sleep in slumber deep
Upon its spray when fairies play,
Nor wake before the dawn,
For Zephyrs' sigh were tempest high
Amid the trance of elfish dance
Across the moonlit lawn.

Now in and out the joyous rout
Their mazes weave at shut of eve,
When pipes the nightingale;
Or hollow note from the owl's pied throat
May music be for their wild glee,
When softer tunings fail.

Their drink the dew, a merry crew!
From acorn cup they drink it up,
And wild with that draught made,
They dance amain till all are fain
Their play to close, in soft repose,
On beds of clover laid.

But Chanticleer, the morn now near,
Preludes the song of feathered throng
Through all the country side:
Away they go!—like falling snow
Upon a stream, or winged dream,
They vanish unespied.

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NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

NOR many of the present generation belong to that fortunate class who boast that they were 'born before nerves were invented.' On the contrary, there is in these days a very general acquaintance with their power, and sometimes a very distressing familiarity with the suffering they can inflict. The favoured few who know little or nothing about them, find it hard to believe how real and how severe this suffering often is. If a man breaks his leg or has a fever, they can understand that there is something the matter with him; but if his complaint is 'on the nerves,' they sometimes rather hastily conclude that it is altogether a trivial matter, and perhaps exists entirely in the sufferer's imagination. This has often led to the infliction of great cruelty, in aggravating, by contemptuous and unjust censure, what was already sufficiently hard to bear. No doubt there may be spurious forms of this disorder, as of some others. Fine ladies may have 'the vapours' for want of an occupation; but this in no way proves that nervous depression in general is fancied and fictitious. It is as real a complaint as consumption or scarlet fever, and as little to be trifled with.

Strange details of nervous impressions could be given by sufferers, and those who have received their confidences. A lady assured us that she at one time used constantly to hurry past a high wall or building, lest it should fall upon her. Another, that she would stand trembling with her hand upon her schoolroom door, summoning all her resolution to sustain her in the effort to go in to give her pupils their ordinary lessons. And the prospect of a journey, even though short, has been most formidable, indeed terrible, to persons in this condition. Apprehensions of all kinds are common symptoms, from groundless alarms of robbers in the night to forebodings of every possible disaster to body or mind. And these are sometimes accompanied by sensations or affections which are merely physical, such as giddiness, nausea, trembling, or palpitation. The

victims constantly complain that life is a burden. Now the first thing for nervous sufferers to do is to accept two facts—first, that their complaint is curable, and second, that the chief part of the cure rests with themselves. If they 'give way' and 'give up,' they may go from bad to worse. If they will strive resolutely and take proper means, they may live to smile at their past troubles.

First of all, there is very often an undue strain upon the system, which ought to be lightened. We speak now of workers, and specially of brain-workers. The human machine is like a clock; it requires weights to keep it going. But in these days the weights are often too large and heavy, and strain the machinery. In cases of nervous depression, they may need to be reduced by perhaps a tour or a short trip, according to circumstances; a sea-breeze, a blow of mountain-air, a glimpse at the Rhine and Switzerland, and back again to moderate work. If the occupation followed be unhealthy or too exciting, a change of pursuit may be imperative. But to release the sufferer from all duties would be a cruel kindness; illness is a very hotbed for morbid growths of every kind. Residence too is a point not to be lost sight of; a low-lying damp locality is of course unfavourable. So is one with very gloomy surroundings or associations.

The spring is often a trying season to those who are not strong, and especially to sufferers from nervous depression: they find their painful sensations strangely aggravated without any apparent cause, and are sometimes ready to conclude the worst. It is well for them at such times to remember the old saw, 'Frightened is half-killed,' and to reassure themselves by the simple fact that they are but feeling acutely what others also feel, though in a lesser degree.

An unhealthy or too sedentary occupation contributes to nervous depression; and if it cannot be exchanged for a better, should be varied and relieved as far as possible. There is constantly, indeed usually, some weakness of digestion, requiring care in the diet, for dyspepsia is often almost

the sole origin if not the whole of the complaint. The use of a suitable tonic is generally desirable: often a very simple one is preferable—quinine and iron, or some such mild aids to appetite and assimilation. Some medical men prefer pepsine and similar preparations; others use strychnia, phosphorus, zinc, and various formidable drugs. Only, whatever medicine is used, let it be prescribed by a qualified practitioner, and the ablest you know. Above all, no quacks. Fresh air, cold water, and plenty of exercise, will do the nervously depressed more good than physic. The exercise, however, should not be violent; and the cold-water treatment should be moderate and rational: plunges and other shocks are most undesirable. Sponging and brisk washing and rubbing are in every way helpful. The improved, gentler system of hydropathic treatment is well suited for really nervous patients. But, as he hopes for recovery, let the nervous sufferer avoid resorting to alcoholic stimulants for relief: these are certain to retard his cure, and very likely to entangle him in dangerous habits. The momentary elation, followed as it commonly is by the certain and often severe reaction, is among the worst things possible for an enfeebled nervous system. If any one suffering in this way cannot entirely dispense with stimulants, let him or her be assured that the daily allowance had far better be diminished than increased. In proportion as the patient depends upon stimulants for support, will the process of recovery be longer and more difficult. And the same remark is perhaps equally applicable to opiates and sedatives. To meddle with these is to play with edge-tools. Whatever temporary gain there may be in their use, is too often counterbalanced, and far more than counterbalanced by the subsequent reaction and prostration—the very things which of all others nervous patients are most concerned to avoid.

And now we come back to a truth which we scarcely expect such sufferers to accept readily, but which is nevertheless beyond question—the chief part of the cure lies with the patient. Not all, but by far the most important, and the hardest. Change, exercise, fresh air, diet, tonic—all these together will not cure any one who gives up and gives way. The aim of the patient must be to disregard and even defy his sensations, impressions, languor, or whatever form his sufferings may take, and just go on as usual, doing all he can to forget self. Nervous people often rally wonderfully under pleasant excitement, sometimes even under sudden trial. They surprise their friends by their activity and endurance, and accomplish the otherwise impossible. Let us illustrate our meaning in one or two particulars. Suppose a patient so severely depressed that he can hardly be persuaded to move; he must begin—he must try. Let him summon all his energy and self-command; let him walk round his garden, or fifty yards on the road to-day, and return satisfied that he can at least do so much. The next day let him go farther—twice round or more, a hundred yards along the road, and so on; daily increasing his self-appointed task, and daily proving to himself that he really can do what he once thought or feared he could not do. The same principle applies to other efforts, according to the form of the malady. Persevere in resolute resistance to the difficulty,

whatever it may be; and use each victory, or degree of victory, as a step towards further advances. No brooding over troubles and watching for symptoms. Giving up is fatal; resolution and hope gain the victory, with the help of Providence. And even as to fears, forebodings, and so forth, the same direction, in substance, will apply. A lady told the writer that after a period of acute suffering from various apprehensions, she one day said to herself: 'Now I have long been fearing all sorts of things, and they do not come; I have had all manner of distress, and dreaded what has never yet happened. Nothing that I have been so alarmed about has really occurred. I will allow these tormenting fears no longer.' And she resolutely dismissed her apprehensions. Like the thinker who

Fought his doubts, and gathered strength,

she strove against, and in time overcame her gloomy and groundless forebodings, and now lives to encourage others, to preach hope and cheerfulness and trust. To tell a nervous sufferer that there is nothing whatever the matter with him, is most cruel, and far from true. To tell him that he must be his own best doctor, and that much of his cure lies in his own hands, is the simple truth, and ought not to be at all discouraging, but rather the reverse.

Not a few of the habits of modern life strain the nervous system considerably; hurry and excitement are far too prevalent. 'Taking things coolly' should be at least endeavoured by those who may have much in their work calculated to stimulate the mind or the feelings. Excess of any kind is constantly the parent of nervous depression. So too are exciting amusements, such as gambling. Too much novel-reading is an unsuspected but often very powerful contributing cause. Overwork, alas! is one which it is not so easy to remedy as to denounce.

Little to earn and many to keep,

often strains the nerves and brain too heavily. What is sometimes ridiculed as 'a hobby' is of the greatest use to hard-worked men: music, gardening, a lathe, even rabbits or canaries will serve the purpose. The hobby should be readily accessible, and for most people inexpensive; but it should involve an entire change of thought and occupation, and be as little connected as possible with the individual's ordinary business or pursuit. A good hobby is often a wonderful relief to the over-taxed mind. Too little exercise and too much tea ruin the nerves of many a woman. Men often try theirs by indulging too freely in the use of tobacco. Young men and, above all, growing lads are very unwise if they employ tobacco at all. Their elders have more excuse; but the vigour of youth cannot require it, and certainly will not profit by it. The diabolical cruelty of frightening young children is almost certain to sow the seeds of nervous weakness; so does harsh treatment in later childhood. And over-driving and harassing young lads and girls, whether at books or work, all tends in the same direction. Competitive examinations have to answer for some cases of enfeebled nerves.

Simple habits, moderation in all things, cheerful amusements or pastimes, and reasonable care, will go far to prevent nervousness. But when,

through ignorance, indiscretion, hereditary tendency, or affliction, it has been developed, the sufferer will do well to give all heed to the foregoing hints, and to take for his motto—Hope on, hope ever.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XIV.—HISTORY.

You do not need the sanctities of love to hold you pure in heart, as I do.

FRANK'S picture occupies the place of honour on the walls of the Winter Exhibition of the Associated Brotherhood of British Artists. A clique of Frank's friends and admirers go about town proclaiming the advent of a new Turner; whilst a clique of his detractors go about town proclaiming Frank an impostor, and his picture a pretentious failure. In my capacity as story-teller I have a right to a voice in this matter; and I may take leave to say that the picture is a good picture, and is very near being a great one, and that only a man of genius could have painted it. The World of Fashion, interesting itself in the affairs of British Art, is divided into hostile camps upon this question; and Frank becomes a Lion, roaring mildly in many drawing-rooms; and being growled at in many others, by lesser Lions envious of his fortune. In this mixed world there are many artists who are not gentlemen, just as there are many gentlemen who are not artists. It is not surprising, therefore, since envy is a human passion, that some few should go about to accentuate the young fellow's triumph by sneering at him as one who paints with ease to shew his breeding. Frank is not without a sense of humour; and since he never envied mortal man anything, and envy cannot sting him, he takes the detraction good-humouredly, and the worship with more inward humility than might be believed.

It is a matter to be thankful for that in this world the best truths are the tritest. We have reason to be thankful that sin brings punishment in its train. If punishment hang fire or miss, it will be the worse for us. If I sin, let retribution lay a hand upon me, that I may thereafter live cleanly and learn wisdom. But let it be that the wisdom shall be early learned, for that man's lot in life is terrible from whom sorrow slips like water, and who, so, needs to be drowned in it before his heart is cleansed. I have laboured but in vain to paint this man if I have not shewn already that with him remorse is the gate which leads to folly, as surely as folly is the gate which leads to remorse, and that for him there must be something little less than a convulsion of the universe before he escapes that demon's circle. Since the night when last we saw him, remorse has been busy with him, and he has made a strenuous effort against himself, and has for the most part succeeded in keeping out of harm's way. It is a good sign in him that praise humiliates him inwardly. Most of all he is humbled by Maud's innocent triumph and gratulation, conveyed by the liveried Cupid of the penny-post, and breathing completest faith and love. He wears the locket which holds her portrait at his heart, and believes in it as a talisman, to save him from all wrong. And now he has been for so long a time upon the straight path, that but for his last folly he would be quite happy and contented.

On the evening of the first day of the Exhibition he had met the Secretary, a sad-eyed and mournful-mannered man, who was conspicuous as wearing the most shockingly bad hat in London. 'Let me congratulate you, Fairholt,' said the Secretary, speaking as dolefully as though he were bidding farewell before transportation. 'Lord Chesterwood wants your picture, and will give your price for it. I met him an hour after the place had closed.'

'I'm glad to know that Chesterwood likes it well enough to buy it; but I am sorry that I was stupid enough to forget to inform you that it is sold already. It was sold before the Exhibition opened.'

'You're a lucky fellow, Fairholt,' said the Secretary. 'I'll tell his lordship. Would you take a commission for a replica?'

'Not a replica,' Frank answered. 'A new work, if you like—and if Chesterwood care for one.'

With that they parted; and Frank strolling homewards, began to think that he had acted foolishly. Tasker's bill for ninety-eight pounds ten shillings was due in three days' time, and he had nothing in hand to meet it with.

'I must look Hastings up,' he said to himself; 'and either assure myself that his man is certain, or go back to the Secretary and accept Chesterwood's offer at once.'

He called a hansom, and drove to Hastings' rooms. 'I say,' he cried, bursting in suddenly—'about that fellow who was to buy my picture?'

'What about him?' answered Hastings, turning languidly on his couch. 'Is he gathered to his fathers? Has he gone a cropper on 'Change?'

'I have come to you,' said Frank, speaking seriously, 'to ask you about him. It is a matter of vital importance, Hastings. That bill of Tasker's is due in three days. I have just had an offer for the picture from Lord Chesterwood; and if I am not absolutely sure of your man, I must accept it. Now, is your man safe to buy the picture, and safe to pay at once?'

'I should say,' responded Hastings with great gravity, 'that so far as the possession of coin goes, the Bank of England is a fool to him. And I should be inclined to fancy that if he lost the chance of buying that particular picture, this hollow world could provide him with no future joy. That indeed is my deliberate conviction.'

'Will you tell me who it is?' Frank asked.

'An oath, an oath!' said Hastings with placid languor. 'Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? No; not for Venice!'

'Will you undertake to see the man to-morrow,' Frank urged, 'and ascertain if everything is right, and if his will to buy the picture holds good?'

'Before the morning dew has pleached the lawn,' said Hastings.

'You unpatented Irritator,' cried Frank, shaking him. 'Will you go?'

'Yes; I will,' said the Irritator. 'If not so swift as friendship's heart could hope, as fast as a four-wheeler can carry me.'

'When will you let me know?'

'Before the clock hath struck the hour of noon.'

'That's a promise?'

'And shall be a performance.'

The two shook hands; and Frank regaining his

cab, drove home to dress, and then drove westward to be lionised.

At an hour much earlier than that at which he usually arose, Hastings took his way to Acre Buildings, City, and was admitted to the presence of Mr Tasker, who received him with much cordiality. 'I have called,' said Hastings, business-like for once, 'to ask you about that picture of Fairholt's. I know very well that you have a grudge against him, my chosen one; but you mustn't gratify it yet. With a bill against Fairholt in one hand, and a cheque in his favour in the other, you might be inclined to be mischievous. Have you a genuine commission to buy the picture?'

For a second, Tasker felt as though his ground were slipping from beneath him. The usurer needed time to think a little. There could be no harm in letting Hastings see the intending purchaser's name. He made no answer, but rummaged over a file which he took from an iron safe, and having found the letter for which he sought, handed it over to Hastings. The letter was dated from Hartley Hall, and was signed by Benjamin Hartley. It set forth that since the writer designed a surprise for the artist, it was his wish that the purchaser's name should be kept completely in the dark, and it authorised Tasker to offer four hundred guineas for the picture. Whilst Hastings read this over, Tasker produced a copying-book from the press, and laid before him a copy of his own reply to his patron's missive. Hastings read that also, and professed himself satisfied.

'You won't break your bond with me, Mr Hastings?' said Tasker when he had put away the letters.

'A scrupulous adherence to veracity is my sole virtue,' Mr Hastings responded, with a return to his common manner.

'Yes, I know,' said Tasker, to whom that sentiment might as well have been set forth in Greek; 'but you will keep your promise?'

'Have I not told thee so, thou Hebrew Jew?' said Hastings, seating himself upon the edge of the table.

'Very well—very well,' returned Tasker, waving his hands in a manner half-deprecatory, half-submissive. 'You say what you like to me; but I will prove that I am your friend. There is drouble in store for you, Mr Hastings.'

'Your argument is cogent, my Israelite,' said Hastings. 'Experience has taught me to trace the filmy nexus which is here revealed. It's a singular thing, Tasker, that I never *had* a friend who didn't say that trouble *was* in store for me. Your advancement of that statement is at once admitted as an admirable augury of the most friendly intentions. I invite you to notice that that sentence is rather well turned than otherwise.'

'You are going to be in great drouble,' said Tasker gravely, 'unless we both dake great gare of you.'

'Then let the stricken deer go weep,' quoth Hastings, and lit a cigar.

'Mr Hastings,' said Tasker below his breath, 'I have been in a great difficulties, and I have had to sell every acceptance that was in my hands.'

'Good,' said the other with an air of approval.

'I have been gompelled to sell yours with the

others. And the gentleman was here yesterday to say that he meant to go for you. Now, Mr Hastings, this is not my fault. I am a money-lender; but I am not a scoundrel.'

'A nice distinction,' Hastings murmured, as if to himself.

'I break my faith by giving you warning. But if you do not wish to be in trouble, you had better be out of the way for a little while. I can only advise you; but I could not help it. I was obliged to sell.'

Hastings made no response to Tasker's advice or to his professions of sorrow, but surveyed him with quiet indifference, as though the matter in discussion had no possible concern for him.

'What do you think you shall do?' Tasker asked after a pause.

'I think I shall clear out somewhere, and I think I shall ask you to let me have the money to do it with.'

'I cannot let you have much,' said Tasker; 'but I must do my best.'

Then the two set to work to settle the amount on which Hastings should start for Boulogne, since to that refuge for the oppressed he chose for the moment to fly. It was settled that Tasker should send a weekly remittance so long as he should adjudge it necessary for Hastings to remain abroad, and by way of a beginning that gentleman drew twenty pounds, and made his way merrily to Fairholt's chambers.

'All goes well,' he told Frank. 'I have seen the agent, and I have read the letter of the principal. I suppose you will get your cheque to-morrow or next day.'

'For once intelligible and direct,' cried the artist, clapping him on the shoulder.

'Yes,' said Hastings; 'it's all square, old man, and you may rely upon it.'

'Better and better!' cried Frank, laughing. 'What has worked this conversational conversion?'

'Should you hold the Koh-i-noor—the Fountain of Light itself,' said Hastings with solemnity, 'above the flame of a farthing rushlight, its sparkle would be lost. Rub it even with a damp sponge, and its brilliance partially returns. In this little allegory, I appear as the Fountain of Light, you as the damp sponge, and a city agent as the farthing candle. Adieu!'

Hastings went his way; and Frank, easy and satisfied in mind, sat down and penned to Maud the last letter he ever wrote to her. He set down all his hopes and all his love in that letter, not guessing that it was love's last legacy to love. How should he guess it? I cannot tell but before this ink is dry some stroke of terror may have fallen on me. Nor can you who sit at ease beside your fire and read this story make the baldest guess at what the next sixty seconds may do for you. But the proverb is something musty.

'If I were not sure,' Frank wrote, 'that you love me as truly as I love you, I should despair of telling you one thousandth part of what you are to me. And as it is, I shall never tell you all. You do not need the sanctities of love to hold you pure in heart, as I do. Though you loved me as woman never loved man before, you can have no such need of me as I have of you. I shall never have courage to tell you of the follies from which

you raised me ; of the things, worse than follies, from which your love has had power to save me. And I believe, dearest, that if it be possible that by any swift temptation—as God knows, it is possible for most men—I should fall from your good hopes of me, the thought that you had loved me once would draw me back again to penitence and honour. Forgive me if I vex you by throwing even a hint of possible mud upon your idol. If that idol were any other human creature, you should believe in him in peace for me ; but you can scarcely guess, Maud, how humble and how undeserving I feel before you. I can bring you nothing that makes me worth your having except my love. But I bring that in full measure, pressed down and running over. I am all yours now, and till I die.' This and more he wrote in true love and penitence and out of the fullness of his heart. There were manlier purposes within him then, than he had ever known before.

At lovers' perjuries, Jove laughs. Ay, well ! But if Jove laugh at the vows by which love pledges itself to truth and honour for love's holy sake, or at their woful breaking, then let the meanest creature of the fields deride his thunder. I, for one, will have no such Jove astride on my Olympus.

Frank having despatched his letter, rested with good heart and hope, purposing to make the discharge of Tasker's bill his last business in town. He had no anxieties about that matter. The date for the arrival of the cheque and that for the payment of the bill ran each other a little close, to be sure ; but then there was the time-honoured three days' grace, and he had Hastings' full assurance of the *bona fides* of the unknown purchaser. But the day of reckoning came and went, and no cheque reached him. He went to look for Hastings, and found that he had left town and had given no address. Then, sorely against the grain, he went to visit Tasker. The money-lender lay in wait for him.

'I must ask you,' said Frank, 'to renew that bill for a month.'

Tasker regretted politely that it was not possible. He was already almost a ruined man—he had not twenty pounds in the world. He set forth these statements with inore sorrow for Mr Vairhold than for himself. He would have liked to have helped the gentleman.

'This is all nonsense, of course,' said Frank. 'I suppose you want a heavier interest. How much do you want ?'

No ; Tasker wanted nothing but his money. He was broken—he was ruined. There was nothing before him but the workhouse.

'Make the bill a hundred and twenty-five, and make it payable in a month ?' Frank asked.

No ; it was not possible. Tasker actually turned his back upon him, and sorted a set of dusty papers.

'Make it a hundred and fifty, payable in a month,' Frank urged.

Then Tasker turned, with insolent triumph peering through humility. Was the gentleman deaf ? It had been said already that the thing was impossible. Tasker wanted his money, and nothing but his money. He was bankrupt without it, and he must have it.

'I am in hourly expectation of more than four hundred pounds,' Frank pleaded.

Tasker trusted it would arrive in time to prevent any unpleasantness, holding meanwhile in his hand the pocket-book which held Benjamin Hartley's cheque in favour of Frank Fairholt for four hundred guineas. It would not be easy to say how much Mr Tasker enjoyed this stroke of vengeance.

'What shall you do if the bill is allowed to be finally dishonoured ?' Frank asked him.

Tasker—with the joy of gratified malice brightening his eyes and creasing his lips into their own carnivorous smile, in spite of all he could do to clothe his face in proper sadness—regretted deeply that he could only get some wealthy friend to take it up and appeal to Frank's family.

'If you can get any one to take it up, bring him to me, and I will pay him any reasonable sum he may ask to renew it.'

Then Tasker landed his final blow. 'I have told you already, Mr Vairhold, that I am almost a ruined man. Well now you shall know. I am quite ruined. I cannot help it. I have sold your bill into other hands. It is not in my hands any longer ; I have nothing more with it.'

Frank regarded him for a minute sternly and thoughtfully. 'You want your revenge for the insult I put upon you last summer,' he said quietly, but with a feeling of hopeless desperation. 'Is that it ?'

'Look you, Mr Vairhold,' said Tasker, laying his hand on Frank's sleeve, 'if I could'—

'Stand back, if you please,' said Frank quietly, regarding the smile which now shone unrestrained on Tasker's face.

'If I could pay myself,' Tasker began again, retiring a little, 'for the money I have lent, I should not care about revenge. But I will have one or the other. If my friend comes to me and says: "You have sold me a rotten bill, and told me it was a good one," then I will not share you—no, not a minute. Look you, my young friend'—Tasker laid a hand on Frank's arm again.

The words, the smile, the touch roused Frank into the feeling of disgusted rage one feels at an intruding snake, and in his instinctive passion he struck the Jew across the face with the cane he carried in his hand.

Tasker sprang back with a yell which brought in the office-boy. 'Fetch a policeman !' screamed Tasker with a face livid with rage, except for the red bar across his cheek. Frank sat down with blind passion surging in his heart. Tasker placed his back against the door and glared at Frank, who took up a newspaper from the table and made a feint of reading it. In a minute or two the boy returned with an officer, who listened with imperturbable official calm to Tasker's statement, and then turned to Frank.

'I have punished this person for a gross impertinence,' said that young gentleman with quiet hauteur. 'There is my card, officer. I shall be quite ready to appear at the proper time and place.'

'Very good, sir,' said the officer.

'Take him in charge !' Tasker screamed—'take him in charge !'

'You have my address,' Frank said quietly to the policeman.

'You'd better summons the gentleman,' said the officer to Tasker.

'No!' Tasker screamed; 'he shall go to prison.'

The official smiled; and Frank walked unmolested from the room and into the street.

Tasker threatened to report the officer for refusing to do his duty. The officer, with sublime calm, asked if Tasker had the gentleman's address. Yes; he had. Very well then; so had the officer. And with that the officer also walked down-stairs and into the street. Tasker raged alone, and swore to a thousand horrible revenges. But when his mood cooled a little, he rejoiced savagely that Frank had given him thus a further chance for revenge. He could guess pretty well what it would be to Frank to have his name dragged first through the mud of a trial for assault, on a police-court summons, and next through the daily columns of the press. He ground his teeth and clenched his hands in savage exultation over that charming prospect. With a passion of rejoicing hatred, he took from his pocket-book the cheque for four hundred guineas, and gloated over it.

That Frank should regret the violence into which the passion of the moment had betrayed him, was inevitable; but his regret brought but little added pain to him. Now that he knew how inexorable Tasker had meant to be from the first, he saw that with or without the blow his case was hopeless so far as the money-lender's influence could go. He was torn with suspense and anguish. The trouble of this unhappy bill magnified itself until it assumed gigantic proportions. Unless it could be met, his father and his brother would each see how he had gone back from his better promises. Maud too—might it not reach her ears? There was an almost unbearable horror in the thought. He had promised so much—he had meant so well—he had fought so hard against the temptations which beset him, and now, a single night of folly had brought him to this. How could he have been such an insensate fool as to place himself in this man's clutches after having purposely insulted him. O fool! he groaned. Money borrowed drunkenly to pay a gambling debt. A debt contracted too in such a place and with such people. Could he go down and see Will, and make a clean breast of it, and beg him once more to help him? There was scarcely time for that; but even if there had been, how could he so humiliate himself? No, no, no, no! A thousand times, No!

There was yet one loophole of escape. To trust longer to the possible receipt of a cheque from a man whose name he did not even know, was out of the question. That had been madness from the first. That hope was the weakest of all broken reeds, and he could lean no longer on it. But there was still Lord Chesterwood's offer, and its recollection came upon him as a ray of light might fall upon the way of safety to one who lay awaiting death in the dark. He arranged his disordered hair and dress, and hurried to the building in which the Exhibition was held. There he found the Secretary, and as calmly as he could set before him the fact, that the contract for the picture of which he had spoken had been made with a man upon whom he could not depend. He should be delighted to sell the picture at once to Lord Chesterwood. His lordship, the Secretary said, had gone on public business to St Petersburg.

Hadn't Frank seen that in the papers?—No! How very singular. Great pity to deal with unsafe men. Quite easy to demand a cheque in advance. Lots of people did it, and— Good-day, Fairholt.

No hope—no hope now. Was there any chance of finding Hastings? Away to his rooms once more. No news of him or of his whereabouts. Frank went home again, and poured out a great tumbler of brandy, and drank it. Then he sat down to think; but thought was insupportable. The thought of his father's distress, his brother's contempt—and of Maud—O Maud, Maud!—and all her love for him tried by this vile revelation, and her heart bruised by it—it was all too terrible. He took up his pen, and tried to write to his father, and tell him of the miseries which surrounded him, and how they arose. He would have to know, and it was better that he should hear from the culprit—the criminal—yes, the criminal—himself. But Frank tore up letter after letter, and at last gave up all attempt to perform that bitter task. After a while, he poured out another glass of brandy and drank it, put on his hat and overcoat, and wandered aimlessly out into the rain. The winter afternoon was closing in, and the lamps were already gleaming ghastly in the fading light. It was all the same to him where he walked, and he gave no heed to the direction in which he travelled. His feet kept pace with his own fierce and bitter thoughts. But a man must walk fast indeed to outwalk his sorrows. To-morrow, this Nemesis of his folly would be upon him. If Fate's hand could have fallen then, striking him dead, he would have esteemed himself happy if only he could have been saved this cruel but well-earned shame, and if they who loved him could have been spared the anguish of seeing him so shamed.

I have been looking at this trouble through his eyes, and not my own, all this time. The trouble was not so vast as it seemed to him; but it is easy to philosophise on others' sorrows—even for a fool—hard as it is for the man who suffers to bear his suffering calmly even though he be a philosopher. And poor Frank, with no one near him to philosophise for him, and with no power of self-control within him, went the way on which his own desperation led him. And that way was all the more piteous and desperate because all that was good in him prompted him against it, whilst all that was weak in him beckoned him inexorably on.

C A V E S.

IN the time when the study of natural phenomena was a strange compound of superstition and mythological tradition, the condition of the interior of the earth was a favourite theme of conjecture and speculation. The globe was supposed to be hollow, and to be tenanted by inhabitants suited to an underground existence, whose lives were cheered by the presence of special planets, and whose wants were supplied by a fauna and flora as complete as those enjoyed by ourselves. An entrance to this subterranean world was to be found somewhere in the Arctic regions—which being the part of our globe least easy of access, was perhaps the safest place in which to define the geographical position of that

fabulous hole. The fact that Humboldt was asked to undertake a search after this imaginary cavity in the earth's crust, will shew that these strange superstitions must have had believers as recently as the present century.

Although we no longer give credence to these fanciful notions, we must at the same time admit that we know little concerning the interior of the earth beneath our feet. By a study of geology we can learn much concerning what is called its crust, but beyond this we can only hazard conjectures as to the composition of its mass. We know that the deeper we descend the shaft of a mine, the hotter does the temperature become. A thermometer registers one degree for about every sixty feet of depth. This observation has led people to infer that if it were possible to pierce the earth for a few miles, a point would be reached where the temperature would be high enough to fuse every known substance. The occurrence in many parts of the globe of hot springs, and the exhibition of volcanic action, have lent aid to these conjectures. In this way the theory came to be adopted that the earth consisted of a spherical shell filled with liquid fire. Of late years this idea has been considerably modified, and the earth is now regarded as something of a far more solid character. But there is no doubt that enormous cavities exist in its mass, which are charged with that molten material which feeds the active volcanoes.

It is perhaps this mystery about the condition of the interior of the globe which has caused men in all times and in all countries to regard anything in the shape of a cavernous opening in its crust with superstitious awe. This tendency exhibits one form of that searching after knowledge, that longing to explore the unknown, which guided Columbus across the Atlantic in spite of the protests of his frightened and mutinous sailors. We see the same tendency even in children at the sea-side, who will do what they can to explore the smallest crevice in the rocks which can by courtesy be called a cavern. We see the same feeling in their elders, who will give such a spot a local habitation under the title of 'the Smugglers' Cave.' It is a nice question whether the lower animals do not to some extent experience a similar longing after exploration, when we see how a terrier will persistently grub away at some disused rabbit-hole, knowing all the time as well as we do that there is no rabbit there.

Whatever the notion be that has prompted men to dwell upon caverns with what may be called the pleasure of mystery, it is very certain that they have filled them with superstitious memories and fanciful legends. Hence we find in the multitudinous fairy tales of all countries, that caverns are made the homes of goblins, gnomes, and all the other beings with whom we made early acquaintance in those golden hours when a fairy tale had a bright reality, and when a goblin was real enough to cause us to think twice before going into a dark room. Let us take, for instance, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and see how constantly caverns are employed to give colour to its wonderful pages. What would the story of Aladdin be without its cave of jewels? Where too would Ali Baba have obtained his riches, if he had not stumbled upon that wondrous cavern with its magic pass-word?

Would not the story of Sindbad have lost somewhat of its charm if the travels of that remarkable voyager had all occurred on the upper earth?

From the regions of romance we can descend to those of reality, and note how the worshippers of the god of the Sun celebrated their mystic rites in cavernous recesses—how in India the followers of that Brahma who, with Vishnu and Siva, the other members of the Hindu trinity, was supposed to hold in his almighty hands the powers of good and evil, reverently adored him in their curious rock-cut temples. These temples, originally no doubt but natural openings in the mountains, have been skilfully carved with such intricate ornamentation, that they present all but everlasting monuments of that docile patience characteristic of oriental workmen. They have no doubt been beautified and enlarged by successive generations of fanatic worshippers, until they have arrived at that perfection at which we now find them. Ajunta, Ellora, and Elephanta are the most celebrated places where these rock-cut habitations are found, and altogether it is calculated that India can boast not less than one thousand examples of similar work.

Other parts of the world furnish beautiful examples of cave architecture, of which we may name two—the temple of Ipsamboul, on the banks of old Nile, and that wonderful ruined city of Petra, on the shores of the Dead Sea. This city is supposed to be identical with the Selah of the Scriptures—a stone-cut town, where tombs, temples, and general habitations vie with each other in the beauty of their design and adornments.

But putting aside these ancient monuments of human ingenuity and superstition, which are after all but the work of men's hands, there are far larger and more beautiful caverns in many parts of the globe which are due to natural causes. The first of these causes which we may enumerate is volcanic action, which has done so much in the past by upheaving the surface of the ground and altering its configuration. It is not surprising that such disturbances should result in cavities—blank spaces which may have been upheld, when first formed, by compressed vapours. Such a cavern is the Grotto del Cane near Naples, so called from the circumstance that it still exhales the poisonous vapour of carbonic dioxide, which forms an invisible stratum on its floor, and is fatal to dogs and any small animals that breathe near the surface of the ground. But with this exception, caverns produced by volcanic action are not of any great note, a few only occurring in those regions to which active volcanoes seem now to be relegated. The most striking and picturesque caves which exist still occur in volcanic rocks, although they must be attributed to another cause altogether. Among these we must name that beautiful cavity on the coast of Staffa called Fingal's Cave. This has been scooped out of the hard basaltic rock by the action of that restless excavator the sea. Here we have noble pillars of prismatic form, which rival in their regularity of outline the work of the mason's chisel. It is said that when attention was first directed to this and the other caves upon the island of Staffa—and curious to relate, this was less than a century ago—the theory was gravely propounded that the columns were in reality

petrified bamboos! Where the bamboos had originally come from, did not transpire; but possibly if the author of the conjecture had been pressed upon that point, he might have asserted that they were the remains of the fishing-rods of successive races of anglers who had haunted those parts in bygone days! We need hardly dwell upon the refutation by scientific aids of this comical idea respecting the bamboos—how the philosopher came upon the scene, and proved by direct experiment that it was the nature of this basalt to crystallise in this peculiar form as its stony particles were fused and again cooled—a part of that wondrous law which causes so many things in Nature to adopt regular forms, and which is illustrated in a minor way by a piece of sugar-candy, and more beautifully in those ice-ferns which spread themselves over our window-panes on a frosty morning. In many other parts of the globe we find these curious basaltic columns: in France; on the banks of the Rhine, where occurs another well-known cavern, the *Käse Grotte* or Cheese Grotto, so called because the columns are separated in such a manner as to resemble piles of cheeses; in Iceland; also in some of the West India Islands. In many other countries is exhibited this evidence of past volcanic action.

The caverns which are found on the sea-shore are of course due to that never-ceasing action of the waves which sculpture the hardest rocks into natural bridges and other strange forms. Indeed, were we in this connection to ask: 'What are the wild waves saying?' we might answer: They are telling us that atom by atom they are conveying these rocks to the ocean-bed. The sea is swallowing them up. They will also tell us that these tiny masses of matter are being slowly deposited in the silent depths below, forming new lands, which some day may themselves be scooped out into caverns and hollows by the same agency. The waves will tell us too that there is no part of this earth which has not in time past been below them. And so the endless cycle of changes goes on; waste on the one hand forming the matter by which, on the other, new continents are being built up.

Another class of caves, as numerous perhaps as those which occur on the sea-shore, are known as *water-caves*. These are caused by the erosive action of fresh water, and partly by chemical action, resulting from certain constituents of such water. The caves of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and South Devon are of this character. These water-caves are also adding their quota to the lands beneath the sea, by means of the streamlets and rivers connected with them.

The time has long passed since caverns could be regarded with any feelings of superstition; for a very slight acquaintance with the science of geology must make the most inveterate mystery worshipper among us quickly cognisant of the laws to which they owe their origin. But many of these caverns are revealing to us histories which are far more wonderful than fairy tales. We allude to the so-called bone-caves, which in this and other countries are furnishing geologists and the scientific world generally with materials from which they can in somewhat form a history of prehistoric times. Ever since the discovery of the remains of an extinct species of rhinoceros in a cave at Orreston, near Plymouth, have scientific

men turned their attention to caverns and their contents, as to books from which they could learn much of the life which prevailed upon the globe in distant ages. This discovery was quickly followed by others. The celebrated Kirkdale Cave in Yorkshire—stumbled upon by accident—was cleared of the debris with which it was choked up, and yielded results of a high scientific value. Here remains of the elephant, mammoth, and other animals were recognised. Most of these bore the marks of teeth; and the occurrence of the bones of the hyena in greater numbers than those of any other animal, pointed to the inference that this cave had formed the den of successive races of those animals. This hypothesis was strengthened by a comparison of the gnawed bones with those taken from hyenas in confinement at the Zoological Gardens, London, with which they were found to correspond in a remarkable manner. The question how the remains of the larger animals were dragged to these, their last resting-place, being readily accounted for by the known habit which prevails among the lower creation of seeking out some secluded spot at the approach of death.

We some time ago devoted an article to Kent's Cavern at Torquay which, on account of the vast number of bones found there, has become the most celebrated place of the kind in Britain. The fact, too, of the remains of man having been found there gives to Kent's Cavern a natural pre-eminence. The probable age of these ancient men of Devon has given rise to no end of controversies, into which we have no disposition to enter. The gradual growth of the stalagmite upon the floor of the cave, founded upon calculations of its increase within recent years, has on one side been quoted as a kind of undeviating time-keeper by which to gauge the period which has elapsed since the deposit first began. When we consider how this material is formed; how the water, percolating through the soil above, becomes charged with the carbonic dioxide which enables it to hold in solution the lime, which it again gives up in the form of stalagmite, on exposure to the air; when we reflect how atmospheric change, rainfall, and a hundred other minor influences must affect these chemical changes—we must acknowledge that any calculations founded upon the thickness of calcareous deposition must necessarily be subject to error.

To come to the present day. We learn from Dr W. L. Lindsay, in his *Mind in the Lower Animals*, that 'the wild people—the jungle dwarfs—of the Western Ghats, in the Tinnevely district of India, have no fixed dwellings or dwelling-places. They "sleep in any convenient spot, generally between two rocks, or in caves near which they happen to be benighted." These wild folk of the hill-jungles of the Madras Presidency are in reality modern troglodytes or cave-dwellers, the representatives of those prehistoric men whose remains possess so much interest for anthropologists. The beast-men and wolf-children of India and Europe resemble savage races on the one hand, and many wild animals on the other, in their non-possession of other shelter than that which is afforded by caves or forests. Not only have they no proper dwelling, but there is incapacity for constructing artificial shelter. The wolf-children of India inhabit caves and forests, just as

do the wolves with whom they associate, and by whom it is currently believed they are, in some instances at least, brought up. "At the Lucknow madhouse," says Gerhardt, "there was an elderly fellow . . . who had been dug out of a wolves' den by a European doctor."

'Even in civilised Scotland of the present day we have a race of cave-dwellers in Caithness-shire, whose mental characteristics have been described by Dr Arthur Mitchell. And in the large cities of England there are hosts of waifs and strays of society—of gutter-men and children—of tramps of all kinds, who sleep under railway arches or in other equivalents of caves. In Scripture times too, man dwelt frequently under trees, stones, or rocks, or in caves.

'If the nature of man's dwelling is to be regarded as any reflex of his degree of mental development, much cannot be said for the present mental status, the constructive skill, of the hut-builders and dwellers of our own Scottish and Irish highlands and islands. The hovels of the Hebridean Islanders, for instance, are no advance on those of many savages, and are not equal, *mutatis mutandis*, to the nests of many birds. Thus, when compared with them, the bowers of the bower-bird appear at a decided advantage.'

THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE II.

THE interior of a bungalow at Allahabad. A large uncarpeted room, bare-walled; a French window opening into a deep-set veranda, whose roof, protruding some twenty feet from the main body of the building, seems powerless to mitigate the intense heat within. Lying back in a great cane easy-chair, apparently overcome by exertion, is a young officer who has just donned his regimentals; his figure is emaciated, his face pallid. Moving about quietly and unobtrusively, winding up such details as are necessary preparatory to departure, is a deft-handed well-disciplined soldier. Ever and anon he glances anxiously at his young master; but the latter is lost in a reverie, and does not seem to observe him. When all the details appear to be completed, the servant takes a business-like look round, to see that nothing has been overlooked; and then assuming a respectful attitude and saluting, he ventures to speak. 'Beg pardon, sir, but you're scarcely fit to sit a chair yet, much less a horse.'

The invalid turns his face without raising his head from the back of the chair on which it rests. 'I thought we decided not to revert to this again, Denny,' he says decisively. 'My mind is made up. I shall be in the saddle when the roll is called.' His face relaxes into a smile. 'Why, from one point of view this cholera is a positive advantage; I shall ride two stone lighter—two stone if a pound, Denny; and if there's such a thing as gratitude in horse-flesh, Osric is the animal who ought to feel it!' And Gerald Herrick, for it is he, breaks into a rather hollow laugh to express his merriment. Consulting his watch, he adds: 'There is no time to spare; you had better be off and prepare at once. The muster

takes place in half an hour.' And Dennis Ladbrook salutes respectfully and leaves the room.

It is the memorable summer of 1857. Five years have passed away since Gerald Herrick quitted the peaceful scenes of Yarrick; and circumstances appear at last to have combined to give him an opportunity of satisfying his ambition. He had sailed for India. Before he had been there long the times grew out of joint; the complex social machinery no longer ran smoothly as of yore; new forces began to disturb its working, and strong measures were required to avert its threatened collapse. Disaffection had been shewn by the natives, and a great uneasiness had spread over the dependency. It was no time to waver, and the dispersed community which held India had shewn a bold front, tightening their grasp and rigidly enforcing discipline. For a time the disaffected had sullenly complied; but when it was noised abroad that one of the native regiments had disbanded itself, it was the signal for open revolt. The news spread rapidly, igniting slumbering disaffection east and west, and south and north; it passed like a shiver through the scattered English community, and they girded up their loins for the tussle which they saw had become inevitable. Then the storm burst, and each day brought with it sickening repetitions of bloodshed. It was a time for action, and strong hands prepared to do the bidding of clear brains—for the display of heroism, and heroism was forthcoming. The story of eventual success, hewn step by step against great odds and seemingly insuperable difficulties, stands out in letters of gold in military annals. Nana Sahib laid siege to Cawnpore, and the native regiments of that town dispersed to his camp. Those who were left in the doomed city determined to sell their lives dearly, and they accordingly set grimly to work. The ground, baked as hard as iron by the scorching heat, thirsted for rain, and no rain came; the workers, nothing daunted, pulverised it, dug trenches, and endeavoured to throw up earthworks; but the dust could not be made to cohere; and the only result obtained after incessant toil was a series of banks varying from three to five feet in height—a sorry defence against the Nana's guns and the overwhelming numbers of the besiegers. The tale of the awful time of privation and suffering which followed has been oft told—of how the wounded and dying were by stress of circumstances huddled together without the common necessities of life; of how our countrywomen, fired with an undying enthusiasm, parted with their raiment for gun-wadding, serving it up with their own hands to their grim and smoke-begrimed defenders. When the offer of a safe-conduct in return for capitulation reached the beleaguered, they looked around, and for the sake of those, accepted it. Then came that ghastly massacre of the innocents, which has stamped the Nana's name in letters of blood, to be held up to everlasting execration.

And it was to Cawnpore that Havelock, immediately on his arrival at Allahabad, had determined to push on. To proceed by forced marches in the heat of the Indian summer was no mean undertaking; but in the face of the difficulties with which he was beset the task became stupendous. His force, judged by numbers, was miserably inadequate; his commissariat was disorganised,

all the cattle having been driven off at one fell swoop by marauders; his troops were badly mounted; his artillery deficient; and to crown all, cholera was decimating his ranks. And here it is, on the departure from Allahabad, that we find Gerald Herrick and his faithful servant Dennis Ladbrook. Both are so altered as to be scarcely recognisable. The former is a boy no longer, but a man. The bright young face which gave promise in his youth has not belied its promise; it is developed, matured, refined; but it is also strangely emaciated. Something more than time has been at work here; it is cholera, which for the last six weeks has held Gerald Herrick in its tenacious grasp. A wonderful change too has come about in Dennis Ladbrook. Not the remotest trace of the rustic is left in him; during the period which has elapsed, he has developed into as smart and well disciplined a soldier as Havelock's ranks can boast.

In an hour after the short dialogue between the two has taken place, Allahabad is deserted, and Havelock's gallant band have started with their faces northward for Cawnpore. Many a hollow cheek tells of the dire complaint which has been amongst them; but their eyes are brightened with the fire of that enthusiasm which later is to serve them in such good stead. A halt is made, and shortly afterwards the first brush with the insurgents takes place. It is successful. In a few days Cawnpore is reached; and then Havelock draws up his forces in sight of the Nana's, these being disposed in a great curved line. He determines to advance in open column, to engage the enemy with his main body, and to deploy an ill-spared portion of his force to out-flank them. Like a wild beast brought to bay, the Nana gathers up his strength; he feels that a critical moment in his career is reached, and that should he be unsuccessful now, his dominion will surely totter and fall. The battle begins, and with fluctuating results rages, Havelock's exhausted forces making terrific onslaught. Again and again they charge brilliantly, and make many a determined stand; but the hail of metal from the enemy's guns works terrible havoc, causing them at length to fall back to recoup their shattered ranks. One great piece, played with a deadly precision, cuts line after line through the exhausted column, and it is seen that an attempt, at whatever cost of life, must be made to silence it. A small band, chiefly composed of volunteers from disbanded regiments, have gathered together, and hard by is a little knot of officers holding consultation. Suddenly one, wheeling his horse round, shouts out: 'That gun must be silenced! Will you follow, lads?'

Not a moment's pause; the answer is rattled back by all with a click of the teeth as with one voice: 'We'll follow you to eternity, sir!'

'Then come along!'

With knees glued to their saddles, with set jaws, and with bared sabres, the smoke-begrimed band dash forth from the main body, thundering towards the earthworks and the cannon's mouth, resolute to do or die. And in this band are Gerald Herrick and Dennis Ladbrook. Gerald feels that his last hour is come; but though the terrible exertion has been too much for the cholera-racked frame, the resolute spirit supports it to the last, and a fine enthusiasm lights up his face as

he dashes forward at the head of the little band of heroes. And now the gun is neared, though half the number have been mown down in the death-chase across the open; and Gerald, waving his sword, rises in his stirrups and plunges into the bristling array of bayonets, his comrades pressing up close behind. The brilliant dash of the little force is not to be withstood; the natives regard them as fiends incarnate, and with a parting volley from their muskets, turn and flee. For a few brief moments all is confusion while the sabres do their grim work. And now, at the first respite, Dennis turns from the mêlée to look for his young master; and with a great pang at his heart, sees only a riderless and terrified charger. In a moment the faithful fellow has dismounted, oblivious of everything but the prosecution of his quest amongst the dead and dying.

The carnage has been terrible; mangled forms and ghastly upturned faces meet his gaze on every side. Over the scene of slaughter hangs a great pall of sulphurous smoke, and there is a pulsation in the air as of the beat of a mighty ground-swell. Below the horizon the sun is sinking like a ball of fire, and the flaming copper-coloured heavens heighten the lurid effect. Threading his way through the débris, Denny sights the beloved form he seeks lying a little way apart, with the head pillowed on a heap of sand, and with the right arm dangling helpless by the side. The face is upturned and livid, and the eyes are closed. In a moment Denny is bending down and raising the head; and the honest fellow's face works with emotion as he gazes into that of his young master. 'Speak to me, for God's sake, Master Gerald!' he whispers huskily, with a great fear clutching at his heart.

At mention of his name, Gerald opens his eyes. 'Faithful to the last!' he murmurs. His servant replies not, for his voice has gone from him. 'Thank heaven! you are here, Denny; but I knew you would come. There is one last service I want of you.'

'Hush, hush! you are not going to leave me,' replies the faithful fellow.

'Yes; it's almost over, Denny. Death has come to me, and it has come as I hoped it would do, whilst I was fighting for my country and not lying in my bed. I've been hit in the chest somewhere, I think, and my voice is going. Bend your ear closer.' The voice, even as he speaks, grows fainter, and Denny's head is bowed to catch the words. After a pause, the dying lad resumes: 'I've been thinking of the old days, Denny; refreshing myself with a dream of the cool green Yarrick meadows.'

'Where I learnt you rabbitin', dear Ma'aster Gerald!' The reminiscence is too much for Denny, and a great sob shakes his frame.

Gerald's life is ebbing fast, and he does not hear the words; the eyelids have again closed before he resumes. 'You remember that stormy night when the belfry fell?'

'Yes, Master Gerald.'

'And how the Vicar loved his bells? Well, a great wish of my heart has been to replace them; and I hoped that when I got promotion I should be able to save sufficient to enable me to do so. The time for promotion is past; but yet, thank God, I can realise my hope. When I was down with cholera I wrote directions to my cousin

as to the disposal, in the event of my death, of the little I have. It will be mostly yours, such as it is.'

'What is money to me?' wails the faithful fellow.

'Steady, Denny; I haven't much more time.' With an effort the dying lad collects his thoughts. 'The Vicar, as you know, exchanges from Yarrick for a couple of months each year. I want a surprise for him. On your return to England, make your way to my cousin, and ask him to take the Vicar's substitute into his confidence, and get the belfry set up in the Vicar's absence.'

Denny has regained command over himself, and is gazing with adoration into the upturned face. 'O Master Gerald!' is all he says.

'What noise is that?'

'A cheer from our lads. The old colours are going up!'

'Aha! That's well.' Then, after a pause: 'You understand my directions, and will carry them out, Denny?'

'With my life!'

The left hand struggles to move, but Gerald falls back from the effort with a groan. In an instant Denny had raised him, and is pressing the hand to his lips. A smile passes over the drawn features; and the eyes, brightening for a moment, gaze towards the setting sun. 'Tell the Vicar I pictured him listening to my bells!' A rattle in the throat, a red stream from the lungs, and the spirit wings itself into eternity from its shattered tenement.

Half an hour later the patrol is going its round on the phantasmal task of inspection. It stops at the figure of a soldier kneeling, as though hewn in stone, by the side of his dead comrade. He is spoken to, but hears not. They touch his shoulder; then he rises as one dazed, and turns his face in dumb agony to the westward. The sun has fallen below the horizon, but the heavens are flushing in delicate rose-colour, and look tenderly receptive, as though receiving some well-loved guest. From the north, a cool breeze has dispersed the sulphurous canopy which for hours has hung over Cawnpore.

THE OLD PART OF NAPLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOHN PETER.

THE stranger who spends a few weeks in Naples seldom strays beyond the principal thoroughfares. The Toledo and the Chiaja are about the only parts of the town he knows. He may perhaps once have sauntered up Foria, and just walked the length of the Strada del Duomo. Naples dwells in his memory as a handsome, well-built city, where foreigners are cheated rather more than elsewhere, and where the loss of his pocket-handkerchief was a common occurrence. The Museum San Martino, and the magnificent view from the jetty of the Villa Nazionale, and the admiration they inspired, are not forgotten. But as a rule, the foreigner knows nothing of the true Neapolitan nor of the old city, whose inhabitants seldom stray beyond its precincts. He has no notion that by the side of the town known to us

all, and which resembles all other large towns, there is another of peculiar aspect, teeming with interest, once visited never to be forgotten, and in its way as striking as Pompeii.

We would fain usher our reader into this old town, unknown to foreigners. Let us take one of the first streets to the right as we go up the Toledo. A few steps off one finds one's self in the midst of narrow streets and lanes, at the utmost fourteen feet wide. There are high houses on each side, which never get a ray of sun except on the top floors; even in summer it is as cool as in a cellar. It is here that the lower orders are seen, not scattered, as in the better parts of the town; but densely crowded, living their every-day life. These folks live as much as possible out of doors. The dark flats and damp basements, where the poor huddle together as many as nine or ten in a room, and where the air is always foul, are dismal dwellings. They therefore live principally in the street; there they have their food at hand, and there they generally take their meals. If a Neapolitan wants milk, at daybreak and at sunset the cowherd and the goatherd pass his door, and he can get his hap'orth warm from the animal. Vegetables are hawked about until ten A.M. Peasants pass his door on donkey-back, seated on the croup of their animals, large baskets piled high with vegetables slung before them. Our friend need only whistle from his window, where a Neapolitan when at home is most frequently found, and the hawker stops; the bargain is struck, chiefly by pantomime; and then a basket is lowered and drawn up with the day's provisions.

Endive of a shiny white like mother-of-pearl, tomatoes of a glossy red, enormous cucumbers, artichokes, cauliflowers, broccoli, each in turn according to the season, with fruit and fish, constitute the food of the people. Meat is dear, and only indulged in on high-days and holidays. The vegetable hawker is hardly out of sight when the fruit-hawker comes round the corner. In August a lad may be seen carrying a basket of figs on his head, the fruit piled gracefully pyramid-shape, and the rim of the basket adorned with a garland of flowers. Next comes a sun-burned, bare-legged fisherman. In one hand he holds his basket, in the other a pail of seawater, with which he constantly sprinkles the fish. Now an individual appears in sight with a copper vessel, poised on his head, full of boiled snails; and now another comes along dragging a hand-barrow, on which stands a caldron full of Indian-corn over a pan of lighted charcoal. As for coffee, you can have a cup for the equivalent to a halfpenny; but chicory is the principal ingredient. If you are thirsty, at the corner of every street the *acquaiole* (water-vendor) will serve you with a glass of iced water flavoured with *zambuco* (spirit of elder-flowers) for a farthing; and in summer, the water-melon vendor for the same figure will cut you a slice of the red-fleshed, black-spotted fruit, so deliciously cooling to the parched palate. In autumn may be had the prickly-pear, ready peeled and daintily stuck upon a tin fork.

You have now had a glimpse of the dirty street, noisy and busy as an ant's nest. In the midst of all this bustle the artisan plies his trade. Generally each separate trade is centred in one locality. In one street shoemakers are at work at their small

tables, set outside the houses ; the doors stand ajar, and against the wall is hung a print of St Crispin and his son, the shoemakers' patron saints. In another, coppersmiths abound, and there the sound of the hammer is quite deafening while they beat the red metal into braziers and soup kettles. At the next turn you light upon the dyers, their hands and faces besmeared with divers hues. One man is resplendent in indigo-blue, another in orange, a third is madder-red. There is a street called Grande Giudecca—the old Jewish quarter before their expulsion from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—where old clothes are sold. Here amateurs of antiquities may often pick up wonderful bargains. Old Flemish tapestry, brocaded silks such as our grandmothers wore, and old lace may be ferreted out from amongst a lot of the filthiest and most loathsome rags. In one narrow passage the goldsmiths congregate. The huge pearl earrings so highly prized by Neapolitan wet-nurses, and a large assortment of heavy trinkets, gigantic brooches ornamented with red or blue cut-glass, enormous gold and silver rings, &c. glitter in their shop-windows, and may be purchased for very trifling sums. If you chance to stop before one of these shops, you are pounced upon by the owner, who first bewilders you with his volubility, then gently pushes you inside, and seldom lets you alone until he sees that you are quite determined not to make purchases. In the very narrowest and dreariest streets, which are not above seven feet wide, people are not at work ; gossiping old wives, dogs, pigeons, chickens, and here and there a turkey tied by the leg, fattening for some feast or other, are the only occupants.

And now let us proceed to examine what are the amusements of the people in these by-ways. In the north, every poor wight knows how to read ; but here they are the exception, and those who can, care little about it. It is marvellous to watch them talking and gesticulating by the hour. What about, you will ask ? About the lottery, the *terno* (first three winning numbers) drawn last Saturday ; the price of provisions ; the next fête-day ; the miracle of the Madonna ; the government. The Neapolitan is a chatter-box and a gambler. Gambling goes on everywhere, under the street-lamp or by moonlight, with greasy cards that look as if they had been used by bygone generations. But gambler though he be, the Neapolitan is sober ; though every one drinks wine, and public-houses are numerous. I counted as many as twelve in two small streets running parallel to each other ; yet, if one meets a drunken man, the chances are a thousand to one that he is a German or an English sailor, overcome by the heady wine of Apulia. The constant scuffles which take place in the street are one great source of amusement. When a row begins, a crowd assembles, attracted by the screaming which ushers in the fight. Very often it is the women who indulge in a tilt, not always bloodless, with such weapons as a comb or a shoe ; the vanquished party goes off into fits, and gets bled at the nearest barber's shop. Quiet, steady-going people meet at the small cafés, where they placidly drink a glass of water and take their *siesta*. The chemist's shop is the rendezvous of the notables of the neighbourhood—the doctor, the parish priest, the monk, or certain of the better-to-do shopkeepers. These worthies never allow themselves to be disturbed

by the noise of the rabble outside. They are scarcely at the trouble of rising to take a peep at the bride in an apple-green or sky-blue gown, turning out for the first time on her husband's arm, or even to kneel on the threshold when the Host is carried past.

Having viewed it by daylight, let us now try to depict Old Naples by night.

The town has been lighted with gas for many years past, but the lamps are few and far between, except in the principal thoroughfares. But now and then one notices a luminous point whence the figures of the passers-by are reflected in dark putline. These well-lighted spots are the stalls of the iced-water and water-melon vendors. The first stand behind a raised table, over which, on both sides, barrels of iced water are suspended ; in the front, large lemons are piled, like cannon-balls, one upon another ; at the back, a row of bottles, containing different kinds of sirup. These stalls are often very pretty-looking. I noticed one particularly the other day near the Porta Capuano. Above the table a sort of framework was erected, at the top of which there was a picture of the Madonna in a gorgeous frame, lighted by a small lamp ; at the sides there were candelabra, supported by gilt figures representing angels ; below the cornice, carved decorations, in the shape of fantastic-looking animals, sirens and dragons. White, green, red, and yellow were blended so as to attract attention without being glaring. Nothing could be prettier. The water-melon stalls are much simpler. The whole get-up consists in a table covered with ready-cut melons. Enormous quantities of this refreshing fruit are sold, and the ground is strewn with the green rinds. Neapolitans delight in the play. At the entrance of a small theatre, Punch and Don Nicola are made to hold a dialogue, and attract a crowd with their jests ; then the master of the show pockets the puppets and announces the performance, and the mob rushes into the narrow inclosure. The Neapolitan is also fond of the church ; he diligently attends the services, and is all submission to the priest's injunctions. I have heard old women repeating the Nicene Creed after the priest, and singing hymns, evidently as if they enjoyed it, though in a dolefully monotonous tone. When preaching is going on, the numerous chapels are crowded ; not unfrequently vulgar jokes, worthy of Punch outside, seem to be the attraction.

Let us now continue our nocturnal ramble. As we approach an open space near the Porta Capuano, our olfactory nerves are assailed by the odour of boiling oil or rancid lard. Eels, sardines, &c. are hissing in chorus in huge frying-pans. These delicacies are generally discussed where they are sold, or at some café close by, where the visitors are playing at *scopa* (a game of cards).

But what has happened now ? The noisy crowd is suddenly hushed ; there are lights in all the windows ; the passers-by fall on their knees. One hears the approaching sound of psalm-singing ; the parish priest is carrying the Host to a dying man. He has on his priestly garments, and is preceded by lantern-bearers, the vergers following in yellow coats. When the priest has passed, the people rise from their knees, and many of the faithful go with him to the house of mourning.

As the night wears on, the cafés close, the water-

vendor empties his stall, the melon-vendor carries off his table. But the street is not yet deserted. A man with a guitar is singing some popular song. The neighbours flock around, listen to the music, and sometimes fall asleep on the ground. People still come and go; the street is never empty; a breath of air at night is so refreshing after a sultry day, and every one has enjoyed his siesta. At last, at about one o'clock, the street is abandoned, the hum of the busy city is hushed, and the Neapolitans are asleep, many of them in the open air. How often have I stepped aside, when ascending one of the many steep streets, to avoid walking over a family who had chosen the pavement for their dormitory. Mattresses were spread on the ground, and father, mother, and children were all fast asleep and snoring. Without any sort of preparation, people sometimes lie down in the first corner and go to sleep. Match-vendors, cigar-end collectors, and peasants may constantly be seen sleeping on church steps or at street corners on the bare ground, and seem none the worse for it.

Old Naples is at rest. We take our leave. But after rambling so long through the narrow dirty streets, we long for air and space. A few steps off to the right, and we are on one of the quays which gird the city. How lovely the sea looks in the quiet summer night! The moonlit waves sparkle in the distance. On the horizon, Capri and Cape Misenum stand out in all their beautiful grace of form. Fishermen with their boats, plying their calling by torchlight, are passing to and fro. The sea-breeze is refreshing. We are overpowered with fatigue; we have had a long walk. Our attention has been constantly on the stretch; we need rest. Let us go home; it is late. Good-night!

DR BISTOURY'S NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

'TELL you what, Doctor; you'll be getting robbed and murdered one of these days; you will, upon my word!'

'Hardly, my boy. You ought to know by this time that it's the province of us doctors to kill other people, not to be killed ourselves.' And with a thick chuckle at his own wit, Dr John Hunter Bistoury settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began to peel his third orange as carefully as if he were taking off a limb.

When the Doctor first came to New York, thirty years before, he had been in no way burdened with riches; but his face had proved his fortune in a different sense from that of the over-candid milkmaid in the song. The mere sight of that round, florid, jovial visage, in every crease of which a joke or a good story seemed to be lurking, was a cordial in itself, and appeared capable of reviving the most hopeless invalid without the aid of medicine at all. Mindful of the human weakness which makes so many worthy people regard their own ailments as a kind of personal distinction, the lessening of which in any way is a direct insult to themselves, Dr Bistoury skilfully took a middle course between alarming his patients by an over-serious view of their case, and offending them by appearing to make light of it. In this way he had acquired an enormous practice; and his reputation

now stood so high, that the mere éclat of his name had sufficed to sell an entire edition of his great work upon *The Mutual Relations of Mind and Body*, in which he proved to his own satisfaction, if not to that of all his readers, that all criminal impulses whatever, and indeed the very existence of sin itself, are wholly due to 'a morbid action of the physical system'—that a murder may be prevented by the timely use of Epsom salts, and an unbeliever converted by a judicious contemplation of the virtues of quinine.

'I can assure you, my dear Harry,' resumed the genial Doctor, 'that it's amazingly flattering to me to find myself considered worth robbing at all. No thief would have thought me worth a centre-bit in the days when your poor father—as fine a fellow, Harry, as ever breathed—used to come and sup with me upon biscuits and toasted cheese in my little snuggerly down town. And then, as surely as the time came to go, he'd turn to me and say: "Now, Jack, old boy, won't you think better of it, and let me write you a cheque—just to give you a fair start, you know?" But although I knew well enough that he'd have been only too glad to do it, I had to refuse; for my motto is, "Heaven helps those who help themselves!"'

'A motto which you'll find some black-masked gentleman exemplifying in this very hotbed one of these nights,' growled Harry Everett. 'Look here, Doctor; I'm not joking—I'm not indeed! Everybody knows you're a rich man; and it's got abroad that there's a room in your house which is always shut up; the very thing to make people think there must be something very valuable stowed away there; and yet after all that, you go living in this big house without a soul near you except the cook and Old Sam yonder, who wouldn't be worth a cent in a real scrimmage!'

'Well, my boy,' said the Doctor, with a curious smile, 'would it tranquillise your mind if I were to engage a night-watchman?'

'I should think so. That would be just the thing.'

'Very good. Consider it done.'

This room, of which Harry had spoken as being 'always shut up,' was a standing puzzle to the Doctor's few intimates. Not a man of them had ever crossed its threshold; and its master, when questioned on the subject, answered only by some joking evasion. Rumour whispered that one adventurous gentleman, rendered desperate by his wife's threat to give him no peace till he found out 'what Dr Bistoury kept hid in that room of his,' had actually attempted a burglarious entrance; but the attempt, if ever made, had been unsuccessful. It is needless to say that countless conjectures, and not a few heavy bets likewise, were being constantly made respecting the contents of this Bluebeard chamber. Many declared that the Doctor had fitted it up as a private laboratory, in the hope of discovering the Philosopher's Stone. Others were equally positive that it contained the hoardings of his whole life in American gold, his opinions being notoriously of the 'hard-money' order. A rival practitioner, of a somewhat cynical turn, suggested that it must contain the remains of the unfortunate patients who had perished under 'that fellow Bistoury's' ministrations; and one imaginative

lady, deeply read in *Jane Eyre*, stoutly maintained that the Doctor, in imitation of the hero of that famous work, had immured his wife in this mysterious *oubliette*, in order to enjoy unchecked the freedom of a bachelor life. Against this ingenious theory there was only one thing to be said—the Doctor had never had a wife to immure. This flagrant treason against the sex was the more unpardonable, inasmuch as he had had abundant opportunities of changing his condition, had he but chosen to avail himself of them. To most of those who questioned him on the subject, he replied that he was wedded to his profession, and that any other union would be flat bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everett, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, he told a very different story.

'My medical cousin Alice was the woman who ought to have been Mrs Bistoury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner she would have made for me. The way in which she once cut a splinter out of my thumb, did equal honour to her hand and her heart; and when she was only thirteen, she bought a skeleton with her uncle's birthday gift of five dollars' [a fact], 'and articulated it in a manner that was really masterly. But in an evil hour, she became tainted with a fancy for homœopathy; and after that, of course all was over between us. Such is life!'

The Doctor's agreement to engage a night-watchman quieted Harry's apprehensions for the time being; but a few weeks later, he returned to the attack once more. 'I say, Doctor, have you got that night-watchman yet?'

'Yes; some time ago.'

'Well, he don't seem to do his duty then, for I've passed this way at all hours of the night, and never seen him. Are you quite sure he's to be trusted?'

'Wait and see!' replied the Doctor oracularly.

And Everett waited, but did not see. The invisible watchman remained as invisible as ever; and Harry, out of patience with his old friend's seeming infatuation, had almost decided to take some decisive step on his own authority, when a new complication introduced itself into the drama. This was nothing less than the temporary retirement of the Doctor's veteran man-servant—popularly known as 'Old Sam'—whose health had begun to give way so manifestly, that his master insisted on sending him into the country for a three months' holiday, replacing him with another man, who had volunteered as promptly as if he had been keeping his eye on the place for a year past. The new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced, taciturn man, who moved as noiselessly as a shadow, and seemed a living combination of the two proverbial requisites of a good servant, silence and obedience.

But although the Doctor and his friends highly approved of this model domestic, there was one man who did not. That one was Harry Everett, who lost no time in announcing his opinion. 'Look here, Doctor. I don't want to be always bothering you about this robbery idea; but it's a fact that that new fellow of yours is up to some mischief. I was coming home pretty late last night, when I caught sight of him standing at the garden-gate, talking to a couple of men. One of them happened to turn his face to the lamp-light as I passed, and I knew him at once for a

noted thief, who goes by the name of "Badger Bill."'

'Indeed? Are you sure of that?'

'Quite sure. You know I never forget a face I've once seen.'

'Ah! In that case, it's time for me to act.' The last word was so curiously emphasised, that Harry, who was not wanting in shrewdness, began to suspect that his persistent warnings to the Doctor had been superfluous after all, and that the old gentleman was quite equal to the emergency.

This suspicion was confirmed one evening about a week later, when the Doctor dropped in upon him unexpectedly, saying: 'Give me some dinner, my boy. You've no engagement for this evening, I know; so I'm going to be very benevolent, and find you some amusement myself.—Have you ever read *The Count of Monte-Cristo*? because you're going to see a chapter of it dramatised to-night, and pretty effectively too, I flatter myself.'

'What do you mean?' asked Everett, staring.

'Why, you see, I told my servants, a few days ago, that I should be away from home to-night, and my cook naturally seized the chance of getting leave for an "evening out;" consequently, the house will be under the sole charge of that worthy man-servant of mine, against whom you're so unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite possible that the two honest gentlemen with whom you saw him talking the other night, may be kind enough to enliven his solitude with a visit; and so'—

Harry sprang to his feet, and cut a caper worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his fingers by way of accompaniment. 'Capital! first-rate! I see it all now! But come now, Doctor; why on earth couldn't you tell me before that you were up to the whole game, instead of letting me make a fool of myself by preaching to a man as smart as any six of me?'

'Never mind, my boy,' said the Doctor, laughing. 'Your warning was kindly meant, all the same. Eat your dinner—you'll want it before the evening's over, I can promise you—and then we'll have our talk.'

Dinner over, the Doctor lit one of the incomparable cigars which were his sole luxury, and proceeded to expound his plan of action. 'I've locked up the outer room that opens into my mysterious chamber, which puts two strong doors between it and the robbers. My estimable servant will warn them of this, and they'll try the window instead. He'll let them in by the garden-door, and give them the old ladder that lies beside it to mount by. We'll hide in the stable, which—thanks to my keeping my brougham elsewhere—has been unused so long that no one would dream of suspecting it; but I can open the door easily enough. And then'—

'And then,' broke in Harry eagerly, 'we'll go for them the minute they appear. It'll be a fine chance to try my new revolver.'

'Better leave it at home,' said the Doctor quietly; 'we shall want no weapons for this job.'

'Why, are you going to mesmerise the fellows?' asked Everett, completely mystified.

'Wait and see,' chuckled the Doctor. 'We needn't be there till eleven, for my honest domestic will make sure, before giving the signal,

that I'm not coming back ; and besides, an experienced burglar seldom begins work till after midnight. The only thing to be sure of is that nobody sees us getting in.'

But in this, fortune favoured them ; and as the Doctor had foretold, the lock of the stable-door, rusty as it looked, moved without difficulty, and the two conspirators glided in, unseen and unheard.

Weary, weary work, crouching there in the darkness, with ear and eye strained to the utmost for the first sign of the coming danger. Dr Bistoury's practised nerves bore even this prolonged trial easily enough ; but to the impulsive, excitable Everett it was absolute torture. Like all young soldiers, he found the suspense before the action infinitely more trying than the fray itself. The stable opened on the street close to the garden-door, and its farther window, at which the two watchers had posted themselves, commanded the whole side of the house, the blackness of which was relieved only by a solitary light in one of the upper windows. Suddenly the light vanished, and reappeared a moment later—a performance repeated three times in quick succession.

'That must be the signal,' whispered the Doctor. 'Keep your ears open, Harry.'

Courageous as Everett was, he felt his pulse quicken, and his hand went instinctively to the revolver which, despite the Doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bringing with him.

'Hark ! Was that a stealthy footstep outside ?'

The next moment came a low whistle, instantly answered from the house ; and then a shadowy figure, issuing from the building, glided noiselessly to the garden-door, and opened it to admit two others.

'They've got the ladder,' whispered Dr Bistoury, as the three phantoms crossed the garden. 'Be on the look-out, my boy ; you're going to see something worth seeing !'

The ladder was soon planted against the mysterious window ; and Badger Bill, after whispering to his comrade to 'keep an eye' on their worthy confederate, ascended, and cutting out a pane so dexterously that the sound was barely audible, put his hand through and shot back the hasp. His two assistants mounted after him ; and Bill, stepping cautiously into the room, turned the 'bull's-eye' of his lantern upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant recoiled with a stifled cry : 'Ain't that a—*a coffin* over yonder ?' whispered he tremulously. 'Good gracious ! suppose there should be a dead man in it, and'—

'S'pose you should be a thunderin' big fool !' growled Bill savagely. 'Shut your mouth, will yer, or thar'll be another dead man somewhar round soon. I'm a-goin' right in—I am !' And he stepped resolutely forward.

Crash ! the coffin-lid burst open, and a skeleton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets, started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting forward its bony arms and grinning jaws as if about to spring upon them. The *Sauve qui peut* of Napoleon was not more decisive. The honest servant gave one yell sufficient to wake the whole neighbourhood, and rolled on the floor in convulsions. The second burglar, leaping backward, dashed his head with such force

against the corner of a bureau, that he dropped as if felled with an axe ; while Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the window, overturned the ladder, and fell crashing along with it, breaking his leg in the fall.

'You see now, Harry,' said the Doctor, as they went up-stairs after seeing their unbidden guests marched off by the police, 'that my night-watchman *did* know his duty, although there's nothing more unearthly about him than a few concealed springs, which are released upon the approach of any one, and a little phosphorus. As for this wonderful room, you see it's only a laboratory after all. But the stories that people told about it amused me so much, that I must plead guilty to having given them a good deal of encouragement. Now, let us be off to bed ; and I think you may sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me it'll be some time before anybody robs *my* house again.'

And indeed, no one has ever attempted it since.

BREAD AND BISCUITS.

BREAD, as we all know, is the staff of life, and is a necessary at every meal ; but there are some things not so generally understood regarding this important article of diet. From its porousness and easy digestibility, bread is better adapted than anything else for mixing with and separating the other substances which we eat ; and it is extremely nutritive as well. One pound of bread contains more nitrogen than a pound of pork. In England and Europe generally, bread is of two kinds—fermented, and unfermented or aerated ; and in most European countries it is made from wheaten flour. Wheat consists practically of two parts—the bran or outer covering, and the central grain or *fecula* ; and it is according to the quality of the grain and the amount of husk left in it after sifting, that the value of the flour varies. There are four classes of flour : (1) Fine households or the best ; (2) households or seconds ; (3) brown meal ; and (4) biscuit-flour.

The whiteness of the flour is generally, but not always, a test of its purity and nutritive value ; for the finest flour sifted from red wheat is of a darker tinge than 'seconds' obtained from white wheat, though the red wheat is more nutritious. The nutritive value of bread depends chiefly upon the flour from which it is made, but also upon the process by which it is made. For some constitutions, white bread is best ; for others, brown ; and for others again, aerated.

Of fermented breads, the two most wholesome kinds are brown bread and that made from 'seconds' flour. Pure white bread made from the finest households is not so nutritious as that made from 'seconds' flour, and for this reason : 'seconds' flour contains a portion of the husk, and is therefore endowed with all the most important substances required to form blood, bone, and muscle—namely gluten, starch, oil, and a large proportion of mineral materials ; so that bread made from this flour is more valuable in point of nourishment than bread made from the finest flour, from which the phosphates, &c. have been entirely extracted.

It is therefore a great mistake to remove all the husk or bran from the flour, except for delicate people.

There was much talk some years ago about the nutritive value of brown bread, some medical men asserting that it was more nutritious than any other kind of bread. Time and experience, however, have shewn its true value. Bran and pollards, in which there is a considerable quantity of phosphate of lime, so valuable as nutriment to the bones and other tissues, of course predominate in brown bread, but they have all the wheaten elements besides. To some people, however, bran and pollards are too irritating, especially to those with delicate organisations; and as most of us can take the necessary phosphates in other ways, brown bread need not be eaten indiscriminately by every one because of its nutritive value.

It is quite impossible for the system to assimilate the bran; though, like cheese, its presence in the stomach stimulates the digestion of other things. Brown bread is very useful for its laxative properties, and these render it very beneficial to persons of sedentary habits, or whose occupations preclude them from taking much exercise in the open air.

A delicious sauce may be made from brown bread, the preparation being the same as that for white-bread sauce. It is not very widely known; but mixed with one or two cooked tomatoes, forms a most palatable addition to a joint of roast mutton.

The bread par excellence, however, according to the majority of medical men, is aerated bread. A patent for the making of this bread was taken out about fifteen years ago; but since then it has not enjoyed nearly the popularity and consumption that it really deserves. It has many decided advantages, and is a considerable saving in many ways. 1. More bread is made out of one sack of flour by this process than by any other. 2. It takes much less time to make. 3. The dough requires no handling. 4. It is perfectly pure, being simply flour, water, and salt. 5. The cost of machinery and the carbonic acid gas is much less than that of the yeast used in the fermenting process. It is very strongly recommended by medical men for ordinary diet and in cases of indigestion. According to Dr Corfe of the Middlesex Hospital, it is particularly valuable 'in those cases of dyspepsia which so often affect the brain-workers of the great metropolis, men who work for the press, &c.' Again, infants brought up partially or entirely by hand thrive especially well on it. Aerated bread mixed with a little milk-and-water forms a soft jelly-like compound, and is then easily sucked through the tube of a common feeding-bottle.

Beyond these advantages, the general introduction of aerated bread would be a decided gain from a humanitarian point of view, for it would save a large number of human lives now annually sacrificed in London bakeries alone. Dr Guy affirms that no class of men, save the Redditch needle-grinders, are liable to so severe and often fatal diseases of the chest as the men employed in bakeries. Forty-two years is rather more than the average duration of their lives. Aerated bread besides keeps better than bread made from yeast, and this proves its superiority over fermented bread, for it is a well-known fact that the best

bread grows stale slowest. The difference between fresh and stale bread is owing to the condition of the starch in a loaf. But when the starch has hardened, the defect may be easily remedied by inclosing the loaf in a tin case and placing it in an oven for a short time, after which the stale loaf reappears a fresh one.

A word as to a test for good bread. A loaf should be of a perfectly even texture, of uniformly small holes like a fine sponge. If its texture is good, and its layers can be easily detached, and it can be crumbled by the fingers into a coarse powder, or thoroughly soaked in water, it is perfectly made and baked. If not, there is a fault somewhere, and it is either adulterated or imperfectly baked.

In conclusion, a word as to the well-known variety of bread called biscuits may not be out of place. There is no yeast in the composition of biscuits; they are unleavened and very highly dried; and it is this which makes them so invaluable to people who suffer from a superabundant amount of adipose tissue. Biscuits are rather too hard for an every-day bread-stuff if made from flour and water alone, as 'captains' and ship-biscuits are. But they are very useful to travellers where bread is bad or unattainable. If soaked for a few hours in water or, better still, milk, they soften, swell, and with the addition of a little cream and sugar, make a very delicious and palatable dish. When kept dry and free from the air, biscuits possess the immense advantage of allowing to be stored for use for a great length of time. Latterly, there has sprung up an important trade in biscuits contained in close tins for domestic use. The sale of these tins of English biscuits of different sorts has become quite immense. They are seen in the shop-windows of grocers all over the continent.

THE ROSE AND BIRD.

A BIRDLING sang upon the spray,
What time the lanes were white with May;
Sweet rose his thrilling, tender tune;
Ah! how he welcomed sunny June.

A crimson rose, her dewy head
Upreared from her green, leafy bed,
Toward the blue and cloudless sky,
And thus she murmured with a sigh:

'O that for ever June would last,
Nor be the heavens e'er o'ercast;
That storms and gales should own no sway,
My life be one long summer day.'

Dark grew the sky; the rain fell fast,
And thunder mingled with the blast;
The birdie cowering ceased his mirth,
The rose fell crushed and torn to earth.

Thus is it ever! When we dream
No danger nigh, and safe we seem,
Just Heaven checks our boastful pride,
And sends the peril we denied!

A. H. B.

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VOYAGE IN A SNEAK-BOX.

IN American phraseology, a sneak-box is a species of canoe that can accommodate a single individual, who works his way by oars along the sea-margin, rivers, or lakes. Various, the vessel is styled a duck-boat, perhaps from being employed in shooting wild-ducks. Anyway, it is a canoe or boat of a peculiarly light fabric, but provided with a deck, open at the middle, where the voyager sits in plying his oars, and where, under cover of a hatch, which is closed at night, he can stretch himself out on cushions and go to sleep secure from molestation, while the boat is saved from drifting away by being tethered by a rope to a tree or some other object on shore. A journey by water in this fashion is, of course, attended by dangers and difficulties; but it suits the adventurous spirit of Americans, who, for the sake of frolic and personal independence, do not mind privations or trouble in their expeditions.

Mr N. H. Bishop, who had gained some élat by a long voyage down the great rivers in a paper canoe, increased his fame by accomplishing a voyage in a sneak-box from Pittsburgh, situated between the rivers Monongahela and Alleghany, which here unite to form the Ohio; thence to the Mississippi; and so on to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of more than two thousand miles. In his book describing this extraordinary excursion, entitled 'Four Months in a Sneak-box,' Mr Bishop wanders into a variety of extraneous details, which are a little embarrassing to the reader; but by skipping over these passages, the narrative is lively and interesting, and offers striking instances of skill and endurance in carrying out what must be called a very whimsical project. We will try to give a sketch of this strange voyage on the great inland waters of the United States. To begin with the boat; it was built to order on the Atlantic coast, and carried by railway to Pittsburgh, where it was launched on the Monongahela, December 2, 1875. The boat measured twelve feet in length, was firmly constructed of white cedar-wood, and so

light that it could easily be lifted by two men, and carried or pushed on rollers across portages, when it was necessary to avoid following a long bend in the river. Beneath the hatch there was room for stowing a change of clothes and a supply of provisions, such as tinned meats, bread, and coffee. There was a kind of shelf which acted as table; and here, reclining on his side, the voyager could write letters or post his log-book. At night, a candle two inches high could be lit without endangering the roof. There were holes for ventilation when the hatch was down. Among the articles accommodated were a few cooking utensils, powder and shot, and a long duck-gun. The heating of water for coffee, and cooking, were conducted on the river-banks.

Mr Bishop lost no time in starting. Off he set at once down the Monongahela, and all went well with him till he came to the junction with the Alleghany, which was filled with cakes of floating ice that dispersed themselves over the Ohio. A boat of ordinary structure would probably have been stove in by the ice-cakes; but the sneak-box being made of elastic timber, coped with the difficulty, and got safely into the central part of the Ohio. The rapid current carried it forward thirty-six miles in four hours and a half. Considering this to be a good day's work, the voyager tied the boat to the shore, and retired under cover for the night. His bed consisted of hair-cushions and a coverlet, while the bag containing his wardrobe served for a pillow. A slice of bread-and-butter, a morsel of preserved meat, and a drink of water, were his supper. He carried no beer or spirits, and appears to be a strictly temperance man, on which account he kept his brain clear for every emergency. Nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the whistle of steamers making their way through the ice-packs. Refreshed by the night's sleep, our voyager despatched a cold breakfast, and was off at half-past eight in the morning. Unfortunately, the atmosphere was so thick with smoke from manufactories, that nothing could be seen of the natural scenery during the day. Keeping clear of

the ice, there was no misadventure. In the afternoon of the second day he passed Wheeling, a busy city, eighty miles from Pittsburgh. The ice now disappeared, but was replaced by oil, which coming from the refuse of oil-mines, unpleasantly covered the water. Cold meals being found not quite agreeable, a small coal-oil stove was purchased. With this simple appliance, coffee was warmed, and there was no further difficulty about cooking. We learn that vast numbers of this species of cheap and easily managed stove are now used all over the western rivers, and have proved an immense comfort to traders and excursionists. 'The economy of its use is wonderful. A heat sufficient to boil a gallon of water in thirty minutes can be sustained for ten hours at the cost of three cents [three-halfpence]' The oil employed is free from any danger of explosion. We have not heard of these handy American oil-stoves being known in England.

Proceeding onwards, a stoppage was made at Moundville, to visit the sepulchral mound of the aborigines from which the name of the place is taken. To see this object of antiquity, the boat was left with the hatch securely locked. The mound, which is nine hundred feet in circumference and seventy feet in height, has been opened up by passages, and found to contain two vaults with skeletons and various copper rings and other antique ornaments. By whom the mound was constructed, remains a mystery. Returning to his boat, the voyager went on his course down the Ohio, passing several islands, and always stopping at night where suitable places could be pitched on out of the reach of steamers. Although prepared for rowing, there was no great necessity for exertion. The current was usually sufficient, and the chief thing required was to keep the boat on its right course, free from obstructions. Thirty to fifty miles a day were commonly made. Sometimes there was chaffing with travellers on board of vessels passing 'up or down the river. On no occasion was there any attempted violence or interruption. Day followed day very tranquilly. It was a solitary existence, but was free from business cares; and with an abundance of fresh air and mental exhilaration in seeing new scenes come into view, proved exceedingly healthful. The Ohio is generally about half a mile wide, so that there was ample space for guiding the small craft according to pleasure. The day's exercise and vigilance produced sweet sleep when all was closed in for the night. With all its privations, we can fancy this to have been an enviable kind of life.

In England, one can have little idea of the miscellaneous traffic on the great American rivers. Winter is the time for migrating southwards, not only for sake of pleasure, but for trading. There are numerous shanty-boats or scows, flat-bottomed, with a dwelling made of boards on deck, owned by men who with their families make a living by picking up floating lumber, or doing business

with persons on shore as they go along. Dealers in clocks and sewing-machines, tinsmiths, grocers, saloon-keepers, and barbers, are among this migratory population. Some of a more loose class are alleged to be hog-stealers at fitting opportunities. It is not unusual for young men 'out of a job' to club their few dollars to build and equip one of these shanty-boats, and descend to New Orleans 'as negro minstrels, trappers, or thieves, as necessity may demand.' As for food, all rely greatly on salt-pork, bacon, flour, potatoes, eggs, omelets, molasses, and coffee. In nearly every instance, when the parties reach New Orleans, the boats are sold for firewood, and the return voyage is made on board an up-river steamer. Thousands of people spend their lives in this way, trying their luck in going down and up the great rivers. Like flocks of birds, they study the seasons, spending their summers in the north, and wintering in the sub-tropical regions at the mouth of the Mississippi. Such is American river-life, something quite unique. Mr Bishop piloted himself wonderfully down this grand water highway, shanty-boats, steam-vessels, or coal-barges constantly coming into view, and for the most part disposed to be friendly. He, however, kept a sharp look-out, for afloat and on the high river-banks there are roughs who would think no more of sending a ball through him than of shooting a wild-duck.

Approaching Cincinnati, the voyager plied his oars and made considerable way, the state of Ohio on the right, and Kentucky on the left. Hereabouts, in the dark and in a snow-storm, he was compelled by the extreme cold to lock up and leave his sneak-box in a creek, in order to seek shelter and food for the night. Consisting of but a few houses, the place was called Pleasant Run, though anything but pleasant on that dismal night. There was a difficulty in finding any one to give him shelter. At length he tried the house of a German tailor; who after examining him closely, thus addressed him: 'Mine friend, in dese times nobody knows who's which. I say, sar, nobody knows who's what. Fellers land here and eats mine grub, and den shoves off dere poats, and never says: "Tank you, sar," for mine grub. Since de Confederate war, all men is skamps. I fights twenty-doo pattles for de Union, nots for de monish, but because I likes de free government; but it is imbossible to feeds all de beebles what lands at Pleasant Run.' To these remarks, Mr Bishop gave an assurance that he would pay well for food and lodging; and was told in reply: 'Dat's what dey all say.' However, an arrangement was come to, and the benighted excursionist was well treated. The tailor's bark had been worse than his bite.

There was here a compulsory residence for several days. The sneak-box was frozen up and could not move. At length the temperature modified. Moved less by this circumstance than

by a hint that river-thieves had laid a plan for stealing the little vessel, Bishop would stay no longer. Paying his bill and thanking his host, he caused the boat to be cut out of the ice and carried to the navigable part of the Ohio. He was now once more afloat; and in a few days reached Louisville, where he had some difficulty in passing the rapids of the Ohio, and set once more on the right course. In skirting the Indiana shore on the 25th of December, he was hailed from a shanty-boat with a 'Merry Christmas,' and asked to come on board to dinner. The invitation was accepted; and he enjoyed a sumptuous entertainment, for he had that day already rowed fifty-three miles. On the last day of the year he reached the Mississippi at Cairo, and was now on the 'Father of Waters.' Since quitting Pittsburgh, he says, 'the faithful sneak-box had carried me more than a thousand miles.'

There is a peculiar solemnising grandeur in the Mississippi. At Cairo, it has already received the Missouri, which doubles its volume of waters, and gives it a breadth of two to three miles. Although afterwards receiving many large affluents, the breadth is not greatly increased, each fresh accession only adding to its depth. When our voyager entered the Mississippi, the weather was squally, and he was driven to take shelter at Island No. 1, where he dined, and saw the sun come out in all its glory. The great river is noted for its sand-bars, which appear above water, and are the refuge of large flocks of ducks and geese. The islands are known by being numbered on the charts. There are numerous turnings and windings in the river, also partial shiftings of the course on the level plains, owing to inundations. Mooring his boat at Island No. 5, he landed to cook his dinner, which he ate under some giant sycamores, surrounded by a flock of beautiful parakeets, variegated with green, yellow, and red colours. These birds were an indication that he was entering on a southern clime. Pushing on to the river-side town of Hickman, he added a basketful of mince-pies to his stock of provisions. Forty-five miles farther on, he passed Reelfoot Lake, which was produced by earthquakes in 1811-13, when a large portion of arable land sunk out of sight, and deprived the inhabitants of their farms. Hundreds of square miles were lost by the terrestrial convulsions. Persons interested in geography will be gratified in perusing Mr Bishop's account of Reelfoot Lake. We must pass on to what he says of the cotton-fields and swamps of Louisiana.

In the lower part of the Mississippi, the land would be an earthly paradise but for the frequent overflows, which submerge everything, and produce new channels, transform peninsulas into islands, leave swamps that are malarious, with intermediate stretches of rich 'river-bottoms.' On the higher patches of ground are seen the log cabins of squatters, 'game enough to satisfy the most rapacious, beast and bird of peculiar species, and over all, the immense forests of cypress, sweet-gums, Spanish oaks, tulip-trees, sycamores, cotton-woods, white-oaks, &c.' For the zoologist and botanist, there may be said to be boundless scope for their investigations. As the voyager advanced, the air grew warmer, the heat in January being like that of a July day in the north. Negro cabins with black children scrambling about came

into view. One evening, when Mr Bishop was looking about for a creek where he could halt for the night, he fell in with a flat-boat occupied by a man and his family who were similarly engaged. They halted in company. In the morning, when this new acquaintance departed on his route, he gave his experience of human nature in a sensible piece of advice: 'Don't leave your boat alone for half an hour, stranger. Niggers is bad, and some white folks too.'

In the afternoon of the same day, when floating with the current, our voyager in passing round an island came upon a flat-boat, with which he had exchanged civilities up river. The owner, who is spoken of as the captain, renewed the acquaintanceship. He was a fine type of the enterprising American, and told his history. Reduced to poverty by the war, in order to support his family, he built a scow and set up as a fisherman, penetrating with his vessel into the weird waters of Reelfoot Lake, and despatching the fish that he had caught to remote settlements. In one year he made four thousand dollars. He was now about to visit Northern Texas with his scow, which was to be towed by casual steamers. He would stop here and there to fish with nets, and trap game and ducks; all of which, minus what supported his family, would form his stock in trade among settlers in the Far West. In following out this intention, he scarcely allowed himself any rest, but floated on night and day. He was an educated man, and Mr Bishop found his 'society delightful' during the few days the two kept together. On the voyager went, passing Memphis, Vicksburg, and Natchez. Near the first-mentioned place, the swift current bore him near the shore, where a small masted vessel was anchored, and he heard the cheery cry of 'Stranger, pull in here,' addressed to him by a group of three roughly clad young men, who were engaged in frying salt-pork and potatoes. One of them drew his sneak-box to the bank; and sitting down beside the party, they told him their history. They had been out of work; so, investing sixty dollars in an old sloop of about two tons burden, putting on board a barrel of pork, a barrel of flour, some potatoes, coffee, salt, and molasses—which cargo was to last three months—they started to cut canes in the cane-brakes of White River, Arkansas. These canes were to be utilised as fishing-rods, and being carefully assorted and fastened into bundles, were to be shipped to Cincinnati by steamer, and from there by rail to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, where they would be disposed of. They had come down the Mississippi from Iowa, had been frozen up in creeks, and suffered various other hardships, but looked forward to making a successful adventure. They would be able to cut twenty-five thousand fishing-rods. An excellent specimen this of the scope for enterprise on these great waters.

One of the young men, named Stirling, who was engaged in this trade of gathering cane fishing-rods, related an anecdote illustrative of the administration of justice in these parts. In a river-trip he came upon a steamer which had lost its anchor, and the captain offered to reward him if he could find it. Stirling set to work, and found the anchor with its coil of rope. 'When the steamer returned up-river, he delivered the anchor and coil of rope to the captain, who, intending to defraud the young

man of the promised reward, ordered the mate to cast off the lines. The gong had signalled the engineer to get under way, but not quick enough to escape the young claimant for salvage, who grasped the coil of rope, and dragged it ashore, shouting to the captain: "You may keep your anchor; but I will keep your cable as salvage, to which I am entitled for saving your property." A few days afterwards, Stirling, wishing to know whether he could legally retain the coil of rope, proceeded to a town in the state of Mississippi, to consult a negro justice of peace, said to be learned in the law. Having stated his object, the learned justice said: "Dat's rite, dat's berry good, sah; now you jes macadamise de case to me." The case was "macadamised," or made plain to the sable justice, who, after some meditation, delivered his judgment: "Dis court will apply de common law ob de state ob Mississippi; and dis is it: 'What you hab, dat you keep.' Dis is de teachings ob de bar, de bench, and de code." Stirling was satisfied. He kept the cable.

Again the voyager was on his way down the Mississippi, but was occasionally a little confused as to the route, on account of diverging branches of the great stream. One day he fell in with a gentleman who told him some sorrowful particulars of a Mr John C. Cloud, who had become famous for his feats as an oarsman. Cloud had for a bet rowed in a skiff all the way by rivers from Philadelphia to New Orleans, where he was lost sight of by his friends and admirers. Bishop now heard an explanation of the mystery. The chief sustenance of the unfortunate man was whisky, of which fiery liquor he stowed a jar of ten gallons in his skiff. As a consequence of this indiscretion, and of exposure to malaria, he perished when almost within sight of New Orleans. He was found dead in his boat with the fatal jar at his feet. A kind-hearted planter had the body decently buried.

The end of the river-part of the expedition in the sneak-box was now at hand. Plantations and handsome mansions were in sight. One morning, New Orleans, 'the Crescent City of the Gulf,' with numerous steamers and other vessels, came into view. The time occupied in rowing down the Mississippi from the Ohio had been nineteen days. We let the adventurous voyager give the account of his landing. 'Anxious to escape the officious kindness always encountered about the docks of southern rivers, I peered about, hoping to find some quiet corner in which to moor my floating home. Near the foot of Louisanna Avenue, I saw the fine boat-house of the "Southern Boat Club;" and being pleasantly hailed by one of its members, hove to, and told him of my perplexity. With the ever ready hospitality of a southerner, he assured me that the boat-house was at my disposal; and calling a friend to assist, we easily hauled the boat out of the water up the inclined plane into her new quarters.'

Although the river-excursion was finished, Mr Bishop, after a short stay in New Orleans, of which he gives a pleasant description, caused his sneak-box to be transported to Lake Pontchartrain, whence he made his way to the margin of the Gulf of Mexico. He then rowed along the shore in a northerly direction. At New Orleans he had good-naturedly allowed a young gentleman, whom he

calls Saddles, to accompany him in a separate boat. Mr Saddles turned out to have tastes resembling those of the ill-fated Cloud. Ultimately he broke down, and had to be left behind—another melancholy example of the evils of intemperance. An interesting account is given by Mr Bishop of his sea-coast voyage, with divergences into the rivers and bayous of Florida. He happened to witness alligator-hunting, which is carried on in the southern rivers not so much as a sport as a matter of trade, for sake of the alligator's skin, which is tanned into leather. So great is the destruction of the animal, that in no long space of time the alligator will be extinct in American waters, which, as far as we can see, would be an advantage. At the port of Cedar Keys the excursion terminated, and the voyager with his sneak-box were transferred to a railway train, to be conveyed homewards. The voyage had lasted four months, and had altogether extended to two thousand six hundred miles.

We cannot close our notice of Mr Bishop's entertaining volume, without recommending it as worthy of perusal by all who are fond of reading works of adventure by sea and land. In our opinion, it might be considerably improved by the excision of various redundancies, also by the introduction of dates and an index. It has to be remarked, that although purporting to be published by David Douglas, Edinburgh, the book as regards paper, typography, and wood-cut illustrations, is apparently a product of the American press.

W. C.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XV.—HISTORY.

Every man plays Hercules at one time or another.

HASTINGS packed up such of his belongings as seemed needed for a sojourn of a month at Boulogne, and sat down upon his bedside, with a big portmanteau in front of him and a big cigar in his mouth, to look out the train for Dover. The prospect of the jaunt was pleasant to him. As for his debts, they were such old friends that he would have been almost grieved to part with them. Natively, there was no honest man in Europe than this flippant and idle young gentleman. Debt at Eton and debt at Cambridge had dulled his moral perceptions—that was all. It would be unfair to blame the man for the faults of a whole system. He had been steeped in credit ever since he had been a little boy. That everybody would be paid and exceedingly well paid one day or other, went of course without saying. The young gentleman justified himself after his usual fashion. 'The poet remarks with great felicity that there is no joy but calm. Very well, then. It is the business of every man to preserve his life from all fluctuations, and to hold himself at one level. Happy is the man who has no history. My highly superior father holds me in poverty at this time, and will one day burden me with great wealth. It is my double duty to get into debt. To-day's debt feeds yesterday's depletion, and provides a relief beforehand for the repletion of to-morrow. Aha! 'Tis quaintly, wittily, and wisely put. Credit is the compensating balance of the whole system of human affairs. Good again.'

Resuming the study of the time-table, suspended in behalf of these reflections, Hastings was startled by an unusually imperious knock at the front door. A foreboding touch touched him in the midst of his easy gaiety. The door below was opened, and by-and-by the neat and rosy housemaid appeared with a message for him, to the effect that Mr Robins of Deal desired to see him.

'Robins of Deal, and Robins of Deal,' said Hastings rhythmically in a sort of pensive chant. 'And who the dickens is Robins of Deal?—Shew the old gentleman up, my dear, as the ardent inquirer said to Cornelius Agrippa.'

The rosy housemaid, who was of opinion that Mr Hastings was the most perfect of his sex, turned up the sitting-room lamp and went downstairs. Then the visitor came up with solemn tramp; and Hastings walking airily into the sitting-room, saw before him an old and faithful servitor of his father's—a servitor so old that he had been pantry-boy in the great house at Dean when his present master was a boy at Eton.

'Why, Roberts, my good old boy,' said Hastings, shaking hands with him, 'what brings you to the brick and mortar wilderness? The girl said Mr Robins of Deal wanted to see me.'

'I told her to say it was Roberts from Dean, Mr Arthur,' said the old man solemnly.

'I am very glad,' said Hastings, looking with real pleasure at the white-haired, rosy, plump, old fellow's face—'very glad indeed you found me. I am just off for the continent.'

'You must come back with me, Mr Arthur,' said the old boy with a solemn shaky voice.

'Is there anything the matter at home?'

'It is appointed to all men, Mr Arthur,' said the ancient butler with a voice more and more tremulous. 'It's your poor father's turn, sir, now.'

Hastings sat down without an exclamation, and looked hard at his visitor.

'He wouldn't have any of us wire, sir,' said the old man, 'for fear of startling you. A letter wouldn't have reached you till the morning, and that might have been too late. So he said to me: "Go and bring him down, Roberts. I shall last till he comes," he said, sir; "I must last till he comes!"'

Hastings still said not a word, but rang the bell. The rosy housemaid answering stood astonished at the paleness of his countenance. He ordered refreshments to be placed before the butler, and then left him and went into the solitude of his own room. Standing there, and staring listlessly into the dark and silent street, he groped in his own mind for the meaning of the message which had just been brought to him. He turned his eyes vacantly upon the table near which he stood, and took thence a book in a yellow paper cover, and vacantly read a paragraph. This book was the production of a Frenchman of genius. I will not blame but pity that great personage, who was a godless, heartless, bloodless cynic, with a rollicking sense of humour which never found food for a smile in anything that was not either cruel or dirty. The paragraph which Hastings thus vacantly read set forth with jocund pleasantries the delight experienced by a young man at a wealthy father's death. As the meaning of the writer became clear to him, he tore the flimsy volume passionately in pieces and dropped them on the floor. The old

man tapped at the door, but Hastings did not hear him. He gazed gloomily out of the window on the dark street until the old servitor's touch aroused him. 'Roberts,' he said, with some bitterness at his heart, 'I declare I feel this almost as much as you do.'

'I know, Mr Arthur,' said the butler. 'There's different ways of feeling, and different ways of shewing it.'

'Is there no hope of his recovery?' Hastings asked, turning to the window.

'No hope at all, sir,' the butler answered.

'When does our train start?' Hastings asked again.

'I've told Hoskins to meet the Hetherton train, one hour and twenty minutes after midnight, sir,' the butler answered. 'It leaves Euston in about an hour and a half.'

'Very well,' said Hastings. 'Leave me alone for a minute or two, Roberts. Get something to eat. I shall be quite ready.'

The butler retired; and Hastings stared on vacantly through the window. 'Have I a heart at all?' he asked himself. 'I don't believe I care the toss up of a blind beggar's farthing. I don't believe it's in me to care; and if it isn't, it shall not be in me to pretend I care. Poor old governor! He'd have cared if he'd heard that I was dying.'

His heart was hardened, and his eyes were dry. He thought of things which were so ridiculous that he could have laughed outright at them. The great Frenchman himself could not have been inwardly wittier than poor Hastings, over all the cruelties of his own want of feeling. He could not help it for his life. He could not feel sorry. He did not feel sorry. He was never merrier than at this time; and just as he had arrived at this conclusion, he dropped his head into his hands and wept bitterly. He was a very young man, my readers will remember, and his father, who lay dying, had loved him well and forgiven him often. The faithful old servitor without, dropped tears into his tea as he sat there in his young Master's room, and heard the sobs which shook him.

The two mourners took the train together, and arrived too late. The old man was dead; and his son, that dissipated youngster, was master of Dean Manor and broad lands adjoining. Yet it was not these things which filled the heart which would have fain believed itself so flippant and cynical. No, no! He lay there, the gray old man, who would be grieved no more, yet had been grieved so often. Even cunning Antony cries out, 'My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must wait till it come back to me.' There was some nature there, or the mob would not have been moved by it. And so Hastings' heart lay there with the dead father, and had no concern with Dean Manor and broad lands adjoining, unless it were to fear in the sincerity of grief that these things would bring in time a consolation of which it would be an honest man's duty to feel ashamed. The will of the dead man was read after the funeral, and except for liberal legacies to the old servants, everything came into the hands of the son. He was free to go back now and use London like a hog-pen or other place to wallow in. He could give his vices that looked like virtues, and his virtues that looked like vices, full swing on such a princely income as his father had left him.

I would defy you to make a Square-toes of this young gentleman, but he is not past making an honest man of. The father's death sobered the son, and brought responsibilities upon him. The old fables are full of wisdom. Every man plays Hercules at one time or another, if it be but for an hour, and the two goddesses solicit him. Happy is he who plays the parable through to the end and chooses after Hercules his fashion. That better choice our young Hastings made. It was not in the heart of him to be a Pharisee. He will have his joke to the end of his life, and will not forget, though he grow wise, the flavours of Clos de Vougeot and Habana. There will be cakes and ale even for him who is pious, and ginger shall still be hot in the mouth.

But there is a time for all things, and this was the time for sober thought and honest resolution. He would play Prince Hal no more. Brookes and Bonder, Pains and Bardolph, and that hoary sinner Falstaff, who dwelt in the dingy parlour of the 'fancy' public, that battered hero of the fistic ring, should have seen the last of the Prince's revelry. To purge, to quit sack, and live cleanly—it is a holy task, and the young fellow who goes out to it will have all honest men's sympathy.

Hastings could not bear to closet himself with his dead father's lawyer directly after the old man had been laid beside his ancestors in the family vault. He felt that he could better give himself a little time for thought, and even a little time for grief, before he took up the burdens of his new position. And there seemed to him a something sordid in hastening to lay hands upon that which bore yet freshly the impress of a hand which could grasp earthly riches no more. Therefore he went up to London, and whilst old acquaintances read gleefully that the will was proved, and that the personalty was sworn under some quite exceptional number of thousands, he was living alone and thoughtful in his old London rooms. It happened on the night on which he returned to town that he thought of Frank, and took a cab to drive round to him. 'It was more than half my fault,' he thought to himself, 'that Fairholt fell into that man's hands. If he is in any trouble, I must help him out of it.'

And once more he found himself too late. Mr Fairholt had just gone out. Hastings then pencilled this brief note:

'DEAR FAIRHOLT—If you are in any trouble about Tasker, let me know. One word from me will quiet him. Yours always, A. H.'

This he folded and sealed, and having discharged his duty in that one matter, went home again. Cynical and flippant as he thought himself, his heart was very tender just then, and the look even of lifeless things reproached him. The walls that had heard his follies reproached him. He arose and went into the streets. It rained in a half-hearted drizzling way, and he felt lonely and troubled and dispirited. It mattered little to him whither he went, so that he could but walk off this fit of unusual depression, and he found himself almost before he knew it in the midst of all the light and bustle of Oxford Street. Turning thence into quieter ways, he wandered on until somebody fell against him with a shock, and drove his crape-bound hat over his eyes. He recovered himself, and saw a drunken Irishman, who offered fluent

apologies. 'For barrin' him,' the man was saying, 'there's not a creature in the world that oi'd lay a little finger on except in the way o' good-fellowship. Will ye take a dhrink? Just to shew there's no ill feelin'? Dew now!'

'No, thank you,' said Hastings, and walked on.

The man clung to him with repeated apologies and repeated hospitable offers. 'Well,' said his follower at last, 'I dar'n't go tew far away, lest oi should be missin' me friend. If ye won't, ye won't, me boy; an' so, good-night to ye.'

'Good-night,' Hastings answered; and the man turned back and lurched down the street. The rain had ceased, and Hastings stood folding his umbrella in dreamy mood, with a sad little laugh at the man's persistent attempt to drink with him. Suddenly, not fifty yards away, there arose a terrific hubbub, and wild cries for help. Towards Hastings, like a dart, ran a stout little figure with guttural yells of 'Murder!' Behind him, gaining at every stride, came the man who had said 'Good-night' only a minute or two before. What the meaning of the pursuit might be, Hastings had no power to divine. It seemed probable that it was a piece of drunken sport on the part of both men, for it was impossible that they should have had time to quarrel since the Irishman had left him. But the cruel blow which felled the fugitive was real enough, and so was the murderous knife that gleamed above his prostrate figure. Hastings was just in time to bring his umbrella down full swing upon the Irishman's wrist. The knife fell upon the pavement, and the umbrella-stick went to shivers. The man was up in a second, and rushed at Hastings like a bull. It was all uneven. Not half-a-dozen years of foolish living in London and Paris had robbed the prettiest boxer of his day at Cambridge of his style. The tale is as old as the hills. Hastings could not hurt the man severely even had he wished. But on the other hand, the man could not get near him, and his savage rushes were exhausting him and knocking him about a good deal. A gentleman came out of the house in front of which this little drama was enacting.

'Pray, oblige me by picking up this poor fellow,' said Hastings quietly, opposing the frantic Irishman with wary foot and hand and eye. 'I found this fellow trying to murder him. There's a knife somewhere.'

At the mention of the knife, the Irishman made a rush for the prostrate figure. Hastings dropped in front of him like lightning, and the man went flying over the stooping figure, came down heavily upon the pavement, and lay still. The whole thing had not lasted two minutes.

'Very neat indeed,' said the gentleman on the door-step; and at that moment a constable came with placid mien round the corner.

'Hillo!' said the official; 'move on here!—I beg pardon, sir. What's the matter?' Before the constable had well made this inquiry, the gentleman had left the door-step, and was bending over the figure of the portly little man who had been first to fall in this affray.

'Ha!' he said; 'this is my friend the money-lender, is it?—Help me to carry this man into the hall, policeman.' The policeman lent a pair of hands, and the figure of the portly little man was carried indoors. 'Now for the other.' At that

moment of time an elderly fat man came round the corner, and stood still to watch the proceedings. There was blood upon the whitened doorstep of the house into which the one man had been carried, and the two gentlemen and the policeman were stooping to raise the Irishman, who lay like one dead doubled against the area railings. The thing wore altogether a melodramatic aspect, and any elderly fat man passing at the time would have been phlegmatic indeed had he not paused to look. The fat man hovered round the three as they bore the insensible figure into the hall, and breathed stertorously in his eager interest. He followed to the door, and there fell into an attitude expressive of profound amazement. Nobody had noticed him, and it is not probable indeed that anybody so far had even seen him. There was a general start when he cried out aloud: 'Why, bless my heart alive if that ain't my man, Tasker!'

'You know him?' said the gentleman of the house, looking up for a second, and then busying himself about the insensible head again.

'Look here, policeman,' said Benjamin Hartley. 'You go for a doctor.'

The policeman smiled and whispered: 'This is Dr Brand, one of the most eminent surgeons of the day.'

'Ah!' said Mr Hartley, 'that's fort'nate.' Then he looked at Hastings. 'You seem to ha' been in this here shindy, young gentleman.'

'For once in a way,' responded he, shaken back into his old ways by the incident; 'fact and appearance travel together. I have been in this here shindy.'

'What's it all about?' asked Mr Hartley, regarding his new acquaintance with some surprise.

'I am really unable to say,' said Hastings calmly. 'The big man ran after the little one, knocked him down, and drew a knife.—By the way—turning to the officer—'you will find a knife and a hat outside. Will you oblige me?'—The policeman turned away to the door—'And an umbrella,' added Hastings.

'Was it you,' asked Mr Hartley, 'as doubled up that cove like that? Again' the railings?'

'I had to do it, you know,' said Hastings; and Benjamin Hartley stared at him, and wondered. He measured with his eye the figure of the prostrate Irishman, and then looked back at Hastings, with flaxen moustache and flaxen hair and girlishly delicate complexion. A deep-drawn breath and a slow exclamation 'Ah!' bore testimony to his amazement.

Dr Brand hearing this brief colloquy, chuckled within himself. Rising to his feet he said: 'This man is rather severely hurt. He ought to be removed to the hospital.' A slight examination of the second figure resulted in a similar verdict. 'I know the man too,' said the Doctor. 'His name is Closky, and he lives in Bolter's Rents in Oxford Street.' This was addressed to the officer, who had found the knife, and was now offering to Mr Hastings his battered properties.

'There is no danger, I hope?' said Hastings.

'It will not be possible to say anything about that in either case for a day or two,' the Doctor answered. The policeman was despatched for stretchers and bearers, and the two disabled men were soon deposited at the hospital. The Doctor

promised to call there in the morning; and he and Hastings and old Hartley solemnly exchanged cards. Then the old man went off with Hastings to the hospital to see that Tasker was well bestowed. The two took a cab, and so arrived some time before the wounded. Whilst they waited, the house-surgeon—who knew of Mr Hartley of Hartley Hall, and had heard of him from afar as a sort of Gentile Rothschild—was overwhelmingly polite, and the old gentleman was full of enthusiasms for Hastings' pluck and prowess. It reminded him—so he said with fatherly pride—of his son the Lieutenant when he was at Cambridge. 'Was that Hartley of Jesus?' asked Hastings. 'It was sir,' the old man answered, beaming. Did Hastings know the Lieutenant?—Hastings had that distinguished pleasure.

The old man referring to his card again, cried out: 'Why sir, you an' me's neighbours, if I ain't mistaken.'—Hastings assented.—'I shall be proud to see you, sir, at 'Artley 'All. My son the Lieutenant'll be at home at Christmas-time; and my son Orris Sinjin, of Jesus, Cambridge, also. May we look to see you there, sir? No fuss; no show, sir; but a very hearty welcome, I am sure.'

Hastings would be delighted. He liked the old man's bluff hearty ways, and his low-comedy gentility, and his innocent bounce and brag.

'Three generations, you know, sir,' said the old gentleman with hearty candour. 'That's the rule, sir. My young fellers don't make a bad show for the second. Two as fine young chaps as you'd wish to look at.' This to the house-surgeon, who nodded with some embarrassment.

The wounded men came in at this juncture, and the house-surgeon gave them the benefit of his skill without delay. He called Mr Hartley's attention to the fact that Tasker's jewelry seemed valuable. 'Yes,' said the old gentleman in answer; 'but he was in the habit of carrying about papers which were still more valuable, and it would be as well to make sure that they were taken due care of.' Saying this, he took hold of Tasker's coat and emptied the pockets. Amongst other things appeared a very fat pocket-book, the clasp of which was insecure. The book opened in the old man's hand, and a number of papers fell upon the floor. Hastings stooped and picked up some of them, one of which he crumpled in his hand, unseen, and held there.

'Hillo!' cried Mr Hartley; 'here's that cheque of mine, that he ought to ha' paid over a week ago.—I can't take this away with me; can I?' he asked the policeman, who stood beside him.

The official said that was impossible; and the old man, in a state of considerable excitement and anger, called for pen and ink, and producing a cheque-book, filled up a cheque in favour of Francis Fairholt, Esquire, for four hundred guineas. Hastings smoothed out the piece of crumpled paper he had held in his hand until now, and laid it before Mr Hartley. It was a bill for ninety-eight pounds ten shillings, two days overdue, payable at Lorder and Hobbes's Bank, Lombard Street, and drawn on Francis Fairholt by Aminadab Tasker.

'Hillo!' cried Mr Hartley again; 'this is a game!—Why, Mr Tasker,' he muttered in a lower voice, 'you've been a-detaining of my cheque for something, have you! Very well, sir—very well.

'When you come round again, I'll have a little deal along of you, as you'll remember.'

'I knew of this, Mr Hartley,' said Hastings in a low tone, laying his finger on the bill, 'and I knew that Tasker held your cheque for Fairholt. Frank is my best friend, sir; and I went round to-night to tell him that he need not be troubled about this.' He laid his finger again upon the bill.

'Thank you, sir,' said the old man. 'I know that scoundrel, sir. I've told him long ago as if he had any more dealings with Mr Fairholt I'd break him. I'll go away at once to the poor lad's place and pay him this 'ere cheque. There's three days' grace allowed on this dockyment,' said Mr Hartley, 'as perhaps you know, Mr Hastings, and there's no danger till to-morrow.'

'May I come with you to Fairholt's place?' asked Hastings.

Hartley gave a ready assent; and they drove away together. The old gentleman swore as terribly as our army did in Flanders, and poured forth threats against the unconscious Tasker. He blamed himself for employing Tasker at all, but excused himself on the ground that 'there's allays a deal o' dirty work to do in business.' 'I shouldn't wonder,' he shouted, as the cab jolted over the stone pavements, 'if that feller as dropped on to him to-night wasn't somebody as he'd ruined.' Hastings shouted in return that this was very likely true; and Hartley lay back and muttered new threats and anathemas. They reached in due time the house in which Frank lived, and learned that he had not yet returned. Mr Hartley asked for an envelope, and inclosed the cheque with one line—'In payment for picture.—B. H.' Then he turned into the street, still very angry. 'I know what lads are like, sir,' he said. 'I've got two young chaps o' my own, an' one o' 'em suffered dreadful through this kind o' thing. And here's a 'igh-minded, sensitive young feller very likely a-breaking his heart through this scoundrel. Well, well, it'll be a warnin' to him maybe. All's well as ends well. He'll be all right to-morrow.—Shall I set you down anywhere, Mr Hastings?'

The two found that their ways were apart, and so bade each other good-night.

'I like that odd old fellow,' said Hastings to himself. 'He's new enough; but the new heraldry is hands and hearts. I shall look him up some day.' Then he fell to thinking of Frank, and made up an honest mind to give his old friend some good advice, and monetary help if need were, though that seemed unlikely. Frank was about to marry old Hartley's niece, and Hastings, like the rest of the world, knew that the builder and owner of Hartley Hall had a colossal fortune.

Mr Hartley also was preparing good advice for Frank, and was ready to offer monetary aid if need were. 'I must come down heavy on him,' the old man thought as he lay back in his cab, 'and frighten him out of these wicked ways.' There was no sin like carelessness in money matters, in Benjamin Hartley's eyes. Even dishonesty would have been little more reprobated by this good old heathen of a millionaire, for that did but shew a perversion of the most estimable of human instincts—the desire to be rich.

Whilst these two friends of his were pondering

that good advice and planning that monetary aid which were never to be given, Frank was standing in the night alone at the edge of Hampstead Heath. The wind moaned and the rain fell drearily. A rebellious rage against his evil fortune, a passion of regret for bygone follies, an unspeakable terror of the morrow, and through all these, such real dread of the grief which was coming upon those who loved him—rage, remorse, fear, and love—these four—did battle within his soul. And the wide heath, with the rain and the wind and the night upon it, lay before him like a threat of his own future, storm-tormented, untouched by any ray of light from earth or heaven.

A GERMAN FOREST VILLAGE.

Not far from the entrance to the Gottschlagthal, many miles from the railway that skirts the north-west of Baden, lies a secluded village. To this, its distance from a well-worn travellers' highway, it owes perhaps its chief charm—its reticence and silence, its pleasant old-world ways. One reaches it by a wide valley, from which the rounded, pine-crowned hills stand well away, leaving a sunlit breadth of grassy uplands, through which the river winds with murmurous singing. In the very heart of this greenness nestles Kappel, a village of two straggling streets, made gay on market-days with a gleam of scarlet petticoat and waistcoat, and lively with much guttural speech. But Kappel, spite its pleasant white wine, its deep crimson roses, its ruined castle perched far above it, or its houses—low-roofed and black-beamed, such as painters love—holds no charm for you, and you pass onwards up the narrowing valley, where the dark hills draw nearer to each other, and the stream flows between lessening margins.

It is never lonely, though one feels as if it led nowhere, this 'happy valley'; for to the right and to the left against the fringe of wood are perched snug homesteads with deep penthouse of golden-brown thatch, which almost conceals the narrow windows in which the marigolds and peonies are glowing, and with slopes of fragrant meadow-land in front, over which the summer wind shivers lightly. Now and then a peasant, a quaint figure in short-waisted coat of some shining black stuff, and red vest, is to be met, suiting his pace to that of his slow oxen; and he is sure to give you a *Guten Abend* as he looks at you with friendly curiosity. Then there is a level space of road when you limit your vision on one side to the straggling hedgerow, bearing a burden of all sweet things, and to the rapid flow of the impetuous river on the other; but in a little while there are signs of men again; for here is the saw-mill to drown the river's voice, and the farmhouse with its tangled garden and vine-covered trellis set against the road. Soon these too are left behind; and by a winding way, over whose very margin the pines fling their broad shadows, you wander on, having deep glimpses into the heart of the wide forest, that gained for this dark land in Caesar's time its name of *Silva Nigra*. And it is after all quite suddenly that you come upon the half-dozen irregular broad-eaved houses, standing a little apart from each other, that form the village you seek. An inn or two, which the peasants

frequent; the barber's shop, with its sign dangling above the door, and flowers in all the windows; the wide black forge, holding its glowing heart of fire; children at shrill-voiced play by the river; men and women who straighten bowed backs to look and exchange a friendly greeting as you pass—that is all. Then with a sharp bend to the left comes the narrow bridge that spans the wayward river, broken here into a hundred miniature cascades by the moss-grown boulders that impede its path; and while its voice is yet sounding in your ears, you have reached the *Gasthaus zum Ochsen*. Your pleasant pilgrimage is over, for this is its goal.

You stand a moment to look about you. In front of you lies the wide country, fair and still under the evening light. And yet it is a landscape made up of very homely elements. Sombre woods which climb and crown the hills, tinted here and there to a brighter green with the young growth of the spring; smiling slopes where the sunlight lingers; quiet homesteads where generations have lived out their simple uneventful lives, looking on the same upland pastures where the cattle feed, hearing the same rushing waters. Under the ample roofs the beehives stand in a row; oxen loosed from their yokes, pass under the wide archways; the thin blue thread of wood-smoke curls upwards and hangs in the still air. A little higher up the hill, beyond the pond which mirrors the placid sky, stands the little church, its white belfry clearly defined against the background of wood. You turn from it lingeringly to the low white house behind you, its many windows open to admit the evening freshness, and to the wide court where the pigeons plume themselves upon the sunny wall.

If former experience of hotel life has led you to expect and to desire the attendance of obsequious white-neckclothed waiters and smart chambermaids, then the *Ochsen* is no home for you. But if you care to abandon yourself for a little space to a life of very simple pleasures, among a people as yet unspoiled by contact with the outer world, then pass beneath the vine-covered porch. For come as you will, in hired carriage, in diligence, or on foot, you will find here a ready welcome. Mine host will advance to meet you, and reach a broad hand to clasp yours; his comely Frau awaits you on the threshold, and herself leads you to that pleasant chamber under the eaves, in at whose open casements comes the scent of the linden tassels. Sons and daughters of the house will anticipate with smiling readiness the wants which your stammering tongue refuses to translate for you. Here you may experience the rare and pleasant sensation of being received for your own sake, not for the amount of gold with which you may swell the landlord's coffer—a guest whom he delights to honour.

They wait upon you themselves, those handsome friendly young people, while you sup in the brown low-roofed room, adorned with gaily coloured prints of saints and martyrs. Between the courses, while you sip your glass of white wine, they will sit beside you and entertain you in kindly fashion. Very soon you are able to distinguish between Karl and Fritz, and have even a dim suspicion that other eyes than those of her brothers' have found out that Fräulein Gretchen

is very fair. Before your meal is ended, you will have had an outline of their uneventful history; and unless you have more than your share of English reticence, they will have learned something of yours. Presently, they will shew you the visitors' book, where among crabbed and twisted hieroglyphics which you cannot hope to decipher, you discover the signature of a former Smith or Brown who lodged here, and recorded his sentiments in British German; but the date is eight or ten years back, and out of the photograph of your fellow-countryman which Fräulein Grete brings you, there looks at you an unknown face.

If, while you lean back for a moment to enjoy your sense of comfort and well-being, your eyes stray to the dark corner where the old square piano stands, one of the bright faces near you will certainly kindle into sudden enthusiasm; and if you so will it, the rest of your evening may be spent in the rare company of Beethoven and Handel and Bach. As the quick firm touch falls upon the notes, the sweet strains seem to act as a magnet; for presently the host enters, cigar in mouth, and seats himself in the wooden arm-chair; the good Frau, the sleeves of her cotton jacket still rolled up, comes forth for a moment from the dark recesses of the kitchen; and about the open door there gathers a dim and shadowy company; stray passers on the highway perhaps, or the village folks who drop in of an evening to drink their half-bottle of red wine in the *Gaststube* across the passage. Sometimes it is Fräulein Grete who sings; and then the refrain of the *Volkshied* is unfailingly taken up by the outer listeners, and swells into a pleasant wave of melody. Time in this quiet place glides by to the sound of music. The hostler sings as he rubs down his horses; Fritz sets the coffee-cups to a refrain of Schubert's; you are awakened in the fresh early morning by the strains of a waltz which some one thumps out merrily in the guest-room beneath you. And as you rise and throw open your casement to let in the new brilliance of the day, you feel that the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places. Here, for a smaller sum than is spent upon a single meal in London, you may live from day to day upon the fat of the land. Your weekly bill is so modest that you discharge it almost with a sense of shame; it leaves you a debtor still for many kindnesses which gold cannot repay.

As you linger on beneath the lindens, you watch the slow procession of events that make up the daily life of this forest village. While you drink your coffee the school-children troop past, bright-eyed little lads and maidens, bare-headed, and for the most part bare-footed too, their quick tread falling almost noiselessly on the white road. With a slow creak come the ox-carts, burdened with a load of pine-logs; the blue-bloused peasant cracks his whip, and they cross the bridge at a quicker pace. From an upland meadow a woman drags a load of fresh-cut grass; the *Pastor* in his long flapping robes strides down the hill, and pauses a moment to lay his hand on the head of the child who clings to his skirts. Now and then, on Sunday or feast-day, there is a procession. At these times, when the bell in the little belfry set against the wood sends out its one thin note, the crowd begins to thicken on the white road. From the meadows by the river, from the heart of the forest, from distant houses hidden among

the hills, they come. There is a gleam of blue and purple and scarlet as they pass; the uplifted banners are stirred by the soft air, and the slow monotonous chant fills all the valley. Sometimes there is a sadder pilgrimage to the church on the verge of the wood, where stands a new coffin with lights burning about it, and thence to the sloping hillside, sown thick with little iron crosses, but lying very pleasantly to the sun. At eleven o'clock comes the great event of the day, when with a jingle of bells and a sudden crash of wheels, the diligence draws up before the door of the *Ochsen*. Then you may begin to speculate on the number of letters it has brought for you; or if these fail you, you glean news of the outer world through the pages of the *Kölnische Zeitung* which Fritz brings you. When your interest in German politics flags, you concentrate it on the new arrivals, who share with you the shade of the cloudy linden foliage, and are already clinking their beer-glasses.

You will find them very ready to be friendly, these young students from Karlsruhe, to whom the *Ochsen* is familiar ground. At the early dinner-table they will introduce themselves in manly fashion, stating name and occupation and dwelling-place; and then, if you will and dare, you may venture beyond the *Guten Appetit* and the *Gesegnete Mahlzeit* which it is incumbent on you to utter at the beginning and end of each meal. Often the diligence brings older travellers, who love the silent charm of this quiet valley; and with all of these you may have the pleasantest intercourse, for the 'intelligence' which won for the Fatherland its later distinctions on the battlefield leavens all classes of society in Germany.

When you tire of the talking—and certainly there is a great deal of it—you may wander out into the woods, of which you never weary. Under these straight trunks you pass from lavish sunshine to intensest shade, broken rarely by a gleam that travels down the gray stems and flickers on the moss. Here you may linger for hours and hear no sound but your own footfall, or the soft murmur of the wind far above you. Once and again you come upon signs of a charcoal-burner's deserted encampment; but if you would see the woodcutters at work, you must mount upwards by the winding forest-paths that lead to the crown of the hill. And having emerged from these green aisles and reached this freer air, you may well forget your sense of weariness; for here on all sides of you, like the billows of a frozen sea, rise the green-clad hills wave upon wave, black in the hollows, but emerald in the sunlight. The village lies at your feet warm and sheltered; and on the other side where the valley widens, there stretches in the far distance a wide reach of level land, which you know to be the fair plain of Alsace, but which in the noontide heat you dream to be a glistening summer sea, with islands and jutting shores and sailing ships.

And so with the June days you linger on in this pleasant land, where surely the sunsets are rosier and the day dawns fairer than elsewhere. On midsummer day they begin to cut the first crop of meadow-hay. It is a pretty sight to see the long ranks falling before the mower's scythe, though you grudge the death of the flowers, that made all the wayside a bright mosaic of blended colours. From this time you see less of your hosts, unless

you choose to take part in that busy scene by the river, where the women—bare armed and footed—toss the hay, while the men rake it together and fill the great wooden carts. A boy stands with a green branch in his hand to shield the patient cattle from the flies. Then when the last load is hoisted, and the ropes made fast, with many an objurcation, the team gets under way; the deep rutts are safely passed, and with a sigh of relief, the owner sees his wealth pass onwards to the great barn. When the last precious load is safely stored, and the workers are set free, you may join the young people in one of the many excursions with which they enliven the quiet days. Perhaps you scramble into the *Leiterwagen*, and are jostled merrily over the sunny roads to some other hidden village nestling among the woods, where *Grossvater* and *Grossmutter*, who have a *Wirthschaft* of their own, receive you with simple dignity, and set before you the best the house can offer.

You are familiar by this time with these peasant homes—the dark low-roofed rooms, with the polished wardrobe in one corner, and the stove with quaint Scripture scenes—the sacrifice of Isaac or the judgment of Solomon—represented on it in relief. You remember them all: the farmhouse high upon the hill, where you had many a draught of new milk out of a blue two-handled jar, and ate of black bread on which the housewife had first devoutly made the sign of the cross; the *Burgomeister's*, with the deep thatched eaves and the narrow windows, whence you had that fair prospect of climbing vineyards and distant wood. You remember them all, and think with regret that you have seen them and their simple kindly owners for perhaps the last time. For as the June days lessen one by one, you feel that you too must turn your steps from this quiet spot. With July and August will come grave professors and merry students, and households set free for a space from city life, and there will be dancing and merry-making in the guest-room of the *Ochsen*.

But you leave it as you found it, this your home of many weeks, full of a silent restful peace that will always cling about it in your memory. You turn away sadly from these new-old friends, who crowd about the door to wish you God-speed, and you climb the dusty way, leaving them behind. The orange light lies in long level bands between the dark hills; the woods are growing sombre-tinted; and as you turn for one last backward glance, the first star burns in the pale sky above you. Night has come o'er the forest village. *Au revoir*.

THE BELLS OF YARRICK.

A PROSE IDYLL, IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE III.

SURELY Yarrick looks at its best in autumn! Foregrounds of ruddy loam, which has turned over obedient to the gentle persuasion of the ploughshare, exhaling delicious perfume; middle distances of waving gold, which the whispering breezes move gently to receive the play of lights and shadows; backgrounds of stony gray, running off into tender green and shadowy purple where the heather spreads its carpet; in the far distance the gleam of the waters of Boardsey

dancing in the glinting sunlight; spanning all, the limpid azure canopy, flecked with clouds soft as snowflakes, and ever changing into new and beautiful combinations.

Martha Prout combines in her comfortable person two distinct offices; she ministers at the Vicarage as both cook and housekeeper. There being no culinary problems to engage her attention to-day, she sits under a great apple-tree in the orchard knitting stockings, and ever and anon gazing up with approbation at the branches bowing with their bountiful load. All the morning she has been making preparation for the return of the Vicar, who for the last two months has been sojourning abroad. This afternoon it is exceptionally warm, and as Martha sits in her comfortable wicker chair catching the sunshine straying through the network of boughs above, she nods over her stocking. Hard by, the pigeons coo amorously in the veranda of their elevated little residence. A lark, pouring out from its heart ecstatic melody, mounts upward into the azure concave. A great bumble-bee comes droning along through the air, aimlessly, after the fashion of its kind. 'I can't abide 'em!' Martha says, holding her head back in trepidation, and inspecting the insect through her spectacles; 'they deu make a body's flesh creep! Al'ays did mine sin' I's a child.' Then, after a stitch or two, the melody of summer song soothes her, and she half closes her eyes. She hears the voice of one far off singing over his hedging and ditching; the air is catching, and Martha, sleepily following it, feels personally affronted at the utterance of a false note. 'Bless the boy, what's he fit for! Lived i' Yarrick all's life, and can't sing, Pegwell Peggy yet!' The subject of the stricture comes to the end of his bar, and devotes his attention to his spade and bill-hook, and the musical critic is left in peace. Succumbing to the soothing influence of all around, Martha Prout slumbers.

Enters into the orchard a man, soldierly in bearing, dark brown of hue. One of the sleeves of his coat is doubled and stitched to the shoulder, the limb for which it was made being absent. He pauses for a moment, and looks about, then spying Martha, makes towards her. She, hearing a footstep, clutches convulsively at her knitting-needles, then recovers.

'How you deu startle a body, Dennis!'

'Been havin' a snooze, Martha?' inquires Dennis amicably.

The aspersion ruffles Martha's plumage. 'No; I han't!' she replies. 'Reckon I know my place better! I've told you afore that we han't got none o' they Injin ways i' Yarrick.' And she emphasises her sarcasm with a sniff.

'Don't you mind me, Martha,' says Dennis soothingly. 'I thought as 'twas warm-like, and you havin' al'ays been of a full habit o' body'—

This is more than mortal flesh can bear; and the outraged Martha rises majestically. 'Perhaps you'll 'scuse me pullin' you up short, Dennis Ladbroke, an' tellin' you that you an't no longer dwellin' among black infidels an' sich-like.' And Martha shakes out her skirt venomously, as though to draw attention to that emblem of civilisation.

'Why, bless the woman!'

'I would at least be civil-spoke, an' not use low words,' interrupts the exasperated handmaiden.

'Come, come, Martha; you mustn't take offence where none's meant. You needn't be so contrairy—to-day of all days too!'

Martha appears subdued. 'That's tren,' she says in a mollified tone. Denny's reference has recalled her thoughts.

'Feel as though I can't stay still to-day, Martha; seems somehow to have been such a skurry at the last,' says Denny, sitting down on a stump of wood. 'All's ready now,' he continues, stroking his chin thoughtfully. 'They tell me the new bells are sweeter-toned than the old, though that can't well be. The lads say they'll give Yarrick such a peal as it's never heard before.'

'La, Dennis! what a surprise 'twill be for the master! Reckon he'll feel main sadly, poor dear.'

'That's like enough, Martha.'

Denny's thoughts stray back. 'Master Gerald thought of this day,' he says half aloud.

'Bless him!' says Martha softly; then adds, after a pause: 'I've been at they chairs all the mornin', an' they shine just beautiful; come an' see 'em, Dennis.' And they go in together.

'Miss Ella's often spoke of him sin' the news of his death came to us. How her pretty face will light up, to be sure!'

The two return to the orchard, and there Martha makes Dennis again tell her of the past. She never tires of listening to his accounts of all that has happened. Somehow the sight of that empty sleeve has touched her heart, and to her Dennis has become a hero.

Yes, Gerald's directions have been thus far faithfully carried out, and all is now prepared for their consummation. To-day, Yarrick is in a state of suppressed excitement; the villagers gather in knots to discuss the subject of which their minds are full, and make frequent pilgrimages to the church and the Vicarage. The nearest railway station lies nine miles distant, and the train which bears the Vicar and his little daughter is timed to arrive at seven o'clock. Harry Winn has been delegated to drive over and meet them, and he feels much as an ambassador charged with a delicate mission; has he not to keep from their ears the news of what has happened, and this for two long hours, when interrogations are like to be plentiful and varied? Feeling the weight of his responsibility, he restlessly paces the stable-yard for a full hour before starting-time, and there rehearses a sufficiency of replies to meet contingencies. The hour passes, the journey from Yarrick is accomplished, and Winn drives into the station-yard, where, during the ten minutes he has to wait, his trepidation increases. Finally the train glides up to the platform, and then does the eye of Jehu grow feverish, for he sees the Vicar and Ella alight and make towards him. Greeting takes place, the two mount and settle down, Robin responds to a flick of the whip, and the start is made. As they drive past the flying hedgerows to the music of clicking hoofs, the two feast their eyes on the old familiar spots, which reappear in quick succession, and occupy their tongues in passing comments of an exclamatory kind upon them. So all goes well. Winn's nervousness is not noticed; and with an indescribable sense of relief he feels that Yarrick is being neared.

'I should like to have a glimpse of the church in the fading light; wouldn't you, Sunbeam?'

'O yes, papa.'

'Drive round by the lower road, Winn.'

Harry is dumfounded; he pulls up Robin with a jerk, and gazes helplessly into the Vicar's face.

'The lower road,' the Vicar repeats, indicating the direction with a movement of the hand.

For a moment Harry's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, then he rises to the occasion. 'But think o' Martha Prout, sir! She's a-dyin' to see Miss Ella.' The tone of sympathy is touching to hear.

The Vicar regards him in some surprise, but Ella comes to the rescue. 'Dear old Martha! She thinks the tea will spoil. Don't let us disappoint her, papa. She will let us out afterwards, if we do justice to it.'

The Vicar laughs softly. 'All right, Winn,' he says; 'drive home.' And Harry does so, feeling that his stratagem has succeeded.

As they drive through Yarrick, beaming smiles on every side from the villagers who are standing about greet their return. The Vicar has a kindly word for each. Noticing, after a time, the marked manner in which they stand and gaze, he turns to Winn and asks: 'Is the village holiday-making?'

Winn feels that so near home he can afford to take the question calmly. 'No; they an't 'zactly holiday-making, sir,' he says; then he relapses, chuckling inwardly. There, sure enough, is Martha, waiting on the steps to welcome them. Ella bounds forward, and throws her arms about her neck. 'O Martha, we are so glad to get back home to you!' And the Vicar takes her hand kindly and says: 'That we are, Martha.' Chatting merrily the while, they enter the parlour, and sit down to the meal which Martha has prepared for them. There is a stillness in the air; the evening shadows have lengthened, and through the open window come harvest scents, wafted from the ricks. When the meal is nearly finished, Martha re-enters the room, and says demurely: 'Please sir, there's some un waiting as says he'd like to see you when you've done tea.'

'Who is it, Martha?'

The ambassadress smoothes her apron, and says:

'Please sir, I an't to say.'

The fairy presiding at the tea-urn arrests the progress to her mouth of a slice of bread-and-butter; and the Vicar looks up bewildered. 'You are not to say?'

'No sir.'

'Well—a—shew him in, Martha.'

But, before Martha can turn, Dennis has entered. For a moment he pauses, a little overcome now that his mission is approaching so nearly to its completion. Martha quietly turns, and leaves the room unobserved; a minute later she has thrown her shawl over her head, and is speeding along towards the church. As she walks, the good soul wipes her eyes softly with her apron; the face of the lad whom she had tended and scolded and loved in the old days, comes back very vividly to her just now.

And as the light had fallen on the figure of the maimed soldier, the emotional little lady at the tea-urn had sprung up and run towards him. 'Is it really you, Denny?' she says.

The Vicar too has risen, and grasping his hand, is gazing earnestly into his face. 'We are right glad to see you back, Ladbrook. Welcome once more to Yarrick!'

And they lead him to a chair, and make much of him. Seated there by the oriel window, gazing out over the flower-garden to the familiar meadows, they listen to his words, making him begin at the very beginning, and recount his adventures step by step. And when he comes to speak of Cawnpore, his hearers know that he is about to tell of the death of him he loved so well. In homely language Denny paints the scene, and the Vicar's cheeks flush as he hears of that last gallant burst into the bristling bayonets. 'Brave lad!' he says, rising in his excitement. 'From the moment he spoke to me on that night when the belfry fell, I knew that he would do!' Then Denny tells of the discovery of the prostrate figure; and looking up, says that he is come to bear a message.

What is it that causes the Vicar to start suddenly to his feet; that causes his face for a moment to pale, and then sends the blood coursing back to his cheeks? Wafted to his ears on the perfume-laden air come the sweet sounds as of old, the melody he loves. As one dreaming, he turns slowly round to Dennis; the faithful fellow's head is bowed, and for a moment he cannot speak. When he regains his voice, he whispers huskily: 'Twas the last thing he said: "Tell the Vicar I thought of him listening to my bells!"'

By the tower of Yarrick church the ground slopes westward in a series of gentle undulations. Below, and skirting the churchyard, is a great belt of firs; and beyond these may be caught the gleam of the waters of Boardsey. On this spot there is a little monument, whose inscription simply tells how one Gerald Herrick fell fighting for his country in the trenches of Cawnpore. Here—most often when the sun is flushing the western sky with glory as it sinks to rest—two figures may be seen, tending the roses which cling so tenderly to the stone. The one, a fair-haired maiden, is she who was formerly known as Little Sunbeam; the other is the maimed soldier, Dennis Ladbrook.

SOME STRANGE AVOCATIONS.

STRANGE are the shifts to which humanity is sometimes put to earn the wherewithal to supply its daily needs; and many are the ways of getting a living not to be found catalogued in any known list of trades. Few are the ills to which flesh is heir for which a remedy or palliative may not be obtained, if one only knows where to seek it. For instance, what a medical witness lucidly described as a 'contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood, and ecchymosis of the surrounding cellular tissue,' may now be so deftly manipulated as to defy observation, by having recourse to a professor of the art of doctoring black-eyes—an avocation recognised by Mr Dickens, in his Dictionary of London, wherein any one unfortunately afflicted with an accidental black-eye, but obliged at the same time to go into society, is advised to betake himself to a certain 'artist in black-eyes,' equal to concealing the most aggravated specimen at a cost of half-a-crown, or double that fee if the patient must be attended at home.

Said a witness under cross-examination: 'I am an Early-caller. I calls different tradesmen

at early hours, from one till half-past five in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between twelve and one; I goes to bed at six, and sleeps till the afternoon. I calls bakers between one and two—the bakers are the earliest of all.' What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we should say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time.—Not so deserving of encouragement are the 'tup-pennies,' carrying on their vocation in those quarters of London where pawnbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaries between the pawnbroker and folks anxious to raise a loan upon their belongings, who, rather than transact such business for themselves, are willing to pay twopence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's 'uncle' or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favour with their patronage; and so, one way and another, contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbours' necessities.

Convinced that duplicated presents were burdensome and unprofitable possessions to newly married folks, a 'cute New Yorker hit upon the happy notion of relieving them of such superfluities; and success begetting imitation, there are now some half-dozen traders in the Empire City dealing in wedding-gifts; one limiting his dealings to china; another to silver and plated ware; while all is fish that comes to the net of a third, who keeps a large store ostensibly devoted to the sale of unredeemed pledges. Said this worthy to an inquiring gentleman: 'When a young couple belonging to good families get married, nine times out of ten they find themselves in possession of certain kinds of household stuff enough to last several generations. One bride, for instance, received eight pairs of opera-glasses; of course she did not want them all, and I bought five of them. When a marriage between two rich folks comes off, a list of the presents generally finds its way into the newspapers. I don't go to them as soon as they are married; they'd kick you out of the house if you went on such business for the first few weeks. You have to let them settle down to housekeeping, and find out for themselves how much useless stuff they have got; and even then, the wife generally objects to sell; but after seeing them a few times, they fall in with the idea, and are willing to sell what they don't want; and then a bargain is soon struck. Young married people seldom know the value of the presents they receive, and besides, they cost them nothing, so it is all profit to them.' And probably not far from all profit to the shrewd purchaser, who takes their superfluities off their hands on his own terms.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linseed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterwards pressing the oil from the linseed, and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the papermaker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collect-

ing old corks, which being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per hundred. If this be so, it would be worth somebody's while to go cork-collecting in London and other large towns.

A lady-resident of the Faubourg St-Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black, and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third 'marchand d'asticots' boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from five to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over three hundred pounds a year. No wonder he professes great fondness for his 'children,' as he calls them; although, like other fond fathers, he is ready enough to part with them when opportunity offers.

This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago we are told, Mr Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring-tailed braudlings, and other worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a moist warm night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in, they are placed in properly selected moss, field-moss for choice, to scour until they become little more than skin—freshly caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while 'when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bit of india-rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon the hook.' When this condition is attained, the worms are packed in moss, and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm-merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden: the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself.

Ludlow Street, a very unsavoury quarter in New York, is inhabited chiefly, if not wholly, by Poles; living in the smallest of tenements, and given to sharing their limited space with cats, dogs, ducks, and geese. They are the cat-meat—not cat's-meat—purveyors of the city, hunting the streets at night to capture stray cats for conversion into sausages. Three among them especially devote themselves to getting, feeding, and breeding cats for the table. Such cats as are captured by their 'boys,' are carefully sorted; those in good condition being slaughtered at once, while the others are relegated to large boxes, to be fed regularly with a fattening compound. Sometimes the animals are confined in a yard, the walls of which are smeared with something so obnoxious to puss that she will not cross it—a something for which town-gardeners here would give much to know the recipe. Our authority, who

visited a Ludlow Street cat-yard not long ago, says: 'It presented a most amusing spectacle. About a hundred cats of all sizes, colours, and ages were sleeping, eating, quarrelling, and cater-wauling; all grades being represented, from the handsome Angora and Maltese, to the homely back-yard Tom.' When considered fit for eating, the cats are disposed of to 'small butchers' who make a specialty of cat-sausage, and festoon their shop-windows with them; the delectable delicacies having a ready sale, which is ever increasing; those who indulge in them declaring cat-meat superior to any rabbit.

An advertisement in a New York journal offering coloured ladies instruction in French, music, and deportment, sent an inquisitive reporter in search of the advertiser, who proved to be a comely full-blooded negress, talking with the fluency of her kind, but with hardly a trace of negro dialect; thanks to having lived many years in the service of a Creole family in New Orleans, and mixing but little with her own race. Mrs Johnson owned her peculiar business was not so flourishing as it might be, but it was a growing one, and she did not doubt it would prove a paying one in good time; since there was no lack of coloured ladies emulous of the graces and accomplishments of their white sisters, and willing to pay two dollars for an hour's lesson in either branch. Her pupils, she said, 'took hold' of the piano readily enough, but did not care about learning French, being much more anxious to speak English, or 'United States' as she preferred calling it, like white folks. There was not much difficulty in teaching them how to walk, bow, and so on; but it took a deal of patient drilling to cure them of ignoring the *g* in words ending in *ing*, and of saying 'whar,' 'dar' and 'thar' instead of where and there; while it was especially difficult to teach them the niceties of emphasis and inflection. Nevertheless, she had 'taken the kinks, if not out of the hair, out of the tongue' of many a woman as black as herself, and achieved notable success with a pure negress from Alabama, who was so ashamed of her skin, and so convinced that no white person ever respected a black one, that she always wore a heavy veil when walking in the streets. Mrs Johnson's model pupil, however, was 'a light mulatto, as pretty a girl as you would meet in an hour's walk on Broadway; young, slender, and just as stylish as she can be,' whom her proud preceptress was ready to match against the daughter of any white millionaire for good manners.

Bone-collecting is not an avocation peculiar to the States, but there are nevertheless bone-collectors of various kinds. John-Chinaman, content enough to live and die far away from the land of his birth, has a decided objection to his bones remaining in alien earth. We understand that the Chinese guilds in California employ men to go all over the country, even to Oregon, and across the Sierra Nevada, to collect the bones of their compatriots, which, after being scraped, are carefully rolled in paper, labelled, and despatched to San Francisco, where they remain until enough are accumulated to load a vessel, when they are sent to Hong-kong for final interment. Ships carrying such a cargo can carry nothing else; for when a vessel had a cargo partly of bones and partly of flour, grain, and the like, the eatables

were found unmarketable in China, because of a belief that gaseous emanations permeated them, or from sheer superstition.

The same rule apparently obtains wherever Chinamen go; for in a Melbourne newspaper we read: 'During the month, a party of Chinese, accompanied by a European, have been busily engaged visiting cemeteries in the country districts, exhuming the bones of deceased Chinamen, for the purpose of transmission to China. The bones, after exhumation, are carefully counted, to ascertain that none are absent, and are then tied up in parcels, labelled, and inclosed in boxes with a quantity of written papers and a pack of Chinese playing-cards. Incense and perfumed papers are kept burning during the ceremony. The number of skeletons which have been taken up is very great.'

How the collectors of Chinese bones are remunerated, is more than we know; if they are paid by results, it is to be hoped they are more honest in their dealings than certain contractors who, undertaking to exhume and re-inter the bodies of the Federal soldiers who fell before Petersburg and Richmond, at the rate of eight dollars a body, separated each corpse into four parts, placed each part in a coffin, and received four times their proper reward from the American government!

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

WHEREVER they go, the soldiers of a Highland regiment generally contrive to astonish the natives. As the famous Forty-second were marching early one morning through a Fantee village, the pipers struck up *Hey, Johnnie Cope*, bringing the people out of their huts in the utmost consternation, in the belief that the Ashantees were on them. As soon as they saw that their awakeners were men of another colour, the villagers sought closer acquaintanceship; but catching sight of the pipers, a stampede took place; and not the boldest among them ventured to come nigh again until the rear of the detachment was clear of the village. Then they followed at a respectful distance, and when the troops halted, the Fantees growing courageous, crowded round, the pipers being the centre of attraction, under the idea that they were officers of great dignity, and the pipes some mysterious instruments for the destruction of the Ashantees. They improvised a war-dance in honour of the bearers, much to the disgust of the pipe-major, who wanted to know 'what he was made a peep-show of for,' and contemptuously asked if they had never seen a kiltie before.

As a rule, Indians do not give such open expression to their feelings. A settler in the Far West giving a little dinner-party, invited thereto a few half-civilised Indians, who displayed a desire to 'go through' the bill of fare. A young chief after eyeing the mustard curiously for some time, helped himself to a good spoonful and swallowed it. He said nothing to betray his astonishment; but despite himself, the tears streamed down his cheeks. An aged chief sitting opposite asked what he was crying about, and was gravely informed he was thinking of his poor old father who died a short time ago. Presently the old fellow took a dip from the mustard-pot, and his

eyes likewise proved too weak or too strong for his will. Then his young friend, in a sympathising tone, inquired the cause of *his* grief. Said the beguiled one: 'I was thinking it was a pity *you* didn't die when your old father did.'

All too readily as the red man takes to fire-water, he cannot comprehend the paleface's taste for hot condiments. Naukum, a Plover Bay Indian in much request by ship-captains as an interpreter, was a fellow of unappeasable curiosity; but he made a point of never expressing surprise at anything. The first time he was inside the engine-room of a steamship, all Naukum said, after thoroughly examining his surroundings, was: 'Too muchee wheel; make man too muchee think.' But he was fated to be astonished once by having some pepper-sauce introduced into his food, and owned to having experienced a new sensation, and not liking it. 'Me stand good deal,' said he; 'but me no stand white man eat fire on his meat.'

Mr Whynper won the admiration of his Alaskan friends by the exhibition of a few of those amusing pyrotechnic toys termed Pharaoh's serpents. Sir Samuel Baker found a galvanic battery a sure source of astonishment in savagedom. At parting with Rot Jamar of Fatiko, the traveller placed the two handles of the apparatus in the hands of that potentate, which gave a shock, and sent him away surprised and delighted; and nothing pleased the king of Unyoro so much as witnessing the effect of electricity upon the members of his court and household, every one of whom was compelled to undergo the operation; Kamrasi insisting upon the operator putting the battery to its utmost power, and going into roars of laughter at the sight of his favourite minister rolling on his back in contortions, without the possibility of letting the torturing handles fall from his grasp.

The author of *Two Years in Fiji* found a scarifier (a kind of cupping-glass) of even greater service to himself, while yielding unbounded delight to the natives. 'Nothing,' he writes, 'was considered more witty by those in the secret than to place this apparently harmless instrument on the back of some unsuspecting native and touch the spring. In an instant twelve lancets would plunge into the swarthy flesh. Then would follow a long-drawn cry, scarcely audible amidst the peals of laughter from the by-standers. As soon as the native recovered from the alarm consequent on the suddenness of this attack, he would ask to have the application repeated perhaps six or seven times. The reason of this was not very evident at first; but I found by-and-by that the operation was considered a wholesome one, and also that the regularity of the marks left on the skin was much admired. At a time of great scarcity, when the natives refused to sell any food, I bethought myself of the scarifier; and by exacting a taro-root from each person who wished to be operated on, succeeded in collecting enough supplies to complete the journey.'

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in

the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made; and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and even mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

THE ELECTRIC VACUUM TUBE.

THE attention recently directed towards electric illumination has brought again into notice some of the earlier discoveries in connection with this science. One of the most beautiful of these is to be seen in what is termed the vacuum tube. The illuminating power of the electric current in a rarefied atmosphere has been investigated by Grove, Gassiot, Plücher, &c., their labours being much helped by the handiwork of Geissler of Bonn, who carried the art of glass-blowing for philosophical instruments to high perfection. Vacuum apparatus for electrical purposes are now known all over the world as *Geissler's tubes*.

These tubes have at each end a small piece of platinum wire fused into the glass, with a protruding loop of wire outside, so that they may be readily connected with the source of electricity; the air in the closed tube is then exhausted by an aperture made for that purpose, which is afterwards hermetically sealed. Upon connecting the platinum wires with the poles of an intensity coil, the whole interior of the tube is illuminated with a beautiful pink-purple glow, deepening into a rich violet towards the negative pole; whilst the wires throw off minute sparks entirely different in appearance from the well-known blue spark.

As the only absolute requisite in the construction of these tubes is the exclusion of atmospheric air, an infinite variety of forms has been devised. Names may be made of twisted glass, which will burst into light when connected with the coil; and minute traces of different gases, organic and inorganic, will give varying colours under the electric current.

Gassiot's Cascade is composed of a cylinder inclosing a slender vase of uranium glass, having the tube conveying the current descending to nearly the bottom of the vase. As there is no other exit provided for it, the current ascends the sides of the vase, and pours over its edge in a continuous flow of living fire, until it reaches the opposite pole. The beauty of this experiment is enhanced by the fluorescence of the uranium glass

of which the vase is made, under the light from the current.

Another adaptation of electricity inseparably associated with the name of Gassiot, is the electric star. The impression of light remains on the retina for about the one-eighth of a second—a phenomenon commonly known as persistence of vision. A single tube is mounted upon a magnetic rotator, and put in connection with the intensity coil. As the machine revolves, the illuminated tube, through multiplication of impressions upon the retina, becomes a glowing wheel with numberless radiant spokes. Properly conducted, the foregoing experiments are strikingly beautiful.

TO MY CANARY.

HALF Nature and half Art art thou,
Poor city bird ;
Thy birth was not on woodland bough
With zephyrs stirred.

A little box upon a nail
Thy life received ;
And I, when others' care did fail,
Thy wants relieved.

The melody that rippling breaks
From thy clear throat
Was not thine own—the skylark makes
That merry note.

The greater world without thine own
Is dark to thee ;
Thy golden wings have never known
Its mystery.

The sun on thee, through cloudless sky,
Did never smile ;
Dull bricks and mortar have been thy
Canary Isle.

But if for freedom thou dost sigh,
My captive pet,
I'll loose thy wings, and help thee fly
This cage of fret.

And then, thy airy soul, upflung
Towards heaven's gate,
Will sing the song, as yet unsung
Emancipate !

Say, wilt thou fly the spreading air
At thy sweet will,
And never more in captive's fare
Dip thy free bill ?

If so, just chirp one last farewell,
And hie thee hence,
And leave me, till passed time dispel
This present tense.

See ! now I throw thy cage-door wide,
And set thee free.
Stretch forth thy wings, in conscious pride
Of liberty.

Thy hops do halt, as if delayed
By fearful doubt.
Why hesitant ? why so dismayed
To know you're out ?

Hast thou no wish to seek near brooks
Cool shimmering shade ?
Or dost thou still prefer the nooks
By joiner made ?

Thy years of caged ease have brought
Such days of dreams,
That liberty with labour fraught
Worse bondage seems.

Thou dar'st not go ! the wide outside
Brings thee dismay ;
The airs that thrill the lark's life-tide
Thy pulses stay.

Then come, my sweet, and safe from harm
Securely rest,
And nestling in my bosom, calm
Thy fluttering breast.

And to this cage, with memories fond,
Thy voice recall,
And love shall knit its tenderest bond
In willing thrall.

V. F.

CELLULOID.

A mixture of tissue-paper and camphor chemically treated produces a substance known as celluloid, which is largely manufactured and applied to an always increasing variety of uses. It resembles gum in appearance, is of a light pale brown colour, and can be readily dyed through its whole substance, so as to imitate amber, malachite, tortoise-shell, or coral. When converted into artificial ivory, there is, to an ordinary eye, no difference between it and the real product, and it can be used for pianoforte keys, for handles, rings, ornaments, and so forth, as readily as real ivory, at one-half of the cost. It is convertible into combs, jewelry, watch-cases, thimbles, toe-caps for shoes, parchment, said to be more serviceable for drumheads than real parchment, and into paper, which is afterwards fashioned on an enormous scale into cuffs, collars, and shirt fronts ; and attempts are being made to adapt it for use as neckties.

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THE GAMEKEEPER AT HOME.

WITH the advent of spring come the myriad pleasing sights and sounds of reviving nature. Beneath the sparkling sunlight of an April day, hill and valley, wood and wild, assume attractions which captivate alike the eye of the naturalist, the artist, and the poet. The spots which but a few weeks ago seemed so barren and desolate, are now instinct with the fresh beauty of returning life. The tender green of the grass, the soft blue of the sky, the sweet-voiced choristers in the budding grove, denote that winter is past, and the time of the singing of birds is come. Now it is that forest and field have their attractions. The dark pine that during all the winter months kept up a brave show of summer garniture, is now edged with a fringe of brighter green; while the chestnut that waved naked arms against the wintry sky, is rich with the glossy grandeur of its innumerable buds. The birch is preparing itself once more to hang out green tresses to the summer sun; and the thrush that sits on the topmost bough is telling its tale of love to all the valley. Along the woodland glade the turf feels soft and springy beneath the feet; and wherever some little water-spring oozes forth, delicate mosses mark its course with their delicious green. A new activity seems to have entered the life of the multitudinous fauna of the forest, and the ear is never oppressed nor the eye wearied with the thousand manifestations of their spring-tide joy.

As a charming companion for these and the summer months, we can scarcely name a pleasanter book than *The Gamekeeper at Home* (London: Smith, Elder, & Co.). It is an unacknowledged production, but is known to be from the pen of Mr Richard Jefferies, author of the recently-published *Greene Ferne Farm*; and *Wild Life in a Southern County*, which we had the pleasure of reviewing last year. The title very inadequately conveys to the reader the full scope and richness of the book; for it is by no means confined to a mere narration of the habits and pursuits of the gamekeeper, but passes 'from the man

to the territories over which he bears sway—the meadows, woods, and streams; and to his subjects, their furred and feathered inhabitants.' Yet very pleasant and picturesque is the author's description of the occupation and abode of the gamekeeper—his cottage in the ash-wood on the slope—his kennels, with all their noisy tenants—his ferret-hutches, his twine and rabbit nets, his man-traps and spring-guns. The latter antiquated engines are now illegal, and consequently lie in a corner neglected and covered with rust; but 'the keeper will tell you that the man-trap used to be set up in the corner of the gardens and orchard belonging to the great house, and which, in the pre-policeman days, were almost nightly robbed. He recollects but one old man—a mole-catcher—who actually had experienced in his youth the sensation of being caught; he went lame on one foot, the sinews having been cut or divided. The trap could be chained to its place if desired; but as a matter of fact, a chain was unnecessary, for no man could possibly drag this torturing clog along.'

What may be called the personality of the gamekeeper, is sketched with a graphic power not destitute of humour. The tall and stout, yet slightly stooping form; the velveteen coat, glazed at the shoulder and sleeve where the gun rubs; the dog-whistle at his button-hole; his pocket-knife, which is a basket of tools in itself; his gun, which he loves as an old companion, and the balance and 'hang' of which he is so accustomed to, that he never thinks of aiming—'he simply looks at the object, still or moving, throws the gun up from the hollow of his arm, and instantly pulls the trigger, staying not a second to glance along the barrel.' He is perfectly civil to every one; and with a willing manner towards his master and his master's guests, he yet has a wonderful knack of getting his own way. Great on dogs, his opinion is listened to and taken by everybody, and by this knowledge many 'tips' are gained. At the farmhouse he is invited to sit down and take a glass, for his gossip is welcome, and his favour is always worth cultivating. He is proud

of his occupation, and delights in the woods and the fresh air. He thinks the smell of the earth a fine thing, and the hedges and grass 'as sweet as sugar,' after a shower. If a man asks him to take a glass of ale he never says 'No;' and when gentlemen give him 'tips,' he is 'much obliged,' and takes them home to his 'missus.' He is not afraid of wet weather, for he does not regard it; and a greatcoat he scouts as a thing of nought. He has likewise his faults. Towards his undermen, and the labourers and woodmen who transgress his rules, he shews a hasty temper, and is apt to use his ground-ash stick rather freely, without thought of consequences. When he takes a dislike to a man, nothing will remove it; his hatred is cordial, and he is full of prejudices. Conservative in his ways of thinking, the impressions of his youth are strong within him, and he looks with contempt on everything which diverges from his early-formed habits and methods. Yet he never gets sour of life. The 'tips' that are forthcoming from picnic parties who frequent his grounds in summer, and from the young gentlemen who have a turn at ferreting rabbits with him in winter, add a certain softening element to his surroundings; and as he is proud of his cottage, of his wife, of his family, of his gun, and of his dogs, he is on the whole as comfortable and happy as may be.

But the author takes us with his gamekeeper into the fields and the forest, and here it is perhaps that the general reader finds most to charm and please. We must here let the author speak for himself. 'The beauty of the park consists in its "breadth," as an artist would say—the meadows with their green frames of hedges are cabinet pictures, lovely, but small; this is life-size, a broad cartoon from the hand of Nature. The sward rises and rolls along in undulations like the slow heaves of an ocean wave. Besides the elms, there is a noble avenue of limes, and great oaks scattered here and there, under whose ample shade the cattle repose in the heat of the day. In summer, from out the leafy chambers of the limes there falls the pleasant sound of bees innumerable, the voice of whose trembling wings lulls the listening ear as the drowsy sunshine lulls the eyelid. . . It is difficult to decide at what time of the year the park is in its glory. The May-flower on the great hawthorn trees in spring may perhaps claim the pre-eminence, filling the soft breeze with exquisite odour. The May-bloom, pure white in its full splendour, takes a dull reddish tinge as it fades, when a sudden shake will bring it down in showers.'

Nor would this description of 'the park' be complete without a reference to the variety of birds and animals that have their local name and habitation there. We have the honey-bee and the wasp, making melody high up in the lime-tree branches; and the humble-bee close to the earth, buzzing slowly along under the arch of brier and bramble. The wood-pigeons are 'cooing' in the tall horse-chestnuts; and the blackbird, thrush, and finches are making merry in the hedges. The lonely missel-thrush haunts the

solitary trees in the park; and in the broken wall of the park the tiny tomtit creeps in between the stones and builds his nest. Here the partridges roost on the ground, keeping clear of the dikes and hedges for fear of weasels and rats; and there the lordly pheasant steps out into the grass, ready with discordant whirr, if alarmed, to seek the shelter of the neighbouring trees. The rabbits slip down from the edge of the wood to nibble at the dainty pasture, prepared to whisk back out of sight at the lifting of a finger; and in the evening the fox steals slyly out from the cover, 'wending his way down into the meadows, where he will follow the furrows along their course, mousing as he goes.'

Along with these picturesque touches of the habits and habitats of the wild animals, we have many anecdotes of the domesticated kind, especially of the dog. 'Some dogs,' says the author, 'possess an initiating power—which in men is called originality, invention, discovery—they make experiments. I had a pointer that exhibited this faculty in a curious manner. She was weakly when young, and for that reason, together with other circumstances, was never properly trained—a fact that may perhaps have prevented her "mind" from congealing into the stolidity of routine. She became an outdoor pet, and followed at heel everywhere. One day some ponds were netted, and of the fish taken, a few chanced to be placed in a great stone trough from which cattle drank in the yard. Some time afterwards, the trough being foul, the fish—they were roach, tench, perch, and one small jack—were removed to a shallow tub while it was being cleansed. In this tub, being scarcely a foot deep, though broad, the fish were, of course, distinctly visible, and at once became an object of the most intense interest to the pointer. She would not leave it, but stood watching every motion of the fish, with her head now on one side, now on the other. There she must have remained some hours; and was found at last in the act of removing them one by one, and laying them softly, quite unhurt, on the grass. I put them back into the water, and waited to see the result. She took a good look, and then plunged her nose right under the surface and half-way up the neck, completely submerging the head, and in that position groped about on the bottom till a fish came in contact with her mouth, and was instantly snatched out. The head must have been under water each time nearly a minute, feeling for the fish. One by one she drew them out and placed them on the ground, till only the jack remained. He puzzled her, darting away swift as an arrow, and seeming to anticipate the enemy. But after a time he too was captured.' When the fish were returned to the tub, the pointer again commenced her fishing. 'Scarcely anything,' adds the writer, 'could be imagined apparently more opposite to the hereditary intelligence of a pointer than this; and certainly no one attempted to teach her, neither did she do it for food. It was an original motive of her own. To what can it be compared but mind proceeding by experiment?'

In the course of the work, many interesting accounts are given of the habits and peculiarities of the wild animals of the country—hares, rabbits, foxes, badgers, &c.; also of the means of trapping and hunting such creatures. The wood-cut illustrations, by Charles Whymper, are many of them

charming, and add much to the beauty and utility of the work as a companion-book for the sportsman and naturalist. Its pictures of country life are full of animation; and the descriptions have about them a breeziness and buoyancy which recall even in the study, the scent of the hedgerows and the sights and sounds of rural felicity.

A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER XVI.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I rolled this trophy up carefully.

It was about the time of my installation at Hartley Hall that I began to be conscious of a feeling which I have since regarded with some amusement. I began to feel most marvellously old. My experiences of the world seemed to have been so varied that to my own mind I was another Gil Blas or Roderick Random. And I quite seriously believe now that a certain instability, a certain taste for wandering and love of change which mark me as a man, had their natural growth in the kaleidoscopic changes of my early life. When I was in bed and alone, I used to repeat to myself a line of a favourite hymn of Sally's, with a sense of the uncertainty of things in general, which but few children of my age could have arrived at, born of those changeful experiences—'There's no abiding city here.' To my novel-reading childhood it seemed natural that aunts and uncles should turn up in a random sort of way, and bring abrupt changes into life; and I was so used to the marvellous, that if Uncle Ben had turned into a magician who traded new lamps for old ones, and had carried his own Hall and Park into Central Africa, I should have been inclined to accept it as a fulfilment of the prophecies of my little library. I find that usage has betrayed me. 'Uncle Ben.' Mr Hartley was not Mr Hartley long. I had not been a week in that rawly-splendid mansion before the red-faced bald-headed old gentleman was my closest chum, and had assumed by his own desire that title. He loaded me with silver money, and bought a pony for my use; and though I had no occasion to spend a penny and no opportunity, it seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure to chink four or five new half-crowns together, and approaching me with a look of sly jollity, to slip them into my pockets one by one, with many pretences of doing it, between, as though the whole performance were an elaborate conjuring trick. I had grown so rapidly during my fever, that I used sometimes to stand up and look at my own toes with a sense of distance from them such as no mature person twice my height ever experienced. But in spite of this, the pony's rotund girth was something too much for my small legs; and for a long time I sat him with a very precarious balance and a general sense of insecurity. Uncle Ben used generally to walk beside me, and not infrequently Maud would take the bridle on the other hand, and so we three would ramble slowly through the park together, one of us in a state of nervous transport, and unwitting of the troubles of those who walked beside him. One day when the grass was crisp with the first frost of winter, and the brown leaves dropped from the trees without a breath of air to shake them, as though they released themselves of their own will, Uncle Ben and I went

out together. Maud was about to join us; but he waved her back, and following her, said something, in answer to which she nodded sadly.

When he had led me some distance through the park, my companion looked up at me and said: 'Johnny, my lad, Sally's a-going down home to see her mother. Should you like to go with her?'

'Yes; indeed I should,' I answered; and hoped that nothing was wrong in Sally's affairs.

'No, Johnny,' said Uncle Ben; 'theer's nothin' wrong. While you're theer, Johnny, if Sally asks you to shew her'—There he stopped in his speech and his walk, and arrested the pony. He looked thoughtfully at me, and then laughing at my puzzled face, touched me on the cheek, and said: 'Never mind that now. When Sally asks you anythin', why then it'll be time enough to answer—won't it?'

I said I supposed it would; and he turned the pony's head round, though we had not been out a quarter of the common time, led me back to the front of the house, lifted me down without a word, and left me standing at the door. I had not been there long, when Hawker—the splendour in the canary-coloured plush and sky-blue coat, whom I had seen on my first visit, and had since grown familiar with—came to me and informed me that I was wanted in the morning-room. Thither I went, and found Maud, who told me that Sally was going to start in an hour from then, and that she was expected to return, bringing me with her in two or three days' time at farthest. Somehow, there was a reservation in her manner—children are quick to read such things—as if she desired to say something and yet would not say it. I had seen something of the same sort in Uncle Ben. When Sally came, there was an air of mystery about her of an almost melodramatic cast, and she palpably dissembled, like one behind the foot-lights. She wore so absurd a pretence of being in her usual humour, that I was quite alarmed at it. Whilst the groom drove us to the railway station, I revolved the problem in my mind, and was persuaded before we got to the train that some new change of life was in store for me. I did not believe that Uncle Ben had tired of protecting me, for he had worn his most genial and affectionate look at parting, and had studded me all over with new half-crowns, setting me on my back on the sofa in order to do it, and laughing at me jollily the while. I was sure of Maud also; and as for Sally, I was as convinced then as I am now that that good creature would be a consenting party to nothing which would harm me; and yet I felt persuaded that something new was about to befall me by the consent of all of them, and was in a nervous tremor to know what the something could be. I asked no questions, and Sally went on with her pretence of there being nothing the matter with as much success as any bandit who ever ostentatiously hid himself upon the boards.

The great manufacturing town lifted its chimneys into the pall of smoke which they themselves created, and its streets had the old roll and clamour and bustle. Sally took me into a great confectioner's shop there, and gave me cakes and tea, and was very deferential to the waitress who attended us. I was a little awed also, remembering distinctly the petticoated figure who stood so strangely for me in memory, and who had first

seen the place, and thought what a palace it was a year ago. I was very smartly dressed now, and booted and gloved in the nattiest way, so that I rather pitied that little figure. But I could not dissociate him from myself, and felt that I laboured under his special disabilities. The mistress of the establishment, a motherly-looking old lady who rustled her black silks with an air of great importance, came over and asked Sally whose little boy that was. Sally responded respectfully. It was the only son of Mr John Campbell of the Baker's Green Ironworks. The old lady looked quite gently towards me, and said in a whisper that in that case I was an orphan.

'Yes,' said Sally.

'Who was he living with?' the old lady asked again.

'He was livin' along of his Uncle, ma'am,' Sally answered, 'at Hartley Hall.'

'Mr Benjamin Hartley?' said the old lady—'the great millionaire?'

Sally answered in the affirmative.

The old lady, after taking a long look at me over Sally's head, went away again; and I heard her whisper to one of the waitresses behind the long marble counter that I was the nephew of Mr Hartley of Hartley Park, the great millionaire; and this whisper going round to all the marble-topped tables, I became conscious that I was being made a show of, so that I blundered with my tea, and had no idea as to what I ought to do with my eyes and hands.

Sally was a little discomfited by this general inspection also; and when at last we rose to go, and I produced a big-clasped Russia-leather purse, which Uncle Ben had given me that morning to hold the new half-crowns in, the general public of the place was painfully interested in this glimpse at a portion of the great millionaire's money, and I was very glad to escape with Sally to the street.

The dusk had fallen when we got to the railway station again in time to meet the train, which bore us to my native place. There was only one old gentleman in the second-class carriage in which we rode, and he was looking out of the window. I suppose that I spoke louder than I had intended, for when I asked Sally what a millionaire was, he looked round.

Sally not being especially ready at dictionary definitions, responded: 'Why, your Uncle's a millionaire, my darling.'

The old gentleman turned round so sharply again that he knocked his hat off. 'Is that young Master—er—er—Master?' He snapped his fingers impatiently, as if he had forgotten a familiar name.

'Master Campbell, sir,' said Sally, helping him out.

'To be sure,' said the old gentleman—'Master Campbell. He's the nephew of—er—er, dear me!—he's the nephew of—er—' The old gentleman snapped his fingers again, as if he had forgotten a familiar name.

'Mr Hartley, sir, of Hartley Hall,' said Sally, helping him out again.

'Of course,' said the old gentleman. 'Bless my soul; yes, of course! Dear me!' He put on a pair of glasses to look at me, and again I felt disconcerted, and had trouble with my roving eyes and hands. We got out at the same station, and the old gentleman seized an official in a gold-

bound hat upon the platform and pointed me out to him triumphantly as though I were a marvellous curio. 'That's the nephew of the great millionaire, Hartley of Hartley Park, you know.'

The official person came forward, and stooped down at the door which led from the platform, and stared at me under pretence of asking me for my ticket, and I felt that I was an impostor, and was making some pretensions—I did not know how—to something that did not belong to me.

Outside the station, Sally commanded a fly, and we drove away through the familiar streets in which the same dull gas-lamps gleamed, and the same people went to and fro as of old. They were all the same, streets and people and shops, except that a tinman had opened a new establishment with plate-glass windows, in which the bright tin-ware glistened like silver. This one alteration made the whole place seem new and strange in the midst of all its familiarities. We were not long in reaching the rough and broken road in which the cottage stood. Looking from the windows of the fly, I could see the mounds of slag and cinder which lay solemnly, like real hills, behind it, when the driver halted and got down, and said he could drive no farther, because there was what he called 'a crowning sin' in front of us. By this we both understood him to mean a crowning-in. The land had given way and had fallen into the hollow left by some disused coal-mine—had *crowned-in* the country-people say—an occurrence by no means uncommon in the district. I had often gone to look at places where such landslips had occurred, creating great rugged gaps which looked like Alpine valleys to my childish eyes. The driver said he knew the way round, and for an extra fourpence undertook to pilot us and carry the portmanteau. We went cautiously in the darkness, and the lowering sky looked bare to me where some old trees had stood when I knew the scene so well. When we came to the cottage, it was made evident that our arrival had been expected. Sally's mother had spread upon the table a clean white cloth, which I knew by old experience to be reserved for occasions of high ceremony; and crockery-ware for three was laid upon it. The wrinkled old woman in her black stuff dress, her apron of blue check, and her white cap, ran up the steps from the kitchen, and hugged Sally and kissed her and cried over her.

'You'll ha' lots o' time for that sort o' game inside,' the driver suggested, deriding sentiment. 'Gi' me my ha'pence, an' I'll toddle.'

Nobody taking immediate notice of the driver, he walked into the kitchen with the portmanteau, lit his pipe at the fire, and looked at us all three with an aspect of benevolent interest, until Sally remembered him, and paid him out of the Russia-leather purse, when he regarded his money with deep scorn, and took his way dejectedly. Old Mrs Troman depressed me at first by courtesying to me and treating me as a visitor of high importance; but her disposition to regard me in that light wore off by-and-by, and we fell into the old ways, sitting by the fire, she and Sally talking, and I keeping my own fancies in wandering company, or listening, as I chose.

It was still plain to me that Sally had something on her mind, which she strove to disguise;

and when her mother said to her suddenly after a lapse of silence: 'An' now tell us what you come down for,' my faithful servitor's assumption of having had no special purpose was the greatest failure in the way of private theatricals which I can remember. Conscious of the defeat of her purpose, Sally roused herself, and hustled me off to bed with a great air of kindly authority. I lay in the old room and seemed to slip back into the old life again, though with a sense that it was all narrower and smaller than it had once seemed to be. It came back completely and without that reservation in my dreams, but the room looked very bare and small and poor in the morning, though I felt myself in some indistinct way ungrateful when I thought so. It was only gray daylight when I awoke, but I got out of bed and dressed myself, and then looked out of the window from which I could only see the corner of the crowning-in. Naturally interested in that phenomenon, I ventured down-stairs, and after a struggle, succeeded in opening the back-door, through which I gained the road, and in a minute came upon the edge of the landslip. It was far deeper and wider than is common in such cases. It often happens that the earth sinks so gradually, that what was a gentle hill becomes a gentle hollow without the visible breaking of one clod of earth; but in this instance the road and the field on each side of it had gone suddenly, carrying the hedges clean out of sight, and leaving the trees I had missed the night before head-downwards, with their roots sticking out forlornly from the broken soil like helpless arms. Here was an opportunity for exploration which no boy could have resisted. I clambered down into the hollow, growing rather clayey in the process; but evoking—in true child-fashion—more fancies from my descent than any grown poet could get out the descent of the Andes; and came by-and-by upon the roots of the first tree. This tree I knew again at once by the peculiarity of its form. Even its present topsyturvy attitude could not disguise it. The trunk, as I remembered, used to rise in two distinct columns which blended half-way up, and formed an inverted V as they leaned towards each other. As a mere baby I had crawled under that V many a time, and found it quite an admirable hiding-place. I climbed up now, by the hanging roots, and looked down at the old seat. In one place the clustered roots were so thickly filled with earth that they made quite a little platform, and to this, with some little difficulty, I climbed. Whilst I stood looking about me from this point of vantage, the slender roots bent under my weight, and I slid slowly down, without in the least hurting myself, but also without power to help myself, until I had reached the cleft of the tree, where I laughed aloud to think what a slide I had had.

I found it not altogether easy to extricate myself, and in my final struggle caught my foot in something which threw me down, so that I had a harmless tumble out of the tree cleft into a little clayey hollow which lay on one side below it. Rising from this second slip much besmeared, but still laughing, I found that I had brought something with me which entangled my feet. It turned out to be a shirt, very much besmeared, and to my amazement I discovered on turning it over that the front and wrists were

decorated with studs and links exactly like those worn by Mr Hartley—Uncle Ben. I rolled this trophy up carefully, and without stopping to think of my besoiled aspect, went hotly up the broken hill-side over the road and towards the cottage. Sally was about by this time, and cried out: 'Heaven a mercy!' when she saw me coming. When I shewed her my treasure-trove, which I did at once before she had time to scold me, she threw it away with an exclamation. 'Mercy on us, child! Don't bring your old rags here, you dirty boy!' But I recovered the shirt with more resolution than I was commonly master of, and shewed the studs, at which Sally sat down on an upturned tub which happened to be near us in the yard, caught feebly at the pump handle, and cried: 'Bless us and save us!' Seeing that I had made an impression, I followed it up with the statement that I had found the shirt in an overturned tree on the landslip. She was greatly agitated, and asked me if there had been anything else there. Nothing that I had seen, I said.

'Run away back, and see,' said Sally, taking me by the shoulder. 'Run away while you're dirty.'

She herself arose, and together we crossed the yard, and made for the place. I clambered down this time by an easier way than I had first taken, and Sally followed me. When we came to the tree, she said in a quick excited way: 'I remember. A reg'lar cove to hide anythin' in. Let me lift you up, Johnny.' With that she took me in her arms, and lifted me towards the hollow. I caught at a root, and scrambled up easily, and by this time quite as excited as my companion, looked about on every side. 'What's that you're treading on?' cried Sally from below. I looked down and saw a garment half revealed beneath a fall of loose earth. Extricating it with some little trouble, for the foothold was narrow, I threw it down, and came upon another, which I sent after it. There was nothing left, and I got out of the cleft again, Sally's arms receiving me. When we reached the cottage yard, she shook the clothes free of the rough earth which clung to them, and laid them on the ground, and there gazed at them with an expression in which many emotions were blended.

At this moment Mrs Troman came upon the scene, and testified to the greatest surprise at our appearance. 'Well—if—I—ever did!' said the old lady. 'Why, our Sarah, a body might think as yo'd gone crazy.'

Inviting her mother to accompany her, Sally gathered up the besoiled clothes, and went indoors and up-stairs. The old lady, after another ejaculation over me, followed her. A few minutes later, whilst I stood at the sink in the kitchen making myself elaborately muddy in the attempt to clean myself, and marvelling greatly at Sally's excitement, Mrs Troman appeared again, and subjected me to the well-remembered ordeal by water, then laid out clean garments for me from the portmanteau, and sent me up-stairs. I was at first so filled with wonder, that there was no room within me for curiosity, or I might have made some inquiry as to the reason of Sally's emotion. When I had dressed and descended to the kitchen, I found that she had left the house. The old lady, who had recovered her familiarity, and her old sense of control, as I now believe, by the mere fact that she had had me once more under

her hands at the pump, told me in answer to my inquiries that 'children should speak when they was spoke to;' and by that rebuff left me with no other employment than to look at and listen to the old monitory clock, which shook its palsied-like finger at me sixty times a minute in quite the old fashion, and ticked reproof and loneliness. When the palsied little finger had travelled sixty times round the fatuous countenance in the middle of the clock face, Sally returned perturbed and pale, and we three sat down to breakfast together. Mrs Troman had at one time held the post of cook in a gentleman's family; but on this occasion the eggs were pebbly in their hardness, the ham was uneatably smoked, and the coffee was in such a condition that it would have satisfied the gentleman in the old Joe Miller story, who, drinking it for the first time, mistook it for a new sort of porridge, and complained that his companion 'had all the thick.' I had felt the lash of Mrs Troman's tongue many a time; but Sally until that morning had never addressed to me one word of harshness. When in the course of that meal she fell with sudden spitefulness upon me and boxed my ears, without reasonable provocation, I retired from the table, and sat on the upturned tub in the yard in a condition of stony heartbreak, for which my memory could find no parallel. After a time she came out in tears, and kissed me, and protested she hadn't meant it; but that she was that worried with one thing and another, that she declared she didn't know which way to turn. 'An' that I should have struck you causeless, Johnny, my darlin', it does go reglar to my 'art.' So she protested weeping. 'Be a man,' she urged with tears, 'and say it didn't hurt you, Johnny, dear.'

I became as manly as I could at so short notice, and declared that it had not hurt me, whereon Sally wept anew and said I was a heart of gold. Matters being thus satisfactorily settled, I was led indoors again; and Sally having wiped her eyes, put on her bonnet and shawl, washed my tear-soiled face and took me out of the cottage, leading me in the direction of the village, until we found the fly in which we had travelled the night before standing by the roadside. We both entered that ramshackle vehicle, and the driver, without waiting for instructions, rattled away with much noise but at no great pace towards the railway station. The singular and untoward event at the breakfast-table had disinclined me for wondering about anything, and I did not at all trouble myself as to where we were going. The fly stopped before the door of the *Ward Arms*—there was a *Ward Arms* or *Dudley Inn* in every parish of the Black Country in those days—and we alighted there. The waiter at the door walked in front of us without speaking, as though he knew our business, which was a great deal more than I did, and marching sedately up-stairs, led us into a room in which my Cousin Will stood alone with the stained garments I had that morning discovered, spread on the table before him. He looked at me with the kindly smile which was common to him, though his eyes were troubled when I entered, and grew sad again a moment later. 'I want to ask you some questions,' he said gently, 'and I want you to be as careful as you can in answering me. Did you see a stranger who frightened you very much, nearly a year ago, down here?'

'Yes,' I said, beginning to wonder if I had been brought here on purpose to be asked.

'Can you remember on what day you saw him?'

It was the day, I answered, when Aunt Bertha first came to Mrs Troman's house.

He referred there to a note-book, and nodded slowly to himself once or twice before he went on: 'How was he dressed?'

I saw his eye turn for a moment to the garments on the table, and in a moment I knew them. 'He wore those things,' I said, 'and a hat like the one that hung on the hat-stand at your house.'

'What did he wear when you saw him next?' he asked. His face was very pale, and there was a suggestion of a memory in it if I could only have grasped it—something I had seen in a dream in my illness—no—yes—the face of the man about whom he questioned me. 'What is the matter?' he said with a kindly hand upon me.

'Nothing,' I answered; 'only—his face was like yours just then, and like—like Mr Fairholt's the night he went to London.'

Sally and he exchanged looks.

'What did he wear when you saw him the second time?' he asked again.

'He was dressed like a common man,' I said, 'in thick clothes and heavy boots.'

'Were you with Aunt Bertha when you saw him that time?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'and he saw her, and shouted something, and then ran away.'

'So near,' he murmured to himself—'So near!' Then after a pause: 'You saw him once more, didn't you, Johnny? How was he dressed when he looked in at the window at home? Had he the same clothes as when you saw him here?'

That question I could not answer. I remembered nothing but the face.

'What made you remember the face?' he asked.

'It frightened me,' I said—'his eyes and teeth.'

He nodded sadly, as if to signify that he understood me, and sat down, resting his forehead on his hand. Sally absently smoothed the soiled garments lying on the table. After a pause he rose again and asked me if I could shew him the exact places in which I had seen the stranger. When I answered in the affirmative, he bade me come with him, and left the room—Sally and I following. We all got into the fly; and from my description of the clay-pit Sally told the driver where to go. We sat in silence as we lumbered along, and after a time Sally stopped the vehicle near a stile, beyond which lay the scene of the first adventure recorded in these pages. Cousin Will inquired carefully as to the direction from which the stranger came, but of that I could tell nothing. Then he inquired with equal closeness as to what main or by-roads could have brought him here, and there Sally's local knowledge came into play, and she told him all she knew.

He paced up and down the walk for a time, and then came back and addressed us. 'It is a poor clue,' he said, 'but it is something. I don't think I shall want you again, Troman.—Good-bye, Johnny. I shall see you soon, at home.' He waved his hand and walked away slowly down the path. Sally looked wistfully after him, and in a little while turned away, taking my hand in hers.

We went back to Hartley Hall next day. Nobody questioned me there, or made any observation on my absence, except to welcome my return. And I was left with a new link in that strange romance which only the years completed for me—a story leading nowhere, and therefore everywhere—a tragic story, to which, before I could read it truly, I gave many wild beginnings and conclusions.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EQUESTRIAN MANAGER.

BY C. W. MONTAGUE.

FOURTH PAPER.

WE were performing at Reading, a comparatively small town, where everybody knows everybody, and news, especially dreadful or mysterious news, spreads at a rapid pace. Detective Blank, a most zealous man and important officer in Reading, was a constant visitor at our circus both before and behind the scenes. Now Detective Blank had an all-consuming desire to distinguish himself; but whether because of the innocence of Reading folk, and the consequent rarity of crime, or from some other cause, he had never been fortunate enough to be concerned in a great criminal case, though it was well known to the good people of Reading that he had a strong ambition for such distinction, and was always busy poking his nose into any trumpery affair that turned up, if there happened to be about it the faintest approach to a mystery. Some of the men belonging to the circus put their heads together, and determined that this meddling industry of the zealous detective should be temporarily exercised upon a promising case.

Our tent was erected at a spot where the street passed over a canal by a low bridge, the canal itself running at the back of the circus. An old box was obtained, and filled with brick-ends and other rubbish; the lid was securely fastened down with about a dozen long screws, driven in as tightly as possible; and when it was nearly dark, two men carried it on to the bridge while no one was passing. Then, waiting till two or three people were approaching, the box was thrown over the parapet, falling with a loud splash into the water below. The men at once took to their heels, easily escaping in the dark. The anticipated result followed. The passers-by who witnessed the affair and saw the men run off, at once communicated the mysterious occurrence to Detective Blank, knowing full well that he would spare no pains to ferret the matter out. Early the next morning those attached to the circus, who were of course in the secret, were delighted to see three or four boats crowded together by the bridge, each boat containing two or more men, all of whom were busily engaged in poking and scraping and raking about in search of the mysterious box. At the head, and directing the searchers, was Blank, full of importance. Our men of course questioned him artlessly as to the meaning of it all; and most mysterious were the winks and gestures which accompanied the equally mysterious observations, jerked out occasionally as he watched the flotilla at work. He was 'on the track safe enough this time;' there had been foul play somewhere—

murder, and he could pretty well guess who was at the bottom of it.

At last, after an industrious search, which, according to the usual fashion of Blank and some other clever people, had been begun on the wrong side of the bridge, a heavy box was brought to the surface and secured. That was a proud moment for our detective, for all Reading had flocked to the spot, and had its many eyes upon him—and the box. A cart having been procured, the box was placed carefully in it; and Blank jumped up after it, to mount guard over his treasure. A crowd followed the cart to the police station, and remained outside to learn the upshot of the affair. The circumstances of the case were briefly reported and entered in the book in due form. The detective was important and reserved; the Superintendent dignified and solemn. In a tone of authority, he directed that the box should be at once opened in Blank's presence. But no one had a screw-driver; so a constable was despatched to borrow one. The screws were large and long, and the wood was hard. After much crouching of the screw and grunting of poor Blank, one of the dozen guardians of mystery was extracted, and placed carefully away to furnish a 'clue.' Another followed; the perspiration dropping off Blank's excited face. And so one by one the screws were got out; and as the barrier between mystery and curiosity became weaker so did the mystery appear greater, and the excitement grow more intense with every extracted screw.

At last the lid is free, and Blank hurriedly lifts it from the box, exposing the contents to view. The reader can imagine the scene which followed much better than I can describe it. Indeed, I should only weaken the effect in the reader's mind by attempting to depict the blank speechless consternation of all present, the utter confusion that fell upon poor Blank! It was quickly perceived that the whole affair had been a planned hoax at the detective's expense, and the laugh went against that busy-body for a long time after. But the cream of the joke has yet to come. The hiring of a number of boats and a body of men for the best part of a day—to say nothing of a cart—involves considerable outlay. During the day a 'bill of costs' was handed in to the Superintendent, who, however, laughed at the idea of his being responsible for the expense, and referred the men to Blank, who had employed them. Whether they ever got their money, is a point upon which I have no information.

One night during the performance of a pantomime at Leamington, in which William Ginnett took the part of clown, a curious hitch occurred. At the moment when that ever-mischievous individual had to run on to the stage with a baby, supposed to have been stolen from some perambulator, which said baby is then thrown violently at the policeman as he rushes in, staff in hand, the dummy, or as it is termed, 'property' baby, was nowhere to be found. It so happened that a woman was standing near the ring door with her baby in her arms at the moment when William Ginnett came for his dummy. Seeing that it was not forthcoming, he at once snatched the baby from the woman's arms, and rushed with it to the ring. The woman thinking, no doubt, that her child would

be subjected to the same rigorous treatment that the dummy has to undergo, was for rushing pell-mell after the clown; her struggles to do so when we restrained her being at once laughable and touching. I assured her that the baby was as safe in the clown's arms as in her own; and in the end that proved to be so. Ginnett tossed the baby up and down, and made pretence to throw it at the policeman, but handled it as tenderly as a woman could have done. Cheers and roars of laughter arose from the audience when they discovered that the clown had a real baby in his arms; and a recall had to be complied with before the child was finally handed over to its anxious mother. Many of us regretted that we had *not* allowed the woman to rush in after her baby, as it certainly deprived the audience of a passage-at-arms rarely to be witnessed on any stage!

Towards the close of 1861 I arrived at Canterbury, to make preparations for a series of performances in that city. The individual with whom I had to negotiate both in his public and private capacity was a local celebrity of the name of O—, who, besides being bill-poster, town-crier, and official servant of the Mayor, was a general manager of other people's business as well as his own. Possessed of an unshakable faith in his own sagacity and infallibility, he was fully convinced that nothing in Canterbury could go right unless he had a finger in it. He was indeed a most important man, the most important man in the city. Without him, not even the Mayor himself could have rightly fulfilled his functions or exercised his civic sway. Indeed, it is quite an open question whether his Grace the Archbishop himself was not in some way indebted to the omniscience of the town-crier. Be this as it may, I must freely confess that his services were necessary to me in making my arrangements, both in choosing the ground for our performances and in billing the town and suburbs with our placards. Having brought this business to a successful issue, we repaired together to the parlour of the *Horse and Jockey*—our headquarters during our stay in Canterbury—to cement in a friendly glass the compact into which we had entered. Now, this same O—, town-crier, bill-poster, and Mayor's factotum, was fond of a 'glass and gaiety,' and when duly inspired by his potations, the spirit of boasting was strong upon him. In addition to O— and myself, there were two or three others in the parlour; and presently the conversation turned upon circus matters generally, with a digression respecting conjurers and their tricks. My friend began to depreciate the cleverness of these men; their tricks were easy enough—he could do any of them himself. We listened good-humouredly to his assertions; and nothing more would have come of them, had it not happened that two policemen, not belonging to the town, just then entered the room. As a matter of course, O— at once questioned them as to their business; and we were informed in reply that they had brought a prisoner from Chartham, a town some four miles distant from Canterbury. The valiant town-crier was mightily tickled at the idea of any one submitting to be led captive by two such men as they were.

'If you tried to take me along like that,' said he, 'you would find you had a slippery customer to deal with.'

'But we should handcuff you,' replied one of the constables.

'Handcuff me?' exclaimed the boaster with a derisive laugh—'handcuff me? And so you might! D'ye think I'm not as clever as any of your tuppenny conjurers? I've seen *them* slip the bracelets off easy enough, and I'll bet any man a gallon o' beer that I can do the same.'

The bet was arranged. One of the policemen produced a pair of handcuffs, and these being placed upon O—'s wrists, were shut to with a snap. Beginning his efforts with a smile on his face, the good man wriggled and twisted and turned about in the most comical manner imaginable; first sitting, then standing, then sitting again; getting exceedingly hot and flustered and red in the face, and finally being obliged to own himself beaten.

'Here, you!' he cried. 'I won't try any more. Undo 'em and take 'em off.'

'We can't undo them,' replied the officer drily; 'we've no key with us.'

'No key?' exclaimed the town-crier in dismay. 'Then what the mischief did you put 'em on for?'

'Oh,' replied the constable with perfect composure, 'you said you could take them off yourself, so we thought it was all right. It's not our fault if you can't.'

'Well, what's to be done?' inquired the poor man, beginning to feel very uncomfortable.

'Why, you'll have to come along with us to the police station; the Superintendent has a key.'

'What!' shouted the town-crier, with a sudden access of outraged dignity, as he shook his pair of fists at the officer—'what! You expect *me* to walk through the streets with *these* things on?'

'There's no help for it,' was the comfortless reply; 'unless you think the Superintendent is likely to come to you.'

The civic functionary was by this time in a terrible state of mind; the bare idea of having to walk through Canterbury with handcuffs being sufficient to overwhelm him with a dreadful horror. I suggested that the policemen might walk on a little ahead, while he could follow them with an air of unconcern, and carry his arms across his breast in such a manner as to conceal the offensive 'bracelets' from view. This idea was adopted. The two officers started for the police-station, and O— walking in the rear with as great an air of dignity and superiority as he could command, arrived there a little after them, and entered composedly. I followed on myself to witness the result, for I guessed rightly that the joke was not yet played out. After inspecting the handcuffs, the Superintendent declared with a solemn shake of the head that his key would not open them; adding: 'You will have to go to Chartham to get them unlocked.'

It is impossible to picture the look of intense dismay that answered this announcement. 'But can't some one go and fetch a key from Chartham?' was the old man's piteous appeal.

'We can't wait here two or three hours,' said

one of the officers, 'while a key is being fetched; and besides, they would not let a key leave the office. You've got to come along with us, and that's the end on it.'

'O lor!' exclaimed the victim; 'what will the people say when they see me?'

'It's getting late, and we must be off,' replied the policemen.

And to cut the story short, off they went, a four-mile march to Chartham, the town-crier handcuffed, and the two policemen with him, the poor man falling far short of his boast, that he 'should prove a slippery customer to deal with.'

The most absurd rumours were very soon afloat in the town and neighbourhood, to the effect that the poor town-crier had committed this, that, or the other offence against the laws of the land, and had accordingly been taken to the lock-up. It may be easily imagined that he was led a pretty life for some time after by his fellow-citizens; but by degrees the incident was forgotten, save by a few; and now the old man, who is still alive, laughs as heartily at the affair as any of the people to whom he may chance to recount it.

I will now relate the circumstances under which I commenced a tour in company with a noted conjurer named Wellington Young. Passing through Harrow one day, with my thoughts intent upon the possibility of doing a little business there, I learned, to my surprise, that no public entertainment had been given in the town for upwards of two years. This arose chiefly from the fact that the Assembly Room, which was old and in a ruinous state, had been pulled down, and a new one had not yet been erected. My idea was that a good conjuring entertainment would be a great attraction in the town, and would certainly be patronised by all the Harrow Boys in a body, if they were allowed to come. With this project strong upon me, I proceeded to learn whether any suitable building existed near enough to the schools, and was informed that there was a large empty barn by the road-side a short distance from the centre of the town. Upon inspecting the place, I found that there were no doors.

'Oh, that won't matter,' said the proprietor, a Mr Chapman. 'The building was used not long ago for them amateur chaps as played summut from Shakspeare, I think they said; and they fixed up a couple of rick-cloths for doors.'

Satisfied with the appearance of the place, I made my bargain with Mr Chapman contingent upon my obtaining the head-master's consent for the attendance of the boys, and at once proceeded on that errand. Dr Vaughan, lately of The Temple, and now Dean of Llandaff, was then head-master of Harrow. Arrived at his house, I gave the liveried servant my card; and was ushered into a luxurious apartment, furnished throughout in the best of style, the little odds and ends that lay about betokening most plainly the polished and thoughtful taste of the scholar and gentleman. Presently Dr Vaughan entered the room, and without any further knowledge of me than my bare name, came forward and shook hands with me with the hearty grip of a man. I hastened to state who I was and what was my business, prefacing my explanation with an apology for the mistake he had evidently fallen

into, probably through supposing that I was the parent of one of the boys. I mention this incident, not so much to boast of the real honour of shaking hands with a man of Dr Vaughan's personal merit and well-deserved position, but rather that I may testify to the extreme courtesy with which he treated me, under circumstances which for men of less real worth would have proved very embarrassing. Having mentioned to the Doctor that I had recently given an entertainment at Harford Grammar School, by permission of his brother there, who had afterwards expressed his entire satisfaction, Dr Vaughan readily gave his consent to my request that the boys might attend; and having thanked him, I withdrew.

I at once set about my preparations. The day was fixed; notices were placarded about the town; a pianoforte was hired, and the services of a very skilful young lady-pianiste secured. The next thing was to procure my conjurer; and with that object in view I paid a hurried visit to a certain locality in London, where conjurers are as thick as banks in Lombard Street or book-shops in Paternoster Row. It was here that I engaged with Wellington Young, a man well known all over the kingdom; and the engagement led to his accompanying me on my provincial tour. At Harrow he was announced as 'Monsieur Bosco.'

The day arrived; all my engagements were complete and satisfactory. The hour had come for the commencement of the day performance for the boys, and all I wanted now was to see my audience come trooping down the road towards the barn. The 'doors' had been open some time, and a few of the townsfolk had dribbled in. But my great hope, the lads, had not yet put in an appearance. My heart began to sink into my shoes at this threatening prospect of an empty house. Presently one solitary boy came round the distant corner with a quick swinging step; a few yards behind him were two more; then came a group of four or five; and presently a little army of my juvenile patrons swarmed down the hill, and quickly filled the barn. I was now as elated as I had previously been downcast. Sharp at the appointed time, my pianiste came upon the platform, took her seat at the instrument, and commenced a lively piece. At the same moment, the boys, who of course were out for a 'lark,' began throwing oranges at her; at such a rate too that I should think a boxful must have been used up in this way. Not being able to appreciate favours of this description, the fair performer escaped hurriedly from the scene, and amid loud cries for 'Monsieur Bosco!' that gentleman came upon the platform. Another demonstration from the boys greeted his entrance. Amidst the din of many voices might be heard individual remarks such as, 'Oh, you old villain!' or 'Where's my money, you thief?' &c. &c. This reception, at first inexplicable to me, was afterwards made clear when I learned that my conjurer had very recently given a private performance before those very boys in one of the school buildings, and had exercised his ingenuity in a manner that did not entirely please some of his audience, who now recognised him again. But Monsieur bowed and smiled, and smiled and bowed again until he had conjured away all the discordant elements of his reception,

and then the performance began, and was carried through to a successful close.

Among my audience was one young lad of noble birth, with whom I had a long chat, a lad of quiet, intelligent ways, and shewing much mature thought, for one so young, in the many questions he put to me. He is now Marquis of Bute.

THE DUKE'S HOUSE.

I WAS born in an old chartered and very picturesque town in a western county, in whose vicinity stood an ancient ducal palace, which had not been occupied for many a long year; and like other buildings left to decay, it had the reputation of being haunted. There certainly were strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard sometimes by those who were near the place at dusk and after dark; but it was never looked into. The uneducated were too superstitious and frightened; the better class were too busy or too indolent; and we had no rural police in those days to trace out the causes. It was a great pity for such a fine Elizabethan structure to fall to ruins. I remember it as a strong and beautiful mansion, with its lawns and terrace-gardens, and its many windows as there are days in a year. This I doubted when a child, and often got the nurse-girl to walk round the house, to count them with me; but we never attained our object; for if the sun got overclouded, she would be sure to see a ghost at some gloomy window, and rush off, leaving me, terrified, to follow. The old residents had died out, the title having become extinct; and around it were sprung up mills and factories, which prevented the aristocracy from living in it. The mill-owners too preferred being farther away from their counting-houses and smoky chimneys. Besides, it must have been a very rich man who could put it in decorative repair and keep up such an establishment. In those days, our merchant-princes were content with very modest dwellings, such as many a middle-class man nowadays would deem it derogatory to live in. I am writing of a slow and sure age; we are now living in a fast and reckless one.

But to my story. I had attained an age when ghosts or hobgoblins and such-like rubbish did not terrify or trouble me. I was a married man, the father of several children, when a cousin came to visit us, who was highly delighted with our pretty town; and knowing her to be very clever with her pencil, I asked her to paint me one or two of the scenes in the neighbourhood. This she willingly consented to do; and we sallied forth to fix on what should be her first picture. She thought the view from the Duke's House—as it was called—would be the best. I told her she dared not trust herself in there, for it had been uninhabited for the last century, and was haunted. She laughed, and said she did not believe in ghosts; she was not so much frightened at the dead in solitary places, as at the living; and her curiosity being excited, she wanted to explore the old building. So, whilst she went for her easel and materials, I got the keys from an old man who lived in the old court-yard of the ducal residence.

We walked through the rooms, admiring their

old grandeur, the lofty marble columns, standing on marble hearths each side of the fireplaces, supporting the groined ceilings, with coats of arms and other devices carved in marble between them. The tapestry round the walls smelled mouldy, but was in a wonderful state of preservation, and no worse than when a boy, twenty years before, I had pitied the ladies who worked so hard to cover their rough stone walls. My cousin selected a room for her first sketch; and as I was leaving, I advised her to lock the door after me, to guard against intrusion; but she objected to this, saying she never locked herself in any room, for fear of sudden illness; but if I would lock the door on the outside, and call for her as I came from the bank, she would be much happier to know she was secure from interruption. After some hesitation, I consented to do this, and with the key in my pocket, went to business.

It was just closing-time, and I was locking up the strong-room, when the manager drew my attention to a matter which involved a protracted search of papers—a search, however, which happily proved successful. All other thoughts having been driven from my head by this unwonted piece of business, I reached home, and as I mechanically took out my latch-key and went into the house, still in a reverie, I was met by my wife, who asked why I was so late for dinner, and where Mary was.

'Mary!' I exclaimed; 'I forgot all about her;' and catching my hat off the peg again, I rushed out, speeding as fast as I could to liberate her, and bitterly lamenting my folly for locking her in.

It was quite dark when I got there, and I had no light; but I felt out the keyhole, unlocked the door, and tramped loudly up the stairs. I called her, but received no reply. Going into the room in which I had left her, I gazed into the recesses, and found her huddled up in one corner.

'Mary, my poor dear child,' I exclaimed, 'will you ever forgive me?'

'Hush, hush! for pity's sake, hush!' she said in a whisper.

'Why did you not answer me when I called you?' I replied.

'I did not hear you until now. Oh, I have seen such fearful sights!'

I felt her whole frame quiver, and then, as I was assisting her to rise, she fell on me in a fainting fit. I had no light, not even a fusee in my pocket, and no one was within call. At length I thought of the water she had for her work; it might revive her if I could find it. I laid her down gently, and groping about for the water, sprinkled her face, which had the effect of bringing her round.

Hurriedly rising, she exclaimed: 'Oh, come away. Take me out of this horrid place!'

I began to rally her about the absurdity of her fears, and her telling me in the morning she was not superstitious.

But she interrupted me by saying: 'I have seen no ghost. We are in a den of horrid thieves and murderers! I saw two bodies dragged up-stairs, stripped of everything, with just a sheet round them. Oh, come out of the place, or we shall be the next. Even now they may have heard us, and they will murder us.'

I asked her if she had not got drowsy whilst

waiting for me in the gloom of the afternoon—for it was November—and dreamed it.

'O no!' she replied; 'I did not dream; and horror-struck as I was, when the ruffians descended the stairs again, I crept silently up to see if I could find out anything; and, O horror, I shall never forget the sight! Do let us go.'

I must confess I felt a little creepy and nervous, but was myself again in a moment. Feeling her trembling, and fearing another swoon, I began descending the stairs with her, when a light from below shot up to us. She clutched me convulsively, but was reassured by hearing my wife's voice calling out: 'Frank! Mary! Where are you?'

'Here,' I said; 'all right.'

'Indeed,' she replied, 'I think it all wrong to give me such a fright.'

We had reached her by this time; and by the light of the lantern she had brought, she caught sight of Mary's blanched face.

To my wife's interrogatories respecting her illness, the poor girl assured her that she was not ill, but terrified. 'I will tell you all,' she added, 'when I get home.'

I was thankful for the light, and left them walking on, whilst I ran up for Mary's painting materials, and locking the door, I put the key in my pocket, meaning to return again after dinner and try to elucidate the mystery. When I joined them, Mary was asking my wife how she dared come alone all the way from my house to that dreadful place.

She replied, she would rather do so at any hour of the night than be kept in suspense, and added: 'As soon as the day began to close, I looked for you; but as you did not come, I thought Frank must have called for you, and was lionising you in the town. But when fully an hour after dinner was ready, he came back without you, and rushed off like a madman when I asked for you, I was for the moment bewildered; but thinking you must have been taken ill, and that Frank would want help and a light, I hurried to the kitchen for a lantern, and told one of the girls to put on her things and accompany me to the Duke's House, for you were there, and must have been taken ill. But would you believe it! She flatly refused, saying it served you right for going there; you would never be found, for never a person going near that house after dark was ever seen afterwards. I ridiculed her nonsense, and appealed to the others; but neither would go, so I had no alternative but to come alone.'

When we reached home, I went into the cellar, and got a bottle of Moselle, and made Mary drink off half a tumblerful; and then we sat down to dinner. We were just settled to dessert, when a friend dropped in for a hand at whist, and wondered at our being so late. I told him the reason; and then asked Mary for her story, as I had forbidden her talking about it until she had got her dinner.

She began: 'After you left me, I worked on for a long while, until, feeling hungry, I looked at my watch, and found it was past two o'clock. I then ate my sandwiches, and after taking a turn through some of the rooms, settled into work again. I had not been long thus occupied when I was aroused by strange irregular noises which seemed to come from the landing above. I then

awoke to the consciousness that I had been hearing a scuffling of feet for some little time. The scuffling commenced again; and I got up, moved cautiously to the door, which was ajar, and looked out just in time to see an old hag disappear in a doorway above, and the door close softly behind her. I stepped up, and noiselessly opened the door, and peeped in; but to my great surprise, the room was empty. I walked in to see if there was any other door through which she could have passed; but there was not; nor was there a window she could have got out of. I was fairly puzzled, for you know I do not believe in ghosts. I went down to my room, but could not settle to work. I went up again and again; but could discover nothing, nor could I detect a sound. It was broad day when I saw her; and now I found it was getting too dark for me to do any more to my painting, so I gathered all together, and put them in one corner, ready for to-morrow morning, and sat down to wait for you. As it was now getting dark, and I had been expecting you since three o'clock, I thought you must have forgotten me, so I went down to see if I could find any means of egress. As I could not, I returned to my room, where I could watch for your coming; for it was not so dark but I could see any object crossing the court. Whilst I was thinking whether I should tell you about the old woman to-night or wait until to-morrow, the wind rose moaning amongst the trees, which made it very dreary; but soon I heard sounds above the sighing of the winds, strange heavy thuds below me; and the legends you told me as we walked through some of the rooms in the morning, rushed to my mind; but I soon banished such nonsense, knowing it must be produced by living beings.'

'What did he tell you?' asked my wife.

'Why, he told me about a very wicked Duke who for some baleful reason whipped his unfortunate wife every night through the house, her lamentations being heard by any one who had the temerity to be near the house after dark. Well, all was quiet again for a little while, when I heard voices, and the sound of something being shuffled and dragged up the stairs towards the room I was in. I crept behind the door, and holding my breath, peeped through the crevice. To my horror I saw two ruffians dragging up something wrapped in a sheet; they dragged it to the room I had examined by daylight. The door opened, emitting a lurid glare. They entered, but did not stay long, for they soon came out, and tramped down-stairs again, leaving the door partly open. I heard the sound of their footsteps die away in the lower basement, and all being quiet, I stole quietly up the stairs and peeped into the room. There, before a fire of red embers stood the old hag I saw go up in the afternoon. She was stirring something in a caldron on the fire, gibbering and muttering like the witches in *Macbeth*. She turned round, and I thought her gaze fell on me. I felt myself sliding down, and remembered no more until I was again aroused by the same two demons coming up with another bundle. What could I do? They would soon be up. I knew now that the old witch had not seen me, for I was left unmolested. I saw I might gain my room before they could possibly reach it, and they would not hear me above their own din.

I did so, and knew no more until you roused me.'

When she had ended, I said: 'Mary, dear, do you not think you must have dropped off to sleep whilst waiting for me, and your gloomy surroundings caused that very ugly dream? You know it has been proved that one minute's doze suffices the soul for vagaries which, in our waking hours, would take weeks to perform.'

'No,' she replied; 'I did not sleep one moment. Besides, should I sleep, do you think, in broad day, especially after I saw the old woman vanish out of my sight?'

'Then you do believe in ghosts!' I laughed out.

'Indeed, I do not; but it is all so puzzling.'

'And you are certain she did not come out again?'

'Quite positive; for I did not take my eyes off the door until I was in the room, and I walked into the large fireplace, and looked to see if she had hid herself there. But it was all clear up to the sky.'

Well, I would believe in its being haunted rather than its being a den of wholesale murderers. Were our town a seaport or near the sea, I should think it was a haunt for smugglers, who had had a scuffle with the coastguard, and had brought home their dead to give them burial. Then I thought of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers; but there was no medical school in the neighbourhood, or I would have put it down at once to those worthies. The more I thought, the more I felt convinced it was the result of my cousin's disordered imagination, from being left all alone at nightfall in such a ghostly building.

After a while I said: 'Whist is out of the question to-night; no one's thoughts would be in his or her hand; so if Tom would like a stroll, I am ready for one.'

He eagerly accepted the invitation; but my wife and Mary both sprung up and intercepted us on our way to the door, saying, I should not go out. She knew I meant to go to the House, and if I did, she would go too. I pooh-poohed the idea of going there, especially after what Mary had told us.

'You don't believe a word I have told you—I am sure you do not; I can see it by the twinkle of your eyes!' she exclaimed.—'And don't you go, Tom, let me beg of you' [Mary had a special interest in Tom]; 'and then he won't care to go alone.'

So Tom promised, fully meaning to keep the promise, I am sure; and we were allowed to pass.

As soon as we got outside, I said: 'Well, Tom, I did not promise, nor do I wish you to break yours; but I am off to the "Duke's." I have the key in my pocket, and wish to satisfy myself; to-morrow may be too late.'

'Then you believe Mary's story?' he said.

'Well, I am bound to believe it; but it is not murderers or ghosts, and I'll find out before I come back. But don't you go in until I return, or you will be sending my wife after me, and all will depend on quiet.'

'Nay,' he said; 'if you go, I will. No great harm in breaking a promise of that kind; and it will be forgiven when I plead anxiety for your safety.'

'Agreed,' I replied. 'But we must have a light.

And if I go into the kitchen for my bull's-eye, it will create suspicion there, and the news will be carried into the parlour.'

'I have one at my lodgings,' he said; 'and it's on our road; we can call and get it.'

We accordingly did; and Tom suggested our taking a pair of pistols, in case of need. I firmly believe Tom hoped for a brush with the villains.

Arriving there, we walked round the house before entering it, and peeped into every nook we could find. At last, we directed our glance to the upper regions; and about half-way up the circular tower we thought we could discern a light. This was the wing Mary had chosen for her sketch. Tom could see it too. So we determined on entering, and if possible solving the riddle. As we reached the second landing—it was a noble staircase with its carved balustrade—we heard voices and thumping as of beating heavy substances against the walls. When we came to the story whence we saw the light on the outside, Tom produced his lantern to find the door, for so well did it fit that we could see no crevice of light to guide us; and having quietly opened it, we peeped in; but all was dark. We entered; but it was quite empty, and the tapestry being stripped from the walls, shewed nothing but the rough stones. All was now so quiet, that it really seemed as though we had disturbed demon phantoms at their revels.

I said to Tom: 'What can be the meaning of this?'

When just as he was going to reply, the noises commenced again, and we stepped outside and listened attentively. At last Tom suggested: 'One of these niches, which look panelled out for statues, must be a door.'

We examined the one carefully next the room we had just left, and sure enough came upon a secret spring. Tom put his light out of sight and put his hand on his pistol. I very gently pressed the spring, when it noiselessly opened sufficiently for us to see into the room. There was the old hag still at her brew, and one man with a knife dismembering the limbs of his victim. He stopped his work to address some beings out of our sight; and we, having seen enough, quietly closed the door, darted down-stairs, and soon reached home. Tom was always very pale, with large dark eyes; and when he entered the room where my wife and Mary were, his look told in a moment where we had been.

'Yes,' I said in reply to their queries; 'we have been there, and have seen enough to appal the stoutest heart.' Here I caught Tom's well dissembled look of affright, and could contain myself no longer; I flung myself on the couch and roared with laughter.

I laughed so long that my wife began to think my brain was turned. She looked at Tom, but he kept his countenance, and continued his idiotic stare. At last, seeing they were really frightened, I gasped out: 'Murder will out! The corpses were pigs, scalded pigs; and the hag was the old woman that sells such splendid black puddings!'

When I took the key back to the old man, I asked him why he had his butcher's shop at the top of the old building.

'O sir,' he replied, 'don't tell on me. You see, sir, I make a little by letting it very cheap to these

people. I should not be allowed, were it known. They use that room because no one knows of it, and they are unmolested. I can shew the house without shewing that room, to the strangers who visit the town. I used to make a good bit by shewing it in former times, but very few come to see it now.'

I never hear of haunted houses now but I think of the pig-killers.

'DIED ON DUTY.'

MANY are the instances of heroic devotion to duty which the history of every nation affords, and the phrase 'Died on duty' is about the noblest eulogium which can be placed above the tomb of any person, no matter what may be his rank or profession. Seldom does it fall, however, to the lot of what has been termed the inferior portion of creation to be thus spoken of and remembered when their brief span of existence is gone, and hence it gives us great pleasure to record in this *Journal*, though many years after the event, a singular instance of grateful attachment to duty in the case of so unromantic a creature as a goose. The story refers to an interesting relic which is preserved in a glass case in the Coldstream Guards' orderly-room at Whitehall. It hangs in a very appropriate place—namely, between the old colours which that famous corps carried on the field of Waterloo, and consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription: 'JACOB—2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards.' Beneath it are the words, 'Died on Duty.' Very few men now serving in the regiment are conversant with the history of this devoted specimen of the feathered tribe, who having once volunteered to serve the State in the capacity of a sentry, never deserted his post until the great commander, Death, relieved him from duty.

In 1838, a rebellion broke out in our Canadian possessions, and two battalions of the Guards were sent thither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the Citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighbourhood. Near one of these guards was a farm-yard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that period a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting-place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it. One day the sentry whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm had his attention attracted by an unusual noise, and on looking towards the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing towards him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator of the scene, while every step brought the reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair, the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic endeavour to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford; and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose,

but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel had passed through his body. The poor goose, by way of shewing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was brought away with it as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved its preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not, must of course for ever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post again about two months afterwards when a desperate attempt was made to surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter-time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavouring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly, he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and flinging his musket to his shoulder, he shouted loudly: 'Who goes there?' Not a sound, save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farm-yard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat followed by the devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again 'stood at ease' before the sentry-box. This was the enemy's opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavouring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up towards the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were preparing with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded, and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully aroused to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his musket had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison; and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterwards wore until the day of his death.

Jacob bore well the discomforts of the voyage to England on board a ship which was noted for its rickety condition, and which was within an ace of being lost in a tremendous storm that overtook her. On the arrival of the regiment in

London, the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinels posted at the barrack gates; and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked proudly up and down with the sentry, or stood to 'attention' beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at its disposal. Children were its especial favourites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was 'standing easy.' For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van in the narrow gateway which formed the entrance to old Portman Street Barracks, and had one of his legs broken. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird; but it was of no avail, and he died like a true English soldier, at the post of duty, after a 'sentry-go' of no less than twelve years. The body of the bird was buried with all honours, where he died; but the head was preserved in the manner already described, and can be seen by anybody who has sufficient influence with the officers or non-commissioned officers of the gallant regiment concerned to obtain for them a peep into the military sanctum at Whitehall.

It should be mentioned in conclusion, that Jacob when living, attracted the attention of the Duke of Wellington, who admired and appreciated devotion to duty in whatever guise or station he found it.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR C. W. SIEMENS, F.R.S., has supplemented his communication to the Royal Society on the effect of electric light on the growth of plants, by a demonstration of its effect in the ripening of fruit. He exhibited two pots of strawberries, which were started under precisely the same conditions: one had been exposed to daylight only in the usual way, and shewed a bunch of green berries; while the other, which, in addition to daylight, had been under electric light during the night, bore a cluster of large, ripe, well-flavoured strawberries. Thus, as Mr Siemens remarks, 'the electric light is very efficacious in promoting the formation of the saccharine and aromatic matter upon which the ripening of fruit depends; and if experience should confirm this result, the horticulturist will have the means of making himself practically independent of solar light in producing a high quality of fruit at all seasons of the year.'

From a statement made at the last meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, we learn that toughened glass can be used instead of iron as sleepers for railways. The molten glass is cast in moulds into the several forms required; is afterwards heated to a high temperature, and plunged into a bath of cool oil, 'the result being that the glass becomes converted from its own characteristic brittleness to the remarkable tough fibrous material known as toughened or tempered glass.' A similar effect, as was stated, can be produced by

passing the moulded glass through an annealing oven. The strength and resisting power of the glass thus prepared may be judged of from the fact, that a weight (nine hundredweight) let fall from a height of seventeen feet upon a plate a little more than an inch thick, failed to break it. And where glass sleepers have been laid by way of experiment, they stand wear and tear as well as iron, perhaps better, for they do not corrode. They are made in three-foot lengths, so shaped on the upper surface, that the rail when placed thereon shall exactly fit. If glass can be turned to account in this way, why not as tools, implements, and other mechanical appliances? Its immunity from rust gives it an eminent claim to consideration.

Pure nickel as a metal seems likely to become more useful than ever, for it can now be made perfectly ductile and malleable by adding to it, while in the melting-pot, a minute quantity of magnesium. Nickel thus treated can be drawn into fine wire, or beaten into the thinnest of leaves, and used as a brilliant and durable coating for iron, or may be forged and fashioned into a variety of useful articles.

The passenger steamers of the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde have formed the subject of a paper and a discussion at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in which it was shewn that the severest strain to which river-craft are subject arises from their engine-power and the concentration of heavy weights about their centre; that the danger most to be feared is collision, against which special precautions should be taken in the construction of the vessels. For example, proper water-tight bulkheads; overhanging 'sponsons,' to serve as defence; and perfect engine and steering control. In the large vessels, steam or water power should be employed to carry on the steering, with telegraphic communication from the bridge to the engine-room. Moreover, it would not be unreasonable to require that all seats should be fitted loose, and made buoyant, so that, in case of need, they might be made available in saving life.

But after all, as was remarked during the discussion, immunity from collision must not be expected from the ship-builder or the engineer; that depends on the commanders; and unless the commanders of river-steamers are skilful and competent, it is in vain to expect safety from 'precautions of thoughtful construction.' We notice that the Conservators of the Thames have just published a number of stringent by-laws for regulating the navigation of the Royal river, which are to come into operation on the first of June.

Admiral Spratt, conservator of the Mersey, has published a 'Suggestion' for the improvement of the entrance to that river. He first shews that the intricate and shifting channels by which Liverpool is approached from the sea are formed by the drifting or wheeling of the sand round

and round from the adjacent banks; then recommends that an 'economical structure' should be built from the shore on each side, stretching outwards along the inner part of the sandbanks. As at Port Said, he would convert the sand on the spot into blocks of concrete weighing from five to ten tons each, and with these construct barriers which, so far as they extended, would stop the rotary drift, and arrest and hold the sand as a foreshore or beach in front of them.

It is well known that the mariner's compass does not point to due north, a fact which requires to be taken into consideration by those who have occasion to use that valuable apparatus. Study of terrestrial magnetism has led a F.R.A.S. to the conclusion that the various changes of direction which the magnetic needle has undergone within the last three hundred years can be explained by supposing that its movements have been governed chiefly by those of a *strong* magnetic pole revolving round the pole of the earth in about five hundred years. The present declination of the needle at London is $18^{\circ} 50'$ west of due north. In 1892 it will be $16^{\circ} 10'$ west, and will go on diminishing until about 1990 it will be at 0° or due north. By the year 2702 the declination will be $11^{\circ} 17'$ east, the same that it was in 1580; and the magnetic pole will then have made a complete revolution in four hundred and ninety-two years.

The Meteorological Council have resolved that their system of sea-surface temperature observations shall be extended until it includes the whole of the shores of the United Kingdom. In some places the men of the Coast-guard Service are to make observations, and the Trinity House and Board of Irish Lights have promised that temperature returns shall be supplied from an additional number of light-ships. Some changes have been made in the weather-telegraph stations: Plymouth is given up, and Prawle Point substituted, as better representing the weather of the Channel; and on the east coast the Spurn Head at the mouth of the Humber is to be an observing station instead of Scarborough. The number of stations in 1879 was one hundred and twenty-nine; of which sixty-six were in England, thirty-one in Scotland, the others in Wales, Ireland, Mona, and the Channel Islands. There are seven self-recording observatories—namely, at Aberdeen, Armagh, Falmouth, Glasgow, Kew, Stonyhurst, and Valentia; and a self-recording anemometer is to be erected in one of the Scilly Isles. A suggestion was offered from abroad that observations and storm-warnings should be carried on through all the West India Islands, with Jamaica as central station; but the Council are of opinion that Antigua should be preferred, as from its position to the windward of the other islands, it is the first to feel the influence of an approaching hurricane.

Professor Loomis continues his Contributions to Meteorology, and in the twelfth, just published in the *American Journal of Science*, sets forth some interesting facts. From observations made all over the United States, including stations on high mountains, he finds it to be the fact that storms

travel more rapidly over the eastern portion of the States than they do over the Atlantic Ocean or the continent of Europe. He suggests as an explanation that the storms in travelling from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic pass from a dry to a humid atmosphere. The winds on the ocean are certainly stronger than they are over either of the continents, and the Professor is of opinion that the winds of Central Europe are generally stronger than the winds of the United States. According to his deductions, the average velocity of the winds in England is 11.3 miles an hour; in North Prussia 11.8, and in Vienna 11.5 miles. In Europe eleven instances occur in two years of storms which travel a thousand miles in a day, generally towards a point north of east. In the United States similar storms with a high velocity are of more frequent occurrence.

At Salt Lake City the pressure of the atmosphere is nearly half an inch greater in winter than in summer. In Central Asia the difference is an inch. 'It is evident,' remarks Professor Loomis, 'that the same cause operates in North America as in Asia, but with diminished energy.'

A Meteorological conference at which the Australian colonies were represented, has been held at Sydney. A number of well-considered measures were agreed to; and systematic observations are to be made in such a way as to promise a large increase to our knowledge of the weather of the great southern continent. One among the recommendations is deserving of special attention. It is that tide-gauges be established in as many places as possible around the coast, for it has been ascertained by observation of the gauges already in operation, that they 'give valuable indications of distant earthquakes, gales, and sea-disturbances.'

'History and Methods of Palaeontological Discovery,' is the title of an address delivered by Professor Marsh to the American Association at their Saratoga meeting. It is well worth reading by all persons desirous to know something of the way in which palaeontology, or the history of fossils, grew to its present condition, or to form an idea of its future development. 'What is to be the main characteristic of the next period?' inquires the Professor; 'No one now can tell. But if we are permitted to continue in imagination the rapidly converging lines of research pursued to-day, they seem to meet at the point where organic and inorganic nature become one.' That this point will yet be reached, he does not doubt.

Economy of resources is the order of nature; and economy, or thrift, in all the families and communities that practise it tends greatly to their welfare. This sounds very much like a truism; but it is one of the truisms which must be repeated again and again, before people will believe it; that is, adopt it as a rule of conduct. This truism formed the subject of a conference which was held last month at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, among a number of able and distinguished persons who had much to say on different points of the question. One suggested a way in which pence might be made to grow into shillings and pounds; another shewed how easily small investments could be facilitated; another, that in eating and drinking there was constant room for the exercise of thrift; and Lord Derby in closing a speech which ranged over the

whole question, and included an intimation that the conference would be annual, said: 'Pauperism is to my mind national dishonour; so is drunkenness; so is preventable disease; so is the miserable squalor in which our poorest classes in the large towns live even when they escape the workhouse.' Thrift has so much to do with satisfactory culture and progress in science and art, that we may without impropriety allot these few lines to the subject.

The *Transactions* of the Royal Institute of British Architects contain a paper on Buddhist Architecture, by Mr W. Simpson, which in many particulars is as interesting as Sir H. Layard's account of his explorations at Nineveh. On the entry of British troops into the Jellalabad Valley in 1878, Mr Simpson followed them, and made a series of excavations in the topes, or mounds, so frequently met with in Afghanistan. In these mounds, architectural remains of temples, tombs, and other structures have been buried for many generations; and on some of them forts have been built. In the central cell or grave of the first that was opened, two handfuls of brown dust, a reliquary, and twenty gold coins were discovered, seventeen of which represented reigns of three Indo-Scythian monarchs, and three were Roman of the time of Domitian, Trajan, and the empress of Hadrian. These three, as Mr Simpson remarks, 'come down to the first quarter of the second century of our era, and are of value as giving the limit of possible antiquity to the monument.'

After much digging and searching of topes and of caves (which are also numerous), Mr Simpson concluded that he had made clear 'the existence of a style of art coming from the valley of the Euphrates, and probably dating from the time of Darius,' and that 'beyond a doubt the Greek architecture of Bactria came south and crossed the Indus. Afghanistan,' he continues, 'is the highway by which these styles came, and it is the country in which to seek for knowledge regarding them. There are vast regions beyond Afghanistan of which we literally know nothing. Armies may march and fight in Central Asia, and archaeologists must march also and explore. They at least must conquer. When Afghanistan is archaeologically ours, the student of Indian antiquities will be a long way on towards meeting the explorers of Nineveh and Babylon;' and he hopes 'that the day is not far distant when they may meet, shake hands, and compare notes, somewhere about Ispahan, Yezd, or Naishapoor.' Readers who wish to discuss Mr Simpson's conclusions will be aided in their purpose by the lithograph plates and woodcuts which accompany his paper.

At the first meeting for the session of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, Mr Hormuzd Rassam gave an account of his explorations and discoveries in Assyria, particularly his finding in the mound of Balawat the famous bronze gates illustrative of the reign of Shalmaneser II., the conqueror of Ahab and Jehu. Photographs of these surprising examples of the art of ages long long ago, are to be published.

Where did the ancient Assyrians come from? Dr Oppert, Professor of Assyriology in the College of France, Paris, stated that he and other scholars had succeeded in tracing them to an island in the Persian Gulf, now called Bahrain by the Arabs. It is the centre of a small archipelago, and if

explored, would perhaps yield relics interesting to anthropologists.

We have to acknowledge a donation of £1 from *Onward* in behalf of the Fallen Women's Mission.

ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED.

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT.

As some of our readers have expressed doubts as to the truth of many of the statements contained in the papers upon Animals, lately published in this *Journal*, we have communicated with our contributor on the subject. In reply, she assures us that everything she has written respecting her animals is 'strictly correct, and without any colouring whatever.' Indeed she informs us that she has suppressed the relation of facts even more surprising than those contained in the series, lest they should appear utterly incredible. 'It does not surprise me,' adds our contributor, 'that many persons question the correctness of these stories, as so few make Animals their study, and educate them as I have done throughout my life. Those I have written about I have made my friends and companions, training them as I would an intelligent child, which is the secret of the remarkable development of those "I have known and loved."'

A SONG IN A SHOWER.

HEYDAY! 'tis May-day; the merry winds are blowing,
Shaking snowy blossoms fast from yonder gnarled tree;
Rough and brown, through tender leaves, the knotted
stems are shewing,
Bearing little promise of the fruit that is to be.
Blow, winds, blow! we do not heed your bluster.
Hard and fierce your tone may be, yet still your touch
is kind.
Safe and warm the germs lie hid, in many a tiny
cluster,
And we do not mind the blossom if the fruit is left
behind.

Heyday! on May-day your eyes look sad and weary,
Maiden, leaning listlessly against the gnarled tree,
What has blown your hopes away, and left your life so
dreary?

Where is your fine lover gone, that once we used to see?
Know, Child, know, you have lost a faithless wooer.
You are young; the world is wide—another you will
find.

If the first was fair and false, the second may be truer;
So don't regret the blossom when the fruit is left
behind.

Heyday! the May-day of life is dawning o'er you.
Many blessings this rough wind may blow to you to-day;
Store of patient readiness for what may be before you:
Strength to bear the sunshine that may brighten up
your way.
Youth's first dream in all its subtle sweetness,
Passes like that snowy shower, at breath of wind
unkind;
After, comes the lasting love, in all its rich complete-
ness;
So do not mourn the blossom when the fruit is left
behind.

ROBERT MEYRICK.

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